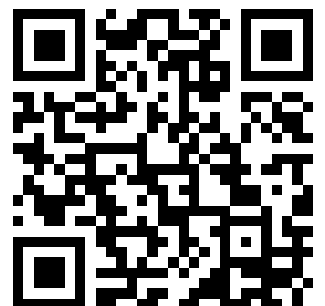

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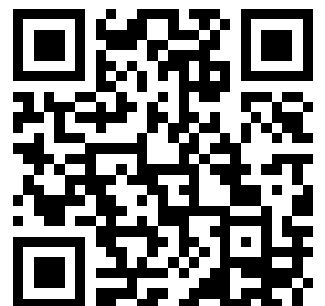
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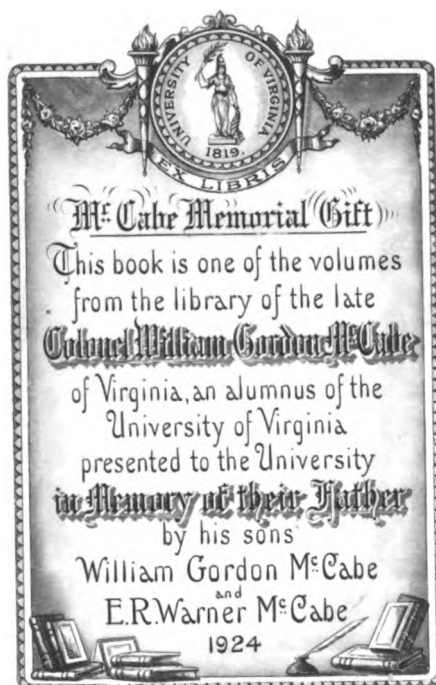


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THE ACADEMY.

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REVIEWS.

MONTAIGNE.

Michel de Montaigne. A Biographical Study.
By M. E. Lowndes. (Cambridge: University Press.)

MR. LOWNDES has given us a very excellent and compact book upon Montaigne, entirely worthy of the University stamp. It disclaims the title of a biography: yet, in effect, it furnishes as good a modern biography of the essayist as could be desired; collating all that latter-day research has discovered in regard to him with the material supplied by the essays themselves. Neither does it profess to be an appreciation of Montaigne as essayist. It aims, rather, at studying the man, as revealed through his work and life; and rather the inner than the outer man. To this task Mr. Lowndes brings a wide knowledge of Montaigne's epoch; in particular of the men of thought who formed the marrow of that epoch, and the writers upon whom Montaigne and his contemporaries fed—writers, in most cases, forgotten by, or obscure to, the present age. He brings, also, a balanced and judicial mind, peculiarly necessary in studying the singularly tolerant and dispassionate essayist. Some partialities he has, of course, and those naturally on the side of his author; but they are as few as one would hope to find.

Montaigne is a patriarch, the father of a great people. From him are descended all they upon the face of the earth that write essays; from him all they that combine a bold garrulity with the *cultus* of the first personal pronoun. He invented the essay, both name and thing. Nor have any talked about themselves with more applause to more crowded European houses. Rousseau, indeed, is more read; but the fame of the *Confessions* is marvelously allied to infamy. And, then, Montaigne had a century or two the start of him with readers. Montaigne's book founded no social revolution; but its intellectual influence throughout Europe, down to the eighteenth century, was immense. To name its mightiest disciple, Shakespeare drew on it frequently for his philosophy, and was

evidently a profound student of it. Nay, in the close of this article we shall bring forward a still grander claim. It would be difficult to say by what great English writer of the sixteenth or seventeenth century he was not quoted down to Butler in *Hudibras*. Mr. Lowndes says of him that, with all his popularity among his contemporaries, he did not interpret his age. But in every age there are two currents to be distinguished—the surface-current and the under-current. Montaigne belonged to the under-current. The greatest writers usually belong to the under-current; for the under-stream represents what an age produces, the surface-stream merely what it develops. The leaf does not fall from the bough till it has prepared the germ of the future leaf; an age does not end till it has prepared and enunciated the ideas which are to govern the succeeding age. This is its real contribution to the progress of thought, and this is the work of its writers who belong to the under-current. On the other hand, the ideas which govern it are the legacy of the preceding age, which it merely popularises. Montaigne's ideas are those with which his epoch was intravail; he was part of his age as truly as the child in the womb is part of the mother. In effect, Mr. Lowndes acknowledges this. He fails only to perceive that Montaigne was not exceptional in his position, and that every age has two classes of representative writers—"representative" in two distinct ways.

Montaigne was fortunate in his birth. He came of mercantile origin, but by the purchase of his fathers was a landed proprietor. He was therefore without the prejudices of the born aristocrat, and had sympathies with the people. His father was a great supporter of scholars, as well as mayor of his town, Bordeaux; and from these various causes Montaigne possessed a peculiarly "all-round" mind. Scholar and man of affairs, aristocrat and man of the people, sympathising with very various elements, partizan of none. One of the founders of the French language, he was brought up in childhood to speak nothing but Latin. His preceptor talked Latin to him; his father talked Latin to him; he prattled Latin as other children French. At college more Latin and Greek. Yet he obstinately refused to follow the example of other men of gifts in that age, and become a mere grammarian, a scanner of syllables and commentator on the classics. His defects fought for him. He was not a bright lad; he had a bad memory; and so he was saved to become a genius. He served his time as mayor of Bordeaux, he spent a period at Court, he corresponded with Henry of Navarre and other leaders of affairs, he was the friend of politicians such as L'Hopital. And finally he deliberately retired to his estate, and took up the retired life.

Out of all this came the most delightful, shrewd, compact of rambling essayists; the most popular writer that ever professed the creed of systematic selfishness. He did not so much lack method—he was indifferent to it; he was, in truth, much too lazy, too self-indulgent, to trouble himself with system. An hour's reading, he declared,

was a great stretch for him. The sagacious givers of advice to young men who warn them against vagrant reading would have found a frightful example in Montaigne. He wrote as he read, and he travelled as he wrote. When he was journeying through Germany and Italy to Rome, his chief end was not to reach his end. The longer he could delay on the way, the better he was pleased.

"When the complaint was made" (says his amanuensis) "that he often conducted the party by devious and contrary ways—often getting back close to the place he had started from—he replied that, for his part, he had no other destination than the place where he chanced to be; and that he could not go wrong, or out of his way, having no other end in view than to reside in new localities."

This might stand for an excellent description of the methodical absence of method in the essays. It is decidedly the right way to see countries, the Cook's tourist method being the way to overlook them. And every reader of the essays entirely agrees that when he most goes astray he "then does most go right."

But this writer, so sauntering and *insouciant* in method, is direct, quick, pregnant in style. Excursive in method means generally diffuse in style; but Montaigne is all point, vividness, picturesqueness. He loved directness in others—a good deal, we suspect, because of his constitutional aversion to taking trouble. He objected to Cicero, the eloquently diffuse, though Cicero was the idol of Montaigne's age; he admired Seneca the sententious, Plutarch the full of matter. "Meatiness" he loved in others, and "meaty" he was himself. If he wanders, he never leads you through dry places. This is the more remarkable because it is so total a breaking away from the spirit of his time. To write not only in the vernacular, but in the spirit of the vernacular, was a new departure for that age of imitative classicism: and it is one of Mr. Lowndes's merits that he brings this home to us. The memoirists are an exception; but the memoirists were as unconsidered in their day as journalists in ours.

Montaigne's chief reputation with us is that of a picturesque and gossiping observer of life; and upon this, indeed, he chiefly prided himself. But he was also a philosopher, and observed life with the *parti-pris* of a philosopher. He was the forerunner of the sceptical and *laissez-aller* philosophy which afterwards gained such power. Not of strong affections (he seems never really to have been in love), averse from practical affairs, cursed with irresolution, yet gifted with a keen analysis of human nature, sceptical philosophy was his natural refuge. He belonged to the cross-benches of the human mind. We cannot but agree with Pascal, against Mr. Lowndes, that Montaigne's philosophy was an ignoble thing in its application to practical life. It is a skilful blend of whatever is selfish in the Stoic with whatever is self-gratifying in the Epicurean. It enforces the Christian counsel of detachment, but deletes the one thing which makes that detachment noble. Detachment from the affections of the world becomes purest selfishness, unless it be to attach oneself to the

affections of the other world. Yet this is Montaigne's rule of life :

"One must have wife, children, possessions, and above all health, if one can, but not hold to these things so that one's happiness depends upon them. . . . One must disavow these over-strong obligations, and love indeed this or that, but *cepose nothing save oneself*."

The italics are ours. This is the higher selfishness with a vengeance! Again :

"In household cares, in study, in the chase, and in all other exercise, one must indulge to the limits of pleasure and beware of pledging oneself more deeply where pain begins to intermingle."

We once heard a gentleman of the "boulder" persuasion expatiate on the perfect life of another gentleman of the "boulder" persuasion whose house ran with drink, but who never got drunk. This, he affirmed, was the true art of life—to manipulate your drinks so that you stopped short of intoxication. It seems to us that this gentleman was an unconscious, but rigidly logical disciple of Montaigne. If Montaigne had placed the *summum bonum* in whiskey and soda to this complexion he must logically have come.

On the theoretical side he played with great effect the Pyrrhonic juggle of balancing *pros* and *cons* till they killed each other, and was an adept in sitting between two stools without coming to the ground. Of this Kilkenny cat philosophy he was the modern founder, and, did he live now, would be an agnostic. Yet his book is not odious, like the productions of most sceptical egotists; it is saved by the geniality of his scepticism. He is better than his creed; takes keen interest in humanity while professing to consider it a very poor affair; and shows himself a good and kindly neighbour, a warm friend. And so they last for ever, these shrewd, strolling, zig-zag, fascinating, personal essays; with their racy, original, pregnant style, like the architecture of an old French town; professing an inhuman creed in the most human and humane way; shaking the head over that sad dog Man, and finding nothing in the world so well worth writing or meditating about.

We said that we had one claim on behalf of Montaigne which we reserved to the last. This is it. We do in conscience believe not only that he furnished Shakespeare with philosophy, but that he actually suggested the whole conception of "Hamlet." Hamlet, that is to say, was suggested to Shakespeare by Montaigne's description of Himself. He found portrayed in the *Essays* a man who was an onlooker upon life, a constitutional speculator upon men and human affairs, addicted to an indecisive philosophising which examined everything, analysed everything, but decided nothing; a man averse to action, and unfit for affairs (for so Montaigne pictures himself); cursed, moreover, with a disabling *irresolution*.

"He was incapable" (so Mr. Lowndes summarises Montaigne's confession) "of taking part in a dubious enterprise because he saw always the reasons on both sides—so that he reserved his judgment until occasion forced his hand, and then, he confesses candidly, he

mostly flung reason to the wind, and followed the lead of circumstance and chance."

That is a perfect description of Hamlet. So he hesitates, "seeing the reasons on both sides"; so, when his hand is forced, following the lead of circumstance and chance, he kills Polonius, and, finally (by a mere sudden thought), kills the king. To take such a character as that sketched by Montaigne, to place it in a situation which clamoured for action, and then to work out the inevitably resulting tragedy—that was the idea which dawned on Shakespeare, if we are right. Viewed in this light, it becomes most natural that "Hamlet" is full of Montaigne philosophy, and that we should encounter a direct quotation from Montaigne: "For there is nothing either good or ill, but thinking makes it so." Montaigne has a whole essay on the theme, *That the taste of good things and ill depends in great measure upon the opinion we have of them*—a maxim which he in his turn borrowed from Epictetus. That Hamlet is younger than the Montaigne of the essays, that he differs in many subordinate details of character, does not defeat our thesis. Shakespeare was too good a dramatist not to make such divergences from his model for the sake of dramatic requirements. We think the theory has at any rate something to say for itself.

DELHI IN 1857.

Two Native Narratives of the Mutiny in Delhi.
Translated from the Originals by the late
C. T. Metcalfe, C.S.I. (Constable.)

Few documents could be more interesting than these two accounts of the progress of the Mutiny in Delhi from the native standpoint, which the late Mr. Charles Theophilus Metcalfe spent the last years of his life in preparing for publication. The two narratives are entirely independent of each other—one written by a Mohammedan, and the other by a Hindoo—and there is therefore particular interest in reading them together, in order that they may confirm, and if necessary correct, each other. The first of them is the work of the Mohammedan, Mainodin Hassan Khan, who had been a Delhi Police officer before the Mutiny. Mainodin had an adventurous career. Being at Delhi when the first mutineers arrived from Meerut, and the English and all who were supposed to be their supporters were being massacred, he naturally found himself in a position of considerable delicacy. On the one hand, being a good sort of man as times go, and, moreover, under considerable obligations to Sir Theophilus Metcalfe, at that time joint magistrate at Delhi, he hesitated to betray his salt. On the other, he knew that to display English sympathies in Delhi at this moment would have been highly dangerous, as well as useless. So he took a middle course, and with truly Oriental astuteness contrived to steer through the troubled waters with a whole skin, fled to Arabia when the Mutiny was suppressed, and ultimately returned to India and received a sum of money as a reward,

or solatium, from the British Government! Mainodin's method of securing his position among the mutineers was to obtain from the King of Delhi a confirmation of his position as kotwál or police officer, and afterwards his appointment as colonel of a rebel regiment. At the same time he materially assisted Sir Theophilus Metcalfe to escape, and made considerable efforts to save Europeans and native Christians from massacre, while, from his own account at least, it is extremely difficult to discover that he ever exerted himself very much to serve his new masters, the mutineers. He writes like a shrewd but amiable man, and with delightful frankness. Munshi Jiwan Lall, the author of the Hindoo account, impresses one less favourably: he has some of the fulsomeness which seems to be inseparable from his class, and, moreover, his diary in its diffuseness does not compare well with Mainodin's concise narration; but the reprint of a diary, written from day to day, is apt to be less satisfactory than a compact history, written all at one time, and more or less with the idea of publication, and this, no doubt, tells in Mainodin's favour.

One of the most curious features about the Indian Mutiny was the unexpectedness of the outbreak. A vague feeling of unrest no doubt prevailed throughout the country, but not even the natives themselves seem to have known what it portended, so that when the mutineers arrived at Delhi from Meerut Englishmen and natives alike were taken completely by surprise. Mainodin has a curious story to tell in this connexion:

"Among the natives it is said that late the night before (the first mutineers reached Delhi) a Sowar had arrived from Meerut, with a letter for Mr. Simon Fraser, the Commissioner, which the Jemadar took to him; he was sitting in his chair asleep after dinner, and the Jemadar had to call several times to his master before he awoke. The Jemadar then told him that a Sowar had brought an urgent letter from Meerut. The Commissioner, however, rebuffed him, and taking the letter from the servant's hands, mechanically put it into his pocket, falling asleep again afterwards."

In other words, so unprepared were the authorities for any serious disturbance that the Commissioner of Delhi, receiving an urgent letter from Meerut, thought it not worth while to open it, and did not, as a matter of fact, open it till the next day—twelve hours too late—if the story be true. The natives and the titular King of Delhi himself were equally unprepared for the outbreak of disorder. It seems often to be supposed that it was due to the profound and deliberate secretiveness of Orientals that the English in India had no clear warning of the nature of the trouble that was approaching them; but this seems to be a mistake. It was not treachery that prevented servants from giving information to their masters, and subordinate officials to their superiors, but mere ignorance. There is always discontent in India. Indeed, there is always discontent in all Eastern countries. Good government cannot please everybody, and there is some reason to suppose that among Orientals it makes more enemies than bad. Who was to suppose that the

chronic discontent of the more unruly classes in India really would break out on this occasion rather than another? Even our wise Mainodin seems to have anticipated nothing until the distribution of *chupattis* aroused a certain suspicion in his mind. Nor could he discover what that distribution meant. Indeed, nobody seems to have known what it meant. It caused a vague feeling of uneasiness, no doubt, but beyond that carried no explicit message. Nor was there any message to carry. There was no general rising among the mass of the people. They merely waited for events, whatever those events might be. Meantime, the hangers-on of the dethroned King of Oude, the discontented and the lawless of all creeds and conditions, together with the revolted Sepoys, skilfully worked on by more cunning plotters with the story about the greased cartridges and the like, seized on the first opportunity for breaking out, because an outbreak meant plunder and rapine. Once the Mutiny had begun the King of Delhi with his corrupt court, representing as he did the shadow of an empire and a great name, formed an obvious rallying ground. The king himself had probably nothing to do with fomenting the outbreak. But after it had once begun it was difficult to refuse to lead it, though, to do him justice, he seems never to have been very sanguine of its ultimate success.

The confusion that reigned in Delhi and in the king's court during those months of 1857 seems to have been indescribable. Here is an extract from Munshi Jíwan Lál's picturesque narrative :

"May 20.—Information received here that an English force was approaching. On hearing this news the cavalry and infantry were dismayed; men began to run about taking advice from one another. In a short time it was rumoured that this information was bare of the garment of truthfulness. Scouts who had been sent out returned stark naked, having been plundered by the Gujars (a robber tribe) and stripped even of their clothing. Moulvie Mohammed Said demanded an audience, and represented to the king that the standard of Holy War had been erected for the purpose of inflaming the minds of the Mohammedans against the Hindus. . . . A deputation of Hindu officers arrived to complain of the war against the Hindus being preached. . . . At three o'clock Hákim Ahsanullah Khán represented that the soldiers were looting in the city, and requested that they should be expelled. . . . May 21.—Under great pressure from the king the newly appointed officers and city bankers raised one lakh of rupees for the payment of the troops. . . . The king issued a proclamation that Hindus and Mohammedans must not quarrel. The Hindus had closed all their houses for fear of their lives."

It is hardly wonderful that this rabble of mutinous soldiery was constantly defeated by disciplined troops not a quarter its numbers. We cannot quote more of this very interesting book, but we can strongly recommend it as a vivid picture of Delhi under the Mutiny, and as a good summary of the general state of feeling among the different classes in India at that period. It is worth remarking that, according to our astute Mainodin, if the English on arriving at Alipur on June 9 had at once marched on Delhi, the place would have fallen easily

into their power, instead of after a hard struggle on September 14. The impression he gives us of the confusion and anarchy that reigned in the city certainly supports this view.

A SCOTCH RHYMERS' CLUB.

Ballads and Poems. By Members of the Glasgow Ballad Club. (Second Series.) (Blackwood.)

THE Glasgow Ballad Club, like misfortune, makes strange companions. In this, the second volume of selections which they have published, there is a strange mixture of the good, and the not so good, and the very bad indeed. One or two of the contributors are well known in letters, and one or two have the local popularity which comes of often contributing to local journals, but the great majority of the names are new to us. It is an instructive little compilation, for it shows, often in the crudest form, the different forms and sentiments in verse which interest our northern contemporaries. Perhaps it would not be unfair to say that the contributions fall under three heads: those which represent the Doric convention, which has dominated Scotch minor poetry for at least a century; those which are pleasant echoes of other modern work; and those—very few—which have the force and freshness of real lyrical power.

We profess ourselves a little out of sympathy with the Doric class. It is to Scotch verse what the Kailyard is to Scotch prose, and has long been the chosen field of every versifier who ever came out of Paisley. It is full of excellent domestic sentiment, robustious, indiscriminate, and a little vulgar. Its inspiration is the feeling which is represented in art by the terrible Scotch interior—an old and stout woman sitting by a fire, certain stout and repulsive children, the whole labelled "Grannie's Bairn," or "A Canty Fireside," or some such folly. And the verse is what we should expect, very wholesome, very innocent, and very bad:

"Maggie had a souple tongue,
Dour was Bobbie Cameron;
She'd thresh him wi't as wi' a rung,
Mantin' Bobbie Cameron.
Till, girnin' like a bear at bay,
'D-dammit, Maggie!' he would say,
'D-dammit!' But she won the day,
Canty Maggie Cameron!"

And so the thing goes on, with its "canty Jeans" and "crouse Bobbies" and "bonny somebody-else," without a spark of fire or fancy or true music to relieve its vulgarity.

The second class, the derivative, is much more pleasing, and is represented by one or two respectable names. Mr. William Free-land writes with scholarly grace and a pleasant melody. His fault is that he is rarely more than an echo, and there is a glibness and fluency about some of his lines which suggests an uncritical ear. The same is true of another graceful versifier, Mr. Alexander Lamont. Mr. William Canton shows to less advantage here than in his charming child-books. His ballad of

"Goodwin Sands" is not so very far removed from the work of Mr. George R. Sims, and in his other verses there is just that lack of the memorable and the arresting which is the eternal distinction between verse and poetry. Best we like the lines "In Sicily," where the old Theocritean story of the Boy and the Foxes is made the centre of a very pretty conceit.

But two members of the club are so conspicuously beyond the others that we make no apology for giving them the chief share of our attention. Mr. Hamish Hendry has already, if we mistake not, published small books of verse which have met with some recognition. He contributes nine poems to this volume, and it is not too much to say that, with one exception, they are by far the most striking part. Two are in dialect, in Burns' peculiar metre; but the model is less Burns himself than the author of "A Lowden Sabbath Morn." The first is called "Burns from Heaven," in which the poet returns to his own land and finds it sorely changed. This poem has already been reviewed in our columns, but in the present connexion we may remark that it is written in that rich idiomatic Scotch which the hideous perversions of dialect in the last few years have tried hard to make us forget. Here is the real vigour:

"Behint me clinks the gouden yett;
An' faith! the psalms I sune forget
As down the road I skelp sheep-set
Past star and planet,
Wi' thochts o' hame that bizz red-het
Aneth my bannet!"

He finds Scotland a lamentable place:

"A land o' saints it would appear!
Stories o' Death their daily cheer;
Where ilk ane sits beside the Brier
Plantit by Ian;
Where a' men drap the mild, saut tear
Beloved in Zion."

And then he moralises on his critics:

"Deil roast sic craws an' a' their cawin',
Their blame is stale, their praise is stawin';
When Robin drank he paid his lawin'—
Sure that's weel kenned;
When Robin fell he mourned the faasin'—
So there's an end!"

The second, "The Beadle's Lament," is on the same theme of the degeneracy of the land. It is the finer of the two, for it is more condensed and precise in its language, and as full of the true salt of wit; but for this very reason it is hard to quote from. Mr. Hendry has written some of the best Scotch verse of any living writer we know of. It is something to feel that the tradition of a nervous and powerful mode of speech is not yet wholly dead.

Of the seven English poems which he contributes, we like those best which embody a mere beautiful fancy. There is one swinging ode to the north wind, but now and then it seems to become a mere waste of epithets, "strong words folded up in smoke." Mr. Hendry has not yet learned perfectly the art of the trumpet, though he is as graceful as possible on the flute. He is at his best in such a little poem as the "Two Toilers," where the figures stand out before the reader with an extraordinary Millet-like vividness. Equally good is

"Afterwards," which we quote in full as a specimen of Mr. Hendry's quality :

"Ran a child—when skies went clear,
When the rain had spent its might,
When the sun with laggard cheer
Jewelled up the land with light—

Ran a child with shining feet,
Them to dabble where the flood
Danced a-down the village street,
Quick with dead leaves, dark with mud.

When the merry tide had passed,
Shallow pools of magic dye
Gathered to themselves the vast
Vision of the evening sky.

Then the child made still with awe
By this spread of crimson grace,
Peered into a pool, and saw
Heaven about a little face.

Home he went with loitered feet ;
Sought a silent place apart ;
For to him the night was sweet,
With this wonder in his heart.

Sad ! the child with morning trust
Sought that pool of wondrous dye,
But he found a thin grey dust
Where had shone a piece of sky !"

The six verses are not perfect ; the second line of the fourth verse, for example, is clumsy and inadequate ; but they have the large imagining and the speaking word which make poetry.

The other writer in the volume with the true lyrical power in him is Mr. Neil Munro. Of his unusual quality there has never been any doubt since the publication of his "Lost Pibroch," but hitherto we had known him only as a writer of attractive and finished prose. He is represented here by three contributions—a song in praise of his own home-country, a sad Highland song of farewell, and a hymn in praise of the heather. The first is placed after a number of verses on "Highland Music," as if to show the difference between the false and the true. Here is Mr. George Eyre-Todd :

"The pipes, my lad ! Your hear them ? far off
among the hills—
Strains wild and sad ; too wild, perchance,
for Southron ears like yours."

And so on with a great deal of banality about "purple moors" and "thin red lines." And then here is Mr. Munro as the real thing :

"Here is the shore, and the far wide world's
before me,
And the sea says 'Come,' but I would not
part from you,
Of gold nor fame would I take for the scent
of larches
That hangs around you in the rain or dew.

Some will be singing their love for beauteous
maidens,
The neck that is white like milk, and the
deep dark eye,
Maids age and alter (my grief !) but love—
my own place,
You show no difference as the years go by.
If I were a roamer returning across the sea,
After long years you would still have the
heart for me."

Of course, it is partly an echo, with something of the old ballads and a good deal of the last great interpreter of that old

world, the author of "Songs of Travel." There are echoes—splendid echoes—of Stevenson's "Home was home then, my dear, full of kindly faces," and "Blows the wind to-day, and the sun and the rain are flying" in Mr. Munro's "John of Lorn" :

"My plaid is on my shoulder and my boat is
on the shore,
And it's all bye wi' auld days and you ;
Here's a health and here's a heartbreak, for
it's home, my dear, no more,
To the green glens, the fine glens we knew."

And last and best, there is "The Heather," which is so clearly from the heart that to talk of echoes would be superfluity :

"My galleys might be sailing every ocean,
Robbing the isles, and sacking hold and keep,
My chevaliers go prancing at my notion,
To bring me back of cattle, horse, and sheep ;
Fond arms be round my neck, the young
hearts' tether,
And true love kisses all the night might fill,
But oh ! *mochree*, if I had not the heather,
Before me on the hill."

This is the true *cri du cœur*, and we are grateful to the Ballad Club Book for this, if for nothing else, that it has given us catches to run in the memory which we will not willingly forget.

THE ETERNAL TOPIC.

Weather Lore: A Collection of Proverbs, Sayings, and Rules Concerning the Weather. Compiled and Arranged by Richard Inwards, F.R.A.S. Third Edition, Revised and Augmented. (Elliot Stock.)

"FORECASTS of the weather, with a view to make adequate provision against a coming deficiency, formed a special duty of the Brāhman. The philosopher who erred in his predictions observed silence for the rest of his life."

What a lot of dumb dogs we should be if the Brāhman rule were still in force. Upon the weather, as upon foreign policy, everybody is an authority ; and for the same reason—that nobody knows much about it. This universal assumption of meteorological knowledge may be another proof of Carlyle's assertion about the population of these islands, for the proverb says : "Those who are weatherwise are rarely otherwise." A perusal of Mr. Inwards's volume is not calculated, however, to encourage any extravagant faith in proverbs. The manner in which they contradict one another can only be paralleled by experts in a court of law, of whom we know it has been said that there are three kinds of lies, "lies, d—d lies, and expert evidence." Thus from France we learn that "February rain is only good to fill ditches," a statement which we are quite ready to accept as accurate, if somewhat platitudinous, until we learn (also from France) that "February rain is as good as manure."

Take, again, the much-argued case of "Oak *versus* Ash." Shopshire and Hampshire agree in the belief :

"When the ash is out before the oak,
Then we may expect a choke [drought] ;
When the oak is out before the ash,
Then we may expect a splash [rain]."

But Kent counters this with

"Oak, smoke [summer hot].
Ash, squash [summer wet]."

And Surrey contents herself with the Delphic oracle :

"If the oak before the ash come out,
There has been or there will be a drought."

Yet, in spite of this uncertainty, all the nations agree in endeavouring to condense the results of their observations into maxims for future guidance. Even the Zuñi Indians of New Mexico have their lunar maxims as :

"The moon, her face if red be
Of water speaks she."

"The moon if in house be [that is, if she has a halo], cloud it will, rain soon will come."

The Navajoes, a little further north, have a decidedly original form of barometer :

"When the locks of the Navajoes turn damp in the scalp-house surely it will rain."

This, we suppose, may be ascribed to capillary attraction.

On the whole, it is much easier to prophesy bad weather than good. Comparatively few of the sayings quoted in Mr. Inwards's volume refer to anything but rain, hail, storms, and similar unpleasantnesses. Here is an exception :

"When everything at the table is eaten, it indicates continued clear weather."

Since it may also indicate schoolboys home for the holidays, or the high price of bread, it cannot be regarded as much more trustworthy than most other weather proverbs. It seems to be generally agreed that animals have more weather-instinct than human beings, but even here the omens are doubtful. Thus—"When cats wipe their jaws with their feet, it is a sign of rain, and especially when they put their paws over their ears in wiping." Yet the Northern counties say :

"If the cat washes her face o'er the ear,
'Tis a sign the weather'll be fine and clear."

The negroes believe that hanging a dead snake on a tree will produce rain in a few hours ; the fact being that snakes are out before rain, and are therefore more easily killed. In this country we should prefer a means of producing sunshine. Kingfishers are associated with fine days—

"The peaceful kingfishers are met together
About the decks, and prophesy calm
weather."

But, unfortunately, the kingfisher is a *rara avis*. As for the barometer as a prophet, let us hear what an Irishman wrote after six weeks of rain, with the instrument generally high and steady :

"Very high and rising fast,
Steady rain and sure to last.
Steady high after low
Floods of rain, or hail or snow.
Falling fast,
Fine at last.
Rapid fall after high,
Sun at last, and very dry."

Our only comfort in such a dripping summer as the present is the knowledge that other countries sometimes fare as badly as we do. It was an American who said

that in England we had "no weather, but only samples," but it was an American also (from Maine) who penned the following verse :

"Dirty days hath September,
April, June, and November;
From January up to May
The rain it raineth every day.
All the rest have thirty-one
Without a blessed gleam of sun;
And if any of them had two-and-thirty
They'd be just as wet and twice as dirty."

The humorists generally take a pessimistic view of the weather. Hood summed up his views about one month, at any rate, in the quatrain :

"No warmth, no cheerfulness, no healthful
ease,
No comfortable feel in any member,
No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees,
No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, no birds—
No-venber."

And Sydney Smith thus translated the names given to the months by the first French revolutionists :

"Spring : Slippy, drippy, nippy.
Summer : Showery, flowery, bowery.
Autumn : Hoppy, croppy, poppy.
Winter : Wheezy, sneezy, breezy."

An ingenious theory has been put forward to account for the extraordinarily good fortune that has attended Her Majesty the Queen in the matter of weather. At this moment we can only recollect one important ceremony in which the Queen has taken part that has been marred by the rain. That was the review of the Scottish volunteers at Edinburgh in August, 1881. The theory is that people generally get the weather that they want. On ordinary occasions their wishes are always contradictory, as in Lucian's dialogue of the countrymen—one pouring into the right ear of the god a petition that not a drop of rain may fall before he has completed his harvest; the other, equally importunate, whispering into the left ear a prayer for immediate rain, in order to bring on a backward crop of cabbages. Only when the prayers of all the nation are for fine weather, as on a Jubilee-day, is the fine weather sure to come. It is a pleasant theory, and quite as tenable as most others on the subject. To sum up, all the weather-wisdom of all the world, as garnered and arranged by the industry of Mr. Inwards, may be compressed for practical purposes into the single aphorism of Dr. Johnson,

"When *fine* take your umbrella,
When *raining* please yourself."

ESSAYS AND MOCK ESSAYS.

Essays, Mock Essays, and Character Sketches.
Reprinted from the *Journal of Education*,
with Original Contributions by the Hon.
Lionel A. Tollemache, and others.
(William Rice.)

THIS is a somewhat serious book, not at all in the manner of the playful minor essayist, but inclining rather to the useful and the

solid—with, perhaps, as much of humour thrown in as usefulness of intention will allow. Of the twenty-four essays and sketches which go to make up the volume, ten, at least, have an undisguisedly scholastic flavour, while one or two possess that flavour in a degree which will probably pall a little on the average taste. In the main, however, the papers are interesting, affable, and even entertaining, and (in the main) they justify the editor's prefatory assurance that "esoteric pedagogics have been eschewed," and that "nothing has been admitted but what is likely to appeal to lay as well as to professional readers." One of the most notable of the essays is the late Mark Pattison's half cynical reply to the query, "What is a college?" Pattison's view of colleges, and, indeed, of universities, as he found them, was never very rosy and never very flattering to authority. In "Oxford Studies," a contribution to *Oxford Essays* (1855), he gave us a pretty reasonable and cogent pronouncement as to what a university ought to be, or might become, and though his faith in "possibilities" no doubt remained with him to the end, one judges from this later paper "What is a College?"—which, by the way, like the others, is reprinted from the *Journal of Education*—that he did not consider that these possibilities had been, or were likely to be, even partially realised. That a rector of Lincoln should feel himself called upon to write of his university as follows, is, to say the least of it, anything but cheering :

"This profitable trade ('the lucrative profession of taking boarders') is the sole occupation of everyone of us in modern Oxford. . . . The utility and efficiency of each one of us is now measured, not by his proficiency in science or learning, but by the degree in which he contributes to earn this percentage of profit. . . . A youth of any ability now comes to Oxford for the sake of our honours and our prizes. . . . Occasionally a young man comes up to me uncorrupted, not having passed through the hands of the professional trainer; comes up full of ardour for self-improvement, and expecting in his innocence to meet with a like ardour in the so-called seats of learning. Such a one I had with me lately, full of enthusiasm, proposing to learn Sanscrit, and to read some of the best books in English literature. It became my melancholy duty to do what I could to damp his ardour—and I had to say to him, 'My young friend, if you have come here with the hope of devoting three years to the improvement of your mind, the sooner you lay aside such an idea the better.'"

And so on, and so forth. There may be a certain amount of exaggeration in all this; but underneath it —

We have not space to notice the remaining essays *seriatim*, though some of them, such, for example, as "Art in Schools," by Dean Farrar; "Mental Culture," by Prof. James Ward; and "Blessed are the Strong," by the Hon. Lionel A. Tollemache, are unquestionably excellent.

The "Mock Essays," we are told, represent the surplusage (or should we say the "fine residuum"?) of a prize competition. Among them is a rather neat parody of Oliver Wendell Holmes' "breakfast-table" method, entitled "The Sparrow Colonel." This pleasant trifle is from the pen of the Hon.

Mrs. (Beatrix) Tollemache. We quote a sample passage :

"My further acquaintance with the Colonel grew out of our common taste for poetry, for the old soldier now spent his leisure in writing, gardening, and such-like peaceful pursuits. He wrote in French, while I wrote in English; what, therefore, more natural than that he should beg my help in laying his verses before the bi-lingual readers of the *Petit Courrier*. He had written a pretty poem describing his rescue of a nest of birds from some cruel youngsters. . . . This was gracefully described in thirty-two stanzas. I did my best in translating to preserve the charm of the original, but with all my good will I could not avoid compressing the poem into about half the original number of verses: English sentiment is too inexpansive."

Other prose parodists discourse of "Cynicism" (after Bacon), "The Shaking of Hands" (after Charles Lamb), and "The Perfect Headmistress" (also after Bacon). "The Perfect Headmistress" would appear to be, indeed, a treasure :

"She hath," saith the writer, "very pretty manners. . . . To live near her is an inspiration. . . . She loveth little children. . . . She knoweth men, manners, and cities," and, "the sound of laughter is about her chambers."

In the "Character Sketches," Mr. Tollemache writes pertinently—and with charm and skill—on "Jowett and his Personal Influence," "Tom Hughes and the Arnolds," "Lord Houghton and Prof. Freeman," and "The Rev. S. H. Reynolds," Editor of the Clarendon Press editions of Bacon's *Essays* and Selden's *Table Talk*. The Reynolds sketch contains a good story of an Irish clergyman, who, after explaining that he had just been reading Mr. Tollemache's *Recollections of Pattison* with great interest, added: "I suppose he [Pattison] was that excellent Bishop who was so brutally murdered by savages."

The rest of the book is taken up by sketches of "Charles Stuart Calverley," "Headmasters I Have Known," and "The New Old Maid," and by three very creditable stories in verse—one of them, "Terence Macran," being the work of Miss Jane Barlow.

BRENTFORD IN LITERATURE.

Brentford: Literary and Historical Sketches.
By Fred. Turner. (Elliot Stock.)

LIFE is very much the same wherever it happens to be lived, but it is curious to note how tradition or literature or history is able to stamp a place with a character so that its name of itself awakens a definite set of associations. Thus, Carlisle is "merry," and Bristol suggestive of pirate schooners, and old sea-ballads, and the black trade. York is a centre of stately memories, and Coventry owes its literary existence to Godiva. Over Brentford the comic muse has from time immemorial spread her wings. Looking back on its literary history we are struck with the fact that it has never been made the scene of a tragedy, successive writers appearing to feel that this would not accord with the *genus loci*. No; since

the author of *Jyl of Brentford*, with one "mery fellow," John Hardlesay,

"To the Read Lyon at the Shamels end
Went for to drynke good ale,"

it has always been employed for scenes done in lighter vein. Then its legend of the two sovereigns, meet compeers of the Irish King of Dalkey and the French Roi d'Yvetot, and other *sainéant* kings, admirably fits in with this ideal. So mythical are these potentates that the poets have been able to give free scope to their fancy not only in depicting them but in ending their history. Thus Thackeray will have it that they are not entirely without memorial:

"The faithful men of Brentford do still their king deplore,
His portrait yet is swinging beside an ale-house door,
And toppers tender-hearted regard his honest phiz,
And envy times departed that knew a reign like his."

But a later bard, who is not unknown under his *nom de plume* of "Lèse Majesté," will have it that oblivion has engulfed all:

"But now no monument is seen
In court or square or village green;
All is as if there ne'er had been
A noble King of Brentford."

It is worth noting, by the by, that the first to discover literary material in the two kings was George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, who makes of them the chief characters in his play, "The Rehearsal," of which the scene is naturally laid in Brentford. He made of them the good fairies of the town:

"So firmly resolved is a true Brentford king
To save the distressed and help to them bring,
That e'er a full pot of good ale you can swallow,
He is here with a whoop and gone with a holloa."

In the play this declaration is followed by a dance of ancient origin, which we are told is still used by the Inns of Court.

The more realistic poets of the eighteenth century concerned themselves less with the Kings of Brentford than with its mud and filth. In the "Castle of Indolence" Thomson has sketched the place with a graphic pen:

"E'en so through Brentford town, a town of mud,
A herd of bristly swine is pricked along;
The filthy beasts that never chew the cud,
Still grunt and squeak and sing their troublous song,
And oft they plunge themselves the mire among;
But aye the ruthless driver goads them on,
And aye of barking dogs the bitter throng
Makes them renew their unmelodious moan;
Never find they rest from their unresting."

John Gay dwells on the same feature, and notes that "Brentford's tedious town" is "for dirty streets and white legg'd chickens known." In his day it does not seem to have changed much from the time of Samuel Butler, whose lines in *Hudibras* deepen the impression of a boisterous ill-kept village with a wealth of butchers and rough sports.

Genius ever loves a touch of the whimsical, and somehow Brentford, with all its gross-

ness and dirt, appealed to the imagination of many writers. Mr. Turner surmises, on what appear to be excellent grounds, that Shakespeare was a frequent visitor. Slight as is his allusion to the town in that famous scene wherein the love-sick knight is obliged to personate the fat woman of Brentford, it conveys a feeling of intimacy that seems to speak of familiar knowledge. Oliver Goldsmith, in his brilliant little satire on Newmarket races, chose the scene with a fine instinct for places:

"The race was run on the road from London to a village called Brentford, between a turnip-cart, a dust-cart, and a dung-cart, each of the owners condescending to mount and be his own driver. The odds at starting were Dust against Dung five to four, but after half-a-minute's going the knowing ones found themselves all on the wrong side, and it was Turnip against the field, brass to silver."

Further on he remarks dryly that "the quality of Brentford are as remarkable for politeness and delicacy as the breeders of Newmarket."

Later novelists did not prove immune from the contagion of the place. Scott, Thackeray, and Dickens all introduced it in one form or another. What attracted most was the famous battle which is worked into *Woodstock*, and the highwayman who made Brentford notorious in his time. Would it not have been worth Mr. Turner's while to search the *Newgate Calendar* for further reference to the town? By doing so he might probably add still more to the attractions of a readable and entertaining book. We cannot dismiss it without a word of praise for the admirable chapters on Brentford's history and antiquities. His example might very well be followed. Histories of counties and works on the great towns are abundant enough, but there is many an out-of-the-way little place highly interesting to the student of letters even when it has played no great historic part. Treated by writers with the intimate local knowledge displayed by Mr. Turner, the histories of them would be sure of a welcome.

MOUNTAINEERING ON WHEELS.

Over the Alps on a Bicycle. By Elizabeth Robins Pennell. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

MRS. PENNELL has written her book in a breezy, jolly style, and Mr. Pennell has made sketches for it with a rapid crayon. The result is a charming booklet of travel. You exult and stir in sympathy with the riders as they flash down the white passes. They rode down ten passes in all, three in one day. First there was the climb and weary push; then the descent, now straight, now winding—a long rapture punctuated with visions of death. Once Mrs. Pennell looked over the side of a zig-zag pass road, and saw her husband below, foreshortened, "coasting like mad." In taking a curve he leaned right out over the precipice. "He took his hands off. Heavens! was he falling? No, he was lighting his pipe. If he could get down so could I. . . . It was a

stunning ride." Getting up the Simplon Pass was the stiffest piece of work. Mrs. Pennell says she lost her temper, but had the grace to be ashamed.

"I hated to walk, to push the machine, to be sweltering in July sunshine, and smothered in dust. . . . The diligence overtook me, and so did a perambulator, with a baby in it, and a French nurse from Berisal. I was furious."

But that was after the Third Refuge. The Fourth and Fifth Refuges were left behind, and the blessed Sixth. Next morning they left Napoleon's old hospice, and began the ride down:

"Napoleon's cleverness seemed nothing to mine when I put my feet on the rests and coasted down the road he had hung in mid-air. And there was no question of my courage. The occasional memorial cross on the Simplon, put up to mark the spot, perhaps, where the traveller had been lost in the snow or pitched over the precipice, was an eloquent reminder that the danger was not at all imaginary. But the pneumatic was pumped up tight, and I held the front brake by means of an ingenious and simple device with a leather strap, that left some power and feeling in my right hand and arm. For kilometres, with only occasional intervals of back-peddalling, I coasted after J.—too far after, he said—down the side of the mountain; down the long zig-zags, where the driver of the diligence, with unexpected courtesy, gave me the inner, which was the wrong side of the road, but then he was an Italian; through the Ravine of Gondo, with waterfalls booming above and the stream thundering below, and the road crossing and crossing again over airy bridges, and clinging to the side of a precipice, and diving into dark tunnels, and taking sharp turns round the walls of rocks, just where carriages were creeping up; to the Swiss frontier, where the custom officer forced back our money upon us. We wanted to wait until we left Switzerland for good and for all. But he said, and as a Swiss he must have known, we had better take it when we could get it. And I coasted down through the pines, down through the chestnuts, into a land of vineyards and tropical heat, when little more than an hour before I had been shivering."

The courtesy of that diligence driver was in strong contrast to the behaviour of the Swiss of his kind: several on the Grimsel Pass not only refused space on either side of the road but threatened violence.

It is not apparent that cycling in the Alps introduces the traveller to new beauties. Rather he must regard his machine with a life-or-death fixity of eye, and thus miss much that would detain the wayfarer with an alpenstock. But our cyclists did obtain a new idea of the St. Gothard Railway by riding up and up, in company with it, on their wheels:

"The road and the railway ran side by side for a while, occasionally crossing each other, when invariably we were detained by a freight train that had started out from Bodio with us. It was a regular race in the end; the engine-driver was always craning his neck, on the look out for our bicycles, as we waited behind the closed gates. Higher up in the valley the train disappeared into the tunnel, and we were sure we had seen the last of it; but higher up still, after we had walked a stiff up-grade, out it came from another tunnel on a level with the road, though how in the world it climbed there, and what it had been doing all that time, and where it had wandered in the inside of the mountain, was the mystery. Then we lost it

again in a narrow gorge with space only for the stream and the high overhanging road cut out of the rock, and overtook it again at a higher point beyond. And so we lost and overtook, or were overtaken by it, throughout the morning. Or sometimes it puffed by hundreds of feet below, sometimes hundreds of feet above; now it was on one side of the valley, now on the other; now going with us, now running away from us. You must travel by road to realise the wonder of the St. Gothard Railway."

Mrs. Pennell is a good American. *En passant* she is also a good hater of the Swiss. Despite the boastings of English cyclists, she encountered not one Englishman on wheels! The Alpine cyclists she met were German and American. To Mrs. Pennell it was joy to receive the nasal "Howdys" of her countrymen. One can understand the thrill she felt on the Furka Pass when, 7,000 feet above the sea, there appeared, out of the waste of boulders, a smiling youth in a straw hat who said: "Say! have you seen my sister?"

LOCKHART'S ADVANCE.

Lockhart's Advance Through Tirah. By Capt. L. J. Shadwell, p.s.c. (W. Thacker & Co.)

CAPT. SHADWELL acted as special correspondent for the *Daily News* and the *Pioneer* in the late campaign. His book, which is based upon his letters to those journals, gives a straightforward, if somewhat optimistic, account of operations which, whatever may be thought of their wisdom from a statesmanlike point of view, at any rate reflect the greatest credit upon the soldiers engaged, both British and native. Nothing more harassing can be imagined than to march in single file through narrow defiles, commanded on either hand by mountains from which the Afridi marksmen, armed in many cases with Lee-Metford rifles, poured down a devastating fire; to bivouac in unprotected places, where to cluster round a camp fire was to invite the attentions of the "snipers"; and, finally, to retire through river beds knee-deep in mud with the same incessant fusillade as an accompaniment, and without even the satisfaction of feeling that their work had been done. Since Capt. Shadwell's book was published, however, things have improved; a good many of the Afridi *jirgahs* have made their submission; and there is reason to hope that no further campaign will be needed, at any rate for a considerable time. Capt. Shadwell rightly draws considerable attention to the breakdown of the transport arrangements, due chiefly to the nature of the ground, but partly to the want of adequate forethought on the part of the authorities. In the various operations some seventy thousand animals were utilised, and of these a large proportion were ponies and donkeys, which could not do the mountain work, for which mules alone were suitable. The native drivers, moreover, many of whom were pressed men, were hopelessly incompetent.

"A native driver, if he sees anything wrong with his bullocks or cart, never attempts to pull

to one side of the road; he merely stops where he is, and proceeds very calmly and deliberately to try and repair the damage. It may be that, if one or two other natives would give a hand for a moment—when, for instance, a wheel has stuck in a rut—the difficulty would be at once got over; but no native driver in a case like this ever voluntarily assists another. The breakdown, meanwhile, of one cart may be blocking two or three hundred others behind."

No wonder that Capt. Shadwell should have seen

"a young member of the Indian Civil Service, fresh from the university, and full of ideas as to the regeneration of India and the evils resulting from the too peremptory measures employed in dealing with the down-trodden native, descend from his pony-cart and cuff with the greatest zest and vigour the head of a bullock-driver who had drawn his bullock-cart right across the road, and was philosophically smoking his pipe, regardless of all other people who wanted to pass."

We hope the Indian Government will note Capt. Shadwell's suggestion that in future campaigns the soldiers should be provided with what the Germans call an "iron ration," containing in a compressed form enough food for a day, an invaluable precaution in the event of a temporary breakdown of the commissariat; and will also largely increase the numbers of the Ghoorkha scouts, who throughout the expedition did the most splendid work in clearing the flanks of the advancing column by "stalking the stalkers."

AN IRISH VIEW OF AUSTRALASIA.

Life and Progress in Australasia. By Michael Davitt, M.P. (Methuen & Co.)

A GOOD deal of information is stowed away amid these desultory and rambling sketches, but it takes some finding. Mr. Davitt's mind is curiously parochial. No sooner does he find himself in the presence of some beautiful landscape in New Zealand or New South Wales than he at once detects and records a fancied resemblance to this or that blessed Ballyhooly at home. His interest in Colonial politics is instantly quickened by the evidence they afford of "the tendency of the Celt to gravitate towards public life." Systems of government are valued in proportion to the extent to which they can be wrested into arguments in favour of a Parliament in Dublin. If Mr. Davitt were to discover that an Irish apple had taken a prize at an English agricultural show he would hail the fact as a new triumph of the oppressed nationality.

This abiding feeling that Ireland is the pivot upon which the world revolves, and the consequent necessity of insisting, in season and out of season, upon the separateness of Irishmen from the other inhabitants of the United Kingdom, is somewhat embarrassing in a work of this sort. For instance, after advising every reader to study the labour legislation of New Zealand, our author goes on to say: "He will then learn what Englishmen, Irishmen, Scotchmen, and Welshmen can do towards lessen-

ing the risks and hardships," &c., &c. Mr. Davitt would probably admit that Ireland is one of the British Isles, but his principles prevent him from allowing his countrymen to be covered by the term British, and hence this awkward enumeration of the four nationalities. It is significant also that while he insists, very properly, upon the importance of the labour laws of New Zealand, his description of them takes far less space than his account of the escape of half a dozen obscure Fenians from one of the Australian gaols.

Stories from Mark Twain, reminiscences of travel in Palestine, dissertations upon the advantages of convent life in Ireland, sneers at what the author likes to call "Sassiety" in England, vague platitudes about the evil ways of company promoters—these and scores of similar irrelevances are sandwiched in between scraps of information about colonial life and Australian scenery. Still, for all its want of method and the warping bias of the author's mind, the book is entertaining enough, and very often instructive. Mr. Davitt is doubtful as to the advantages of Australian federation, and yet he writes thus of a little town on the New South Wales frontier:

"There is a bridge spanning the river at Albury, and a man crossing with a horse and buggy for a drive on the Victorian side has to make a deposit of £3 before he is admitted into the sacred 'protectionist' portals of that country, though it may be only a mile distant from his own home. All teamsters have to make a similar deposit, but should they return to the New South Wales side again the money is returned too."

BRIEFER MENTION.

The Knight of the Burning Pestle. By Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher. Edited by F. W. Moorman. "Temple Dramatists." (Dent.)

THIS famous burlesque, with its jolly humour and its charming songs, is a welcome addition to the series of which it forms a part. Mr. Moorman has conscientiously discharged the slight editorial duties required of him. It was, of course, impossible in half a dozen pages of introduction to treat elaborately the vexed question of the authorship of the play. Mr. Moorman, however, expresses himself in favour of the view, which some good critics have doubted, that Fletcher as well as Beaumont had a share in the conception of the plot at least, if not also in its execution. We do not quite see how Mr. Moorman infers 1610-11 as the probable date of the play from the fact that, although published in 1613, it had been in the publisher's hands for two years before that date. Several years often elapsed between the production of a play on the stage and the sale of the MS. to a publisher. And though it is probably true that the *Knight of the Burning Pestle* owes direct literary allegiance to *Don Quixote*, yet Mr. Moorman should surely have explained the statement in the original preface that the knight was Don Quixote's "elder

above a year." Perhaps the reference is to the English translation of *Don Quixote* printed in 1612.

Greek Tragedy in the Light of Vase Paintings.
By John H. Huddilston. (Macmillan & Co.)

In the preface to his book Mr. Huddilston expresses a hope that in the future the study of Greek vase paintings may go hand in hand with the study of the Greek tragedians, and a wonder that the editions of the Greek tragedies "are not enlivened more with reproductions of works of art pertaining to the myth involved." In this he speaks, perhaps, rather as an archaeological enthusiast than as one acquainted with the practical difficulties involved in teaching schoolboys. Fascinating as the study of vase paintings is to the archaeologist and the scholar, it may be questioned whether the conclusions which may be drawn from it, and the grounds on which those conclusions are based, are of a kind which could be satisfactorily assimilated by the immature youth even of our sixth forms. Mr. Huddilston himself is careful, as a rule, not to claim for his deductions a certainty which others might deny them, and even when he is on comparatively sure ground, he freely admits the possibility of a mistake in his inferences. But though this rather enhances than otherwise the value of his statements for older students, one feels that, for youthful minds, something more definite and irrefragable is needed. Greek vase paintings will continue, we suspect, to be a study for maturer years, and the Public school boy need not fear that this new subject will be added to his burdens. The book is furnished with several illustrations from famous vases, and displays a truly formidable erudition.

A Short History of Hampton Court. By Ernest Law, B.A. (George Bell & Sons.)

MR. ERNEST LAW, who is well known to students of history as the author of a monumental and most valuable *History of Hampton Court Palace*, has in this volume given a condensation of his earlier works, and brought the result of his researches within the range of the general reader. The story of Hampton Court is bound up in the history of the country, and his picture of life at the Palace during the four centuries of its existence is full of dramatic interest. Hampton Court was the scene of the rise and fall of the great Cardinal, of the tragic death of Jane Seymour, and the no less tragic marriages of Catherine Howard and Catherine Parr. It was there that Philip II. and Mary, and Charles II. and Catherine of Braganza, passed their honeymoons; there that Cromwell lived in almost regal splendour. Mr. Law's pictures of life at the Palace under ever-changing conditions may throw no particularly fresh light on the page of history, but they bring the past before our memory in a wonderfully vivid and realistic manner.

The book is somewhat encumbered with superfluous detail. It is unnecessary, for instance, to inform the general reader that Hampton Court is situated in "longitude 0° 20' west of Greenwich and latitude

51° 24' north"; and towards the close we have, we must admit, found Mr. Law's conversational style of writing rather irritating. In a volume of such real merit and interest one does not care to come across such a phrase as "the Queen always felt completely 'out of it.'"

An Illustrated Record of the Retrospective Exhibition held at South Kensington, 1896.
Compiled and Edited by John Fisher. (Chapman & Hall.)

MR. JOHN FISHER, the headmaster of the Kensington School of Science and Art at Bristol, has in this magnificent volume furnished an illustrated and permanent record of the work accomplished during the past eleven years by students of various Science and Art Schools throughout the country. He has reproduced no fewer than two hundred and fifty-six designs, models, paintings, drawings from life, &c., all of which have obtained either gold or silver medals from the Department of Science and Art. Such a collection is of undoubted value to art masters and students, but it will also be carefully studied by manufacturers, many of whom are becoming increasingly dependent on the designers whose work is here displayed. For this volume is, above all, a memorial to the growth of practical and technical art. There are, it is true, a number of life-drawings and drapery studies, many of which are distinctly above the average of such productions, but it is in the designs for lace, fans, stained glass windows, curtains, carpets, mosaic pavements, wall-papers, and house decorations of all kinds that the work of these schools is seen at its best. Such a collection speaks more for the triumph of technical education than countless treatises. A special word of praise must be bestowed on the printing of these designs. There is no touch of harshness in the production, and yet the details of the finest work are preserved in an extraordinary, exquisite manner. The printer—we have failed to find his name—is to be congratulated on a very noteworthy achievement.

Some Reminiscences of a Lecturer. By Dr. Andrew Wilson. (Jarrold & Sons.)

To succeed in two such different walks as the serious popularisation of Science by means of the spoken word and the narration of humorous stories by means of the written, is given to few men. Dr. Wilson is not one of them. He may be a most acceptable lecturer—and we understand that he is—but his feebleness with the pen as a *raconteur* is a matter for yawns. This is the kind of thing:

"When waiting one night at the door of a big hall where I was about to deliver one of a series of Combe Lectures, an old woman asked me, 'Is this Sequah's Lecture?' I'm bad with rheumatism, and I thought I'd like to try his cure!" People who gain admittance to lectures under such circumstances may well be excused for disapproval of the discourse."

Few persons in telling a story have strength enough to refrain from a comment. Dr. Wilson, however, though his anecdotes are poor, has instructive things to say con-

cerning lecturing and audiences, and those who think of following his calling may find some of his tips useful. We may quote one of the letters which he has from time to time received:

"DEAR SIR,—I should be indebted to you for information as to how I could apprentice my son to be a lecturer. He is a very intelligent youth, and has an aquarium at home. He also keeps frogs and snakes, and his mother and me think he would do well as a lecturer on Science. We heard you lecture last week, and so take the liberty of inquiring. Hoping to hear from you, I remain, yours truly, —. P.S.—I forgot to say my son stutters in his speech, but I daresay that would not matter."

And we like this fragment from the essay of a Board school child which, *a propos* of nothing in particular, is given a place in this scrappy volume:

"The boy is not an animal, yet they can be heard to a considerable distance. When a boy hollers he opens his big mouth like frogs, but girls hold their tongue till they are spoke to, and then they answer respectable, and tell just how it was. A boy thinks himself clever because he can wade where it is deep, but God made the dry land for every living thing, and rested on the seventh day."

Daily Life during the Indian Mutiny. By J. W. Sherer, C.S.I. (Swan Sonnenschein.)

In this volume Mr. Sherer has reprinted the chapters contributed by him to Colonel Maude's *Memories of the Mutiny* in 1894. The book gives a fairly vivid impression of certain phases of the Mutiny, but Mr. Sherer, unhappily, was not present at many of the great moments of that movement, and his pages are largely a chronicle of trivialities. But he is able, as an eyewitness, to correct our impressions of events in one or two details, and his account, therefore, has a value for the historian.

Types of Scenery and Their Influence on Literature. By Sir Archibald Geikie, D.C.L., F.R.S. Romanes Lecture. (Macmillan & Co.)

SIR ARCHIBALD GEIKIE does not now show for the first time his competence to exchange the hammer of the practical geologist for the polished pen of the literary man. In his Romanes Lecture he worthily maintains the distinguished traditions of his predecessors upon the same foundation. The discourse opens with a brief description of the three main types of scenery—lowland, upland, and highland—which characterise different parts of the British Isles. This is followed by a discussion of the way in which the specific natural features of each type reappear and are reflected in the work of various writers, in accordance with the environment of their days. The English lowlands illustrate Cowper; those of Scotland, Thomson and Burns. The Border ballads breathe the spirit of the Border uplands. Wordsworth is the highland poet *par excellence* for England, Ossian for Scotland. Perhaps it would have been more discreet to leave Ossian out of the reckoning. Sir Archibald unites exact scientific knowledge with adequate literary taste, and his remarks are worthy of consideration by students of local colour.

THE ACADEMY SUPPLEMENT.

SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1898.

THE NEWEST FICTION.

A GUIDE FOR NOVEL READERS.

MODERN INSTANCES.

BY ELLA D'ARCY.

Seven short stories by the author of *Monochromes* and *The Bishop's Dilemma*. The second of the stories, which we selected at random, is entitled "A Marriage," and is a penetrating study of the wretched marriage of a middle-class City man and his mistress. "I did the right thing," said poor Catterson, when the scales had fallen from his eyes and his cough was cruel, "yes . . . but we are told, be not righteous overmuch; and there are some virtues which dig their own graves." (John Lane. 222 pp. 3s. 6d.)

MEG OF THE SCARLET FOOT.

BY WILLIAM EDWARD TIREBUCK.

Meg of the Scarlet Foot was fished out of the Beck by Noah Millgate, tied up in a dye-house bundle and herself dyed red. The doctor said the strange babe was alive, and only wanted a hot bath, whereupon "Margit, as though the unavoidable had come at last, unwillingly pressed the kettle deeper into the fire, Mrs. Dootson encouraged the flames with the poker, Granny Grimes asked where she could find the blanket, Mrs. Meakincroft significantly reached a cup and spoon, involuntarily working her tongue along her lips, Widow Kershaw found a pan-mug, and Margit, with something tragically inevitable in her look, suggestively thrust before Noah's eyes a bottle and threepence." This story tells of the subsequent career of the Turkey-red foundling. (Harper & Brothers. 455 pp. 6s.)

ESTHER'S PILGRIMAGE.

BY J. HENRY HARRIS.

This is a naval, West-country love story, and is concerned with the efforts of the charming widow of Captain Metevier to settle her two daughters, Helen and Esther. "The widow, serenity itself, had a very watchful eye and the quietest way in the world of getting rid of ineligibles. She knew the 'Service Bible' by heart, and had an instinctive horror of every man who had his own way to make in the world." The story ripples like a pennon, and gives a pleasant insight into naval society on the Devon coast. (John Macquenn. 320 pp. 6s.)

KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN.

EDITED BY RANDAL McDONNELL.

Stories founded on the Irish Rebellion of 1798 seem to have been on the increase of late: here is another. It sets forth, in the first person, how Hugh Tallant, rebel to King George of England, fared in that troubled time. Thus Chapter II: "How I met Wolfe Tone at the coffee-house in High-street, and how a great cry for freedom arose within my heart. How I first caught a glimpse of Lord Edward Fitzgerald; and how Kathleen and I were startled by an unwelcome stranger." Chapter XXIV: "How the coffin-makers in Cook-street heard the clash of steel, and how Kathleen disappointed Major Sirr." The story is largely a tribute to the memory of Wolfe Tone. (T. Fisher Unwin. 270 pp.)

THE GENERAL MANAGER'S STORY.

BY HERBERT ELLIOTT HAMBLIN.

Although in title and appearance this book suggests that its contents are fiction, it is clear that it is in the main, if not in detail, an authentic narrative of railroad experiences in the United States. The author was fireman, driver, local manager, and is now a general manager. His stories are racy of the round-house and the track. The inner working of American railways was probably never described more piquantly; and the thrills are all genuine. (The Macmillan Co., New York. 311 pp. 6s.)

"AT YOU-ALL'S HOUSE."

BY JAMES NEWTON BASKETT.

The title is a Missouri idiom. The story is of Missouri farming. State by State, America is being covered by the short-story writers. This is a fairly long story, redolent of Missouri prairies. There is

a good deal of natural history and human nature in it, and the love story runs like a thread through rural experiences of many kinds. Just at the end, the first railway train to cross the Missouri prairie rumbles past in the sunset. A carefully constructed story, with a mixture of geographical and ethical purpose. (The Macmillan Co., New York. 346 pp.)

A RUSSIAN VAGABOND.

BY FRED. WHISHAW.

The autobiography of a rogue, a Russian by birth, an Englishman by naturalisation. His exploit in personating the Chief of the Third Section of the Russian Police, and so obtaining possession of £40,000, is well told. There is the usual flavour of Nihilism and the Tottenham Court-road. (C. A. Pearson, Ltd. 200 pp. 2s. 6d.)

THE POTTLE PAPERS.

BY "SAMUEL SMIFF."

The humours of petty domesticity and alcohol. "Having," says the author, "been earnestly requested by numerous friends not on any account to republish the following papers . . . the author has the greatest pleasure in presenting them to the public in a form handy for a school prize, wedding present, or domestic projectile." (Laurence Greening & Co. 182 pp. 2s. 6d.)

CHRISTINE MYRIANE.

BY GUILLAUME DALL.

Guillaume Dall is the pseudonym of Mme. Jules Lebaudy, and this is a translation by Miss Sarah Cazaly of one of her novels. It is a love story set in official circles in the south of France, and embracing some of the events of the Franco-Prussian war. (Digby & Long. 332 pp. 6s.)

ARACHNE.

BY GEORG EBERS.

This is a translation of Ebers' historical romance of Egypt in the third century B.C. The story has Alexandria for its background, and Alexandrian art and science supply many of the motives. (Sampson Low. 2 vols.)

CAN IT BE TRUE?

BY G. YEATES HUNTER, I.M.D.

"Oh, that the circling heavens in wrath would bow and hurl such fiends to abysmal depths!" There are many sillier things in the book than this, but they are not all so short. (Digby, Long. 302 pp. 6s.)

REVIEWS.

Adventures of the Comte de la Muette during the Reign of Terror. By Bernard Capes. (Blackwood.)

MR. CAPES derives undeniably. He swims in upon the full tide of romance, with a temperament and a trick of philosophy modelled upon Mr. Stevenson, and a phrasing in which the echoes of Mr. Stevenson and Mr. Henley blend curiously. He is all for vigour and silence of speech, the rapier points of style. One has got to know the trick of it, the vivid metaphors, the exaggerated visions of exacerbated senses:

"One damnable with a sabre split a bald head, that came wavering in my direction, like a melon, and the brains flew like its seeds."

Of the guillotine he writes:

"Could it be the same monster I had watched flashing, scarlet and furious, from the hill side? Now, the ravaging of its gluttony was satisfied. Jacques Bourreau had wiped its slobbered lips clean with a napkin. Sullenly satiate, propped against the sky, straddling its gaunt legs over the empty trough at its feet, it slept with lidless eyes that seemed to gloat upon me in a hideous trance."

"Slobbered," "straddling"—how characteristic, of the moment, this choice of words.

Nevertheless, though a derivative, Mr. Capes is a derivative of talent. Someday, when he comes to his own vision and his own expression, he may go far. And in the meantime he has produced a very charming "school picture." The book has its manifest faults, chiefly of construction: it progresses jerkily, is irretrievably episodic, makes jaunty assumption of Revolution lore which the average reader will certainly not possess. And Mr. Capes's high spirits now and then betray him into the farcical; witness, for instance, a certain scene with impossibly gallant boar-pigs. But, on the other hand, there is unusual merit both of description and of stirring incident. For the one, take this vignette of an old French village:

"Contras cracks with mills and is musical with weirs. The spirit of the warlike king yet informs its old umber walls and toppling houses. I found it a place so fragrant with antique and with natural beauties, that my heart wept over the present human degeneracy that vulgarised it. It lies among the last distant swells, as it were, of the great billows of the Auvergne mountains, before those swells have rolled themselves to waste in the sombre flats of the Landes. It is the hill-slope garden on the fringe of the moor; the resting-place of the sea and the high-rock winds; the hostelry where these meet and embrace and people the vineyards with baby breezes. It has grown old listening under its great chestnuts to the sweet thunder of the Isle and the Dronne. Its peasants, pagan in their instinct for beauty, train their vines up the elm and walnut trees, that in autumn they may dance under a dropping rain of grapes. At the same time, I am bound to confess that their wine suffers for the sake of this picturesqueness."

And for the other, the death of a villainous spy in the jaws of the famished street-dogs of Paris.

"I had taken but a single uncertain step, when, from a little way down the street we had traversed, there cut into the night a sharp attenuated howl; and, in a moment, on the passing of it, a chorus of hideous notes swept upon me standing there in indecision.

'My God!' I cried—'the dogs!'

She made a sound like a plover. I scrambled to the ledge and dropped into the room beyond. There, in the dark, she clutched and clung to me. For though the cry had been bestial, there had seemed to answer to it something mortal—an echo—a human scream of very dreadful fear—there came a rush of feet like a wind, and, with ashy faces, we looked forth.

They had him—that evil thing. An instant we saw his sick white face thrown up like a stone in the midst of a whirling sea; and the jangle was hellish. Then I closed the lattice, and pressed her face to my breast."

Mr. Capes's central figure, the Comte de la Muette, is a distinct success. Epicurean, gallant, generous, whimsical, he moves with imperturbable spirit among the horrors of revolutionary carnage and revolutionary intrigue. Stevenson would not have disdained to paint him. And in his love-story there are touches of exquisite idyll.

The Mutineer: a Romance of Pitcairn Island. By Louis Becke and Walter Jeffery. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

IN *The Mutineer* the authors of *A First Fleet Family* re-tell the old story of the mutiny on board of H.M.S. *Bounty*. We are by no means sure that the story is worth the re-telling, but, such as it is, it is here reproduced with abundant fulness, and with remarkable vigour and faithfulness. The right note is struck from the first, when Fletcher Christian, who anon becomes the mutineer, is introduced in loving converse with Mahina, his Tahitian sweetheart; for the paradisiacal life the sailors of the *Bounty* had led in Tahiti for months was a stronger temptation to mutiny than the tyranny of their commander, Lieutenant Bligh. Here is the first appearance of Bligh. Mahina, in order to keep her lover in Tahiti, has in the midst of a squall swum out to the ship to cut her adrift:

"As the drowning hum of the squall ceased, and the palm branches hung pendulous to rest again, a woman, nude, except for the narrow girdle of leaves around her waist, raised herself from the foot of a cocoanut tree, behind which she had crouched, and looked at the ship. In her right hand was an open clasp-knife. She leant her back against the tree, and gazed steadily at the *Bounty* for nearly a minute, then with an angry exclamation cast the knife from her into the sea. . . . An hour later, when daylight broke, Edward Young, after calling the ship's company, again went to the bows to look at the cable: it was his last duty before reporting to his relief that all was well. As he peered over the low bows of the vessel . . . his sailor's eye saw that all the strands of

the cable but one were parted . . . and walking aft he knocked at the door of the state-room occupied by Lieutenant William Bligh. . . .

'The cable is nearly chafed through, sir, or the strands have parted. There was a strong squall just before daylight, and the ship strained very heavily upon it. I think —'

'Keep your opinions to yourself. You are a d—d careless fellow, and not fit even to keep anchor watch. Where is it chafed?'

'About a fathom below the water, sir,' answered the young man. . . .

'Bah,' said the commander with a contemptuous laugh, 'and you have the audacity to attempt to screen your carelessness by telling me it has chafed?—a couple of fathoms down for the hawse-pipe, and in fifteen fathoms of water. The fact is, some of the natives have been off in a canoe and have cut it under your nose. . . . Were you asleep on your watch, Mr. Young? Answer me, quickly.'

Such was the irascible and tyrannous commander, who conspired, unconsciously, with the young women of Tahiti to provoke the mutiny on the *Bounty*, and to produce the extraordinary community on Pitcairn Island. The story ends with the death of Christian (a comparison between him and Bunyan's hero would be a fruitful theme), and, last touch of all, with the "discovery" of the Pitcairn Islanders. Granted that the sordid, lawless tale should have been retold, no better narrators could have been found than Mr. Becke and Mr. Jeffery; for both the natives of Tahiti and the British sailors and officers are very well "found."

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Mutineers. By Arthur E. J. Legge.
(John Lane.)

It is unfortunate that the title of this story should so closely resemble that of the preceding work, for the books may be confounded by careless librarians and heedless readers. *Mutineers* is a very different story indeed from *The Mutineer*. It is not a romance, but a novel, more properly so-called. It does not deal with remote scenes, but with English; it is of the actual moment; it deals with modern social matters taken *sur le vif*; it is wise and witty; and it sets forth character, shrewdly observed and vigorously drawn. The story is an ordinary story enough. A young lady marries one man, while loving another—and, of course, after the marriage "another" begins to dangle and philander. Also, there is a subsidiary story which mainly concerns a lower stratum of society. But in the reading the story hardly matters; for the book is of the sort in which the mind of the writer, his views of life, and his exposition of character are all in all. Here is a passage in which the husband, a silent and an apparently brutal person, is shown in his true inward light—he is riding in a steeple-chase:

"Meanwhile Presterly was riding through the gloom with a stern expression on his rigid face. The result of the race would mean something very like ruin to him; but still he scarcely thought. His mind was only bent on the recovery of Gladys' necklace. He raced down the hill and cleared the fences and came so close together along the bottom. He could still hear the beat of Crusader's hoofs behind him. . . . Queen Mab was still moving freely and jumping like a deer, but the strain was beginning to tell upon her. . . . He felt that Queen Mab was labouring under him. Both animals were beginning to fail, but Crusader was still creeping up. Surely the weight must do its work when they reached the hill! But he began to feel doubtful. Queen Mab's stride was shortening and her head sinking lower. He was riding for Gladys' necklace, and he meant to win—fairly or otherwise. The fog was all around them. The spectators were far away. The other competitors were lost in the obscurity behind. If he won and an objection were lodged, there would be no evidence to support it, and his word was as good as Gregson's. As they rounded the bend he suddenly steered into the middle of the course, carrying Crusader with him. Gregson poured out a stream of fiery language, but Presterly took no notice. With the same rigid look on his face he continued to bore and hustle the opposing horse as they approached the next fence.

Gregson hurled a volley of threats; Presterly uttered no sound; but as he sat down to ride at the jump, he pulled the mare deliberately across Crusader's line. . . . There was a shock, a crash of breaking twigs; and horses and men rolled headlong on the turf beyond the fence.

Up at the stand the crowd was waiting for some sign of the horses. It seemed a long time since they had disappeared into the fog. The party on the drag stood up and stared into the veil of obscurity. At last the sound of hoofs came faintly to their ears. A horseman gradually shaped himself out of the mist and wavered towards them.

'What are the colours?' exclaimed Gladys eagerly. 'Is it Crusader or Queen Mab?'

Lord St. Pancras dropped his cigar. 'It is neither,' he said. One of the despised three was galloping past the winning post. . . . A riderless

horse followed. . . . They recognised Queen Mab. Gladys' pale face grew deadly white.

'I wonder what has happened?' she murmured.'

Mutineers is a clever book, a good book, a book to read a second time; for it contains the perennially vital element of fiction—character.

* * * *

The Man of the Family. By F. Emily Phillips.
(Macmillan & Co.)

AN excellent novel. From the first page of it you know you are going to have something uncommon, distinguished. Barbara Dalyell, a Board school teacher, as the title indicates, carries on her willing shoulders the burden of her family. A fire at the school and her heroism in it lead to a holiday at Paris, and on the way she meets Sebastian Le Roux, the soft *dilettante* for whom this strong, clever, independent young warrior is to become willing to lay down her arms. He is not the least bit in the world worthy of Barbara; but the thing is true to life nevertheless. The book has a curious abandonment. The sense of fate and of passion are strong in it. It is a young book in its love and its despair; and one accepts in it things improbable, such as Barbara's tossing to and fro the ball of conversation like a brilliant woman of the world. The sense of atmosphere is strong. For instance, the fairyland of Paris and love; and then the dreariness when Barbara returns to London and her burden. In the Luxembourg Gardens it is winter, but the atmosphere is as heady as though it were in May, and the lilacs blooming, and the nightingales in song:

"He was her guide in this kingdom of Elecampane, and at first he had an air of being immensely amused with himself for looking at the sights, but soon they went together simply in a happy comradeship. They saw the barges frozen hard and fast in the river below the Pont Neuf; but there were roses from the south in the flower-market of St. Sulpice, for Sebastian bought her some there where the fountain played its music. There was a stir of life in the city, for they noticed a little troop of dragoons ride by, clattering along the frosty roadways, and the light flashed upon the men's helmets; and they saw that curious arched cart, covered in with green tarpaulin, and the driver, who was uttering his long-drawn dental sound of encouragement to the strong, white horse, was quite amazing in the variety of blue with which his clothes were patched and in the vivid scarlet of his woollen comforter. But the fairy gardens of the Luxembourg were for them alone, gardens of statuary, and lawns that were all frosted white, with only cunning hints of delicate green through long palest blue-tinted shadows, and trees whose white tops were a rosy gold in the sunshine; and for them alone the alluring sun-gleams into the white haze of the beautiful mystery the frost had veiled the town with. This was their garden without Notre Dame, where the stone sculpturing of the fountain was hung with glittering crystal, and the water was frozen sheer in a great shining mass. . . . It was quite still in there, for some spell had fallen on the place, and by the silent fountain not even a bird chirped."

The book is romantic enough for mere human nature; and for the intellectual reader it has a fine literary quality.

* * * *

The Dull Miss Archinard. By Anne D. Sedgewick.
(Heinemann.)

HERE is a story very long, very pleasant, very clever, a love-story, and concerned with little else. Hilda Archinard, the heroine, is a charming creature, if just a trifle overdone in the way of self-sacrifice. The selfishness of her family is extremely well suggested, and the proof is that one never quite detests Katharine Archinard, though it is against one's proper judgment not to do so. Peter Odd is drawn with deliberate quietness and under-accentuation; his very name is part of the scheme; but one suspects that Mrs. Sedgewick's intention will be rather thrown away on circulating library readers, who will find him a trifle dull and middle-aged. Here are Odd and Hilda at almost their first meeting:

"In a gentle, monotonous little voice, that, with the soft breeze, the quickly-running sunlit river, went into Odd's consciousness as a quaint, ineffaceable impression of sweetness and sadness, she recited:

'Allas! the wo! Allas, the peynes stronge
That I for you have suffered and so longe!
Allas, the deth! Allas, myn Emelye!
Allas departyng of our companye!
Allas, myn hertes quene! Allas, my wyf!
Mine hertes lady, endere of my lyf!
What is this world? What asketh man to have?
Now with his love, now in his colde grave
Allone, withouten any companye!'

Odd's artistic sensibilities were very keen. The far-away tale; the far-away tongue; the nearness of the pathos, poignant in its 'white simplicity.' And how well the monotonous little voice suited its melancholy.

'Allone, withouten any companye,'

he repeated. He looked down at Hilda; her eyes were full of tears.

'Thanks, Hilda,' he said. It struck him that this highly-strung little girl had best not be allowed to dwell too long on Arcite, and, after a sympathetic pause, he added:

'Now, are you going to take me into the garden?' 'Yes.' Hilda turned from the river. 'You know he had just gained her; that made it all the worse. If he had not loved her, he would not have minded dying so much. One can hardly bear it.'

'It is intensely sad. I don't think you ought to have learnt it by heart, Hilda.'

Hilda's half-wondering smile was reassuringly childlike.

'Oh, but it's nice being sad like that.'

But, though this opening sounds a bit ominous, Hilda is not at all a prig, and is quite ready to stand by her love once she realises it. The hardened novel reader will find this a thoroughly wholesome, pleasant, and engrossing book.

WHAT DO CHILDREN LIKE TO READ?

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* has been putting this question to its readers; and we take leave to quote the major portion of the interesting article by which the discussion was opened a week ago in its columns:

"Take ten, then, as a reading age. If the pleasure of reading is to be important in the child's life, and if other things are not already too absorbing, the child is established a reader at ten years old. But yet, except in the case of a very unfortunate child, there is not so much indoor time vacant for reading as a score of good books would fail to fill, granting that the good books of children are always read more than once. Into this scanty leisure are poured the innumerable volumes of a child-loving multitude of authors.

The very abundance is apt to suggest a habit of fugitive reading which is very unchildlike, and not a few children living in town take the suggestion all too readily, and read idly—read to pass the time and altogether without enthusiasm, and, of course, only once. . . . It is not for them that twenty books are to be chosen, but for the child who is simple and active, who works and plays intently in the act of reading, and lets nothing slip by altogether in words—makes a mental picture for the phrase, and has, in short, learned none of the slovenly ways of reading by habit. This is the child we know; at any rate, it is the child we remember. For him a list of twenty books has been drawn up by a certain number of men in council, and shall be given here as a representative one, being partly, perhaps, a record of real preferences remembered, partly a statement of opinion as to what would be salutary reading for a child, and partly, again, a conjecture of the demands of the general opinion of parents. At least to the present writer, the list has signs of these various motives, and a perfect list should certainly be prepared with the first two aims well in view—what a child likes to read, and what a child ought to read, should be considered concurrently. This, for what it is worth, is the suggested list:

Robinson Crusoe.
Alice in Wonderland.
Through the Looking-Glass.
The Rose and the Ring.
Jackanapes.
The Story of a Short Life.
Little Lord Fauntleroy.
The Water Babies.
The Heroes.
Misunderstood.
The Wide, Wide World.
Helen's Babies.
Grimm's Fairy Tales.
Hans Andersen's Tales.
Jessica's First Prayer.
Mrs. Gatty's Parables from Nature.
Bishop Wilberforce's Agathos.
The Pilgrim's Progress.
The Swiss Family Robinson.
Sandford and Merton.

Here, again, is the list of actual experience, the list according to the memory of a very eager reader of ten years old: *Hans Andersen's Tales*, *Grimm's Fairy Tales*, the French Fairy Tales (the original and perpetual, including *Cendrillon*, *L'Oiseau Bleu*, *La Belle au Bois Dormant*, and the rest), *Tennyson's Poems* (not the *Idylls*, but the lyrical poems), *Ministering Children*, the early chapters of *Jane Eyre*, the early chapters of *Dombey*, the early chapters of *David Copperfield*, the early chapters of *Great Expectations*, *The Rose and the Ring*, *Frank Hilton* (by James Grant), *The Life of Charlotte Brontë*, *Ivanhoe*, *Quentin Durward*, *The Heroes*, *Robinson Crusoe*, *The Swiss Family Robinson*, *The Arabian Nights*, a certain French book about Tyrolean hunters, the name whereof is lost for ever, and a book of French dramas at once tragic and domestic, which must also remain anonymous; but can one ever forget *Le Déserteur*? . . . This being merely a specimen list of books actually beloved and decided on by the child, is not necessarily the list of books recommended.

There are some present little boys who, properly absorbed in games, have no pleasure in reading until, three or four years after the tenth year, they begin to fill a shelf with Stevenson. There are some present little girls who will consent to read imaginative stories that may be urged upon them, but who choose for their own free pleasure a succession of little ordinary tales of domestic interest well charged with moral examples. Of these they never tire—that is, of the class; the several books are not read twice. But the story cannot be too commonplace, too daily, too emphatic in its ethical teaching to please these readers, children who have yet no lack of spirit or enterprise in their own adventures. The chief thing they exact is that habitual vivacity of style which, to our minds, would seem to be so tedious. The story begins in the middle of its common things, and as often as not with an impressionary sentence lacking a verb—a kind of exclamatory description; or it leaps with animation into the middle of a dull conversation, and defines the speakers by nothing, for a time, except a pronoun. Nevertheless, let no contemporary writer of books for children think that he pleases their lighter fancy by a mere impression. There are no children of any kind that will consent to be fobbed off with a cheap little essay or with something ready-made that the writer believes—or rather believes that the children will believe—to be tender, picturesque, a delicate fancy. They all exact construction. If they have construction, and are convinced of it, they do not always ask for completeness. The pleasure of some children in reading the first chapters of *Jane Eyre* is not marred by their ignorance of the remote ending of the story. They have been permitted to see a part of a real construction, and they have a sense of its stability. Thus, though they seem to tolerate the mock-vivacious manner, as a manner, they will not accept mock-vivacity all by itself. It has to be justified for them by a regular story."

CAPTAIN A. T. MAHAN AT HOME.

THE New York *Critic's* series of "Authors at Home" continues to provide good reading. From an account of Captain Mahan we quote the following passages:

"The home of a captain of the navy, retired, presents itself to the imagination as a substantial dwelling of the colonial sort, in one of the older seaports like New Bedford or Portsmouth, within sound of the sea, where the veteran can sit on his porch and view the passing of ships. Or it is on one of the slopes of the Hudson above Spuyten Duyvil, or near the Narrows on the Staten or the Long Island shore. Perhaps there is a lawn, with a stand for a telescope. There may be reminiscences of the older sort in the way of great sea-shells ranged about the flower-beds; but, if nothing so obvious is to be seen, then the hall has a model of a famous fighting ship or pictures of sea fights on the walls.

This is the home of the retired naval officer as it used to be. At Marion, Massachusetts, the house of Admiral Harwood is typical, looking out at the back on the quiet, isle-dotted stretches of Sippican Harbour, and commanding from its upper windows many miles of Buzzard's Bay, while its venerable front, shaded by elms, gazes on the quietest street of a quiet village, where the greatest exertion of which the true native is capable consists of the

digging of a peck of clams, or the hooking of a 'mess of fish' for the family larder.

There was no White Squadron in those days; there were no literary admirals to speak of. Things have changed. Captain A. T. Mahan lives, 'tis true, in a colonial house, but it is the colonial house of modern times in one of the fine streets to the west of Central Park, in which there reigns an atmosphere of worldliness and well-being. Not that I would suggest that he lives like a millionaire, but that he is intensely modern as well in the house he inhabits as in his personality. Polished, reserved, urbane, there is nothing of the bluff old seadog about the man, and nothing of the seadog's haunt about his house.

The naval officer, however, shows in the extreme simplicity of taste within and without. Order and a Dutch cleanliness reign throughout a dwelling which might be that of a college professor or literary man or artist, rather than a famous graduate of the Naval Academy. The White Squadron is reflected in the colour of the façade and the white wainscoting of hall and library. One of the most pleasant impressions aboard a man-of-war is that of feeling that everything from rigging to engine-room must have been hosed down, scrubbed, scraped, and painted just so many times a week. That is the impression one gets from Captain Mahan's home.

And the suave gentleman who is the master here is far removed from any other type of retired naval hero; from such a type, for instance, as the late Admiral 'Tom' Craven, whose short, powerful figure, burly ways, jovial talk and voice that came in surprising growls from a yard below his own feet, marked him out as a character before one said a word to him. He is even apart from the very different type one sees in Admiral Luce, who may be termed the sailor diplomat, prepared to shine in society and at courts without losing one whit of effectiveness as a thorough seaman and a gallant fighter.

Captain Mahan is that most modern of all sailors—the sailor student. The rôle is one of the hardest, because life at sea is so broken up by the routine of duty that a seaman has no time for study or literary work, even when he can do without a library—a thing not to be thought of in an historian. Had it not been for a term of shore duty passed at Newport, perhaps the second book published by Captain Mahan, which was the first whereby his name became widely known, would never have seen the light. The Captain's first venture into print was undertaken at the request of Messrs. Scribner, who asked him to write the volume on the Navy for their series of monographs on the Civil War. It is written with the conscientiousness of the officer who has a task before him and does it in the quickest and most precise way within the limits set. But one does not find in it the touch of interest in the work as it is doing, which communicates itself to the reader, and sometimes accounts for the fact that very long-winded and very dry books may hold the attention. It was when Captain Mahan began to write on the influence of sea-power upon history that his own interest flamed up and his chapters became warm with a subject self-chosen and congenial to the personality of the author.

The difference between a book suggested by a publisher and one that came unsuggested, direct from the author's mind, might seem readily apparent to the professional reader for publishers. But in Captain Mahan's case more than one publisher rejected the *Influence of Sea-Power*, and the writer was on the point of making for himself the hazardous venture of its publication when he found at last, in Messrs. Little, Brown & Co., of Boston, a firm that believed in the financial future of the undertaking. Since then the work on Nelson has appeared. At present Captain Mahan is preparing a third 'sea-power' work, which will treat of the naval war of 1812 between Great Britain and the United States.

Captain Mahan is a very methodical worker who leaves as little as possible to chance; his training in the Naval Academy and at sea stands him in good stead. He does not work too hard, and thoroughly understands the virtue of steady labour in accomplishing great things. He is eminently cool and collected, weighing all the pros and cons beforehand and assembling all his materials with method and forethought. To him a new book is like a naval battle; by far the greater part of it consists of complete preparation. His coolness is not the least to be seen in the manner with which he has received all those flattering testimonials to the worth of his books which have rained upon him at home and abroad."

SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1898.

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NOTES AND NEWS.

ONE of the pleasantest tasks in the conduct of a literary paper is the privilege of praising. It is good to be permitted to lift the hat to an assured reputation, it is even better to be present at the foundation of a new one, particularly where that new reputation is of the kind established by the lady who writes under the name of "Zack" in her volume of stories called *Life is Life*, which Messrs. Blackwood & Sons have just published. In our last issue we printed an article on this remarkable book. Since then we have read the volume again, with the result that we advise everybody who cares for distinguished work to read *Life is Life*. *Life is Life*, although the author's first book, is not merely a book of promise. It is a performance, and a fine performance. We welcome "Zack" to an upper room in the House of Letters.

MR. LESLIE STEPHEN'S new work, *Studies of a Biographer*, most excellently published by Messrs. Duckworth, comes to-day as a welcome companion of his *Hours in a Library*. The method is similar, although the title lacks the sense of comfort that distinguishes the earlier series: to spend an hour in a library is, at the first blush, more easy and acceptable than to join a biographer at his studies. None the less, the two invitations will be found to come to much the same thing. Mr. Stephen's subjects in his new volumes are National Biography, the Evolution of Editors, John Byron, Johnsoniana, Gibbon's Autobiography, Arthur Young, Wordsworth's Youth, the Story of Scott's Ruin, the Importation of German, Matthew Arnold, Jowett's Life, Oliver Wendell Holmes, the Life of Tennyson, and Pascal.

THE Press Bazaar, in aid of the funds of the London Hospital, was a brilliant

success. The Princess of Wales performed the opening ceremony; on both days the Hotel Cecil's rooms were crowded; and the profits amount to upwards of £10,000. Journalists, and, more especially perhaps, journalists' wives, have proved themselves masters of the art of persuading money from the rich.

THE vivacious organ of the Bazaar—the dearest little paper in the world, as it was called—ran its two days very gaily, in the hands of its numerous editors (headed by Mr. Pollen) and its single compositor. Sir Henry Irving's contribution as dramatic critic was the most memorable item. Taking his own recitation of Calverley's ballad, "Gemini and Virgo, as his subject, he plunged into eulogy with splendid spirit. Here is a passage:

"Consider the opening lines:

'A vast amount of years ago,
Ere all my youth had vanished from me,
A boy it was my lot to know,
Whom his familiar friends called Tommy.'

What feeling—my feeling, I mean! What a tender and also manly suggestion of boyhood's happy hour and unclouded confidence! No cheap cynicism here! No stirring up of murky dregs of human baseness! No Ibsen! Simply a picture of two noble English lads with candid brows and heads erect, full of sturdy resolve to fight life's battle fairly, and stand by one another! How unlike the false friends we meet in after years, who offer us the loving cup, and stab us in the back while we are drinking it!"

Only Mr. Clement Scott will fully appreciate the last sentence.

THE HON. MRS. OLDFIELD makes some interesting additions to Gladstoniana by her paper in *Longman's Magazine*, describing the statesman when on a visit to Holmbury (Mr. Leveson Gower's place) in 1880. Here is one passage: "On one occasion our conversation turned upon poetry, and Mr. Gladstone said he thought Oxford had in this century produced greater poets than Cambridge. E. expressed surprise, and was preparing to enumerate the Cambridge poets, when Mr. Gladstone went off into panegyrics on the genius of Swinburne; and Mr. C. intervening with a protest, we lost the opportunity of testing his power of supporting such an assertion by a comparison of the two lists. Several times he expressed his admiration of Tennyson, particularly of 'Guinevere,' which he considered distinctly his finest work, and would not assent to my husband's pleading for 'In Memoriam' as more original and characteristic."

ON another occasion hymnology was discussed. Mr. Gladstone said he considered Scott's hymn on the Day of Judgment the finest in the English language. Mr. Oldfield asked whether it was not a rendering of the "Dies Irae." Mr. Gladstone said he thought not, though there was sufficient similarity to show that Scott had the "Dies Irae" in his mind when he wrote his hymn. He said he had the pleasure of repeating the hymn to Tennyson, who had never heard it before, and who was melted into tears.

APROPPOS Mr. Gladstone and hymns, in the current *Good Words* will be found his verses entitled "Holy Communion," now first printed in their entirety. The poem has grave dignity and a stately, deliberate movement, but is here and there in need of revision. The fourth line of the fourth stanza will not scan, and in stanzas eight and nine the metre is shortened by a syllable. Here are the first, sixth, and seventh stanzas:

"Lord, as Thy temple's portals close
Behind the outward-parting throng,
So shut my spirit in repose,
So bind it here, Thy flock among.
The fickle wanderer else will stray
Back to the world's wide parched way.

O let the virtue all divine,
The gift of this true sabbath morn,
Stored in my spirit's inner shrine,
Be purely and be meekly borne,
Be husbanded with thrifty care
And sweetened and refreshed with prayer:

Like some deposit rarely wrought,
And to be rendered up to Thee
In righteous deed and holy thought
In soul-desires Thy face to see,
Then freely to be poured as rain
In grace upon the heart again."

The date of the poem is May, 1836.

MR. GLADSTONE'S tremendous span of active life is vividly illustrated by Mr. Lang, also in *Longman's Magazine*, when he remarks: "He read the Waverley Novels as they came out, and reviewed *Robert Elsmere*." Of Mr. Gladstone's manners and conversation Mr. Lang says, from personal experience, "nothing could be simpler, more pleasant, less assuming, or more winning."

"BOOMSTERS" in need of powder and shot should look at "The Sign of the Ship," where Mr. Lang offers suggestions for advertising fiction. "A new novel," he writes, "appears. You start advertising it on placards along the lines of railway from Thurso to London. You put a brief summary of the most exciting situations on posters in the fields beside the main lines, and the traveller picks up fragments which keenly excite his curiosity. Any one can see how this would work out in the case of Mr. Anthony Hope's *Rupert of Hentzau*, though one need not say that Mr. Hope is the last person to approve of the method. Still, it would be vastly exciting, and much more agreeable than the monotony of soap and pills. A joy would be added to travel, a charm to landscape, and how a work thus advertised would sell!"

MR. SIDNEY COLVIN sends to the *Times* the description of another Shelley relic which has just passed into national keeping. This is a pen-and-ink sketch by Capt. Edward Ellerker Williams of the two yachts, Lord Byron's *Bolivar* and Shelley's ill-fated *Don Juan*. The sketch was made just before the last fatal expedition, and Jane Williams (the Miranda of the poem, "Ariel to Miranda") is related to have said to her husband while he was engaged on it: "You are sketching your death."

Capt. Williams was a good draughtsman, and the sketch, drawn rapidly on a scrap of lilac-grey blotting-paper, is vigorous and seamanlike, showing both yachts under sail—the *Don Juan* a schooner, the *Bolivar* a full-rigged ship. The sketch, so interesting by its personal and literary associations, will, in the course of a day or two, be placed on public exhibition in the King's Library on the ground floor of the Museum. The donor is Mr. J. W. Williams, of West Norwood, the grandson of Jane Williams. It is to Mr. Williams that the Bodleian owes the possession of Shelley's guitar.

To last week's *Saturday Review* Mr. Gosse contributed a poem—"A Night in Time of War"—a series of skilful suggestions of impending calamity. But the printer (at least, in our copy) treated him shamefully. Thus:

"Faint, faint, these mildewed chords that twang
So feebly, where the music rang
Deep organ-notes when Homer sang!"

Poor letter H! Is this the result of so much Omarism, or was the compositor a too impressionable admirer of *The Seven Seas*?

THE *Cornish Magazine*, No. 1, Vol. i., comes to us in a sombre cover of sad yellow whereon two Cornishmen stand side by side, a fisher and a miner. Both, we take it, are Methodists. The motto chosen by Mr. Quiller Couch, the editor, is "One and all." "Tre, Pol, and Pen" would have been suitable too.

THE number is readable and well produced. From "Wish 'ee Well!" a pretty copy of verses at the end, written, we suspect, by the versatile "Q," we take some stanzas:

"The ensign's dipped; the captain takes the wheel.
'So long!' the pilot waves, and 'Wish 'ee well!
—Go little craft, and with a home-made keel,
'Mid loftier ships, but with a heart as leal,
Learn of blue waters, and the long sea swell!

Through the spring days we built and tackled thee,

Tested thy timbers, saw thy rigging sound,
Bent sail, and now put forth unto the sea
Where those leviathans, the critics, be;
And other monsters, diversely profound.

So be thou fortunate as thou art bold;
Fare, little craft, and make the world thy friend

And, it may be—when all thy journey's told,
With anchor dropped, and tattered canvas rolled,

And some good won for Cornwall in the end."

To which we—in the name of the leviathans—reply, "Wish 'ee Well!"

DESPITE all that is now being written about Thackeray, it is, perhaps, not very generally known that his step-father, the original of Colonel Newcome, is buried in the little town of Ayre, and that there is an interesting memorial of him there. This, however, is so. On the south wall of the

choir in the Episcopal Church of the Holy Trinity in Ayre may be seen a brass tablet, bearing the following inscription:

"SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF
MAJOR HENRY WILLIAM CARMICHAEL SMYTH,
OF THE BENGAL ENGINEERS,
WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE AT AYRE,
9TH SEPTEMBER, 1861,
AGED 81 YEARS.

ADSUM.

'And lo, he whose heart was as that of a little child, had answered to his name, and stood in the presence of the Master.'—*New-comes*, vol. iii., ch. 26.

On the rebuilding of the Church his grave was brought within the walls. He was laid to rest immediately beneath this place by his step-son, William Makepeace Thackeray.

This memorial was put up in 1887 by some members of the family."

WE are bewildered by *The London Year Book*. The title suggests a work of reference on social and municipal matters relating to London. We open it in order to compare house rates in Streatham and Highgate, and we find an essay on Aubrey Beardsley. We desire confirmation of our hopes that the price of gas will be reduced to a reasonable figure, and we see instead, "A Modest Defence of Constitutional Suicide." True, there are "Some Thoughts on the late County Council Elections," but these are allotted less space and a smaller type than a disquisition called "The Fascination of the Tragic." Early in the book there is a terrific satire by Mr. William Lawler: no delicate rapier play, but this kind of thing—

"The long line comes, of jackal, cur, and ass,
I trap them, stab them, flay them, as they pass."

Mr. Lawler closes with an apostrophe to London, the point of which is that if the last trump sounded to-day and

"All men were called into that further state,
So thou wert left, the world would still be great."

If all that is not London were called out of *The London Year Book*, it would still be an unsatisfactory production. To its civility to the ACADEMY (we are "a bright, clever, and sincere literary organ") we, of course, take no objection.

THE castigators are busy, for now, this week, another satire, bearing the title of *Cockney Critics and Their Little Games*, is to hand, and may be dismissed briefly. The writer, "Junius Secundus," proposes to relate the origin of the "Logrollers' Club," and to report "the opening speech of its President, Logroller Bunkumside, B.A." But he should have attacked log-rolling long ago; the very phrase is perishing from the vocabulary. As a specimen of "Junius Secundus" style, we quote his directions for getting rid of a first edition:

"There is a way by which Edition One
May be got rid off in a day or two—
A way I'm going to point out to you.
Enter the book-shops with an eager look,
Ask for a copy of your own last book;
Express surprise to find they haven't got it,
Exclaim: 'Twas here, I thought, my brother bought it!'

Order three copies—pay a shilling down—
Tell them you'll call for them when next in town.

This is the way the Discount dupes to cozen,
They won't get three—they'll order by the dozen:

The thirteenth copy's such a sore temptation—
To get one in they'd risk their reputation.

If this course, then, with vigour you pursue,
You'll quickly reach Edition Number Two."

These tactics may have been employed ere now; but we had to learn that an edition is "got rid off" when merely foisted on the bookseller.

WITH regard to the charge of immaturity, which certain reviewers have brought against Mr. Buchan's romance, *John Burnet of Barns*, it has been pointed out that the book was written while its author was still in his teens. This fact, while it explains immaturity of style, might be said still to leave Mr. Buchan under a charge of immaturity of judgment in sending it to the publisher unrevised.

IF wayfarers in London are, in the course of the summer, startled by meeting a huge body of persons moving with one accord about the Baker-street region or Bloomsbury, scanning certain houses with avidity, they need not take alarm and send for a copy of the Riot Act. The procession will consist not of Anarchists, but of Dickensian pilgrims. The Dickens pilgrimage is a new attraction for admirers of the novelist and visitors from America. The company meet at Devonshire-terrace (where Dickens lived from 1839 to 1856), and pass from there to Harley-street, Wigmore-street, Wimpole-street, Welbeck-street, Gower-street, and Tavistock-square. Thence the route continues to Great Ormond-street, the Foundling, Doughty-street, Gray's-inn, King's-gate-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields, and Fumival's-inn. Many of the buildings associated with Dickens have already passed away. A little book, called *London Rambles with Charles Dickens*, or something like that, was once to be had. It covered the ground very thoroughly, and was, we believe, the work of an American. Probably it is now out of print.

MR. ALEXANDER GARDNER, of Paisley, will shortly publish a new work of unique and special interest to Burns students from the pen of Dr. William Findlay, of Glasgow, author of *In My City Garden* and *Ayrshire Idylls*. The book will be entitled *Robert Burns and the Medical Profession*, and in it the author will trace the nature, course, and extent of the poet's relationship with his medical friends, together with the estimates, biographical and critical, of his reviewers in that profession, from Dr. John Mackenzie, surgeon, Mauchline, down to Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes and Dr. John Brown, author of *Rab and His Friends*. The volume will be illustrated with twelve full-page portraits of the most notable among those personal friends and sympathetic critics.

THERE is an interesting study of Alphonse Daudet in the July *Macmillan*, by Mr. Arthur F. Davidson. After surveying

Daudet's novels *seriatim*, Mr. Davidson comes to general characteristics, one of which—Daudet's power of drawing a rapid and vivid portrait in a few words—he illustrates very happily. Here are three such word portraits translated by Mr. Davidson:

THE NABOB.

"A kind of giant—swarthy, sunburnt, yellow as a guinea, his head well down in his shoulders. A stumpy nose lost in the folds of the face, frizzled, matted hair like an Astrachan cap resting on a low obstinate forehead, a brush-wood of eyebrows with eyes as of a tiger-cat in ambush—all this combined to give him the wild look of a Kalmuck."

THE MARQUIS DE MONPAVON.

"A magnificent man . . . displaying a wide front of immaculate linen which cracks under the constant forward strain of the chest, and bulges out every time with the noise of a swelling turkey-cock or a peacock as he spreads his tail."

ANOTHER portrays the Duc de Rosen. This faithful old courtier, says Daudet,

"stands stiff and upright in the middle of the room, his colossal figure rising up to the chandelier. He awaits the favour of a gracious reception so nervously that his long Pandour-like legs might be seen quivering, and his broad chest heaving under the stripes of the orders which adorned it. The head alone—a small sparrow-hawk head, steely eye, and predatory beak—remained motionless, with its three white bristling hairs and the thousand little wrinkles of its shrivelled skin."

This power of swift portraiture was a point of resemblance between Daudet and Dickens, but the comparison between these writers has been pushed too far.

MR. STREET's little work—*Some Notes of a Struggling Genius*—which Mr. Lane has just published as a Bodley booklet, is introduced by a quite formidable preface in which the author explains the brevity of the Notes, and touches on other matters more personal. Of the Notes he says: "Most of them were printed some four years ago in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. There was little of them altogether, partly because I was not inclined to write more, partly because a more industrious person than I was kind enough to adopt the little manner of them, such as it was, and to prosecute it with better success." Mr. Street then goes on to deny that his "Autobiography of a Boy" has anything of himself in it. The work, he says, is dramatic. He is not given to exploiting his own private affairs in print. Thus, therefore, is settled a question which may have perplexed certain readers of that brilliant little book.

THE Notes, short and episodic though they be, are entertaining, and are written with Mr. Street's own distinction. In the chapter on "His Superior Mind" is this amusing passage:

"They tell me I am not a good person with whom to discuss a plan of action. That is partly due to my balance of mind, but also to a certain discursiveness. I had agreed to go out of town with another man for Easter, and he came to debate with me the comparative advantages of the country and Paris. In the first half-hour of the discussion we settled that the

eighteenth century attitude towards life was agreeable, that four-wheeled cabs ought to be better than they are, and that Plato was a Buddhist; we differed about the merits of Sir Henry Irving's acting, and the proper pronunciation of 'Zounds.' In the next hour we decided that we should like knee-breeches and three-cornered hats to be worn again, that a certain popular writer was a bore, that there would be a new age of faith, and that brandy before lunch was disastrous. We decided nothing about Paris and the country."

AND here are the struggling genius's objections to the *magnum opus*:

"My friend proposed I should write a *magnum opus*, and would not accept my excuse that I was no Fellow of a college that I should do this thing. I had several objections. The first of them was that you cannot finish a *magnum opus* before lunch. I detest a mass of manuscript lying all over the place, getting mixed up with one's invitations and summonses and things. I like to be orderly, to finish my work, and send it off to the editor before I put on my collar. My private opinion is, of course, that the shortest of my productions is a *magnum opus*; but in England literature is reckoned by its quantity, like tea, and a *magnum opus* implies a great hulking book."

MR. LE GALLIENNE's triumphal progress through America has, it seems, been marred by a manifestation of hostility here and there. The poet of *Om Mammon: a Spirit Song*, who is a Mr. Louis M. Elshemus, has written to the *New York Times*, pronouncing Mr. Le Gallienne to be only an ordinary man. This is the story:

"As to the man who is received in every club and in most houses I have found out that he lacks the most rudimentary manners. It was at the club that I was introduced to him. I said I had read his works, and had been interested in his poems; I incidentally mentioned that I was a poet, and offered him a cigar, which he accepted. Then we walked downstairs. In the reading room I introduced him to a number of friends of mine and suggested 'What will it be?' We all three decided on 'Scotch.' We drank together and chatted quite animatedly, when he was called away by some members near by."

So far all had been well. But then came Mr. Elshemus's disillusion. The story proceeds:

"He talked awhile. I waited for him to drink the last round, as his glass was left standing on the barstand. After five minutes he returned. I thought he would drink to my health or ask me if I cared for another, as every gentleman does, before taking leave of me. No. My surprise was worth taking with a kodak. He came up; did not look at me; he took his glass of Scotch in his hand and silently stole out of the room, without thanking me for the drink I paid for him—without looking my way. I almost succumbed to a burst of surprise; still I restrained it and simply drank my glass out *solus*. This act was so ungentlemanly that I immediately pronounced him to be an ordinary man, on whom human manners had had no influence whatsoever."

The author of *A Spirit Song* would naturally be hyper-sensitive on the subject of whisky. But Mr. Le Gallienne must really be more careful.

JEAN RICHEPIN.

In another column will be found an account of "Le Chemineau," M. Richepin's play, in its English dress as "Ragged Robin." Of the personality of the dramatist himself there is much to be said.

M. Jules Lemaitre has described Jean Richepin as "a circus-rider, a fine mountebank." Since the days of Villon and Marlowe no literary career has ever been more stormy, more "accidental" than his. Born in 1849 in Algiers, he seems to have crowded every possible experience into a vigorous life. He carried away honours from the École Normale, he studied medicine, he edited revolutionary papers, served under Bourbaki, wrote a volume of poems, *Chansons des Gueux*, which converted a noisy start into a public scandal and earned him a month's imprisonment, whiled away his enforced retirement from *scènes à sensation* by ghastly dalliances in the cemeteries of imagination, and came out with a fresh volume, *Morts Bizarres*. Carried off suddenly on the wave of a new scandal, he embarked at Bordeaux aboard a fishing smack, and for a while was a common sailor. Now the famous Touranian has become partially civilised and is a pacific bourgeois, like any other ignominious Aryan. For, among the eternal duels of humanity, M. Richepin has invented the inextinguishable race hatred of Touranian (*i.e.*, undisciplined blackguards claiming descent from Attila), and Aryan (the amiable Latins and Gauls, representing the cradle of our modern civilisation): he describes the indications of his Touranian origin as "copper eyes, the torso of a knight, and contempt of laws, the mind of a miscreant, love of the great air and remote voyages, horror of the Ideal and thirst of nothingness."

Insurgent talent never more boisterously set itself the ingenious, but not too difficult, task of making the philistine "sit up." His success has been so conspicuous, that from time to time this rhyming bogey amuses himself with inviting that shocked spectator to sit down by the offer of a virtuous novel or a simple and honest drama. No man, even with the torso of a Knight of Attila, can persistently stand upon the public place shouting obscenities and raising an opposing revolt in the breasts of orderly citizens by unspeakable crudities of language and idea. So when M. Richepin has deafened and exasperated his scandalised compatriots with the ferocity of his *Blasphèmes*, with the truculent cynicism of his *Caressees*, with the lamentable brutality of his *Chansons des Gueux*, he finds his pleasure in writing a really charming idyll for the Théâtre Français, "Le Flibustier," or a tender and sentimental novel, like *Braves Gens*, or the story of *Madame André*, which is full of fine feeling and generous instinct. This is how this self-advertised barbarian and monster, who holds the Ideal in horror, writes of ideal love in *Braves Gens*. His hero is a broken-down Breton gentleman, a dreamer and artist, a creature of an exquisite purity and disinterestedness, drawn with admiring sympathy by this ferocious Touranian. Advising his friend to love and cherish a

little dancer with an ideal and ennobling love, he adds:

"Love the best in her without any selfish or bourgeoisie hope—even in telling yourself that your effort will not be rewarded. For you must face this chance. Don't be discouraged, above all, because of what she is as a woman. It is stupid to stop at such prejudices. Would you not gather up a wounded nightingale because it lay in the gutter?"

'How good you are,' exclaims his friend.

'No,' says the musician; 'I am but just, that is all.'

'But if the nightingale were, after all, only a sparrow,' says Tombre bitterly.

'What matter?' replies the artist. 'The essential is to believe it a nightingale. See you, Tombre, love, like art, is—illusion, faith, and sacrifice.'

Could a mild Aryan talk more prettily? Only here, as everywhere, horror of the bourgeois breaks out. To desire the woman one loves is vulgar and bourgeois; to write pleasing poetry is to sink to the level of Beranger. When one of Richepin's artists utters the name of Beranger, it is the scorn of scorn showered on an ignoble head.

"There are two ways of being a poet," says another dreamer in *Madame André*—'as a fakir or a Roman emperor. If you are Nero, Helio-gabalus, you live poetry. You have your epopees of power, your odes of voluptuousness, dreams of fantasies. You are lyricism in flower. If not, be a fakir, and dream of what you are not. What are we to-day in this world? Poor devils! Poetry does not flourish in poverty. Those who say it does are wealthy imbeciles. The poet is born rich; he needs luxury, ostentation, the right and power to follow all his caprices. Then only does he breathe. Absolute opulence, behold our oxygen. Privation, it is asphyxia. Brainwork is not necessarily done on an empty stomach. And even a Roman emperor cannot do all he desires; and as long as there is something that he wishes in vain, he is but a beggar. So you must be a fakir. I am a fakir. I have but to squint to be master of the universe. What book is worth my dreams? I have lived in the Sun. I have slept in the Moon. I have drunk a draught of the asses' milk you call the Milky Way. I have handled the hair of comets, and Venus has called me by the names of birds. I have been Adam. I may become a devil. I would be God if He existed. You feel you have a genius. Then do as I do; dream. That is the beautiful.'

M. Richepin's prose is greatly inferior to his verse: it lacks distinction and charm, lacks tenderness and sympathy; it is rough, crude, and amateurish in its cynical indecency. In his quality of poet he can be whimsical and picturesque, and evoke even from so vulgar a thing as a glass of absinthe what the average consumer of that nauseous liquid never dreams of. *Le Pavé*, like that collection of lugubrious and unspeakable obscenities, *Cauchemars*, is a volume of fugitive articles that a writer of taste and discernment would have preferred to leave forgotten among forgotten newspaper files. But taste is the last virtue we are entitled to claim from the ex-editor of *Gil Blas*.

"Absinthe," he writes here, "no doubt is lovely to look at and sweet to smell, when its emerald liquid brusquely dissolves in opal clouds and evaporates in effluvia of mint and aniseed; when in the heat and heaviness of day it evokes cool images and sheds subtle perfumes; when it makes you dream of the green splen-

dours of sunset shot with pale satin rays and the wild aromas of deserted marshes. But have you drunk the cream of Barbadoes? Where are the liquors of olden times?"

He admires Dickens, and this is how he strives to imitate him:

"The poor old little clerk gets up from his poor old little bed, and before a poor old little glass trims his poor old little beard, and at eight o'clock goes out to begin again his poor old little day."

Poetry cannot be translated; and it is as a poet and a dramatist that M. Richepin has won and sustains his reputation. Even the crapulous *Chansons des Gueux* contain some beautiful and delicate passages—diamonds glittering in mud. There is a metrical splendour about his verse, an opulence, a diversity of rhythm, an ostentatious sonority, that is skillfully used to dupe the reader. In *La Mer* he rhymes and chaunts like a brilliant buccaneer. The sea is his mistress, and no decent or kindly one at that, for sexuality is his obsession. All things beneath the stars, from the clouds to the waves, from the wind to the worm, inspire him with the same images and ideas. He is beset by the mere animalism of nature, and thus most abstract things are male and female to his vision; generally, it must be admitted, as vagabond and prostitute. Yet nobody can offer a purer conception of idyllic love than he has done in that simple and pretty play "Le Flibustier," a play seemingly written for pensive and innocent maidenhood, smelling so cleanly of brine, steeped in the crystal tears of sacrifice, of delicate regrets, of charming sentiment in the stainless morning lights of nature. And after painting the bohemians of life in every abominable intensity of effect, he turns round upon the horrified bourgeois, and cries, in defence of these unmitigable blackguards:

"Ils sont avant tout les fils de la chimère,
Des assoiffés d'azur, des poètes, des fous."

And so with the sea. He falls suddenly from apostrophes in the worst lyrical taste to its magnificent sensuality, to address it in infantine harmony as a grandmother:

"Quel est ton secret, grand'mère?
Fais nous enfiu cet aveu,
La peine la plus amère,
Dité, se soulage un peu."

Grown suddenly, in that strange way of his, clean of mind, he calls her now the "consolatrice," whose heart remains unconsoled, while her children adore her for ever as an unsounded mystery. The atheism of M. Richepin, like his social insurrection, is vulgar and inane. Nothing proves the gentleman more than his attitude in unbelief. The ironical "Que sais-je?" of Montaigne can wound none but the unintelligent bigot whom nobody pities, but the blustering blasphemies of M. Richepin, his savage irreverence, his cheap facetiousness, when you recover the shock, provoke only a smile of contempt. If you are so convinced there is no God, why fling an indignant volume into the void? This is pure rowdiness.

The best of M. Richepin's plays is "Par le Glaive." The subject is mediæval and Italian, superannuated now both in tone, in treatment, and stage effects. But it is

admirably composed, and contains some extremely fine passages. There is a charming little cradle-song in M. Richepin's prettiest manner:

"Chantez! la nuit sera brève,
Il était une fois un vieil homme tout noir.
Il avait un manteau fait de rêve,
Un chapeau fait de brume du soir.
Chantez! la nuit sera brève."

In his plays the poet's implacable truculence disappears, and he abandons his puerile desire to shock and outrage public taste and convention. For the pleasure of his audience he condescends to recognise that there is a cleaner side to humanity, and that suffering may be nobly borne. As befits a "bastard Touranian" proud of his muscular limbs, he is always robust even in his sentimental moods. His nearest approach to a tear is a sympathetic grimace, and in *Monsieur Scapin* he shows us that he can be brilliant and subtle and witty. If only he could be induced to forget his enemies—the Almighty and the bourgeois, for whom he flourishes an aggressive hatred that he sports as a *Panache*—the plume, the device of the Middle Ages—we should be freer to enjoy the best of his work undisturbed.

H. L.

THE AUTHOR OF "CYRANO DE BERGERAC."

EDMOND ROSTAND, the author of *Cyrano de Bergerac*, has put to rout the ragged remnant of the decadent army. Naturalists and symbolists alike are said to be lying low, sick unto death with dismay at the popular success of a breezy drama of pure romance, where the time-honoured theme, *l'Adultere*, is for once altogether discarded.

The *furor* created by the first performance of *Cyrano de Bergerac* on December 28, 1897, has, up to the present hour, hardly at all abated. For the last six months everyone on the other side of the Channel has either been rushing to see Coquelin in *Cyrano*, or reading *Cyrano* at home—the sale of editions approaching in this case the theatre receipts.

Even in Versailles, staid, pompous, courtly Versailles, there was such a scene of enthusiasm at the *première* of *Cyrano de Bergerac*, that the young dramatist was compelled to rise in his box repeatedly and acknowledge the applause of an audience almost frantic with delight. And now Londoners are to be given their chance, too, of seeing Rostand's duelling hero; for next Monday *Cyrano* will be in our midst, and in preparation of the event Mr. Heinemann is issuing him in a translation.

Rostand is a lion who seems to understand the art of keeping interviewers at bay. So far, curiosity as to what he has for dinner has not been assuaged, and it is not known whether he is fond of sitting by the fire, stroking the cat, as is M. Huysmans. There can, however, be no doubt that he is still under thirty, and that he has a very young

wife, the Rosemonde, to whom his first dramatic attempt, *Les Romanesques* was dedicated. Rosemonde Gérard, before she became Mme. Rostand, published a volume of verse called *Les Pipeaux*. The pair have since led an idyllic, retired life, cultivating the muse in unison, in an old-world wisteria-covered suburb, undisturbed by literary jealousies and ambition, and the rush of Paris. It is not with one bound, as may possibly be supposed, that Rostand has vaulted into fame. He has, like others, climbed the up-hill craggy path to Parnassus. He began by publishing lyrics which are now out of print. But his career really dates from May, 1894, when *Les Romanesques* came to the light of day. "La scène se passa où l'on voudra, pourvu que les costumes soient jolies," is the vague stage direction characteristic of a play which tells of the adventures of a pair of lovers in the land of Nowhere—the poet's world. A year later, Rostand stepped out of this world into the realms of reality. His *Princesse Loïaine* is enacted in the twelfth century, and brings the era of Crusaders and Troubadours vividly before us. Then came *La Samaritaine*, produced at the "Renaissance," with Sarah Bernhardt in the title rôle. The story of the "past" of the woman of Samaria, as it can be gathered from the Biblical scene at the well, is converted into a miniature drama entirely free from offence even to the susceptibilities of the most austere religious of audiences.

Here are the verses spoken by Christ when He sees the woman approaching with her pitcher :

"Un chant de flute vient dans le vent qui m'effleure.
Une femme. Elle sort de Sichem. D'un pas lent
Elle vient. Elle vient au puits. L'air est brûlant.
Même elle est assez près déjà pour que je vois
Le triple collier d'or, la ceinture de soie,
Et les yeux abaissés sous le long voile ombreux.
Que de beauté mon Père a mis sur ces Hébreux !
J'entends tinter les grands bracelets des chevilles.
Voici bien, ô Jacob, le geste dont tes filles
Savant en avançant d'un pas jamais trop prompt,
Soutenir noblement l'amphore sur leur front.

(A ce moment la Samaritaine paraît en haut du sentier.)

Immortelle splendeur à cette grâce agreste !
Je ne peux me casser de l'admirer ce geste
Solennel et charmant des femmes de chez nous,
Devant lequel je me mettrais presque à genoux
En pensant que c'est avec ce geste le même,
Que jeune, obscure et douce, ignorant que Dieu l'aime,
Et n'ayant pas reçu dans un grand trouble encore
La Salutation de l'ange aux ailes d'or
Ma mère allait porter sa cruche à la fontaine.
Elle a beaucoup péché cette Samaritaine
Mais l'urne dent a fui le divin contenu,
Se reconnaît divine à l'anse du bras nu ! . . .
Elle chante en rêvant à des amours indignes . . .

The excuse offered for quoting the above passage at length is that *La Samaritaine*, unlike *Cyrano de Bergerac*, is not generally accessible to readers.

In Paris *Cyrano de Bergerac* was a popular success. The best literary critics did not join in the general enthusiasm, and those who have read *Cyrano* in this country are inclined to agree with their exclusive brethren across the Channel. One English author has described Rostand's play as "rhymed Sardou."

BURNE-JONES AND THACKERAY.

THE late Sir Edward Burne-Jones, although he took an active interest in current literature, and read deeply and widely, and conversed about books with unusual acuteness, wrote hardly at all. That he might have written well is known from his letters and the essay on *The Newcomes*, which, as a young man of two-and-twenty, he wrote for the first number of the *Oxford and Cambridge Magazine*. He was earnest and thorough in whatever he did, doing it with all his heart and with all his art. He was also a partisan, a eulogist, as very earnest minds are apt to be. Had he written, his work would have been serious, hortatory, and intense : an appeal for right living and right thinking ; in short, it would have been very largely Ruskinian. Fortunately the painter painted, and did not write. In painting he stands alone, doing that which no one else could do, and that which we can ill spare. Had he written, he would, it is probable, have added little individuality to literature. Ruskin would always have dominated him.

The essay on *The Newcomes* is a beautiful piece of sincere praise of a great book. The young artist had always resented the charge of cynicism, which was a commonplace of criticism of Thackeray in those days, and he hailed the appearance of *The Newcomes* as a proof of the underlying tenderness and sweet humanity of the man. The foundation of the *Oxford and Cambridge Magazine* gave him his opportunity of making public his view ; and so fully did he acquit himself that the essay, in the hands of its enthusiastic thoughtful maker, grew and grew until it passed from particular criticism and became practically a *credo* of the school of young artists to which Edward Burne-Jones belonged, and a manifesto of the magazine. There are signs of youth now and again, but of youth that is no stranger to wisdom—youth wholly on the side of the angels, and intimate with them.

The external source of his inspiration is perceptible in the following passage, wherein the mid-century revival of earnestness is described :

"But now, at last, to all who understand the signals of the future, there is audible upon the winds a gathering cry for life, 'more life and fuller'; a great awakening from evil dreams and long deathful slumbers in sepulchres, of things past; a reprieve at length from vigils for a dawn that will not come, a general ascending from the valley of dry bones into the upper air, in a new world, which is the old

still, among other faces happy with real life, sanctified with real sorrow, beautiful with the crimson glow of life — contemplating which, and all the widening deepening sympathy and brotherhood involved in it, like a new land to some Columbus, I cannot but feel hopefully, speak hopefully for the present and coming years and their hidden destiny; cannot, above all, but speak thankfully and with deepest reverence for such great names as Tennyson and Holman Hunt, Ruskin and Carlyle, and Kingsley, and many others who have led on this most godly crusade against falsehood, doubts, and wretched failures, against hypocrisy and mammon, and lack of earnestness, and among them—according to his rare and excellent gift—Thackeray, whom I shall not hesitate to call great and among the greatest."

The young critic went on to explain why Scott disappointed him, and why Thackeray was great. It was because Thackeray depicted poor human nature as it is, because he studied from life and reproduced life, and was both sorry for it and proud of it :

"I protest that in the Waverley Novels and whole historical romance school that followed them, one looks in vain for anything to sympathise with; one cannot love these attributes 'icily regular, splendidly null,' that are invested with a temporary personality. . . . We, my brothers, are not sheaves of well-assorted attributes, but inconsistent, half-formed wills not to be so measured and not described; sometimes brave, I think, we all are, sometimes cowardly too, generous and illiberal, merciful and tyrannous by turn and turn about in the self-same day, and we have no brotherhood with these embodied attributes, we desire a biographer for our own poor mazed life, one who shall hold up a mirror to ourselves, mingling the sweet and bitter, the light and darkness, as they are most truly mingled in life."

And this is a summarising passage concerning the great novelist :

"Thackeray will, I doubt not, one day be numbered with the great naturalists in all time, a lesser Shakespeare in golden and coloured chronicles, in a goodly company of painters, poets, and musicians, all who have ever burned with consuming love for men, or struck the keynote of human triumph and lamentation with loud pœans and enduring song."

Finally, to leave Thackeray, it may be interesting to quote the young artist's views on book illustration :

"More than enough truly have we of these useless illustrations that can tell us no new thing, nor give palpable embodiment to our confused thoughts, and so perpetuate them. When shall we learn to read a picture as we would a poem, to find some story from it, some little atom of human interest that may feed our hearts withal, lest the outer influences of the day crush them from good thoughts? When will men look for these things, and the artist satisfy them? We desire to hear these artists, so many and so good, speak to us as they can do in their own sweet language, not a strange one altogether, easily to be learned even by listening only, and, once learnt, universal, wide as the great world : a wonderful language, such as no other is, save music and sculpture."

A drawing by Mr. Holman Hunt is then mentioned as a satisfying example of the art, and the writer adds :

"There is one more I cannot help noticing for its marvellous beauty . . . from the pencil of Rossetti, in Allingham's 'Day and Night

Songs,' just published. It is, I think, the most beautiful drawing for an illustration I have ever seen, the weird faces of the maids of Elfinmere, the musical timed movement of their arms together as they ring, the face of the man, above all, are such as only a great artist could conceive. Why is the author of the *B.ased Damozel* and the story of *Chiara* so seldom on the lips of men? If only we could hear him oftener, live in the light of his power a little longer."

It is interesting to remember that the date of this article was January, 1856. The writer probably would this year have endorsed every syllable of it.

THE BOOK MARKET.

THE BOOKS CHILDREN LIKE BEST.

THE effort just made by the *Pall Mall Gazette* to compile, by the help of its readers, a list of the twenty best books for children of the age of ten years, has been interesting. We print in our Supplement a portion of the article by which the inquiry was opened, last Friday, in the columns of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. By way of supplementing our contemporary's lists we have requested our bookseller correspondents to furnish us with lists of the *six* children's books which they find to be actually in most demand at the present time. The results to hand are as follows:

Messrs. Truelove & Hanson, Oxford-street, give the following as the books most purchased for children of ten years of age:

Alice in Wonderland.
Robinson Crusoe.
Andersen's Fairy Tales.
Grimm's Fairy Tales.
Carrots (Mrs. Molesworth).
Mr. Lang's Fairy Books.

Messrs. Jones & Evans, of Queen-street, E.C.:

Alice in Wonderland.
The Water Babies.
Jackanapes (Mrs. Ewing).
King of Golden River (Mr. Ruskin).
Black Beauty.
Mr. Lang's Fairy Books.

Messrs. Macniven & Wallace, Edinburgh:

Alice in Wonderland.
Andersen's & Grimm's Fairy Tales.
Robinson Crusoe.
Æsop's Fables.
Pilgrim's Progress.
Uncle Tom's Cabin.

Messrs. Hodges, Figgis & Co., of Dublin:

Robinson Crusoe.
Andersen's Fairy Tales.
Little Lord Fauntleroy.
Treasure Island.
Swiss Family Robinson.
Mr. Lang's Fairy Books.

Mr. Charles Linnell, of the firm of Messrs. Cornish Butler, Birmingham, gives:

Alice in Wonderland.
The Wonder Book (Hawthorne).
The Water Babies.
The Jungle Book.
The Heroes (Kingsley).
Mrs. Molesworth's Stories.

Messrs. Deighton, Bell & Co., Cambridge:

Alice in Wonderland.
Tom Brown's Schooldays.
Robinson Crusoe.
Eric (Dean Farrar).
The Animal Story Book (Mr. Lang).
The Jungle Book.

Mr. B. H. Blackwell, the Oxford book-seller:

The Bad Child's Book of Beasts.
More Beasts.
Alice in Wonderland.
Alice Through the Looking-Glass.
The Book of Nonsense (Edward Lear).

Mr. John J. Banks, Cheltenham, sells the following:

Robinson Crusoe.
Andersen's Fairy Tales.
Tom Brown's Schooldays.
St. Winifred's (Dean Farrar).
Mr. Lang's Fairy Books.
Mrs. Molesworth's Stories.

Mr. W. Brierley, of Leeds:

Treasure Island.
Eric or St. Winifred's.
Little Lord Fauntleroy.
Grimm's Fairy Tales.
Mr. Lang's Fairy Books.
Mr. Henty's Books.

Mr. James G. Commin, Exeter:

Carrots (Mrs. Molesworth).
Alice in Wonderland.
Andersen's Fairy Tales.
The Child's Garden of Verses.
The Jungle Book.
Robinson Crusoe.

Mr. Horace G. Commin, Bournemouth:

Robinson Crusoe.
Grimm's Fairy Tales.
Alice in Wonderland.
The Water Babies.
The Children of the New Forest.
The Child's Garland of Verse.

Finally, Messrs. Bickers & Son, of Leicester-square, London, write:

"Your question of 'What are the six best books for children of the age of ten years?' is one that requires, perhaps, a little hesitation in answering. The literature for children is almost as varied as that for adults, and the endeavour to satisfy their capricious tastes and whims very often affords ample amusement. We should feel secure in suggesting many of Mr. Henty's books, and Mr. Andrew Lang's; Stevenson; Miles' *Fifty-two Stories Series*; Battles for British Army and Navy; Furneaux's *Ponds and Streams, Butterflies, and Outdoor World*. We have exceeded the number of books asked for, and yet have only quoted for boys; and we venture to think that the above would all be thought good. For girls, many of the authors named would satisfy their hunger for the sensational. Often a girl prefers tales of the sea, &c., to those of ordinary domestic life. We need hardly state that fairy tales ever have, and will, command a great and ready demand. As for giving a list of the six best books for children, we shrink from the responsibility."

The above lists present some curious features. Those who think that *Robinson Crusoe* is played out are seen to be mistaken; but *The Swiss Family Robinson* is mentioned only once. Mr. Lang's popularity is unmistakable, but Mr. Lang's Fairy Tales are often those of Andersen, who scores well in his own text. Dean

Farrar's school stories are more read than we had supposed. *Æsop* is named only once; *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, once; Kingsley's *Heroes*, once; Mrs. Ewing's *Jackanapes*, once; but even one mention in these lists argues a good measure of popularity. To conclude, we find that the ten most popular books for children of ten years, according to the booksellers, are these—in the order of demand:

1. *Alice in Wonderland.*
2. *Robinson Crusoe.*
3. *Mr. Lang's Fairy Books.*
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DRAMA.

"RAGGED ROBIN" AT HER MAJESTY'S.

M. JEAN RICHEPIN has earned for himself in France a distinct reputation alike as a poet and a dramatist. Of his works in the latter capacity the London stage is, however, acquainted only with one, "*Le Flibustier*," a slight, but interesting, piece in verse, which was produced by Mr. George Alexander some years ago at Terry's Theatre, but created no lasting impression. "*Le Chemineau*" is an effort of larger proportions. It has been spoken of as a masterpiece, although possessing no real title to be so described. It contains, notwithstanding, certain picturesque and imaginative qualities by virtue of which, rather than of any genuine and absorbing sentiment, it appeals to the emotions. To subject the story to analysis is at once to show how slender a claim it has upon the sympathies of the listener. Yet by sheer force of treatment the author succeeds in accomplishing that against which cold logic is bound to protest. His hero is a careless vagabond, a happy-go-lucky tramp, on whose shoulders responsibility sits as lightly as a feather, and in whom conscience is represented by a bundle of wandering fancies. To betray a woman and then to desert her comes as naturally and as easily to him as eating or drinking. A certain fantastical element in the character serves, nevertheless, to separate him from the common herd, and to set him on a somewhat higher plane. But as the principal personage of the drama, it is difficult to discover in him a heroic figure, or one calculated either to attract or to impress greatly.

It requires, on the other hand, only a little over-stepping of the limits of cold logic to understand, if not to feel, the charm of such a creation. M. Richepin has placed his hero in an idyllic environment, surrounded him with a poetic atmosphere, and so conditioned his actions that one is almost tempted to forgive, or at least excuse, them. But alter the circumstances, change verse into prose, transform the French peasant into the

English rustic, and what is the result likely to be? That is the problem which Mr. Louis N. Parker had necessarily to face when he undertook the task of adapting M. Richepin's play for the English stage. That, in view of all the circumstances, he has acquitted himself admirably may at once be said. Difficulties arising from the original scheme of the piece he has not, of course, been able to surmount. A poet does not merely express his thoughts in verse. The fabric erected by him is reared upon a more or less fanciful basis, and the entire design impressed by the finer qualities of the writer's imagination. Events and characters acquire in this way a latitude denied to them in more prosaic work. Thus it is that Ragged Robin appears to be a more despicable fellow than Le Chemineau, while his fantastic mouthings and boasted powers of life and death over horse and cow, his weird antics and odd grimaces, produce in Mr. Parker's version a ludicrous rather than an awe-inspiring effect. It is just the difference between Mephistopheles and Punchinello with his shrill cry and bizarre appearance. For the result the adapter is in no way to be blamed. The thing was hardly to be avoided when once it had been determined that the piece should be transferred to an alien soil and moulded to a new shape.

Let it be gratefully acknowledged, however, that much of the original fragrance is preserved in the English adaptation. The rare and exquisite beauty of the opening scene it would be impossible to over-rate. The spectator is transported to the yellow cornfields and shady glades of Dorsetshire, or, in other words, to Mr. Thomas Hardy's favourite Wessex. Here Ragged Robin, whose voice and manner have fascinated simple, pretty Alison and brought her to her ruin, is first discovered; presently, however, to steal light-heartedly away in search of "fresh woods and pastures new." Here, too, Alison finds a protector and a father for her unborn child in honest Jan Perrott. Twenty-two years have passed when the action of the piece is resumed. Alison's son Jack has grown to man's estate, and has fallen in love with the gentle daughter of miserly Farmer Stokes, who, knowing the secret of the youth's parentage, refuses his consent to the lovers' union. More than this, with intolerable cruelty, he declares the truth in presence of simple-hearted Jan, who falls to the ground struck down by paralysis. This is practically the climax of the play. The rest, which comprises three of the original five acts, ceases to be drama, and becomes merely exposition. Ragged Robin, the wanderer, returns, and by one of those strange natural laws peculiar to the stage, the yearnings of paternity, which have lain dormant for over twenty years, are suddenly awakened in his soul. By his intervention, in a scene that suggests a modern version of a mediæval mystery play, he brings Farmer Stokes to his knees and so secures the happiness of Nanny and his own son Jack.

The last act is quite unnecessary, or, if judged to be requisite, ought to be greatly

curtailed. It merely reveals the growing uneasiness of Robin under the restraint of family ties, and his eventual departure into the darkness of the night. To the general performance qualified praise alone is due. Mr. Tree's conception of the title-part is more to be commended on the grounds of appearance than of actual impersonation. The portrait lacks breadth and is too dandified to be really effective. Fantastic it is in respect of gesture and gait; yet the voice is Jacob's voice though the hands are the hands of Esau. Possibly time may serve to strengthen and heighten the effect of the picture. Mr. Charles Warner played with great power and intensity as the paralysed Jan, but the study is far too painful to be dwelt on with anything resembling satisfaction. Mr. Franklyn McLeay succeeded admirably as Farmer Stokes, contriving skilfully to catch and reproduce the Dorsetshire accent. Wholly pleasing sketches of rustic character were also contributed by Mr. Percival Stevens, Mr. Gerald Du Maurier, and Miss Rhoda Halkett. As the two young lovers, Mr. Lewis Waller and Miss Evelyn Millard were afforded no opportunity of distinguishing themselves, while Mrs. Tree, although eminently graceful and tender, failed to endow the part of Alison with that unsophisticated and artless air typical of one whose life has been passed in the open fields. To the exquisite mounting of the piece all praise is due. M. W.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"THE MAKING OF RELIGION."

SIR,—The remark in my review of Mr. Lang's book that he made "much ado about nothing" had not, as he infers, reference to his general argument against ghost-worship as primal. Having expressed full agreement with that, I passed on, it would seem in too rapid or obscure a way, to the observation that as the High Gods, conceptions of whom Mr. Lang finds among certain savages, appear at the start of things, and then quickly become absentee deities, they count for so little in the "making of religion" as to be scarcely worth taking into account in any survey of the spiritual history of the lower races.—I am, &c.,

EDWARD CLODD.

Savile Club, 107, Piccadilly, W.:

June 24.

THE REGISTRATION MUDDLE.

SIR,—I am absolutely in accord with your remarks as to the desirability of transferring the business of that fossil institution, Stationers' Hall, *en bloc* into the far more appropriate atmosphere of Bloomsbury. Writers and publishers alike continue to smart under the vexatious anomalies which now prevail. With an affirmative answer to the query at the head of your recent article, no doubt many, if not all, grievances would disappear, to give place to an all-round harmony very pleasant to contemplate.

While on this subject would it not be feasible, as a distinct relief to authors, to

introduce some system of title-registration upon full, or even part, completion of MSS.? Months—nay, years—often elapse before the effort of a writer's brains reaches the coveted goal of publication. The apt choice of a name, as everybody knows, is of paramount importance, and should surely be considered as much an inventor's property as his book. Could not this desirable protection be afforded, say, by affidavit under a moderate charge for stamp and fee, whereby an absolute right of usage should be established? A time-limit for such privilege might easily be imposed, and would be only fair, as a MS. might never assume any other shape.

In a humble way, I have myself been the victim of a coincidence of title and got no redress—the "no copyright" signal effectually blocking the path thereto.

At any rate, let us have "compulsory registration" without delay. The demand on the part of the British Museum for copies of all books issued would be accepted with more complacency were the same to carry the benefits, as you so wisely suggest should be the case, of registration also.

CECIL CLARKE.

Authors' Club, S.W.:

June 25.

MR. GLADSTONE AS CRITIC.

SIR,—I send you two letters from Mr. Gladstone received by friends of mine. The first was addressed to Dr. Zahm, the American scientist; the second to Mrs. Mulhall, who is the author of an excellent book of travels in South America and of some minor publications.

Mrs. Mulhall had sent him her examination (published in *The Dublin Review*) of the question whether the *Divina Commedia* had been suggested by the vision of the Irish St. Fursey narrated by Bede. Mr. Gladstone wrote:

"I feel in debt to you for your article. It is indeed of great interest, and the presumptions you raise appear to be important. Dante's being acquainted with a remote local saint, such as Bede, is of itself remarkable, and if it was due to his studying in England, as I am inclined to believe he did, then England may have furnished the thread which brought into his view the root-idea of his poem."

The other letter was written in acknowledgment of the copy of *Evolution and Dogma* presented to him.

It was as follows:

"Rev. Prof. J. A. Zahm, Ph.D.

University of Notre Dame, Notre Dame, Ind.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,—I have now read with great interest and pleasure a great part of the work you have been so kind as to send me, and I heartily thank you for it. Theology has been for some time under a kind of intimidation which it is time to shake off, and I rejoice to see you occupying a forward place in this healthful process. Evolution, as I think, tends to elevate and not to depress the Gospel.—I remain, reverend and dear Sir, yours very faithfully.

W. E. GLADSTONE.

Hawarden: March, 26, 1896."

Both letters, though among the briefest of their kind, contain the expression of interesting views.—I am, &c.,

WILLIAM J. D. CROKE.

Hotel Minerva, Rome: June 24.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Week ending Thursday, June 30.

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

THE EXPOSITOR. Edited by the Rev. W. Robertson Nicoll, M.A. Fifth series. Vol. VII. Hodder & Stoughton. 7s. 6d.

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THE LONDON MANUAL FOR 1898—99. Edited by Robert Donald. Edward Lloyd. 1s. 6d.

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FORGOTTEN TRUTHS: SELECTIONS FROM THE SPEECHES AND WRITINGS OF THE RIGHT HON. EDMUND BURKE. Collated by T. Dundas Pillans. "The Liberty Review" Publishing Co., Ltd.

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ANNOUNCEMENTS.

CROMWELL'S Campaigns in Scotland have not been so fully treated of by historians as the Parliamentary Wars in England. Mr. W. S. Douglas, who has studied the subject very fully, is about to publish a volume entitled *Cromwell's Scottish Campaigns* (1650-51) in which he claims to throw fresh light on the Northern wars, and to present new information which has not been available hitherto. The volume will be published immediately by Mr. Elliot Stock.

MR. GRANT RICHARDS will publish early in September a book which will help to fill a gap in current literature. We have many able works with regard to ancient monastic bodies, but there has been some reticence about modern monasticism. Mr. Joseph M'Cabe, the author of *Twelve Years in a Monastery*, is issuing, through Mr. Grant Richards, a further work, entitled *Life in a Modern Monastery*. The book consists of a series of sketches in a light and popular

style, without introducing the controversial element, of the daily life of modern monks.

"No woman has done it yet," a quotation from Mr. George Meredith, is the motto on the title-page of *Wives in Exile*, Mr. William Sharp's new novel, which Mr. Grant Richards will immediately publish. The comedy is that of an altogether unconventional experience, and deals with the adventures of two charming women, who, taking advantage of the absence of their husbands, go on a cruise through Ireland to the West of Scotland, and thence through Highland waters to the Hebrides, in a yacht commanded by themselves, and with a crew composed entirely of women. Their pursuit by their husbands affords exciting experiences.

THE fourth and final volume of the *Register Book of Marriages belonging to the Parish of St. George, Hanover Square, co. Middlesex*, has just been issued by the Harleian Society to its members. The years embraced in this volume are 1824 to 1837, carrying them down to the time when the Civil Registration Act of 1836 came into force, by which all marriages are entered at Somerset House, and can be inspected there. The work has been edited by G. J. Armytage, Esq., F.S.A., the Honorary Secretary of the Society; and a carefully compiled index completes an interesting and valuable genealogical volume.

NEXT week will be ready *Literary Byways* by Mr. William Andrews. One of the chapters will deal with rejected books of real worth by short-sighted publishers' readers, and should interest not a few would-be authors.

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THE latest publication of the admirable Navy Records Society is a batch of papers relating to a couple of very interesting episodes in the maritime history of the sixteenth century. Drake's two expeditions against the coasts and colonial possessions of Spain, in the years immediately preceding the sailing of the Armada, have only recently been regarded in their proper perspective. The singeing of the King of Spain's beard, by the brilliant dash at Cadiz in 1587, has been commonly represented as a sort of piratical raid of a meritorious character, intended mainly to annoy and irritate the Spaniards, and to inspire them with a due respect for the skill and daring of the English seamen. It is only since naval strategy has been seriously studied by modern historians that the real aim and justification of this enterprise have been apparent. Drake, with his marvellous and intuitive grasp of the true principles of maritime warfare, had objects much more serious than those of merely inflicting a large amount of purposeless destruction and loss upon the enemy. He desired to cripple the arms of Philip in the preparation of the fleet and army destined for the invasion of Britain, to render the junction of the various squadrons of the Armada difficult, if not impossible; to hamper the Spanish mobilisation, and to delay the concentration of the land and sea forces of the Armada long enough to enable Elizabeth and her counsellors to put the defences of England into a more adequate condition of efficiency. In point of fact, the attack upon Cadiz and the destruction of Spanish ships under the very guns of the fortress, which impressed Drake's contemporaries by its superb audacity, was only an incident in the scheme of operations. The essence of the project was the seizure of Cape St. Vincent by the English squadron. From that most valuable *point d'appui* the English com-

mander could threaten, distract, and divide the forces of his enemies, leave them in constant uncertainty as to his movements, and send them continually skurrying about the seas in search of him, instead of attending to their own business of making ready the great invading armament and getting the widely scattered military contingents aboard the ships.

Drake's position on the inside line of the Spanish maritime communications gave him the choice of attacking where he pleased, and of menacing the hostile fleets in detail, and of engaging the utmost efforts of the Spanish admirals in a futile attempt to watch him. They never knew when or whether he might not turn his ships towards Cadiz or the Azores, the "Indies" or the Tagus. The result was that when at length Santa Cruz put to sea, in order to save the gold fleet from Drake's attack at the Azores, Drake was already safely back at Plymouth, with the great carrack, *San Felipe*, the King of Spain's own East Indiaman, in his possession. If the Spaniards of our day had read their own naval and military history properly, they could have learnt a lesson which might have been of considerable value to them during the past few months. Drake's operations showed how much can be done by a comparatively small squadron, handled with judgment and good seamanship, to impede the mobilisation of fleets far superior in all the apparent elements of strength. The English admiral did not, indeed, prevent the eventual assembly and departure of the Armada; but he gave the English Government a breathing space, and he so crippled Philip's resources that the great fleet, when it did sail, was far less formidable than it might otherwise have been.

In Mr. Julian Corbett's lucidly written and careful Introduction the lessons of this campaign, which, he says, may be regarded as founding an epoch in our naval history, are thus summed up:

"First, we have the birth of a sound and intelligent strategy as distinguished from the crude cross-raiding of the Middle Ages; secondly, we have the final demonstration of the superiority of the sailing warship to the time-honoured galley, even on its own ground; and, thirdly, the commencement of real naval discipline, and the institution of the naval court-martial."

The second point is another of the interesting analogies between the conditions of naval warfare in the past and the present. The galley bore to the sailing ship much the same relation that the floating battery or coast-defence ironclad does to the sea-going battleship. In smooth water and in land-locked harbours the galley was supposed to have a formidable advantage; but the superior gunnery, the loftier gun-platforms, and the better handling of the northern vessels told decisively. "We have now," said Drake, "tried by experience the galleys' fight, and I assure you that these, Her Majesty's four ships, will make no account of twenty of them." And this, although at Cadiz, the galleys fought under exceptionally favourable circumstances, with the guns of the shore batteries to support them, and the English squadron "riding in a narrow

gut," and with scarcely room enough to manœuvre. But the smooth-water fighting machine, which can only be used near land—whether it take the form of galley, fire-ship, or, we may add, torpedo boat—has never been held in much respect by British sailors, whose belief is fixed to the ship of war that can go to sea, and keep the sea, in all weathers.

The third point noticed by Mr. Corbett—the commencement of modern naval discipline—is elucidated in some of the papers published in this volume. Drake, who was not always quite happy in his relations with his lieutenants, came near to repeating in his Cadiz campaign the tragedy of his voyage of circumnavigation. His Vice-Admiral, William Borough, like Thomas Doughty, was accused by him of insubordination, and was placed under arrest aboard his own ship, the *Lion*. Before the squadron reached the Azores, the *Lion's* crew mutinied and insisted on taking the ship home. Drake, who believed that Borough was at the bottom of this desertion, empannelled a jury on board the fleet, and got Borough and all the superior officers of the *Lion* sentenced to death. It would have gone hard with them if they had fallen into the hands of the fiery little Admiral outside the Queen's dominions. As a matter of fact, they got safe home, and Borough obtained the opportunity of justifying himself in a series of documents now published for the first time. The authors of Mr. Laird Clowes's *Naval History* say that the justice of Drake's charges against Borough cannot be discussed, as the vice-admiral's formal reply is not on record; but it has been preserved in the Lansdowne MSS., and is given in this volume. The whole episode shows, as Mr. Corbett judiciously observes, that both parties to the quarrel had something to say for the view they took. Borough was a representative of the old slow-going school of tactics, as well as the old idea that naval discipline did not require the absolute, unquestioning obedience of the subordinate to the superior officer. By the traditions of the service the admiral did not take any important step without consulting a council of war. Even as late as the middle of the next century, when Monk was left in sole command of the fleet by Deane's death, he assured his council of war that its decisions should be as binding upon him as an Act of Parliament:

"Discipline," says Mr. Corbett, "amongst officers was very lax in the sixteenth century, and the most important function of a commander-in-chief was, by the authority of his high rank, to maintain order among them and make them act together. He may almost be regarded as little more than the president of the council of war, and chief executive officer of the oligarchy of senior officers."

Drake, who knew that "a council of war never fights," and who would probably have completely accepted Macaulay's assertion that an army may sometimes be successfully commanded by a fool or a coward, but not by a debating society, treated his councils with scant respect, and barely paid them the compliment of communicating his decision to them. This perfunctory method of proceed-

ing wounded a steady-going old officer like Borough, as much as Drake's daring strategy alarmed and disturbed him. But though Drake did not succeed in getting Borough punished (in fact, the vice-admiral, who was a very meritorious officer, got a command in the great campaign against the Armada) he had established the doctrine on which the efficiency of the Navy largely depends. The council of war, as we have just seen, continued to make itself felt; but, from Drake's time onwards, the autocratic authority of the admiral over the fleet, or the captain over his ship, was generally accepted, and it became the custom to insert special judicial powers in the commissions of commanding officers, to enable them to try and punish insubordination among their inferiors. The precedents laid down by Drake in the case of Doughty, and afterwards in that of Borough, henceforth became part of the regular practice of the English service. In this, as in so much else, the valiant little Devon sailor was an innovator who has left a permanent impress upon our naval organisation and development.

The papers published by Mr. Corbett are chiefly of a very business-like character; and though they are of extreme value from the fresh light they throw upon the administration, equipment, and management of our Elizabethan marine, they are poorer in personal details than most documents of the period. Here and there a characteristic touch comes out in Drake's own despatches:

"There was never heard of so great a preparation as the King of Spain hath and doth continually prepare for invasion, yet no doubt but this which God hath suffered us to perform will breed great alteration. Cease not to pray continually, and provide strongly to defend to prevent the worst."

The last sentence is an Elizabethan version of "Put your trust in God and keep your powder dry," and is typical of that combination of devotional enthusiasm and practical judgment in which Drake, as in much else, anticipated Cromwell.

A LITTLE FLEET OF SONG.

FIRST ARTICLE.

In the following columns we have dealt with nearly every little vessel of song that has found harbourage with us during the past month or so. From each cargo we have extracted one specimen, sometimes more. And even as we write others are sailing in and sailing in.

The Shadow of Love. Margaret Armour. (Duckworth & Co.)

Most notable of this little company of singers is Miss Armour. A year or so ago this lady gave us *Thames Sonnets and Semblances*; she now offers something more personal. The temperament revealed by these quiet, restrained lyrics is interesting and valuable for its sympathy and refinement. Miss Armour sees clearly and thinks well, and is ever alert for beauty. Her

poems have a sweet gravity, and are graced by delicate literary skill. We quote "The Footfall":

"There was a merry step within the garden,
When I was little, and the world was new,
I never dreamed that it was Time, the warden,
And that it was for him the roses grew,
And pansies blue.

Now, on the common road, with tramp of
thunder,
A foot I hear that does not turn or stay,
And, after it, the tumult and the wonder
Of hurrying folk that throng, by night and
day,
The crowded way.

Soon I shall reach an ample inn and olden,
And lie at ease upon a quiet bed,
No foot shall echo in the court withholden,
And Time shall steal away with soundless
tread

When I am dead."

With this little book Miss Armour takes her place among women poets who deserve a hearing. Her illustrator, Mr. MacDougall, is not pleasing.

A Ballad of Charity, and Other Poems. By Gerald Wallace. (David Douglas.)

MR. WALLACE has kindly, wholesome thoughts, and some felicity in expressing them. He, too, is grave, but he has not Miss Armour's eye for the inner life. Here is one of Mr. Wallace's quatrains:

"Our Faith is like a wandering sailor boy,
Who looks far off across the turbulent main
Towards his own dear country, and straight-
way
He is in spirit in his father's home."

The simile is happily and poetically framed. Here is another tiny presentation of an idea:

"Primroses in a city lane;
A gentle wind their fragrance brings;
And memory straightway conjures up
The breath of many Springs:—
The flowers, the fields, the laughing brooks,
And flutterings of wings."

Elsewhere Mr. Wallace writes at greater length, and always with care and to some purpose. A gentle poet, we can recommend him to old-fashioned folk as a pleasant companion endowed both with music and sense.

Verses. By B. E. Baughan. (Constable & Co.)

MR. BAUGHAN is another serious, reflective poet who has pleasant and righteous thoughts. Had he been more vigilant to polish his verse it would be better; often and often we have noted instances where the arrangement of words might be altered with advantage and weaknesses made strong. Here is a brief poem:

"CHURCH.

The people bent above their books,
And sweetly pray'd the priest,
My heart stay'd frozen by their fire,
And fasted at their feast.

But where the lonely breezes blow
Above the lonely sod,
Where mountain-heads are hid in mist,
My head was hid with God."

The little series of simple songs called

"Cottage Days" has a sweet lyrical freshness. One begins thus:

"The sun rushes in at my lattice,
And kisses the white walls gold;
Into my heart he rushes,
And kisses away the cold."

And here are stanzas from another:

"My room has bare white walls—
So, if a daffodil
Is yellow, in my room
She shows quite yellow still.
To give each thought full scope,
And every fact its due,
Perhaps the mind of man
Should go uncolour'd too."

A clean and healthy book, which might, however, be a little smaller to some purpose.

More Law Lyrics. By Robert Bird. (Blackwood & Sons.)

MR. BIRD's first collection of *Law Lyrics* yielded amusement among both lawyers and clients. And this promises to be as successful. The following lines figure as pre-
amble:

"And now let me draw,
Like lovely red coral,
From oceans of law,
This beautiful moral:
Never you be
Red-hot for a plea,
Sit back, keep cool,
Your judgment to titivate,
And then, as a rule,
You'll see cause to mitigate
Your ardour for rackets,
And dusting of jackets,
And, if you've a doubt,
Be wise, and back out;—
Spill barrels of ink, but don't litigate."

None the less, although litigation is discouraged, litigation has its good points: did it not produce the little book before us, and other books of its kind, such as Sir Frederick Pollock's *Leading Cases*? Mr. Bird adds to the growing store of songs of the links, and here is a stanza from a topical poem:

"Your hand, Uncle Sam!
'Tis true, we've had words,
But slit be the tongue
That first talks of swords.
Let's draw up a bond
'Tween nation and nation,
To square all disputes
By fair arbitration."

A genial little book.

Where Beauty Is, and Other Poems. By Henry Johnson. (Brunswick, Maine: Stevens.)

MR. JOHNSON is an American, with a mind earnestly vigilant for noble impressions. Scenery, architecture, painting, poetry—Mr. Johnson is wrought upon by all, and able, in some degree, to express his consequent emotions in words. He is, however, observer and appreciator rather than teacher; but there is thought, none the less, in these pages. We take the following poem from a sequence entitled "Art":

"SHAKESPEARE.

I looked adown the ages through the eyes
Of Abraham as, gazing o'er the plain,
He saw unbroken the ever-lengthening chain
Of faithful followers touch at last the skies.

I throbbed in Homer's quicker heaving breast
As to his faithfully recording tongue
A beauty grander than had e'er been sung
Came flowing with my eager soul's unrest.

I ruled the conquered world by Cæsar's hand,
And bowed all peoples to obey my law;
My faithful minister grown master saw
My secret and we fettered every land.

I shone in Beatrice's gentle gaze,
Seeming but love to Dante's tender youth,
Till to his faithful heart I gleamed as truth,
And drew him to my source in heaven's rays.

I loved thee most of all the sons of men,
My Shakespeare, ever faithful lover mine.
What ecstasy I knew with thee to shine
Like whole world through, and rest, to love again."

Mr. Johnson's volume is the work of a sensitive, cultured, critical mind.

Persephone, and Other Poems. By Charles Camp Tarelli. (Macmillan & Co.)

To come to Mr. Tarelli's book is to step backwards into time. For it is a reminder of the days, now passed away, when every rhymester tried his hand in French forms, in ballade and rondeau, virelai and pantoum, villanelle and triolet. Mr. Tarelli is still entirely given over to these exotic measures. Here, for example, is a "Lay or Rondeau in the Manner of Master François Villon" (how antiquated it sounds!):

"Roses about the arbour twined,
Fragrant and red, that climb and creep,
And smiling through the trellis peep,
And slightly rustle in the wind;
Ye bring my gentle love to mind,
Whose eyes are soft, and blue, and deep,
Roses!

I go her folded bower to find,
To wake her from her summer sleep,
Her clinging hand in mine to keep,
And round her blushing brows to bind
Roses."

Hexameters you will also find here, and irregular unrhymed verse in the manner now of Arnold, now of Whitman; and once Mr. Tarelli essays the FitzGerald stanza and incidentally therein gives his opinion of a respectable thoroughfare:

"In Fleet-street once did I the Gleam behold—
Fleet-street, where pressmen toil for little gold,
Where is not heard the coo of Venus' doves,
Nor love is known save what is bought and sold."

We did not know that Fleet-street was like that. Altogether, Mr. Tarelli's experiments are interesting, but their belatedness is certainly an impediment to our pleasure.

Love-Songs and Elegies. By Manmohan Ghose. (Elkin Mathews.)

MR. GHOSE, who is, we believe, an Oriental, possesses an Oriental's lusciousness of diction. His imagination is highly coloured, and he clothes all his thoughts in flowing draperies. That he is a poet is beyond all question, but the difficulty of employing an alien language debars him from driving that fact home as otherwise he might. The little book (one of Mr. Mathews's Shilling

Garland) is, in its expression of passion, fascinatingly un-English. Here is a specimen:

"Above her, hushed, the green, sweet darkness thrills:

Cool waters in her ear come fresheningly;
Unclouding, like a moon, Irene feels
The fearless glory to be simply she.

All that the sun, impassioned, leaps to kiss
She gravely gives; and to the light complete,
Stands lovely, with no shame to tinge her bliss.

Eve in her Paradise was not so sweet.

What charm now, sister in simplicity
To noble flowers, with shame's false tyranny done,
Glorying in her sweet humanity

With grass, earth, air and sunlight to be one!
Glowing she stands in the pure face of heaven,
In marriage with enchanted Nature given!"

Mr. Ghose, it seems to us, might do something very interesting in the way of a description of India: its call to its exiled children, its beauty and wonder.

Poems. By Robert Loveman. (Lippincott Co.)

MR. LOVEMAN has the American fancy for brevity in verse. Four lines are his usual measure wherein to express thoughts which if not profound are often happy and not too obvious. Thus, in this way he touches off March:

"Whither doth now this fellow flee
With outstretched arms at such mad pace?
Can the young rascal thinking be
To catch a glimpse of April's face?"

and in this April:

"Maiden, thy cheeks with tears are wet,
And ruefully thine eyebrows arch;
Is't as they say, thou thinkest yet
Of that inconstant madcap March?"

Pretty, are they not? Here is a longer effort, a love song to Josephine:

"There was a France, there was a queen,
There was another Josephine,
Whose gentle love and tender art
Subdued Napoleon's soldier heart.

But she of France was ne'er, I ween,
Fairer than thou, my Josephine;
To storm thy heart I'll boldly plan.
God! if I were the Corsican!"

The Chords of Life. By Charles H. Crandall. (Author: Springdale, Conn.)

MR. CRANDALL is also American. He has the fluency (or a lack of self-criticism) denied to Mr. Loveman: hence the quantity of verse in this volume. Yet, although commonplace, Mr. Crandall's output is not pathetic nor is it unpleasing. He has a contented, sensible mind, which is pleased to find an outlet in verse. Many varieties of poem are attempted in these pages: let us choose this sonnet on Miss Mary Anderson for quotation:

"Millions of men have said: 'Her face is fair,'
And so say travellers, sailing down a stream,
Of some grand palace, lovely as a dream,
Set on the shore, outlined against the air.

But little do such far-off gazers share
The mansion's beauty, catching not a gleam
Of that interior charm that makes it seem,
To those who know it, rich beyond compare.

Yes, thou art fair, but they have higher praise
Who thy rich-treasured mind have looked upon

And seen thee actress of thy own sweet will!
Yet now art thou bereft us many days,
And even the Public, thy Pygmalion,
Doth mourn its Galatea, lost and still."

Three Women. By Ella Wheeler Wilcox. (W. B. Conkey Co.)

MISS WILCOX is, we understand, America's Sappho. She has written *Poems of Passion* and *Poems of Pleasure*, and Sunday-school teachers are discouraged from opening her works. In the volume before us she does what Mr. Allen Upward recently did—she offers a novel in verse. The novel is of the school of the *Family Herald* and *Bow Bells*. Here is a passage:

"A man whose mere name was submerged in the sea

Of letters which followed it, B.A., M.D.,
And Minerva knows what else, held forth at Bellevue

On what he believed some discovery new
In medical science (though, mayhap, a truth
That was old in Confucius' earliest youth),
And a bevy of bright women students sat near,
Absorbing his wisdom with eye and with ear.

Close by, lay the corpse of a man, half in view.
Dear shades of our dead and gone grand-
mamas! you

Whose modesty hung out red flags on each cheek,
Danger signals—if some luckless boor chanced

to speak
The words 'leg' or 'liver' before you, I think

Your gray ashes, even, would deepen to pink
Should your ghost happen into a clinic or college
When your granddaughters congregate seeking for knowledge."

Such is Miss Wheeler's enthusiasm for the march of intellect. As a taste of her imagery we might mention that she calls a hospital stretcher the "low brougham of misery."

Wroxall Abbey, and Other Poems. By David Davenport. (Kegan Paul & Co.)

Among the "other poems" are "St. Augustine" and "Letters from the New Zealand Mail Bag." The book is modest and gentle. It does not clamour to be read, but much loving care clearly has gone to its making. The author is best in his narrative poems; yet in composing the blank verse fragment which follows, his sense of humour deserted him. The William Bromley who gives it his name was Speaker of the House of Commons in 1710.

"WILLIAM BROMLEY.

What means this silent plucking of my gown?"

MESSENGER.

A messenger for thee doth wait below,
Booted and spurred, bespattered o'er with mud,
He gave these letters to me for thine hand,
And craves a conference.

WILLIAM BROMLEY.

Whence comes the man?"

MESSENGER.

From Baginton, in Warwickshire, he comes,
And hath, as I conjecture, tidings brought
Of some calamity to thee and thine.

WILLIAM BROMLEY.

From Baginton, in Warwickshire, thou say'st
He comes. But is thy memory so short
That thou forgettest where I now am set?
Or wouldst thou have me, heedless of the State,
Neglect the duties of the Speaker's chair
To hear some petty details of my farm
Or stable? Must the soldier leave his home
And fond fireside to mingle in the wars
Whilst I, the president of this estate,
May quit the business of the commonwealth
To muse and ponder on the 'pros' and 'cons'
Of some poor parish matter? Nay, my friend.
How did Uriah do when that the ark
And Israel and Judah lay in tents
In the open field? Did he not scorn all ease
And comfort in such straitened case,
And welcome hardness? Then must I defer
For some more leisured hour to talk of home,
And home affairs. So quickly hence depart
Back to my messenger and bid him wait."

William Bromley's impassioned devotion to his duty would be more admirable had he taken less time to avow it. During this lengthy manifesto he might have seen the messenger and completed the business.

A RETROSPECT OF BOOK PRICES.

THE LIBRARY SERIES: *Prices of Books*. By Henry B. Wheatley, F.S.A. (George Allen.)

THIS book leaves us interested, but hardly wiser. It is full of curious jottings, but it does not greatly enlighten us on the theory and history of book-prices. We do not know that Mr. Wheatley is to blame for this. He was bound by the character of the series for which the book was written, and this forbade that close hugging of figures and stern tenacity of attention to dry facts which alone could have resulted in such a theory and such a history. It is certain that these results do not emerge from Mr. Wheatley's pages. What we do find is some interesting information on successive methods of bookselling, some amusing portraits of old booksellers, and some records of prices fetched by certain typical classes of books at auctions. Perhaps the most interesting chapter in the book is that on Sellers of Books. Here we are introduced to the first book auctioneers, William Cooper and Edward Millington. To Cooper the credit of initiating book auctions in England belongs. It was in September, 1675, that he sold the library of Lazarus Seaman, a member of the Assembly of Divines. Cooper remarked in the preface to his Catalogue:

"Reader, it hath not been usual here in England to make sale of Books by way of auction, or who will give most for them: But it having been practised in other countreys to the advantage both of buyers and sellers, it was therefore concerned (for the encouragement of Learning) to publish the sale of these Books this manner of way, and it is hoped that this will not be unacceptable to schollers."

The new method was a success, and Cooper went on with his auctions. After six years he encountered a rival in Edward Millington, who sold several libraries by auction in 1681. Millington was a character, and the

father of quaint auctioneers. Dunton, the garrulous biographer of early booksellers, says that Millington commenced auctions on the authority of Herodotus—"who commends that way of sale for the disposal of the most exquisite and finest beauties to their *amorous*"—and, further, that Millington was "a man of remarkable elocution, wit, sense, and modesty . . . so that he'll never be forgotten while his name is Ned." His modesty seems to have struck nobody but Dunton, but then Dunton loved booksellers, and in his *Life and Errors* he describes all those he names as handsome, or he says their wives were handsome. As a fact, Millington owed much of his success to his impudence, and Dunton himself says that there was as much comedy in his "once, twice, thrice" as in many a play. When bidding was slow Millington would thunder: "Where is your generous flame for learning? Who but a sot or a blockhead would have money in his pocket and starve his brains?" And once when Dr. Cave was showing a sleepy demeanour he asked him from the rostrum: "Is this your *Primitive Christianity*?"—Cave's masterpiece! Several of the early auctioneers are sketched by Mr. Wheatley, but there was no great figure among them. Dr. Johnson's father, Michael Johnson, was an auctioneer of books as well as a bookseller. When he went to Worcester to hold an auction he quaintly explained in his prospectus: "You must not wonder that I begin every Day's Sale with small and common books; the reason is a room is some time a filling, and persons of address and business, seldom coming first, they are entertainment till we are full." It is interesting, also, to learn the dates at which the present literary auctioneering firms were founded. Sotheby's, the oldest, goes back to 1744.

Mr. Wheatley reminds us that the custom of publishing a book at a stated price is modern. The first English booksellers bought books in bulk, and fixed their own prices per volume. But the copyright laws included certain regulations limiting the price of books. If a bookseller wanted to charge too much for a volume, the buyer had merely to complain to the Archbishop of Canterbury! The prices asked and paid for early printed books in England emerge but brokenly and doubtfully from records in which they rest like flies in amber. Three to seven shillings was the range of prices for expensive books in the sixteenth century, but a Church Bible for Canterbury cost forty-one shillings. The prices of books in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries may be multiplied by ten for the purpose of comparing them with modern pieces. In the times of Queen Mary and Elizabeth Sir William More, of Loseley in Surrey, bought Munster's *Cosmografie* for 16s.; *Chausore*, 5s.; *Tully's Offices*, 8d.; Cezar's *Commentary*, 1s. 3d.; two "bokes of Machevale's works in Italion," 3s. 4d. An old household book quoted by Sir Egerton Brydges yields some lower prices. A "booke of the dysease of horses" was 4d.; and *Lytton in English* was a shilling. One reason why each bookseller charged his own price for a book was that it was difficult

for him to know what other booksellers were charging. Catalogues and price-lists were unknown. Andrew Maunsell, a bookseller doing business in Lothbury, issued the first English catalogue in 1595, and he tells us that books, being published and sold out, disappeared, no one registering their existence, so that "men desirous of such kind of Bookes, cannot aske for what they never heard of, and the Bookeseller cannot shew that he hath not." He dedicated his catalogue to Elizabeth and hoped God would bless his labours. But Maunsell was an early bird; the next bibliography of new English books did not appear till 1658, when William London issued his *Catalogue of the Most Vendible Books*. We wish that Mr. Wheatley had quoted from it. What were the most vendible books in 1658?

Some interesting prices of seventeenth century books are given by Mr. Wheatley. The first edition of Shakespeare's *Play* is thought to have sold for £1. The separate plays of the Elizabethan dramatists were retailed at sixpence apiece. John Ogilby's large illustrated books, issued 1654-1665, seem to have been beyond most purses, and they lay on Ogilby's hands until—happy age!—he bethought him of a lottery to move his stock. Pepys bought a ticket and obtained the *Æsop's Fables* valued at £3, and *The Entertainment to Charles II. in his Passage through the City of London to his Coronation*, valued at £2. In the same series of sumptuous books were the *Iliads* and the *Odysseys* that Pope pored over as a schoolboy. Milton's *Paradise Lost* was a quarto at three shillings. The *Compleat Angler*, published in 1653, and advertised as "not unworthy the perusal," was priced eighteenpence. Butler's *Hudibras* came out in two parts, probably at a shilling each, but the price fluctuated: Pepys gave half-a-crown for his first part, and sold it again for one shilling and sixpence. Mr. Wheatley jots down many eighteenth century prices. Johnson's Dictionary was sold in boards for £4 15s. Some of the large prices obtained in former days were due to the stately manner in which books were issued. Scott and Moore made a great deal of money out of handsome quarto productions of their poems, but Wordsworth waited five years to see 500 copies of the *Excursion* bought at two guineas the copy.

Mr. Wheatley's chapter on the enhanced prices of early editions of modern authors is a detached set of memoranda—interesting, but hardly illuminating when we revert to the scope and purpose of the book. Indeed, the particulars given under this head are avowedly no more than transcripts from Mr. Slater's *Book Prices Current* and similar sources. They are not set with other prices in a logical sequence. It is interesting to be reminded that Matthew Arnold's *Strayed Reveller*, 1849, published at 4s. 6d., is now worth £4, and that the price of the *Empedocles on Etna* of 1852 has risen from 6s. to prices between £3 10s. and £6. Blake's *Songs of Innocence*, engraved and coloured by himself, has fetched £146. Browning's *Pauline*, published in his twenty-first year, was sold at Mr. Alfred Crampton's sale for £145. The rarity of the book tempted Mr. Thomas J. Wise to issue a

facsimile of it in 1886, and the excellence of this reprint tempted the forger to "doctor" it. "Wise's title and prefatory note were removed, the paper was rotted to make it porous, and the leaves were smoked to give them a mellow appearance." The very high price, £572, paid recently by Mr. Sabin for a copy of the *Kilmarnock Burns* is duly noted by Mr. Wheatley. This copy has had a meteoric career through the book market. It was sold for £3 10s. in 1858. In 1870 it fetched six guineas. In 1879 £124 was paid for it. Nine years later it sold for £111—a drop. At last in February of this year it was knocked down at the amazing price of £572. But the philosophy of auctions might have something to say about this leap. Two determined bidders and an excited audience have, ere now, produced inflated prices. For example, at the Roxburghe sale in 1812 the *Valdarfer Boccaccio* fetched £2,260, being desired by two rich and resolute men. But when the victor died the other obtained the book for £918! Two copies of Mr. Meredith's *Poems*, 1851, were sold last year by Messrs. Sotheby for £17 10s. and £25. Sixteen pounds was paid in 1890 for the first printed work of Dante Gabriel Rossetti's. This was *Sir Hugh the Heron: a Legendary Tale in Four Parts*. It was printed at G. Polidari's Private Press, 15, Park Village East, 1843, for private circulation only, and contained twenty-four pages. Miss Christina Rossetti's first poetical efforts, printed at the same press, brought seven guineas. Although not a recognised poet, Mr. Ruskin has beaten these records, for *Poems by J. R.*, collected in 1850 for private circulation, is worth £50 to £60. Mr. Ruskin's works on art also fetch enhanced but not inflated prices. A short list of Shelley prices is given by Mr. Wheatley, and in a note on Tennyson we are reminded that the value of the first edition of the *Poems of Two Brothers* is £15 to £20. Dickens's *Sunday under Three Heads*, first edition, sells for more than its weight in gold; but Mr. Wheatley's notes on Dickens, Thackeray, and Scott are too scrappy to be of any value. Scrappiness is the fault of the book, which nevertheless takes the reader an interesting walk round its subject.

"LITTLE AQUA-FORTIS."

Memorials of an Eighteenth Century Painter (James Northcote). By Stephen Gwynn. (Fisher Unwin.)

BEFORE dealing with the noteworthy merits of this memoir, it may be well to dismiss its defects briefly. Mr. Gwynn appears to have set before himself a fine ideal of writing, but it is, as yet, scarcely realised. He is clear, simple, and natural, but in bad moments he lapses into baldness, and altogether loses the elasticity and charm which ought to be the redeeming virtues of his style. Then, his matter is not very well digested. Notes and text are jumbled together in a confusion more confounded by a prodigal use of brackets. After a letter

or a slice from Northcote's MS. follow disjointed biographies and brief commentaries dealing with the persons and events mentioned. Mr. Gwynn, no doubt, wished to avoid the irritation of footnotes; but footnotes the interpolations are in their essence, and if he could not work the information into a continuous narrative, it would have been better to put them below the page. But his very ground-plan was doomed to produce an effect of patchiness. It is to give Northcote's hitherto unpublished autobiography in snatches, and to illustrate it by liberal quotations from Hazlitt and other contemporary writers. Thus he altogether foregoes the attraction which is possessed by a direct and well-planned narrative. Yet much of the work is so thoroughly and excellently done as to cause nothing but regret that the writer's method was not more artistic.

"Little Aqua-fortis," as Haydon called Northcote, was well worth the trouble bestowed on him. His character is fully proclaimed in the portrait which stands as a frontispiece. The diminutive figure and slovenly dress, the long bony fingers, the clever, pinched face and broad forehead, something of the artist's divine intensity, and yet an impression of smallness, prepare the reader for the history of a man devoted wholeheartedly to art, and yet lacking in that strength which is necessary to supreme greatness. You can fancy him saying, like Andrea del Sarto, "A man's aim should exceed his grasp, or what's a heaven for?" And, indeed, the interest lies more in his passionate devotion to art than in actual achievement. He was born at Plymouth in 1746, and he did not die till 1831. He listened to the conversation of Johnson and Goldsmith, and, as readers of *Fors Clavigera* know, he painted the portrait of Mr. Ruskin. To the very last he remained in the full and alert possession of his faculties. Haydon has given a vivid picture of him as he appeared in 1804:

"He lived at 39, Argyll-street. I was shown first into a dirty gallery, then upstairs into a dirtier painting room, and there, under a high window with the light shining full on his bald grey head, stood a diminutive wizened figure in an old blue striped dressing-gown, his spectacles pushed up on his forehead. Looking keenly at me with his little shining eyes, he opened the letter, read it, and in the broadest Devon dialect said, 'Zo, you mayne tu bee a painter, doo 'ee! What zort of painter?' 'Historical painter, sir.' 'Heestoricaul painter! Why ye'll starve with a bundle of straw under yer head.'"

Fuseli hit off an acrid description in a sentence—"He is like a rat that has seen a cat"; and when, in the Exhibition of 1787, the "Death of Wat Tyler" came off as a great success he caustically remarked:

"Now Northcote will go home, put an extra piece of coal on the fire, and be almost tempted to draw the cork of his one pint of wine when he hears such praise."

Northcote had served a stern apprenticeship that could not but develop whatever tendency to miserliness there was in his original temperament. His father was a watchmaker, and had wished to bring him up in that craft, but, encouraged by a family friend,

Mr. Tolcher, James broke away and set off for London, at the mature age of twenty-five, to embark on the career of a painter. He procured an introduction to Sir Joshua Reynolds, and his connexion with the first President of the Royal Academy furnishes a secondary, if not, indeed, the primary, interest of these memorials. Eventually, he was installed as a pupil of Sir Joshua's, and "pot-boiled" by colouring views for a print-seller on Ludgate-hill at the rate of a shilling per sheet. In a letter he congratulates himself on being able to colour one in the morning before going to his master's studio at nine o'clock. Mr. Gwynn has pieced together a graphic picture of the society Northcote met at the great painter's:

"The wine, cookery, and dishes were but little attended to," says Courtenay, "nor was the fish or venison ever talked of or recommended. Amidst this convivial animated bustle among his guests our host sat perfectly composed, always attentive to what was said, never minding what was eat or drank, but left everyone at perfect liberty to scramble for himself. Temporal and spiritual peers, physicians, lawyers, actors, and musicians composed the motley group and played their parts without dissonance or discord."

It was no doubt a striking revelation to the young man from the provinces, who in the evening of his own life was to have it said of him by a judge so competent as Hazlitt: "The best converser I know is the best listener, I mean Mr. Northcote the painter." Many of his anecdotes of Goldsmith, Johnson, and Garrick which have long since passed into the literature of *ana*, are here reproduced with the utmost propriety. He stayed five years with Sir Joshua and then set up for himself and used the money he had saved to visit Rome and make a continental tour, returning poorer than ever and with new rivals and new enemies to face. By that time Opie had come into vogue, and Peter Pindar (Dr. Wolcot) turned his satiric pen against Northcote. For the first time, he almost lost heart and began to believe for certain that

"notwithstanding all the sanguine hope with which I had formerly encouraged myself, and all the labours I had undergone to gain an eminence in my art, I should die neglected and forgotten, and leave the field to my triumphant rival Opie."

The depression proved only temporary, and, like many another hard-up genius, he kept on his way by following "the line of least resistance," scarcely daring to undertake any large and serious work, lest he should have either to starve or go into debt while doing it. Nevertheless, in 1785 he managed to produce the "Escape of Captain Englefield and his Crew," a picture which appears to have solved the financial problem by bringing him into vogue as a painter of sea-pieces. It was in reference to it that Hazlitt wrote:

"Sometimes you find him sitting on the floor like a schoolboy at play, turning over a set of old prints, and I was pleased to hear him say the other day, coming to one of some men putting off in a boat from a shipwreck: 'That is the grandest and most original thing I ever did.' This was not egotism, but had all the beauty of truth and sincerity."

So ended his early struggles, and from that time we find him filling the position to which he has long been assigned by tradition—a bitter, bright, ill-dressed, eloquent figure, saying things that were wise and things that were cutting among the wits of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, Haydon and Fuseli and the Infant Roscius. He was buoyed up by a lofty opinion of his own genius, and thought no more of snubbing a Duke of Clarence than of discouraging a young painter.

"Sir Joshua once asked me, 'What do you know of the Prince of Wales, that he so often speaks to me about you?' I remember I made him laugh by my answer, for I said, 'Oh, he knows nothing of me, nor I of him—it is only his *bragging*!' 'Well,' said he, 'that is spoken like a king.'"

After this, we may round the story off by recalling that, by will, Northcote left £1,000 for a monument to himself, which stands in Marylebone Church, and then—*vale*!

BRIEFER MENTION.

Handbook of Latin Inscriptions. By W. M. Lindsay. (Putnam's.)

MR. LINDSAY'S name on a title-page is always a guarantee of careful and lucid work in his own special departments of classical research, and this little book is very welcome. It is not an exhaustive gleaning of all known inscriptions collected for the use of the antiquary, neither is it a guide to the deciphering of these memorials, nor is it a treatise on their study from a literary point of view; though such aspects of the subjects would lend themselves well to monographs that, if published in cheap and accessible forms, would fill a void. It is a manual of selected inscriptions, chronologically arranged, to illustrate the history and development of the Latin language. Those given are taken from the usual various sources—from jewels and jewel boxes, busts, vases, mirrors, dedicatory plates, milestones, epitaphs, slugs, Pompeian graffiti, legislative tablets, and other public records, and the fragments that exist of the Carmen Arvale and the Carmina Salaria, to which are added certain documents, including papyrus rolls from Herculaneum. As the writer points out, the early Roman tendency was, as with us, to emphasize the accented syllable in a word so strongly as to cause the remaining syllables to be slurred over. On the other hand, Roman spelling was phonetic, and, therefore, changed under the stress of accent, whereas ours is traditional, and remains stereotyped, although the pronunciation may have altered. These facts combined supply the key to many of the modifications in orthography which the Latin tongue underwent. With regard, by the way, to the propensity to accentuate the earlier portion of a word at the expense of the rest, we wonder how far this may be a peculiarity of prompt and practical races,

such as Romans and Englishmen have pre-eminently shown themselves to be, who would catch the sense of an utterance at once, and to whom the clear and precise enunciation of the whole would, of course unconsciously, seem a needless expenditure of time and energy. Thus, with them the first part of a word would act as it were as an adequate representative of the whole. Although, as we have indicated, this book is not intended as an introduction to the art of deciphering, still in a future edition it would possibly be well if Mr. Lindsay could see his way to printing the inscriptions in facsimile, in addition to the actual and the classical spellings which he does give. It would be an advantage for the student to be able to see each as it really appears, whether divided into words or not, or with the breaks not corresponding to the word-divisions, and so forth. Thus, in the Carmen Arvale, the variant spellings which occur in the triplets would in that case be shown, although it is true that in the comments on this inscription some of the discrepancies are noted; but in things archaeological a keener interest is aroused when the originals or their exact representations are *subjecta fidelibus oculis*. Naturally it is impossible for us to discuss here Mr. Lindsay's minute grammatical and syntactical dissection of the specimens he offers: it will be enough to say that, while forming an appropriate supplement to his *Historical Latin Grammar*, this book will be found equally useful as a distinct work.

The Kingis Quair and the New Criticism. By Robert Sangster Rait. (Aberdeen: Brown.)

A YEAR or two ago Mr. J. T. Brown, of Edinburgh, published a treatise intended to show that the traditional attribution of *The Kingis Quair* to James I. of Scotland was untenable, and that the real author must have written thirty or forty years after the King's death, and have based his work on the version of the facts given in Wyntoun's *Cronykil*. The object of Mr. Rait's pamphlet is to controvert this heresy, and to put King James once more in possession of his own. The outcome of the controversy seems to us to be this; that the somewhat disputed external evidence might well be consistent with either theory, but that the internal evidence afforded by the language of the poem tells distinctly in favour of the traditional view, and against that of Mr. Brown. On this point Mr. Rait's clearly written and ably argued essay is quite convincing.

Military Wrinkles. By A. V. P. (Davies & Goddard.)

THIS is an intensely practical little book: a "Pilgrim's Scrip" for the young British soldier. "A. V. P." (late 79th) has no false sentiment whatever; he knows the world, and he proposes that others should know it too. Thus, look at the simple directness of this hint:

"Should you enlist under a false name, choose one near the beginning of the alphabet. This will assist you in getting your pay, &c., the quicker, as names are taken alphabetically."

Here are further "wrinkles":

"Our advice to soldiers about to get married is the same as that given by *Punch*—i.e., 'Don't.'"

Collect corks where you can, as a hundred corks cut up and sewn into two yards of strong jean make a capital life-belt.

Remember that death happens only once in a lifetime, and it is an honourable death to die in battle."

Last of all, after every piece of advice that has occurred to the author has been recorded, we find this:

"The Field of Mars is not often a field of clover."

A lesser humorist would have placed it first.

Ireland, 1798-1898. By William O'Connor Morris. (A. D. Innes & Co.)

To have compressed the troubled history of Ireland during the past century into a single volume of some 350 pages is in itself no small achievement. To have written on such controverted questions as those concerned with the Irish Church, Irish land-tenure, and Irish education—the three limbs of the "upas-tree"—with the fairness displayed by Judge O'Connor Morris is a triumph of impartiality. His book, which is the result of long experience in Irish official positions, combined with an immense mass of reading—the list of authorities cited in the preface is quite appalling in its length—may be cordially commended to anyone who is anxious to acquaint himself with the melancholy facts of recent Irish history. With the author's conclusions we confess that we are less satisfied. Judge O'Connor Morris, like all other Irishmen, is at heart, though not politically, a Home Ruler, in the sense of believing that Ireland ought to be governed according to Irish ideas. This is a proposition which might receive assent if only two Irishmen could be found to agree as to what Irish ideas are. In the regrettable absence of a precise definition, the stupid Saxon has to go on governing the country as best he can. His best is not very good, for, as we are continually reminded, no English statesman has ever understood Ireland. She is the *femme incomprise* among nations, and, like her prototype, gives much trouble to those who, attracted by her *beaux yeux*, attempt to soothe her sorrows. Small wonder if, driven to desperation by her "contrariness," her lords and masters have sometimes resorted to "the stick no thicker than your thumb" formerly recommended for rebellious wives. And it is only fair to say that under "coercion," which means the ordinary law supplemented by such additions as shall make it obeyed, Ireland's material prosperity has usually been greater than when "conciliation," taking the form of relaxed precautions, transfers of property from class to class, and avoidance of legal contracts, has been brought into play. Possibly the Local Government Bill, when it becomes law, will work better than Judge O'Connor Morris fears it will; and Irishmen, with the increased responsibility that comes of governing themselves, will settle down into a happy community.

THE ACADEMY SUPPLEMENT.

SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1898.

THE NEWEST FICTION.

A GUIDE FOR NOVEL READERS.

THE PRICE OF A WIFE.

By JOHN STRANGE WINTER.

A crusty father, a secret marriage, a will tangle, a happy ending. (F. V. White & Co. 240 pp. 3s. 6d.)

THE MONK OF THE HOLY TEAR.

By LUCAS CLEEVE.

A love story laid in Huguenot times, when "the sixteenth century was surging with the undercurrents that were working up to the massacre of St. Bartholomew." The heroine is bound by her father's dying wish to be true to the Protestant faith; her lover is bound by his mother's vow to be dedicated to the Roman Catholic Church. Intrigue and adventure pervade the story. (F. V. White & Co. 312 pp. 6s.)

BY SHAMROCK AND HEATHER.

By WALMER DOWNE.

She is Irish, he a Scot, and they love. The writing is in this style: "In a commodious mansion at Merchiston two young men drew their chairs nearer to a brightly blazing fire in the drawing-room, and rested their needle-wrought slippers upon the beaded footstool." (Digby, Long & Co. 325 pp. 6s.)

STRONG AS DEATH.

By MRS. CHARLES M. CLARKE.

Still they come. Another story of the Irish Rebellion! "Madge had the dangerous gift of loving and hating almost with the same beat of her heart. When she was in Mr. Holmes's garden with Connor she felt at one moment that she loved him so she could have grovelled at his feet, and the next she could have strangled him in the passion of her hate." It is reassuring to learn that "she possessed many of the natural qualities that go to form our best female philanthropists." (Aberdeen: Moran & Co. 538 pp. 6s.)

FOR THE REBELS' CAUSE.

By ARCHER P. CROUCH.

Those who like to read of hard fighting by land and sea will like this story of the Congressional revolt in Chili. This is how they fought: "Having broken their bayonets they clubbed their rifles till the stocks gave way and the barrels snapped. Then they drew their 'cuchillos'—or small, dagger-shaped knives—and fought with them. If these were lost they closed with their opponents and fastened on to their throats with a grip that even death did not relax." And these were the vanquished, not the victors. Exciting, illustrated. (Ward, Lock & Co. 350 pp. 3s. 6d.)

THE THOUGHT ROPE.

By CHRISTABEL COLERIDGE.

The point of this story is that the heroine can always see farther through a brick wall than anyone else. She has "those finer senses which are given to a few," and can visualise future events in a tumbler half filled with water. Thus endowed, she easily unmasks the treachery of Vyall Dalton. One of her *obiter dicta* (she is referring to her lover) is this: "When you respect a man on the whole, but think he has one tile rather loose, it is always better to let the subject be." (Hurst & Blackett. 235 pp. 1s.)

REVIEWS.

Silence. By Mary E. Wilkins.
(Harper & Brothers.)

OVER this new collection of stories hangs an antique air. The scene is still New England, but it is the New England of an earlier generation, and in one case we are taken to Cotton Mather's days. But the author is herself throughout. At a time when so much

writing is precious and so much slovenly, it is a joy to meet this austere artist and tender woman; to cool and rest oneself in the sweet simplicities of her delicate imagination.

One type of maidenhood runs through the book: the fragile girl, of flower-like refinement and grace, who can, on occasion, rise to heights of courageous action. *Silence*, the heroine of the title-story, loses her lover in an attack by Indians on her village. She was the soul of resistance during the fight, but when it was over her reason failed. How it returned the reader must discover. Miss Wilkins brings the grief of the bereaved women before one with a power that is almost too real. In "*Evelina's Garden*" the same girl is reincarnated in the younger *Evelina*. This story is the gem of the book. The *Evelina* of the garden was *Evelina Adams*, the squire's heiress, who lived in the great house, patient and reticent, with something like a broken heart. All her affections were turned to her flowers, which she tended with a solicitude excelled by few parents for their children. Here is an exquisite passage:

"There had never been in the village such a garden as this of *Evelina Adams*. All the old blooms which had come over the seas with the early colonists, and started, as it were, their own colony of flora in the new country, flourished there. The naturalised pinks and phlox and hollyhocks and the rest, changed a little in colour and fragrance by the conditions of a new climate and soil, were all in *Evelina's* garden, and no one dreamed what they meant to *Evelina*; and she did not dream herself, for her heart was always veiled to her own eyes, like the face of a nun. The roses and pinks, the poppies and heartsease, were to this maiden-woman, who had innocently and helplessly outgrown her maiden heart, in the place of all the loves of life which she had missed. Her affections had forced an outlet in roses; they exhaled sweetness in pinks, and twined and clung in honeysuckle vines. The daffodils, when they came up in the spring, comforted her like the smiles of children; when she saw the first rose her heart leaped as at the face of a lover."

How *Evelina Adams* foresaw that, through intense reserve and pride, her young cousin *Evelina Leonard* was in danger of sapping her life and forfeiting happiness even as she herself had, and took precautions to prevent such a calamity, the reader must also discover. To our mind the little story is among its author's best, which is to say that it is among the few best short stories in the language. "*A New England Prophet*" is of stouter stuff. It tells of a religious revival of unusual fervour, in which the end of the world was foretold to the minute. The villagers neglected everything for the dreadful day: the men let their farms languish, the women, instead of cooking, sewed their Ascension robes. One sceptic, however, remained, *Simeon Lennox*, the prophet's brother, a very worthy addition to Miss Wilkins's gallery of sardonic old men. On the night before the cataclysm was due *Simeon* dropped into his brother's to scoff a little:

"*Simeon* chuckled, then he turned to his brother, 'Well, Sol'mon s'pose you're flappin' all ready to fly?' he said.

Solomon made no reply. He frowned over the great volume on his knees. The deaf-and-dumb boy had set his empty plate on the hearth and fallen asleep again, with his head tilted against the jamb. *Melissa* sewed, her pale face bent closely over her work.

"Hear ye are goin' to fly from Penfield's hill?" said *Simeon*.

Still *Solomon* said nothing.

"Well, I s'pose that's as good a place as any," said *Simeon*, "though 't ain't a very high hill. I should 'most think you'd want a higher hill than Penfield's. I s'pose you'll be kind of unhandy with your wings at first, an' start off something like hens. But then I s'pose a few feet more or less won't make no odds when they get fairly to workin'." I heard the women was makin' flyin'-petticoats. Them what you're to work on, *Sophy Anne*, you and *Mellisy*?"

Sophy Anne gave one look at him, then she took a stitch.

"*Abby Mosely's* to work on one, I guess," said *Simeon*. "She's been a-sittin' in a heap of white cloth a-sewin' for three days. I came in once, and she was trying of it on, and she slipped out of it mighty sudden. All I've got to say is she'll cut a queer figure flyin'. She's pretty hefty. I miss my guess if she don't find it a job to strike out at first."

In this story Miss Wilkins achieves a triumph of grotesque. The opening passages, culminating in a description of the meeting at the prophet's, are perfectly managed to give the desired sense of impending calamity. But it is not quite her work. It is in "Evelina's Garden" that Miss Wilkins's genius is most "at home." None the less the volume before us is a delight from cover to cover.

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The Wooings of Jezebel Pettyfer. By Haldane Macfall.
(Grant Richards.)

MR. HALDANE MACFALL is an exuberantly voluble gentleman. The adventures, such as they are, of Jezebel Pettyfer extend over some four hundred pages, of which, at a rough estimation, two-thirds are written in that ugliest of all possible jargons, the negro dialect of the West Indies. Of story there is but two-pennyworth to an intolerable deal of description. Mr. Macfall would appear to keep half a peck of adjectives in his coat pockets, and when an opportunity for a little local colour occurs, to take out a handful and scatter them broadcast over the paper. Nevertheless, let us hasten to say that he describes better than he analyses or creates. Forgive him his profusion, and there is really something of colour and of movement, for instance, in this picture of high noon in Barbadoes:

"Patient grey donkeys, creaking-panniered, ambled along, overborne often enough with loads heavy beyond their proper powers without the dirty, ragged black rogue in wide-brimmed hat who sat atop of all; other grey donkeys stood at their ease by the roadside, slung with rude saddles and empty panniers. Two black women, basket on head, squabbled raucously, and made it up again, and squabbled again, violently gesticulating; a filthy, tattered negress, running to a hooded carriage that passed, thrust out a gaunt begging hand, crying with cringing whine for alms to the enveiled white lady seated within; and several over-dressed negroes walked busily about, shirking toil and advising their neighbours. A herd of lank black swine were driven along, squeaking, squealing, grunting, by a bedraggled negress, who shuffled close behind in down-at-heel elastic-sided boots—relics of one-time Sunday finery—and punished their hoggish strays with hard blows of a stout rod. A ragged, bearded fellow, with wandering eye a-roaming, and rambling wits most aimlessly agog, stumped past on dusty feet, mumbling the vague tongue that only the mad may understand; a bevy of tormenting street urchins followed buzzing at his heels, pestering the poor distracted brain with nagging devilments, plucking at the sorry clothes annoyingly, and crying nicknames; then he of a sudden turned in scowling black anger upon them, scattering them with vicious cuts of walking staff; and the crowd swept past and blotted them out. A squad of baggy-blue-breech'd Zouaves in white jackets swung by at a quick step towards barracks, their dark faces shining with perspiration, their yellow eyeballs gleaming under dusky brows, the white tassels of their blood-red fezes swinging, their rifles glinting in the sunlight,"

As for the flirtations of that comely and shameless negress, Jezebel Pettyfer, we must confess that they inspire us with but a languid interest. Indeed, though even negro human nature may doubtless be irradiated by the light of genius, negro human nature, as Mr. Macfall presents it, appears to be but unwashed and unsavoury. In a somewhat incoherent narrative, the only episode in which we find attraction is the death of the dog Cuckoo. Cuckoo was a white terrier mongrel belonging to a thieving scoundrel called Jehu Dyle, whose only redeeming feature was precisely his affection for this beast:

"For days the Cuckoo sat outside the court-house. Day after day he waited till the doors were shut, and then as the night came down he waddled away to steal his meat, and to hide until the morning in some odd place of his own choosing. So he watched and waited patiently for his disreputable master's footfall. As the days passed into weeks, and the weeks ran into a month, he lost heart, and his strength gradually failed him, until one morning his little dead body was found—a small white husk, lying together with other husks of bananas and discarded things, cast aside on a common dust-heap in the public gutter of the city.

So the little Cuckoo, walking alone, as indeed we all must, entered into the unknown."

Would that we could impress upon Mr. Macfall the fact that the public interest in the "low-life" of drinking-saloons and similar localities has somewhat evanesced.

Aunt Judith's Island. By F. C. Constable.
(Grant Richards.)

MR. CONSTABLE began his literary career tentatively with a brief but caustic satire, published anonymously, entitled *The Curse of Intellect*. That, however, clever though it was, gave no indication of its author's true capacity. In *Aunt Judith's Island* he has found himself.

The medium is still satire, but it is also more. Keen observation of life, in many strata of society, ripe experience, understanding of human nature, and a kindly amused toleration of its little foibles, humour, good humour, and an active wit—these qualities have gone liberally to the making of *Aunt Judith's Island*. Add to them a very unusual gift of bright narrative, a careful use of words, and a preference for incident above talk, and you see that *Aunt Judith's Island* is no ordinary novel. There are indications that it is the fruit of the toil of years expended upon it by a patient, exacting workman in love with his idea.

The novel, briefly, is the story of Judith Syward, millionaire and spinster, her collection of as many of the scattered members of her family as she can bring together, her settlement of any outlying differences between them, and their life on the island near Crete which she had acquired from the Sultan. Her rescue of five hundred Armenians from persecution, and after giving them a Syward ancestor, making them also welcome on the island, is the cause of difficulties with the Powers. Hence while in the first half of the book Aunt Judith is an autocratic peacemaker in London, in the second she is a Machiavellian diplomatist. So well-knit is the work that to quote is impracticable. Enough to say that the comedy is managed with perfect urbanity and skill; it goes forward from the first page with a buoyancy that is only too rare, and never for a moment, though the book runs to some hundred thousand words, does interest flag. Begin *Aunt Judith's Island* and you must end it.

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The Old Adam and the New Eve. By Rudolf Goltz. Translated from the German by Edith Fowler.

(International Library: Heinemann.)

MR. EDMUND GOSSE contributes the usual introduction to this, the twenty-first, volume of the "International Library." Touching with a delicate and aloof academicism upon the position of women in Germany and elsewhere, it contains in all its ten pages about ten lines of literary criticism, and not a word to assist the reader in forming an estimate of Rudolf Goltz's idiosyncrasy as a writer. It is written with easy skill, but it happens to be absolutely futile.

Says Rudolf Goltz in his own preface: "I am here offering you a transcript from life. My heroine behaves in my book as she behaved in real life. I have altered nothing." This is true. *The Old Adam and the New Eve* is a morsel of realism, second-rate, but still realism, and noticeable enough as coming from the most mawkishly sentimental country in Europe. The author tells the story of the German "new woman"—a "woman who, standing at the turning-point of two epochs, experiences in her own person all the tragedy involved in transition." Käthe Hübner, full of modern ideas, in leaving the life of a governess and the tyranny of her parents in order to become the wife of a sensual plutocrat, merely exchanges one slavery for another. The second horridities her so that she abandons it in order to accept once more the frightful solitude of a governess in large towns. In the end she comes to see that of the two tortures the conjugal variety is the less impossible, and she returns with fitting humility to the husband who will treat her like a pet dog on the condition that she behaves like a pet dog.

She went back to this sort of thing:

"'Have a care,' said the Major, while the glasses met, 'that no drop is spilt. A pretty business if a red splash were to disfigure this clean white tablecloth! A misfortune indeed! A woman has been known to bewail such a catastrophe for days, eh, Frau Käthe?'

Käthe looked slightly disdainful, but gave him no answer, apparently thinking it not worth her while.

'Isn't your wife like that too?' asked Wetzlar, turning to Buggenrieth.

'Well, naturally; why should she be any different? You don't suppose that I have married an exception?'

'All right, then! Whatever you do, no exceptions! Nowhere! I know that from the service . . .'

In workmanship the book is creditable; in warmth of imagination it is tepid. It has no absolute, though it may have a relative, importance. To Germany it may have been a revelation; to England it is merely a fair specimen of a well-known type. The question arises: Was it worth translating? We think not. Mr. Edmund Gosse has scarcely been fortunate in the selection of this "International Library." Mediocre Spanish, Italian, German, and Scandinavian novels preponderate; there is only one French work, and no example of either D'Annunzio or Sudermann. Miss Fowler's translation of the present book is upon the whole satisfactory; she should not, however, use phrases such as "coupé of the first class" instead of "first-class carriage." A translation assuredly ought to read like a translation (despite the general opinion to the contrary), but trickeries of this kind will not bring about the desired effect.

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The Concert Director. By Nellie K. Blissett.
(Macmillan & Co.)

THIS novel belongs to that large class of fiction (well known to the reviewer) which is dominated by the term "odd." Everything in it is either odd or done oddly. One person has an odd smile, another looks up oddly, another speaks with an odd intonation, another experiences an odd feeling, and so on and so on, until you find yourself reading the last chapters solely with a view to counting the number of "odds" that will happen before the end is reached. Of course, in this kind of novel nothing is really odd; on the contrary, events and people are firmly moulded to a hard and fast convention.

The Concert Director begins in an approved manner:

"The rain was falling softly and persistently, and in the air was a damp freshness, grateful after the heat of a late and sultry summer. The weather has an undoubted effect upon the course of existence. It is beloved of those seeking for conversational brilliancy, and finding it not; it is a boon to the uninspired letter-writer. It has caused many crimes, innumerable disappointments, and not a few tragedies. A wet day is not an uncommon occurrence in Vienna, nor, for the matter of that, anywhere else; yet the fact that it rained upon that particular day, and in that particular place, changed the destinies of three people. . . ."

The three people are Israel Scaramanga, the Jew, who rises by his Ouidaesque attributes to the position of concert director; Roubetsin, the finest pianist in the world; and Tarasca, the finest singer in the world. There is also a boy named Spiro, who was going to be an even finer pianist than Roubetsin.

Because Tarasca refuses to sing for a certain impresario, Scaramanga enters into an agreement with the said impresario under which he, Scaramanga, is to marry Tarasca, and so induce her to sing. Scaramanga, with the aid of fate, initiates his nefarious designs in the usual way:

"It was but the work of a few moments to wade with Tarasca to the shore, and deposit her high, though by no means dry, upon the shore."

Then he marries her; also, he falls in love with her. Later,

"on a summer afternoon . . . a man and a boy might have been seen [blessed phrase!] walking down Regent-street."

And more intrigue of the same sort for several score pages. At last Tarasca and Roubetsin, naturally destined for each other, come together. In the last chapter the narrator of the story happens to be on a yacht in the Bay of Villac, on whose shore stands the "dark and silent chateau" which is the residence of Tarasca. It was eventide.

"Presently a sound came to us—a sound which straitened us in our seats, and strained every nerve to intense attention. Out across the water, where the growing moonlight was beginning to paint patches of faintest silver, floated a voice which, once heard, no one could possibly forget or fail to recognise. It ran slowly up a scale—clear, golden, round—"

Such was Tarasca's singing. It only remained for Roubetsin to send out across the waters the chords of his *Fantaisie Russe*, and, after a short interval, Roubetsin obliged.

"Then, all at once, as we sat there, the great chateau was lit up from end to end as though by the stroke of enchantment. The effect was marvellous—and magical. The black shadow was transformed in one instant into a fairy palace. The empty windows became beautiful—the deserted towers glowed resplendent against the night. The whole building looked like a great burning jewel set in moonlit sky and sea."

Odd! But perhaps for that night Brock had been enticed away from the Crystal Palace.

HASLEMERE AS A LITERARY CENTRE.

As long as the English tongue holds sway [says Mr. Charles T. Bateman in the *Windsor Magazine*] Haslemere will be a literary Mecca for pilgrims both from the old and the new countries. There, on the heights above the sleepy old town, and about three miles distant, stands Tennyson's home, nestling under the crest of a Surrey hill, but with its face to Sussex and the sea. . . . The poet loved Aldworth, and there death met him at last in the room overlooking one of the fairest scenes in England. . . .

But half an hour's walk from Aldworth, keeping in a south-westerly direction, stands Blackdown Cottage. It is just the homely, picturesque, and unpretentious shelter for the busy literary man, who desires to possess his soul amid the seclusion of delightful surroundings, and away from the turmoil of towns. The locomotive, bringing its shoals of visitors to spoil Haslemere and Hindhead, shrieks four miles off. Only a thin puff of smoke on a fine day marks the progress of the iron horse through Sussex. For nine summers up to 1897 Mr. Frederic Harrison stayed at the cottage. Here he did some of his best work and received his literary friends, included among the number being the late Lord Tennyson and Mr. John Morley.

Passing along the garden-paths and the old-fashioned sun-dial, one is directed to the summer-house, built on a knoll, and yet partly hidden by yew, holly, and beech. This was Mr. Harrison's sanctum, and afforded him precisely the conditions he required in preparing his books. Two windows directed southwards commanded the Weald and his own homestead, lying peacefully sheltered in the hollow. To the right Blackdown rises to a considerable height, and from the summit Mr. Frederic Harrison delighted to obtain an uninterrupted view of the Downs and the sea beyond. Not a great distance from the cottage is Blackdown House, peculiarly interesting to the author who has made the life of Cromwell a study. The Protector used to visit the place, and local legend, up to a few years since, even pointed out the bedstead on which he slept.

Taking the high road to Shottermill, let us visit "Brookbank." It is not so secluded as Mr. Frederic Harrison's house, but it has lost none of its charm since the time it enchanted George Eliot. For its size, possibly no residence has welcomed so many celebrities. Mrs. Gilchrist lived here in the early sixties, after her husband's death, and finished his *Life of Blake*, which earned Carlyle's praise. Of "Brookbank" itself Mrs. Gilchrist once wrote to Mr. William M. Rossetti, "This place is a *bond fide* cottage, and would stand comfortably in your drawing-room. . . . The scenery is of surpassing loveliness."

George Eliot took possession in 1871, and here wrote *Middlemarch*. The wild, romantic scenery of hills and valleys, clad with gorse and heather, simply inspired her and made her love the little world around Shottermill. Much of her writing was done in the morning, seated near the window opening on to the verandah. Sometimes, when the weather appeared particularly balmy, she ventured to write in the garden. As we know, she suffered much from the cold. One day a friend found her in the tropical weather sitting outdoors with only a deodar to shade her head. "Oh, I like it," she said, in reply to the protest. "To-day is the first time I have felt warm weather this summer." Her nervousness when out for a drive was another phase of her character. The story is told that her driver at Haslemere once remarked: "Withal her being such a mighty clever body, she was very nervous in a carriage—allays wanted to go on a smooth road, and seemed dreadful feared of being thrown out." At the present time there are residents in the neighbourhood who still remember her peculiarities. She varied her retirement by occasionally calling upon, and receiving visits from, Tennyson, with whom she delighted to carry on weighty arguments. Coming again into Surrey in 1876, she stayed at the Heights, Witley, but a few miles distant, where *Daniel Deronda* was completed.

At the summit of Hindhead, and immediately below the Portsmouth-road, one of the younger forces in literature has erected his home. A few months since Dr. Conan Doyle settled here, and already his services have been claimed by his neighbours on behalf of the literary society. With Mr. Grant Allen in the chair, the creator of "Sherlock Holmes" adopted Dickens's plan, and read selections from his own books. "Undershaw," so named by Dr. Doyle, faces almost due south; it possesses a pretty hall, built in baronial style,

illuminated by a window containing the owner's arms. From this cosy corner one can look straight away through the south entrance down the valley—rich in broom—to the South Downs in the distance. The billiard-room is a pleasant apartment, opening from the hall, and here it seems quite natural to find originals of the sketches illustrating the adventures of the clever Holmes. The youthful branches of the family are here, there, and everywhere.

Mr. Grant Allen, novelist, journalist, and literary guide-book maker, is, as everybody knows, a "hill-topper." His house, "The Croft," stands above the deep hollow nicknamed "The Devil's Punch-bowl," and bears as its inscription "G. & N. A. Sibi et amicis, 1893." For some years his neighbour and friend was Mr. Biscombe Gardner, the well-known engraver, who delights to portray the characteristics of Surrey scenery. Like Dr. Conan Doyle, Mr. Allen takes his share of work in the local institute; but when he accepted the presidency two or three years ago, the clerical supporters left almost *en masse*, as a protest against *The Woman Who Did*.

Prof. Tyndall came to Hindhead in 1887. So delighted were both he and his wife with the surroundings, and so anxious to fly from the noise of the London streets, that they decided to live in a temporary iron structure on the grounds while Hindhead House was in course of erection. Without servants, and with only occasional help, Mrs. Tyndall attended to the household requirements. Yet with only two rooms, as the Professor once gleefully observed, they were never happier. In memory of those pleasant makeshift days, the shanty, now covered with ivy and creeper, still stands in the grounds.

Practically speaking, Prof. Tyndall pioneered civilisation at Hindhead. At one time it possessed an unenviable notoriety for highway and mail coach robberies. The murdered sailor's stone which "Nicholas Nickleby" turned to see reminds us that even more terrible crimes were committed in the locality. When Tyndall settled here there were but few cottages, and the glorious expanse of heather had not been disfigured by smart villas and barbed wire fences. Now the land speculator and the builder are rapidly turning a tract of wild and diversified beauty into roads dotted with huge boarding houses and laundries. In 1866 Tennyson was offered ninety acres of this land for £1,400. In reply he said, "What is the use of a number of acres if they will not grow anything?" At the present time similar property could not be exchanged for £200 an acre. To his credit be it said, Tyndall exercised much thoughtful care to prevent any "discord in the landscape" by choosing bricks and tiles for his house which rapidly toned to the natural beauty around.

The scientist settled here with the hope of completing what he termed "the work of his life." For years before his death he was engaged in collecting and assorting materials for an autobiography. Illness much delayed the task, and then, later on, death found it uncompleted.

THE CORNISH MAGAZINE.

MR. QUILLER-COUCH INTERVIEWED.

It was an irregular sort of an interview, for, says a writer of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, Mr. A. T. Quiller-Couch, having laboured all the morning over the final revises of the *Cornish Magazine*, was now managing his yacht, the *Vida*, in a sea that somehow or other prevented her from getting proper advantage from the wind that was blowing. The questions and answers came in the midst of many manœuvres, and the first of them was as follows:

"How did the magazine originate?"—"The whole credit of that belongs to Mr. Joseph Pollard, of Truro, who has already deserved well of his county as the publisher of Borlase's *Age of the Saints*, and Mr. Langdon's book on crosses, as well as the admirable *Autobiography of a Cornish Smuggler*. By the by, it is remarkable what an influence that book on crosses has had. When it was published it was exhaustive. Since then people have become interested, and have looked about them with open eyes. The result is that we have here four or five crosses described and illustrated in the first number, of which nobody knew at all when Mr. Langdon's book appeared. What is more, we have reason to hope that a good many others will turn up in the near future."

"There have been other 'Cornish Magazines,' haven't there?"—"You say that ominously! Yes.

contained much that was good, but their editors (if I am not greatly mistaken) had nothing like the support that I shall have so far as contributors are concerned, and the public was not in their time in the habit of spending so much on literature as it does nowadays. The first number, at any rate, is going excellently, and, to be frank, I think we shall keep all our original subscribers and get new ones every time."

That is about all there is of the interview. Mr. Couch was busy with the affairs of the boat, and the interviewer was taking a lazy interest in a line which trailed behind her for the undoing of mackerel that did not seem to be anywhere near Fowey. But now that the magazine has appeared I feel that the editor has very good reason for the faith that is in him.

THE CHILD'S GUIDE TO LITERATURE.

Q. Who are Prof. Schenk, Maeterlinck, and Cyrano de Bergerac?

A. Steady! steady!

Q. But I want to know.

A. Well, let us take them one at a time. Prof. Leopold Schenk is a distinguished Austrian embryologist, who has, he believes, discovered a means by which parents who desire boys can have them.

Q. Boys?

A. Yes.

Q. What's the matter with girls?

A. Nothing, except that a girl has some difficulty in fulfilling the office of a son and heir.

Q. And what is the means?

A. I don't know, but he has written a book about it.

Q. Another injustice to woman, I suppose?

A. Well, I suppose it could be construed into one.

Q. And who is Maeterlinck?

A. Maeterlinck is a Belgian lawyer and writer of plays, who, when he stays in London, dates his letters from the National Liberal Club.

Q. Is he great?

A. He has exquisite thoughts.

Q. Exquisite? But—the National Liberal Club?

A. Oh, well, that is a vagary of genius.

Q. What are his plays like?

A. They are dreamy and mystical and tragic; and the people usually say everything twice.

Q. Are they the kind of reading you recommend to your aunt?

A. No, not altogether.

Q. And Cyrano de Bergerac, who was he?

A. He is the hero of the new French play which Coquelin is bringing to the Lyceum.

Q. A real man?

A. Yes, he lived in the seventeenth century; a Frenchman—

Q. Well, I didn't suppose he was Scotch—

A. Hush! And he had a tremendous nose. As he says himself, in the play, this nose—this devil of a nose—always preceded him by a quarter of an hour.

Q. Yes?

A. And he was witty, and he fought so many duels that he was called "The Demon of Courage." Most of them were on account of his nose; it was only necessary to look at it for Cyrano to take offence. "I should have lost all knowledge of paper," he wrote in one of his books, "if challenges had been written on anything else."

Q. Then he was an author?

A. Yes, he wrote satires on Society, and plays, and fantastic stories in the manner of Swift, Jules Verne, and H. G. Wells.

Q. What were the stories about?

A. One described his travels in the moon, and another his travels in the sun.

Q. And how does he figure in the Lyceum play?

A. As magnanimous friend, making love for another to the beautiful Roxana, while loving her himself. And there is a perfect confectioner-poet in it. The play is charming. You proceed through laughter to tears.

Q. Good. We must go.

A. Yes, every one must go.

FROM *The Books of To-day and the Books of To-Morrow*.

SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1898.

No. 1366, New Series.

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THE ACADEMY is published every Friday morning. Advertisements should reach the office not later than 4 p.m. on Thursday.

The EDITOR will make every effort to return rejected contributions, provided a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.

Occasional contributors are recommended to have their MS. type-written.

All business letters regarding the supply of the paper, &c., should be addressed to the PUBLISHER.

Offices: 43, Chancery Lane, W.C.

NOTES AND NEWS.

THE long-deferred hot weather having arrived at last (we hope this statement is not inaccurate), it is only natural that publishers should be growing inactive. Books are for winter and indoors rather than the summer and the open air. Yet surely even in July and August there are some books which people want to read—novels, for instance. So we should have thought, but this week's crop of fiction is but six volumes.

LAST year, it will be remembered, it was in the midst of the hottest weather and slackest business period with publishers, that Mr. Hall Caine's *Christian* was issued and took readers by storm. This year Mr. Arrowsmith is proposing to try for a similar off-season success with Mr. Anthony's Hope's *Rupert of Hentzau*, the sequel to the *Prisoner of Zenda*. The date fixed for *Rupert's* appearance is July 25. It may safely be predicted that, at any rate, Mr. Hope's romance will not, as Mr. Caine's did, increase the summer's heat.

THE Rev. J. Glendenning Nash, the incumbent of Christ Church, Woburn-square, states that the memorial to Christina Rossetti, designed by the late Sir Edward Burne-Jones, is about to be placed in that church. The total cost will reach £220, of which £180 has been subscribed. Mr. Nash asks for subscriptions to complete the balance. They may be sent to the Chief Cashier, Bank of England, Threadneedle-street.

The *Critic* of New York now ceases to appear as a weekly paper. Henceforward it leads the existence of a magazine, the first number in that form being due on July 25. The "Lounger" will still gossip in his (or

her) pleasant way, and to the reviews will be added essays, special articles, and, we doubt not, poems. "Literature," we are told, "will continue to hold the first place; and art, music, and the drama will be treated in a manner to interest the amateur as well as the expert. The paper will be more profusely and handsomely illustrated than heretofore. In short, nothing will be left undone that promises to strengthen its appeal to the cultivated class of readers among whom 'the first literary journal in America' has always been *persona grata*. As a magazine the *Critic* will be unique." This is satisfactory news, yet we shall miss the periodical in its weekly form. Few papers have been more interesting.

"LOUNGER," by the way, replies in this last weekly number to some of Mr. Lang's recent comments on certain of the *Critic's* criticisms. With regard to Mr. Lang's decision not to visit America on account of the "roopiness" of his voice, "Lounger" says: "It is not necessary to talk, my dear Mr. Lang; come and let us look at you—we will do the talking." How little the "Lounger" knows Mr. Lang. America's talking powers are just what he dreads.

WE can supplement the announcement made already as to the conversion of the *Spectator* into a limited liability company with a capital of £84,000. The objects of the new company are stated to be the acquisition of the *Spectator* and to carry on the business of newspaper proprietors, publishers of newspapers, magazines, and other publications, printers, booksellers, bookbinders, and paper manufacturers. The subscribers to the articles of association are: J. St. Loe Strachey, 1, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.; H. Strachey, Sutton-court, Pensford, Bristol; Mrs. A. Strachey, Newland's-corner, Merrow, Guildford; A. H. Snell, 27, Mincing-lane, E.C.; E. G. Thorne, 17, Gracechurch-street, E.C.; C. T. Simpson, 9, Old-square, Lincoln's-inn, W.C.; C. J. Cornish, Oxford House, Chiswick-mall; C. L. Graves, 3, Strathmore-gardens, Kensington, W. Mr. St. Loe Strachey is the sole director, and may exercise all the power of directors, with a salary of £2,400 a year.

THE above facts are correct as far as they go, but it should be understood that the *Spectator* company is a purely private arrangement and that no shares have been, or will be, offered to the public. Practically the whole of the ordinary shares are held by Mr. St. Loe Strachey and the preference shares by members of his family. A few regular contributors hold small shares, but these, taken together, do not amount to more than a tenth of the whole. Mr. Townsend will continue to assist Mr. Strachey as joint editor. Indeed, there will be no change whatever in the editorial arrangements, and the paper will continue in all respects as before.

THE *Spectator* has been fortunate to draw from Mr. Rudyard Kipling a lengthy and most interesting letter on the subject of the

drunken scene in *The Tempest*. "But whence," a writer in a recent *Spectator* asked, in an article on Landscape and Literature, "came the vision of the enchanted island in *The Tempest*? It had no existence in Shakespeare's world, but was woven out of such stuff as dreams are made of." Mr. Kipling, however, thinks otherwise. For Mr. Kipling has seen, about two miles from Hamilton, in Bermuda, a spot that fits Sc. ii. Act 2 of *The Tempest* to perfection: "A bare beach, with the wind singing through the scrub at the land's edge, a gap in the reefs wide enough for the passage of Stephano's butt of sack, and (these eyes have seen it) a cave in the coral within easy reach of the tide, whereto such a butt might be conveniently rolled ('My cellar is in a rock by the seaside where my wine is hid.') There is no other cave for some two miles. 'Here's neither bush nor shrub'; one is exposed to the wrath of 'yond' same black cloud,' and here the currents strand wreckage. It was so well done that, after three hundred years, a stray tripper, and no Shakespeare scholar, recognised in a flash that old first set of all."

HAVING this pleasaunce before his eyes Mr. Kipling worked backwards to the playwright, and has come out of his cogitations the latest and most entertaining of Shakespearean commentators. How if, says he in effect, Shakespeare heard of Bermuda from a shipwrecked mariner among the audience at one of the plays? Shakespeare, as manager, might have been passing here and there between the people, and have caught odds and ends of the man's story. Afterwards he might have offered him drink, and in return have acquired the basis of *The Tempest*. The idea, as Mr. Kipling sketches it, is not fantastic, it is plausible, almost convincing.

AT first the sailor offered only topographical detail. Mr. Kipling shows him doing this, and continues:

"So far good. Up to this point the manager has gained little except some suggestions for an opening scene, and some notion of an uncanny island. The mariner (one cannot believe that Shakespeare was mean in these little things) is dipping to a deeper drunkenness. Suddenly he launches into a preposterous tale of himself and his fellows, flung ashore, separated from their officers, horribly afraid of the devil-haunted beach of noises, with their heads full of the fumes of broached liquor. One castaway was found hiding under the ribs of a dead whale which smelt abominably. They hauled him out by the legs—he mistook them for imps—and gave him drink. And now, discipline being melted, they would strike out for themselves, defy their officers, and take possession of the island. The narrator's mates in this enterprise were probably described as fools. He was the only sober man in the company.

So they went inland, faring badly as they staggered up and down this pestilent country. They were pricked with palmet-toes, and the cedar branches rasped their faces. Then they found and stole some of their officers' clothes, which were hanging up to dry. But presently they fell into a swamp, and, what was worse, into the hands of their officers; and the great expedition ended in muck and mire. Truly an

island bewitched. Else why their cramps and sickness? Sack never made a man more than reasonably drunk. He was prepared to answer for unlimited sack; but what befell his stomach and head was the purest magic that honest man ever met.

A drunken sailor of to-day wandering about Bermuda would probably sympathise with him; and to-day, as then, if one takes the easiest inland road from Trinculo's beach, near Hamilton, the path that a drunken man would infallibly follow, it ends abruptly in swamp. The one point that our mariner did not dwell upon was that he and the others were suffering from acute alcoholism combined with the effects of nerve-shattering peril and exposure. Hence the magic. That a wizard should control such an island was demanded by the beliefs of all seafarers of that date.

We congratulate Mr. Kipling—and the *Spectator*.

Who but Mr. David Nutt would have the courage to issue the Spanish text of *Don Quixote* in two volumes at two guineas each? The first volume lies before us, and is a magnificently produced book, printed at Edinburgh by Constable. Mr. Nutt has frankly stated to a representative of the ACADEMY that his enterprise has been dictated by pure literary enthusiasm shared between its editor and himself. Mr. James Fitz-Maurice Kelly has long maintained that a pure text of Cervantes' work does not exist in Spain or out of it. Even the texts issued under the approval of the Spanish Academy are declared by Mr. Kelly to be corrupt. Hence his attempt to give to Spain and to the world a text of *Don Quixote* on which as much critical care has been expended as upon a Greek or Roman classic. It is not a little odd that Spain should receive such a gift from Anglo-Saxon scholarship at the present time. But the coincidence of the Cuban war and the publication of this work is unfortunate from a publisher's point of view. The Spanish market is necessarily spoiled, and in America, where Spain and Spanish letters are better known and studied than in England, the book may probably be looked on askance for a time. Mr. Nutt is not, however, discouraged by these circumstances, and he is confident of the ultimate disposal of his four hundred copies.

MR. FITZ-MAURICE KELLY, who comes of an Irish Catholic family, was one of Mr. Henley's "young men" on the *National Observer*, and he edited Shelton's translation of *Don Quixote* in the "Tudor Translations Series." This partly explains the dedication to Mr. Henley, which runs as follows:

AL SEÑOR

DON GUILLERMO ERNESTO HENLEY
ILUSTRE POETA Y CRÍTICO
SE DEDICA ESTA EDICIÓN DEL
INGENIOSO HIDALGO
DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA
EN PRENDA DE
CARINOSO RECONOCIMIENTO.

In connexion with the *Times* issue of the ninth edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, on which we gave some information in our issue of June 11, a curious story is told. The edition appeared in 1876, and its issue

was an undertaking of such magnitude that Mr. Adam Black, who was then of great age, but wedded to business, opposed the enterprise with all his might, and finally sold out his share in the firm rather than be involved in the disaster he feared was inevitable. This story is confirmed by Messrs. A. & C. Black to-day. There was no disaster; on the contrary, the edition was a success. The secret of the present apparently impossible reduction of price from £37 to £14 is, of course, to be found in the fact that the promoters of the reissue are putting five thousand copies of the work on the press in one lot. The binding order, too, is so huge (4,250 sets of twenty-five volumes in half-morocco or full morocco), that the cost falls far below the figure at which it stood when only small successive orders were given out.

DOVE COTTAGE, the little shrine at Grasmere, whither good Wordsworthians bend their steps, has now become doubly and even trebly interesting. For Prof. Knight, of St. Andrews, the editor of the poet's work, has just presented to the trustees of Dove Cottage, for the nation, his collection of Wordsworth memorials. The gift is a handsome one, and it passes into safe and reverent keeping.

MISS MARIE CORELLI has been interviewed by the *Strand Magazine*. Here are a few crumbs from the feast:

"... the bother and invariable disappointment of theatre-going.
... it is not as if we had any great actors worth seeing.
... I would rather stay at home with Camille Flammarion's latest volumes or Clifford Harrison's admirable *Notes on the Margin* essays than see the most famous mime that ever pretended to be what he is not, aided by grease-paint and footlight-glare.
... I have no particular favourites among modern writers.
... my beloved Charles Dickens.
... the critics began it; they threw the first stone.
... and so, being attacked, I defended myself, and it seems I won.
... I am glad of the fight: it has done me good.
... my books will never be sent out for review again.
... over a hundred thousand copies have been sold of each.
... Lord Tennyson was the only great man who ever encouraged me in my work.
... Mr. Stead is answerable for the absurd rumour that I depicted myself as 'Mavis Clare' in *The Sorrows of Satan*—a mistake which he afterwards withdrew, with an apology 'for that and every other injustice' he had done me.
... from hard-working miners in Texas, from Army and Navy men, from hospital nurses, from little children even (who sympathise with Lionel and Jessamine in *The Mighty Atom*), come all sorts of loving and kindly greetings.
... numbers of the native Indian Princes and Rajahs are in constant communication with me.
... abusing me in the press, and telling the public that I only appeal in my books to readers in Camberwell and Brixton!

... of course, Camberwell and Brixton must be included in the London radius; and, I believe, the Prince of Wales, who has always been most kindly in his appreciation of my books, has property there.
... I count among my Royal readers
... no, I won't tell you the title of the new book.
... I am afraid it will excite the clergy of all denominations a good deal."

MR. RICHARD HARDING DAVIS has sent home some very readable, although not remarkable, notes on the opening of the American-Spanish war. They will be found in the July *Scribner*. Mr. Davis was on board Admiral Sampson's vessel, and was therefore witness of the firing of the first shot. The fortunate man chosen to discharge it was Ensign Boone. After giving the order, and while awaiting its completion, the Admiral paced up and down the bridge, "looking," says Mr. Davis, "more like a calm and scholarly professor of mathematics than an admiral. For the Admiral is a slow-speaking, quiet-voiced man, who studies intently and thoughtfully the eyes of everyone who addresses him—a man who would meet success or defeat with the same absolute quietness, an intellectual fighter, a man who impresses you as one who would fight and win entirely with his head."

ENSIGN BOONE did his work bravely, and then the fun began. Mr. Davis describes it well. Here is a good passage:

"The ship seemed to work and to fight by herself; you heard no human voice of command, only the grieved tones of Lieutenant Mulligan rising from his smoke-choked deck below, where he could not see to aim his six-inch gun, and from where he begged Lieutenant Marble, again and again, to 'Take your damned smoke out of my way.' Lieutenant Marble was vaulting in and out of his forward turret like a squirrel in a cage. One instant you would see him far out on the deck, where shattered pieces of glass and woodwork eddied like leaves in a hurricane, and the next pushing the turret with his shoulder as though he meant to shove it overboard, and then he would wave his hand to his crew inside, and there would be a racking roar, a parting of air and sea and sky, a flash of flame vomiting black smoke, and he would be swallowed up in it like a wicked fairy in a pantomime. And instantly from the depths below, like the voice of a lost soul, would rise the protesting shriek of Dick Mulligan asking, frantically, 'Oh, WILL you take your damned smoke out of my way!'"

ONE result of the war interest in America, and consequent book-trade depression, is that the publication of Mr. Conan Doyle's *Songs of Action* in that country is being held over for a while. Yet the title has a warlike ring that ought, with skilful advertisement, to carry it even into camp.

THE new controller of *The Idler* will be Mr. Oswald Crawford, to whom we wish success in the undertaking. Mr. Crawford is a man of unusual energy. *Black and White*, *Chapman's Magazine of Fiction*, the new *London Review*—of all these he has been editor, and until a short time ago he occupied an important position in the publishing house of Messrs. Chapman & Hall. Meanwhile, some curiosity is shown con-

cerning Mr. Dent's intentions. Having collected so much material, and formulated so many plans for the reformed *Idler*, it seems unlikely that, now he has sold it, he should not start a new magazine of his own. Yet only a very bold man would do such a thing at this time.

THE *Pall Mall Gazette's* inquiries into the literary taste of children, which we attempted to assist by our circulars to booksellers last week, have ended. On collating the opinions sent to it our contemporary has arrived at the following results: *Alice in Wonderland* is first favourite. For second place Hans Andersen and Grimm make a dead heat; and the others certainly elected are *Robinson Crusoe*, *Little Lord Fauntleroy*, *Water Babies*, *The Heroes*, the *Jungle Books* (with a preference for the first), *Pilgrim's Progress*, *Arabian Nights*, *Through the Looking Glass*, Louisa M. Alcott's books, *Ivanhoe*, *Masterman Ready*, Mr. Andrew Lang's fairy books, Mrs. Molesworth's books, and Mr. Henty's books.

AMONG the next favourites are the *Swiss Family Robinson*, R. M. Ballantyne's books, Lamb's *Tales from Shakespeare*, Bible stories, Miss Ewing's books, *Gulliver's Travels*, *Uncle Remus*, *The Talisman*, and *Helen's Babies*. One would have expected Miss Yonge's name to figure in the prize list; but it does not. Nor has *Sandford and Merton* more than one supporter. On the other hand, one child names the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. Poetry, we gather, is not particularly welcome in the nursery.

The following letter is considered by the *Pall Mall Gazette's* commissioner the best. The child whose taste is therein described is probably typical. Hence we quote it in full:

"DEAR SIR,—I was very much interested in your article on children's books, as my little girl is very fond of reading, and reads her favourite stories again and again, putting one aside sometimes in favour of another, but always coming back to the old ones. The difficulty about making an ideal list for children is that their tastes alter and grow with their growth. My own child is just six, and has been reading since she was four and a half. When she first began to like stories 'The English Struwwelpeter' was her delight. This was before she could read. Then came fairy tales, then Bible tales, then legends, then heroic tales of great men and great deeds. Animal stories also interest her in a less degree.

The following list is in the order in which the books come in her affections. I judge this by the number of times she reads them and the way in which she seems to live them through for herself. Bible stories, Grimm, 'Perseus' in *The Heroes*, *Tales of the Punjab* (Mrs. Steel), *Pilgrim's Progress*, *Gulliver*, 'Odysseus' in Cox's *Tales of the Gods and Heroes*, *Hiawatha* (Andersen), *The Pink Fairy Book*, *Stumps*, *Æsop's Fables*, Macaulay's *Horatius*, *Uncle Remus*, *Swiss Family Robinson*, *Katwampus*, *Robinson Crusoe*, *Live Toys*, *Near Home*, or *Europe Described*, *Far Off*, or *Asia Described*, *Stories from British History*, by York Powell, *Les Malheurs de Sophie*, 'John Gilpin', 'Pied Piper of Hamelin.' The books she does not like and will not read are *Alice in Wonderland*, serial stories in maga-

zines, and all those of the kind we used to call 'gutter stories,' such as *A Peep Behind the Scenes*, *Jessica's First Prayer*. She also dislikes allegories where the hero comes to grief. I may add that the Bible stories she reads in the 'Peep of Day' series; she loves them best of all, her favourites being 'Joseph,' 'Moses,' 'Crossing the Red Sea,' 'Siege of Jericho,' 'David,' 'The Crucifixion,' and 'The Resurrection.' The story of the 'Crucifixion' used to be altogether too painful to her. She would cry bitterly over it. She also cries over 'Hiawatha.' 'Bishop Hatto' is a poem she read once, and will never look at or hear it mentioned if she can help it. I remember when a child hating the poem about Llewelyn and Gelert. It made me shudder and I hated to think of it in bed. One more word about lists. Would this child have liked the books I have mentioned if she had been started with the usual domestic sort? These are the books we have given her, and she has had very few modern tales.—I am, dear Sir, yours truly,

N. H. BROWN."

In an article on the new writer, "Zack," Claudius Clear of the *British Weekly* gave currency last week to a story he had heard to the effect that Miss Gwendoline Keats ("Zack") refrains from signing her works with her own name lest she should be compared with John Keats. He also made the bold suggestion that the first 241 pages of her book, *Life is Life*, were so inferior that they could not be from "Zack's" unaided pen, but were the result of collaboration. To the first suggestion Miss Keats replies: "Comparison [with John Keats] was not in my mind, but a natural veneration for a name which I felt belonged in literature to the poet alone." To the second suggestion Miss Keats replies: "I have no collaborator, and am as responsible for the 241 pages that he condemns as for the eighty pages that he praises."

MESSRS. LONGMANS & Co. have begun the issue of their "Albany" edition of Lord Macaulay's complete works with two volumes of the *History*. The new edition is issued at three-and-sixpence the volume, and we imagine that the demand for it will be great, for the number of people who are still champions of the Whig historian is very large. Moreover, the volumes are admirably produced. The binding is simple and dignified, and the print is of the clearest. Each volume contains a frontispiece portrait, selected by Mr. Lionel Cust, Director of the National Portrait Gallery, some of which will be reproduced for the first time.

MESSRS. CASSELL & Co. are issuing a set of four art plates of great merit to the readers of the *Saturday Journal* for certain coupons and a nominal charge of sixpence. The plates selected are reproductions of four well-known paintings: Mr. Dendy Sadler's "A Good Story," now in the National Gallery of British Art at Millbank; Mr. Briton Rivière's "Companions in Misfortune"; Sir J. E. Millais's "Mercy: St. Bartholomew's Day"; and Mr. George W. Joy's "Wellington's first Encounter with the French."

A FRENCH LITERARY CAFÉ.

IN the Rue de l'Ancienne Comédie, a continuation of the Rue Mazarine, there is a café which has more illustrious tradition than any other café in Europe. François Procope, the founder, was a rolling stone; he had been through Germany, the Low Countries, Italy and Turkey, and in 1689, when he settled once more in his native Paris, he bethought him of opening a place on the plan of those he had seen in Constantinople, where men could drink coffee, play cards and chess, and discuss the topics of the day. He selected the Rue des Fosses de St. Germain as a favourable spot—it was in the midst of the Quartier Latin, and scholars, professors, actors, high lords and ladies lived in the immediate neighbourhood—but what told most in its favour was that Molière had opened the Comédie Française in the same street. The aristocratic *monde* which haunted the green-room of the new playhouse was pleased to patronise the Café, and it became the fashion to adjourn to Procope's to talk of literature, music, and the arts; and the Café became the rendezvous of all that was great in French politics and *belles lettres*.

The street is little changed now, except in title; the Rue des Fosses de St. Germain has disappeared, and is now known as the Rue de l'Ancienne Comédie; but the Café Procope presents almost the same appearance as when, two hundred and nine years ago, it first opened its doors to the public. Portraits of its most illustrious *habitues* hang on the walls, and emblazoned on the threshold are the names of the mighty dead who once held revel there:

Molière.	Danton.
Jean Jacques Rousseau.	Marat.
Fréron.	Robespierre.
J. B. Rousseau.	Bonaparte.
L'Abbé Prevost.	Talleyrand.
Desfontaines.	D'Holbach.
Grimm.	Fabre d'Eglantine.
Diderot.	La Harpe.
Beaumarchais.	Hébert.
Voltaire.	Vergniaud.
Piron.	Alfred de Musset.
Condorcet.	Charles Cros.
D'Alembert.	Gambetta.
Mirabeau.	Paul Verlaine.
Desmoulins.	

The barbers' shops had been the great abode of gossip ere the cafés opened, and literary men were not ashamed to idle away a whole day at the perruquiers, because it was the only place at which they could meet. But they speedily deserted the barbers for Procope's Café, where the greatest philosophers of the day were to be seen and heard. If we may credit the Abbé Desfontaines, our literary gentlemen were in no hurry to end their discussions. In the *Dictionnaire Néologique* the Abbé says that "at the Café Procope a discussion on harmony lasted for over eleven months." The Abbé himself was too modest to take part in the debate. He sat under the counter and industriously took notes. One day, he tells us, he heard a "bel esprit" affirm

"that Molière never knew how to write a trag-dy, that he had more good sense than wit, that everything he had done was a copy from

the ancients, and in all his vast repertory he had not one original character."

This theory seems to have passed as gospel with these worthy critics, for it was written out in a fair hand and fastened to the chimney-pipe. The French Academy did not seem to find favour in their eyes. The Abbé Desfontaines, who was an enthusiastic *habitué* of the Café from the first, said to a member of the Academy who had strayed within the walls of the Procope:

"You have one member of the illustrious company who has not written anything, and who never will, and yet who is capable of doing so. Nevertheless, he should prefer the Café Procope to the meetings of the Académie Française, because at the Café, at least, they talk about literature."

This may have been the witty Duc de Richelieu, who sighed at being elected one of "the forty most stupid men in France."

Voltaire was very advanced in years when he first came to the Café Procope. The rehearsals of "Irene" were taking place at the theatre opposite; after they were over he entered the Café to smoke and listen to the group of *causeurs* who, however, were a little abashed by his presence. For the worship of Voltaire had almost grown into a religion. He had quarrelled with Piron over some trifle or other, and the dispute had lasted twenty years. One day the two enemies met in the Café. The crowd looked curiously to see what would happen, but Piron simply grasped Voltaire's hand, and swore that he could no longer retain malice against one who was the greatest glory of contemporary literature. Voltaire was so touched at this that he embraced his former enemy, while the crowd, with true Gallic enthusiasm, cried out, "Vive Voltaire! Vive Piron!"

Voltaire became very fond of Procope's. He went there to write his letters and gossip. A special table was kept apart for him, and while he lived it was treated with great care. Of its ultimate fate more anon.

Jean Jacques Rousseau first came to the famous Café during the rehearsals of "Devin de Village." The first public performance was a great success. Condorcet was present and applauded vigorously; but at the end he became so enthusiastic that he seized Rousseau, hoisted him on his shoulders, and in this guise carried him to the Café Procope, crying loudly, "Vive la musique française!"

As time went on, the Procope became one of the hotbeds of Jacobin doctrines. The Jacobin club was held but a few paces away, in a building now used as a school of medicine, and, after the members had finished their meeting, they went to the Café to hold another. The most vehement speakers were Georges Jacques Danton, Camille Desmoulins, Maximilien Robespierre, and Fabre d'Eglantine. Mirabeau had ceased coming to the Café as the opinions expressed there were a little too violent for him. Desmoulins, while in the Café Procope, conceived the idea of wearing the *bonnet rouge* as a cap of liberty. Marat was so enchanted with the idea that he would never wear other head-gear, and it must have been a curious spectacle to see him with his fierce face half-

covered by a Phrygian cap leaning over a chess-board, while Danton, who in the beginning was a bit of a fop, with periwig, white silk stock, and double-laced coat, regarded him with undisguised amusement.

On the morning of the fall of the monarchy a riot broke out on the Boulevard St. Germain, compelling many persons to seek refuge in the cafés. Three women entered the Café Procope almost simultaneously. They stared at one another, bowed silently, and retreated to different corners of the Café. So well they might, for they were representatives of the opposing doctrines of the day, and their names—Mme. Roland, Lucie Desmoulins, and Mme. Danton—are viewed with some pity, even to-day. Sometimes a pale, thin young man entered the rooms, sat down in a corner, and drank his café in silence. He took snuff in large quantities, and contemplated the other *habitués* with an air of timid respect. One day he found that he had forgotten his purse. He stammered this fact to the waiter, said that his name was Napoleon Buonaparte, and that he lived in the Quai Conti hard by. He insisted on leaving his hat as a gage for his return. In a few minutes he returned, paid for his coffee, and was allowed to depart with his hat. History is silent as to whether he gave the waiter an extra tip or not.

Thanks to the Jacobin *habitués* of the Café, I regret to say, Procope's became tumultuous. They practically seized the place, and drove away all those who were not of the faith. Voltaire's table was dragged to the door, and from this coign of vantage speeches were given, and the crowd inflamed to even wilder deeds of vengeance. One day, as Hébert was thundering away at the aristocracy and the Girondins, he brought down his heavy heel on the table with such force as to shatter its marble surface. The table was piously repaired; but I cannot help thinking that Hébert was deemed guilty of sacrilege, and that the *pièces de conviction* which secured his death were the fragments of the sacred table.

When the revolution had calmed down the Café resumed its old philosophical aspect, Talleyrand was one of its regular *habitués* and his bitter cynicism was one of the features of its causeries.

But during the First Empire and the Restoration the Procope seems to have lost some of its glories. The Café de la Régence, the Café Madrid, and others of the cafés in the Rue St. Honoré and the *grands boulevards* became the centre of attraction. The Quartier Latin was no longer a residential quarter. The great families were flocking towards the Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré, the Faubourg St. Germain cursed the rebel traditions of the Café, so the *habitués* of the Procope became less and less known to fame. A Chateaubriand, a Lamartine might give an occasional visit, but the salons of the great and rich families had thrown open their doors and men went there to talk instead of to a café.

Alfred de Musset revived the Procope's splendour for awhile. He came very often, said brilliant things, none of which, unhappily, are recorded, and wrote some of his poems there. There is a line in one of De

Musset's poems, which attests his love for the old Café:

"Je joue aux dominos quelquefois chez Procope."

A few years later we find Gustave Aimard, the celebrated writer of Indian stories, organising a series of re-unions there. With him were Clement Privé, the author of the ballad "La Truie qui file," Carjat, Jean Lubin, Goudeau, and a crowd of others better known to Parisians of the last generation than English readers of this; and among them was that very fine yet unfortunate poet Charles Cros. If I mistake not, many of the poems in *Le Coffre de Santal* were written at the old Café. Cros is known but to the few, yet he had poetic genius of the highest order, and his "L'Archet" is equal to any song by De Musset. Then Rodolphe Salis crossed over to Montmartre, taking with him a band of the minor poets of the Procope. Cros went with them, and it was this detachment of the intellectual strength of the Procope which founded the famous Chat Noir. Emile Goudeau, Jules Jouy, Raoul Ponchon, all children of the Rive Gauche, soon made the fortune of Montmartre.

Nevertheless the Procope was not quite exhausted. It still had a turbulent poet, who yet sang most musically, and who called himself Paul Verlaine. Jean Richepin was making that remarkable series of wanderings through Paris at midnight which culminated in the Beggars' Bible, *La Chanson des Gueux*, and he often entered the Café to smoke and play dominoes.

But Verlaine was a more regular client. He was already the fallen angel of literature. He made the Café his home during those intervals in which he was separated from Eugénie, wrote poems and articles and begging letters, and held receptions there, and the greatest in the land went to shake his hand, call him *cher maître*, and the greatest lyrical poet France had produced since De Musset and De Banville. Verlaine's plays were often produced at the Café, and he must have reaped a good harvest. He contributed to the journal published at the Procope, sometimes writing a poem, other times doing a pen-and-ink sketch. His vagabond life is known to everyone, and is outside the scope of this brief article.

Laurent Tailhade was the next great poetic figure in the Café. He favoured the Anarchists in opinions, but a tragi-comic incident changed this. Our poet was at the Café Veron and was maintaining a vigorous argument to the effect that bombs had great moral as well as physical force. At that very moment a bomb was hurled into the Café. It exploded beside Tailhade's chair, severely wounding him. He had to be carried home, but it was noticed at the Café Procope that his revolutionary vigour had somewhat abated.

At present the old Café is under an intellectual cloud. The strongest of its poets is Jean Sèvre, the author of *Poésies Humaines*. Robert B. Douglas, the author of *Madame Dubarry*, is a frequent visitor, but the French element is decidedly weak, despite the efforts of its proprietor, Théo de Bellefond, to revive its old glories. M. Théo, as he is popularly styled, has a fund of literary anecdote, and it is to him that I owe many of the particulars which I have cited.

MARLOWE VERSUS BACON.

(SHAKESPEARE INTERVENING.)

"It is not for any man to measure—above all, it is not for any workman in the field of tragic poetry lightly to take on himself the responsibility or the authority to pronounce what it is that Christopher Marlowe could not have done." So wrote Mr. Swinburne in his *Study of Shakespeare*. But there are men who refuse to be daunted in this way, men of courage and resource, to whom the search for truth is a passion and a joy. Such a man is Mr. Wilbur Gleason Zeigler, whose work, *It was Marlowe: a Story of the Secret of Three Centuries* (Kegan Paul & Co), lies before us. Herein Mr. Zeigler, backed by his wife and his mother, lightly takes on himself the responsibility or the authority to pronounce what it is that Christopher Marlowe did do. Briefly stated, Marlowe's achievement was to write the plays with which Bacon's name is usually associated.

Henceforward, we presume, American sceptics will desert the flag of Donnelly for that of Zeigler, Bacon for Marlowe. And we, we shall follow them; for, after reading Mr. Zeigler's convincing page, it is beyond our understanding how we ever could have thought seriously of Shakespeare as a great mind at all. As Mr. Zeigler points out, how could a man who had written these plays have composed a will which not only made no mention of them, but descended to such trivialities as the bequest of a second best bed and wearing apparel—a will (as Mr. Zeigler finely says) which might have been "conceived by a tiller of the soil whose eyes had never been raised above his plow handles?" That settles it. Neither Shakespeare nor Bacon having named the plays in his will, neither Shakespeare nor Bacon was the author of them. Who, then, was? It was Marlowe.

It happened thus. The issue of a warrant for Marlowe's arrest on a charge of blasphemy made it necessary for him to vanish for a while, and leave not only his theatrical associates, but also Mistress Anne Crossford, daughter of Manuel Crossford of Canterbury, a lady with whom he had had passages. On returning, with some secrecy, he arranged again to visit her. The place was the Golden Hind, at Deptford, whither Marlowe repaired on the first of June, 1593. There he found some comrades, among them Francis Frazer, nicknamed the Count, and with them he drank and gamed. At the hour appointed for the assignation, Marlowe retired stealthily and sought the lady's apartment. He had been there but a short time when Frazer suddenly entered, drew his sword, and bade Marlowe prepare for death. At that moment two discoveries were made: Marlowe (whom his American champion will not allow a single redeeming vice) discovered that during his absence Anne, who had omitted to mention the detail, had become Mrs. Frazer, while Mrs. Frazer discovered that Marlowe and her husband were exactly alike. On the melodramatic stage such resemblances are of the highest value: Mr. Zeigler shows them to be also useful in real life; for the outcome of the duel being the death of

Frazer, Marlowe's course was simplicity itself—he had but to exchange clothes with the corpse, and, hastening as Frazer from the inn, leave Anne to spread the news of Marlowe's demise in an affair of honour.

Marlowe then proceeded to the Boar's Head in Eastcheap, where William Shakespeare, George Peele, and Christopher Tamworth, a lawyer, were seated in the room which served as Peele's home. There his future was discussed with energy. Marlowe's attitude was philosophical:

"'Tis well,' he said, 'that this has happened. Without it what could have stayed me from wasting the hours which henceforth can be spent only in intellectual effort? Now the devil is chained. I cannot even sell my soul to him. The world with its temptations lieth as distant as the fields of Trasymene. Is it not a subject for congratulation? What campaigns may I not enter? what conquests may I not gain? . . . Are not the impediments to studious application and undisturbed contemplation removed? For twenty, thirty—yea, forty or fifty—years, what is before me but the opportunity to produce immortal and transcendent work? Nay, give me ten years in solitude, then dread force, and under my hand all form, all thought, shall find expression in written words!'

He fell forward on the table with outstretched arms and clenched hands. Shakespeare lifted him up; pityingly brushed back the hair from his face, and said: 'Forget the matter for a moment.'

No other words were spoken. Still the rain pattered on the window opening towards St. Michael's, and no sounds came up from the narrow walks in Crooked Lane.

At length Tamworth broke the silence. 'I do not doubt, dear Kit, that whatever may be thy aim, thy arrow will reach. But life cannot be maintained without capital or revenue. Your design being linked with an ambition for personal immortality precludes the publication of thy productions till after thy death, or when hope of life is gone. Now, where will come the fund for thy maintenance?'

'Thou canst not appear as an actor,' suggested Shakespeare.

'And neither can the works you may produce be sold as thine,' said Peele.

'Could they not be sold under someone else's name?' asked Marlowe. 'At the proper time their authorship could be confessed and established.'

'But in whose name?' queried Peele.

'Why not thine; at least temporarily?'

'Bah!' ejaculated Peele. 'I could not pass thy dramas off as mine. The style, my dear fellow, the style. Henslowe would at once say, "What, Peele, this thy drama? Marry, and where didst thou steal this new fire? Off with thee: it is none of thine. Leave it. I will look up the older dramatists, Greek and Latin, from which I ween thou hast taken it entire."'

'Then why not as thine, Shakespeare?'

'Mine!' exclaimed Shakespeare, shaking with laughter which he could not control. 'Greater objections than those stated by Peele would arise. Only a few years ago I held horses before the Curtain and Theatre. I write a play. Ho! Ho!'

He laughed so heartily that Tamworth joined with him."

None the less, it was arranged that Shakespeare should wear the giant's robe, and that Marlowe should live in a secret chamber in a building in the Old Jewry, and turn out the plays from there. Tamworth would copy them, and the world would applaud them as Shakespeare's.

Disregarding Mr. Zeigler's efforts to pad out his romance to the customary length with extraneous matter, let us look next at a scene towards the end where Shakespeare and Peele find it necessary to remonstrate with Marlowe for being so confoundedly Marlowish. They convict him of repeating himself. "Titus Andronicus," they point out, is full of echoes of "Tamburlaine" and "Edward II."

"'Now, in the same play ["Titus Andronicus"], says Peele, 'thou hast given us the very echo of Tamburlaine and his queen Zenocrate. The scene where Tamora first appears to the emperor is couched in identical language with the one where Zenocrate is given the crown by the king; and again in the first act of the first part of Henry VI., you treat the death of Joan in the same manner as you do the death of Zenocrate. No servile imitator could have more carefully copied his master.'

'His very trick of hand,' drawled Shakespeare.

Marlowe did not reply, but continued a rapt listener while his friend went on with increasing ardour:

'In Act II. of "Titus Andronicus" you write of the golden sun galloping "the zodiac in his glistening coach," as though in your ears still rattled "ugly darkness with her rusty coach," as you have described the night in Act V. of the first part of "Tamburlaine," and again in "Edward II." If thou must take the most striking passages of thy "Tamburlaine," and cut from them scraps and pieces upon which to pad out these later dramas, thou should be more circumspect in their use. If thou art not, one of two things will surely follow: thy friend here, who stands as thy mask, will be dubbed a plagiarist of vilest sort, or all these plays will be proclaimed thine.'"

Peele also urges Marlowe to change his manner and take Faustus for the model of a drama of stern and darkened life. "Shall it be tragedy?" "Yes, the darkest picture of thy mind." "My own bitter experiences?" And Peele agrees; "and so the figure of the melancholy Dane arose." Is it not simple, the Zeigler method?

The book closes with the production of "Hamlet" and a conversation between Ben Jonson and Thomas Nash. Here is a fragment:

"The second scene of Act I. was in progress, and at its close Nash, who appeared to be the better posted, said:

'Didst ever hear of Marlowe's play of Edward II.?'

'Yes, years ago at this theatre.'

'Dost thou remember the characters of Spencer?'

'I do,' answered Jonson.

'When he says:

"'Tis not a black coat and a little band,
A velvet-caped cloak faced before with serge?'"

'And what of that?' interrupted the other.

'What! Why have you not just heard Hamlet say:

"'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor customary suit of solemn black?'"

Examine at thy leisure the entire passages.'

'Tis plagiarism!' ejaculated Jonson, ever ready to decry the works of another.

'Or —' began Nash.

"'Hamlet' was written by Marlowe," interrupted Jonson."

There is nothing for the unprejudiced reader to do but agree with Ben. It *was* Marlowe.

ANATOLE FRANCE AT HOME.

THE author of *Lys Rouge* lives in the Villa Said, one of a long row of houses in a little *impasse* off the Bois de Boulogne, scarce a stone-throw from M. Henri Rochefort's dwelling in the Villa Dupont.

M. France goes very rarely into society, but every Thursday his doors are thrown open to his friends, and from half-past nine in the morning until three o'clock, with the exception of a few minutes for lunch, he receives a constant stream of visitors—friends and journalists. By the latter phrase I do not mean to insinuate that Anatole France chooses his friends outside the Fourth Estate, but that the greater part of the journalists who call are personally unknown to him. They come for "interviews," to talk about Elzevirs and rare editions, and the lore of books. All receive a cordial welcome.

The first time that I had the pleasure of calling on M. France I was a little amused by the *négligé* of the famous Academician's dress. He wore a loose jacket, a fez cap, light trousers, and his feet were encased in carpet slippers. He was puffing contentedly at a huge meerschaum pipe with the air of a busy man who means to give himself a holiday.

It is only when you come in close contact with M. France that you understand his great popularity with all manner of men. His character may be summed up in the words "cultured geniality." As one gazes at the high intelligent forehead, the kindly gray eyes, the aquiline nose, the large mobile mouth, the resolute chin, one feels, despite the charm of the man's bearing, that one is in the presence of a personality. His accent is scarcely what one would term Parisian; indeed, for a foreigner it is a little difficult to follow. But after a few moments my ear became attuned, and I listened with enthusiastic appreciation to the flood of anecdote about books and men that flowed from the great writer's lips. For M. France has none of that nervousness which is so discomfiting to the rare few who are received at M. Zola's house in the Rue de Bruxelles. Zola can never forget that he is, above all, a writer; he impresses this on his visitors, with the result that it is very rarely that they are perfectly at their ease. I speak for others, as well as myself, having compared notes with journalistic friends who have entered the circle of M. Zola's acquaintance. But when one is listening to Anatole France the writer is forgotten, and the visitor is conscious of one thing only—that he is in the presence of a cultured, kindly gentleman.

His personal appearance does not suggest in any way that he is one of the greatest lights in contemporary French literature. His face is more like that of some sea-captain, browned by a tropical sun, than the countenance of a scholar who is an erudite among the erudite. But his conversation betrays the antiquarian and the bookworm. He quotes liberally. Voltaire, Hugo, Sainte Beuve, Chateaubriand, and Lamartine are at his fingers' ends. It is this knowledge of French classical writings which makes him

an accepted authority in all matters pertaining to French literature.

He was not alone the morning that I called. Two visitors, each with the red ribbon of the Legion of Honour in his coat, were with him, and they were discussing the interesting question as to which was the best book written by M. France. After each had given his opinion the author said: "Well, if I may judge my own work—although it is difficult to do that without prejudice—I think *Lys Rouge* is my best book." This, as it happens, is the novel by which M. France is best known in England. But the author's modesty makes him escape from the question of his own work.

"So you are going to have 'Cyrano de Bergerac' at London," he said. "I would very much like to see Irving in the part. I saw him in 'Faust.' I consider him to be one of the greatest actors I have ever seen."

One of the visitors, whose name I had not caught, insisted that Irving, although undoubtedly a great actor, was a little *bizarre* in his pronunciation. He appealed to me, and I had to admit that some English critics have said the same thing.

"Tiens!" exclaimed M. France. "I never knew that. I always thought that his elocution was equal to his fine acting. Not that we in Paris, above all at the Comédie Française, are free from sin in that respect. Our actors, those at the Comédie Française especially, are too pedantic, too stiff in their diction. Some of them seem to forget that French speech has changed a little since Louis Quatorze. Nevertheless, we have many great actors. Now, if you have Irving we have Coquelin."

The visitors join in a psalm in honour of Coquelin—Coquelin in "Ruy Blas," Coquelin in "Gringoire," in "Cyrano." I turned the conversation again towards England:

"You have, also, Beerbohm Tree," said one of the visitors.

"And Forbes-Robertson—" I suggested.

"H'm! Forbes-Robertson in a romantic part, yes! But at times he gives one the impression of being too forced, too elaborate. Yet you never get that impression with Tree."

"Apropos of actors," said M. France, "for aught that some may think to the contrary, we are very chaste on the stage here. Our actors and actresses never kiss each other, and the stage embrace is a very poor thing to the real affair. But your actors and actresses may have more liberty."

Gladstone's personality was then discussed. Strange that most French authors—Huysmans, Coppée, Zola, Rochefort, and M. France—always associate Mr. Gladstone with the Irish question, and ignore his other work! The following opinions on contemporary French literature which M. France gave me are not without interest:

"Huysmans has very great talent. He is easily first of the Mystic School. His approaching entry into a monastery will be quite in keeping with his work of the last few years. Jean Richepin is another writer who has enormous talent. I did not care much for 'Le Chemineau,' but 'Le Martyre' I believe to be a very fine play indeed. I do not think that any work which Richepin has written since is equal to 'La Chanson des Gueux.' This wonderful book is unique.

There you have a side of French life and character which no other writer has adequately given. But as a writer on other subjects, although Richepin is very erudite, he has not the freshness and charm which he displayed in 'La Chanson des Gueux.' The most notable success of modern years from the play-writer's point of view is Rostand's 'Cyrano de Bergerac.' Rostand is a very delicate and charming writer, and his best work is before him. Despite some gloomy critics, I believe that French literature has lost none of its charm. We have a huge army of young writers, all with talent, some with genius. It is to them that I look to France maintaining her *premier place* in contemporary literature."

C. A. H.

ALAS!

It was impossible to doubt the genuineness of the Brontë relics at Sotheby's last Saturday. There was a deadly veracity about the hassock from the Brontë pew that vouched for all the rest. A more abject, a more down-trodden, hassock was never taken to a mid-century lumber-room. Yet the knees of the sisters had impressed it with no market value; it won not a single bid. Indeed, these relics, which had so long slept at Haworth, made a pitiful show. The glamour that should have fallen on Charlotte Brontë's crude drawing exercises, on her worn portfolio, on her doll's cradle, on the faded shawls, and strips of carpet, and cheap ornaments, and tea-pots, and on Patrick Brontë's snuff-box, seemed lacking. Only twenty people or so were present—dealers mostly.

Charlotte's conventional little water-colour drawings of flowers fetched but a few shillings each. Some better sketches were bought at prices approaching a sovereign, and a spirited water-colour drawing of her dog, Floss, chasing a bird, signed by Charlotte Brontë, suddenly fetched £12. Charlotte Brontë's shawl brought 16s. A patchwork quilt worked by her, but unfinished, was good for 22s. Two jugs—ordinary—from the vestry of old Haworth Church fetched a shilling each. There was a box of china from the home, an odd cup or two, a plate, a cream jug: these went for 4s.; but two family pewter tea-pots were put back unsold.

Oh ye Brontë worshippers, your loyalty was measured last Saturday and it was found wanting. Else surely Charlotte's wine-glass, in which she always kept a wild flower, had fetched five times the five shillings that were paid for it. Her morocco work-case too, her tiny work-box with a pin-cushion and a seal in it, and her tortoiseshell card-case would have been valued at more than ten shillings for the three.

Several bidders were taken with a little wooden box that had a pictured lid, in which Charlotte kept buckles and ribbons (it still held these things); this brought 15s. A cameo brooch sold for 26s., and a blue enamel thimble-case for a like sum. Charlotte Brontë's doll's cradle, a little bare oval basket, was put on the table without a smile and taken from it without a bid. Two wisps of her hair were put up, and

the only Brontë specialist present bought them for £1 14s. and £3 4s.

Some of the Rev. Patrick Brontë's things were offered; they sold for small sums. Two pairs of his silver-rimmed spectacles fetched 10s., his snuff-box 3s., his steel fob chain and watch-key 8s., his surplice box 2s.

The theory of relics was pushed pretty far: two pew doors from Haworth Church went at a shilling each. A strip of carpet from the Brontë pew was desired of another, and he had it for 2s.

The best "lot," J. H. Thompson's portrait in oils of Charlotte Brontë, the mirror of an alert and wistful woman, was withdrawn with a frown when ten shillings was bid and none bettered the offer.

The proceedings were not so dismal as somnolent. The bidding was by sign and nod, and in the still room the voice from the rostrum rippled and swerved like a fountain. In an hour the properties of the saddest literary drama of modern times had been taken without eagerness or left without pity.

PARIS LETTER.

(From our French Correspondent.)

A LITTLE while ago I was startled by seeing in a London contemporary mention of Daniel Lesueur as a candidate for the mantle of George Sand. On the strength of this more than extraordinary statement, I was induced to read that lady's last and most successful novel, *Lèvres Closées*. The book possesses not a single feature to lift it above the level of cheap and amorous fiction. For those who like that sort of reading—well-written, carefully composed trash—it is suitable company on a railway journey, but to speak of Daniel Lesueur in the same breath as the great and glorious George, the woman of generous intellect and magnificent genius, is to write oneself down as nothing less than a criminal among critics. We cannot read George Sand now, because we have become too eager and complex, too greedy and subtle and excited. But we remember how we once loved her. She belongs to the radiant morning of life, she wrote when the world was fresher and more romantic, when the century was sixty years younger. But it is not because she is out of fashion that her prose is less beautiful or her genius undiminished, and one cannot in cold blood permit that vulgar and tenpenny drivellers shall be pushed into a spurious equality with her.

The heroine of Gyp's new book is a little girl, Miquette, the pendant of the little Bob. She is very funny, but not altogether the shrieking farce the delightful Bob was. Gyp has written so much since then, not fewer than fifty books all of the same kind, and fifty funny books in half a lifetime are quite enough to wear out the most inexhaustible spirits. Gyp's light and amiable irony finds its pleasure in revealing the modern cynicism of Parisian childhood with an equal wit, contempt and surety of touch displayed in her quick and vital studies of fashionable men and women. Miquette, like Bob, has an extraordinary vocabulary and a fund of

still more extraordinary ideas. Asked to amuse a little fellow of her own age, she proceeds to catechise him:

"Then she's Italian, your mother?" she remarks. "It's grandmother who's Italian," the little boy replies.

"Grandmother Swim? *Tiens!* that doesn't sound like an Italian name, Swim?" "Because it's Irish. Grandfather Swim is Irish."

"Ah, then it's not astonishing that you are lazy," muses Miquette.

"Why isn't it astonishing?" "Because all the Irish are idlers."

Here I must explain an unconscious pun on the part of Mlle. Miquette, aged eight. Fenian is pronounced in French very much like *fainéant*, "idler," which Miquette pronounces *feignant*.

"Yes, whenever they talk politics, that is very often, you know, they are always talking of the idlers of Ireland."

[After a while.] "Has he a lazier air than others, your grandpapa?" "I haven't noticed. I'll ask him."

"No, no, better not. Don't say I said it either, or I'll be scolded."

"Do they scold you much?" "Normously. Above all, when I am not polite with strangers, 'cause they know I don't like them, and they don't trust me."

"And the rest of your people, do they like strangers?" "No, but they wish us to be polite to them, just as if they did, and even more so, says grandpapa, or else you are a *mufle* [untranslatable, unless 'boulder' will do], and you understand I don't want to be a *mufle*."

"What's a *mufle*," asks the child. "I don't quite know. I think it's a street-boy dressed up as a gentleman."

These little Parisians are "up to date" with a vengeance. Their favourite games are the burning of the Bazaar of Charity, the Greek and Turkish war, and now, of course, the war of Spain and America.

"I'm the Greeks," shouts Jean.

LOLOTTE: "No, you're the Turks."

"I won't be the Turks."

"Nor I."

MIQUETTE (conciliating): "Well, I'll be them."

LOLOTTE (with horror): "Oh!"

JEAN (with disgust): "Oh, she wants to be the Turks."

MIQUETTE: "But since somebody must be the Turks."

LOLOTTE: "That's true. (Generously.) Then let's be them together."

Here are babies who do not share the political sympathies of the ex-Minister of Foreign Affairs, M. Hanotaux, the Sultan's distinguished admirer.

A collection of stories by M. Raymond Aynard, *Ames Rêluses*, has attracted some attention lately. The first tale is without doubt the best—*La Belle et la Bête*. There is nothing particularly striking in the characterisation; but the central idea is both fresh and ingenious. M. and Mme. Terret are commonplace, rather vulgar bourgeois, fired by a natural desire to marry their only daughter, Suzanne, advantageously. She is educated at the Sacred Heart, and nourishes a secret vocation for religious life. She is a sweet and serious girl, suddenly troubled by the proposals of the young Count de la Sauve. The parents are enchanted at the prospect of seeing their

daughter one day a countess, but are quick enough to suspect that there must be some skeleton in the count's cupboard to make his aunt so anxious for the marriage. The young count is a helpless idiot in the hands of an aunt who worships him pathetically as the last of a great race. The originality of the situation is skilfully treated. The girl, who hated the idea of marriage while she regarded the count as a good match, is gradually drawn under the influences of the austere old maid, and learns to share her enthusiastic pity for this blighted remains of a great house. The parents, horrified when confronted with an idiot son-in-law, want to break off all relations, and to their surprise the once reluctant bride now clings passionately to her singular fiancé.

In his defence of Alfred Capus, with whose novels I am unacquainted, but of which his social ironies in the *Figaro* permit me to form a good notion, M. Georges Pellissier, in his clever *Études de Littérature Contemporaine* (which I recommended in my last letter), remarks appropriately of the modern novel: "In our youth we were forbidden the reading of novels as too light; soon it will have to be forbidden for fear of over-work." M. Pellissier naturally finds it a refreshment to turn from the ponderous works of Bourget and Barrès to the witty and genial froth of Alfred Capus.

H. L.

THE BOOK MARKET.

NOVELS AND NOVEL-READERS.

A BOOKSELLER'S LAMENT.

A REPRESENTATIVE of the ACADEMY dropped into a seaside bookseller's the other day, and talked to him about his Circulating Library. This consisted almost entirely of novels, but it was a large and representative collection, and the coming and going of subscribers was almost ceaseless. After surveying the shelves, and watching the exchanges, our representative concluded that Mr. — ought to have opinions on novels and novel readers; and he begged an interview. In the course of a long chat he asked Mr. —:

"Do your subscribers, as a rule, come to you knowing exactly what novel they want to borrow, or do they browse round and take what strikes their fancy at the moment?"

"Well, they mostly leave their choosing to me. My business is to find out the taste of each subscriber, and satisfy it as nearly as I can; and I have little difficulty in doing this. Some people seem quite indifferent as to what they read: it is a common thing for a man to wave his hand around the shelves and say, 'Got any new ones?' For such people a book need only be new. Another man will walk in and say: 'Ah, give me a book—you know my style!' Probably he likes a sensational story, or a detective romance; the more exciting the better. I give it to him. A lady will say to me: 'Keep me a book for to-morrow,' meaning, of course,

a novel. I keep her 'a book.' One lady, who pays a special subscription, reads novels by the score, and communicates with me by postcard. She never asks for a novel by name; she simply asks for another lot to be sent. Her taste is for society and 'smart' novels, and I have only to make up a parcel."

"But surely you have epicures, who follow certain authors, or in some way make their novel-reading an intelligent study?"

"Some, yes: a few. Most of my customers are content to read what is going. Their tastes differ only in choosing certain broad classes of novels in preference to other broad classes."

"Oh, then, what class of novel do you find most in demand at the present time?"

"I should say—the 'smart novel.' My daily persistent demand is for any sort of novel with warmly coloured descriptions, and dubious situations. We cannot keep them out of the library. All we can do is to use a certain discretion in lending them. But one can exercise only a very partial control."

"Well, but take the sound romantic novels of Mr. Hope, Mr. Crockett, Mr. Weyman, and half a dozen more writers. I should have thought these were most in favour."

"They are very well read and liked; but I must stick to my opinion that the taste of the public in novel-reading is at present a low one. I tell you that the change that has come over novels in the last twenty years has been much for the worse. The three-volume, thirty-one and sixpenny novel, was usually a finer, and a cleaner, and an infinitely more *durable* story than its six-shilling successor. And people read novels properly in those days. Now they gormandise them. I have one man who takes two or three novels a day from me; he reads all the trash that comes out and is useful to me as a taster. Scores of my customers take two or three novels a week steadily. Fifteen years ago we re-bound our novels several times over. Now, few novels have more than a few months' demand. They are read and forgotten. But Trollope, what a novelist he was! He is on the top shelf now. We have no demand here for Scott, and Dickens, and Thackeray, and Jane Austen, and Lord Lytton. We keep their novels, but they stay on the shelves. Novel-readers have deteriorated. I can see this even in individual cases. I could name one man in this town, a retired professional man, whom I have supplied with books for twenty years: once he would read nothing that was not good; now he will read nothing that is not sensational."

"You make serious charges."

"Yes. But I am handing out novels all day and every day. We are inundated with second and third rate stuff. What I miss is the good *lasting* novel. Not that people deserve it. Some of the older men can still hold their ground—Marion Crawford. Some can not: it is a shame that William Black's novels should be ousted from favour by rubbish."

DRAMA.

COQUELIN AS CYRANO DE BERGERAC.

PERHAPS we had all been expecting a little too much of "Cyrano de Bergerac"; but, undeniably, the feeling with which the first-night public left the Lyceum performance was one, not exactly of disappointment—that would be too strong a word—but of mild surprise that so much store should have been set upon M. Rostand's work. Its length, for one thing, is against it. With "waits" between the acts, it extends over four hours. This is a great deal longer than an English audience cares to sit in a theatre, especially when there is so much in the dialogue and action that could be cut out without loss to dramatic or poetic qualities of the play; and then it is all Coquelin, who in turn is "all nose and sword." A curiously lop-sided play—a one-character play in five acts—Cyrano de Bergerac gives scope for all that is most taking in Coquelin's method; and one can well understand the great comedian's thinking it the finest dramatic work of the century. Given, in the leading part, an actor of Coquelin's commanding influence, this lop-sidedness necessarily makes for a long run and for much temporary popularity. It does not conclusively prove M. Rostand's title to take his place among the immortals, to which so many of his enthusiastic critics have already promoted him.

THEN, unquestionably, the play came forward at a lucky moment. The brutalities of the realistic drama, and the obscurities of the still more offensive *études psychologiques* of the younger school, had somewhat dulled the interest of the French public in the stage, when lo! there appeared "Cyrano de Bergerac," inflated with romance, genuinely poetic, and breathing the true Gallic spirit of chivalry and heroism. It was a grateful change, but one appealing rather to the French than to the English or the cosmopolitan public. After all, the enthusiasm awakened at the Porte St. Martin by M. Rostand's play has been less than that recorded in connexion with the famous first nights of Victor Hugo, who is already declared to be *vieux jeu*, and it has had its origin, to a great extent, in similar conditions; it marks a reaction in public taste in favour of the romantic. We ourselves have yearnings for the romantic partly gratified by such plays as "The Prisoner of Zenda," and "A Marriage of Convenience," but it is hard for the English public to be electrified by a piece so exclusively Gallic in spirit as "Cyrano de Bergerac." What must ensure the success of M. Rostand's work before any audience is its fine dramatic point, its perpetual swing and movement. If he has still to prove himself a Victor Hugo, the author is unquestionably a born dramatist.

This is shown by the vigour which he imparts to a story far from strong or plausible in itself. Cyrano possesses every manly quality of his period; he is a swash-buckler of the first order, and in addition

poet and *homme d'esprit*. Unfortunately he is handicapped by a nose of prodigious size and length—Coquelin represents it as hugely bulbous and Bardolphian—which men mock at as far as they dare, for Cyrano is ever ready to avenge any insult on this score, and which, worse luck, shuts out its owner from the lists of love. Women will have nothing to say to a man with a nose of such proportions. All that Cyrano can win from them is their applause for his deeds of prowess, of which, to be sure, the author is sufficiently lavish. Yet Cyrano loves. He cherishes a secret and hopeless passion for Roxane. Judge of his elation, then, when this lady discreetly asks him for an interview.

Alas! another disappointment is in store for the man with the nose. Roxane merely seeks his powerful protection for a young soldier named Christian, whose handsome exterior has caught her fancy, but who is a fool; and the misunderstood hero sorrowfully resigns himself to the act of self-sacrifice demanded of him. Not only does Cyrano take Christian under his wing; he writes his love letters and his poetic declarations for him, for Roxane is a "précieuse" who loves a pretty wit in her admirers. So far as writing goes, the dull-witted Christian gets on very well. It is in her personal interviews with her lover that Roxane stands in danger of a disillusionising, but even here Cyrano comes to the rescue of his stupid *protégé*. Under the fair one's balcony by night he prompts Christian with sweet nothings to whisper to his *inamorata*. Finally, warming to his work, he takes up the tale himself, and imitating the young dolt's voice, pours out to Roxane all the love and passion of his heart.

FROM the common sense point of view no situation could be more absurd; yet, thanks to the poetic glamour thrown around it, it produces a charming and romantic effect. Already the spectator guesses how the play will end, but the author pushes the romance of the story as far as it will legitimately go, and beyond. Christian and Roxane are wed. After which we are plunged into the midst of a campaign. From Roxane's lips Christian has learnt that what induced her to marry him was his borrowed wit and poetic fancy, and he cannot bear this idea—an unexpected delicacy of sentiment on this young man's part. Accordingly he allows himself to be killed. But even then Cyrano does not come into his own. Fourteen years elapse, and it is only when he is old, poor, and at the point of death that Roxane learns the truth. Chivalrous to the last is this strange hero, or, more properly, perhaps, quixotic. Coquelin gives him a wonderful death scene. As the French critics put it, "il fait sa Sarah," with a prolonged agony and delirium. This is showy and catchy, but in that respect it is only in keeping with the play, which is a wonderfully animated picture of seventeenth century life. The dialogue abounds in witty lines, spirited passages, and brilliant tirades, all of which, however, come within the scheme of the piece and betray the author as *un homme de théâtre*.

AN example will prove the dramatic quality of M. Rostand's talent. Having saved a starveling poet from a thrashing at the hands of a dozen bravos, Cyrano is called upon by a group of his fellow Gascons—for he is of the same *trempe* as D'Artagnan—to relate the adventure. There seems little opportunity here for anything beyond an ordinary descriptive passage, lying *outside* the author's dramatic scheme. But note how the author's dramatic sense asserts itself! The Gascons are seated around, expectant; Christian stands apart with a scoffing expression, for he and Cyrano are still strangers. The latter has hardly begun his narrative when Christian interposes a slighting remark about the speaker's nose. Instantly the Gascons are afoot, knowing how Cyrano is accustomed to treat such impertinences; Cyrano himself makes a step forward as if to chastise the insulter, but recognising Roxane's *protégé*, he checks himself, and proceeds with his story as if nothing had happened. When this is finished, "Leave me alone with this man," cries Cyrano to his fellow Gascons, who all depart wondering what terrible thing is going to happen; whereupon the redoubtable fire-eater addresses himself to Christian with the words: "Come to my arms, brother." Many passages of the like nature could be cited, all admirably *mouvementées*.

FOR Coquelin, almost equally with the author, the play is a triumph, but he is not uniformly impressive in all phases of the character. He is more successful as the swashbuckler than as the chivalrous exponent of a life-long, hopeless love. This side of Cyrano's character is, indeed, difficult to realise, and it may be that it is a little too "stagy" to be true. The company surrounding Coquelin is adequate, and best fulfils its function, no doubt, by allowing the spectator's mind to dwell without reserve upon the central figure in the play.

J. F. N.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. GLADSTONE AS CRITIC.

SIR,—As you have published some opinions of the late Mr. Gladstone on books sent him by their authors, it may be of interest to your readers to note a curious slip. It will also show how little is really *known* of the Book of Common Prayer.

Last year I printed a small edition of *The Story of the Prayer-Book*, and sent Mr. Gladstone a copy, though I did not ask him for his opinion, knowing how busy he was. But he kindly sent me a post-card, saying:

"I think that works of the class you name should have great utility, and your own appears to have been executed with great pains. I would, however, observe that at the close there is a list containing some doctrinal definitions—Are these necessary? I refer to definitions touching the Holy Eucharist."

As the definitions were dictionary ones, I asked for further suggestions; for, in a work dealing with the history of the Prayer-Book,

it had occurred to me that Transubstantiation, Consubstantiation, Real Presence, &c., should be made clear to readers. Mr. Gladstone, on another post-card, made this curious reply:

"If I am asked for suggestions, I confess I do not see what place the definitions legitimately find in a work like yours, or why it is necessary to go beyond the language of the Prayer-Book, which says nothing of Transubstantiation or Consu-stantiation, and gives its own account of the Real Presence. If you quote anything, why not quote the grand words of Queen Elizabeth?"

'Christ was the Word that spake it;
He took the bread and brake it;
And what His Word did make it,
Such I receive and take it.'"

I did not like to trouble the aged and pain-worn statesman further; but is it not strange that he should have said: "The Prayer-Book says nothing about Transubstantiation," when the Twenty-eighth Article actually refers to it? And if "the Prayer-Book gives its own account of the Real Presence" (see the Rubrics at end of the Communion Service), *how* is it there is so much diversity of opinion about it?—I am, &c.,

W. A. LEONARD.

Bristol: July 2.

HAMLET AND MONTAIGNE.

SIR,—The reviewer of Mr. Lowndes's work, in your last number, has succeeded in giving a new interpretation of Hamlet's character, notwithstanding the profuse literature and the diverse explanations previously existing. There is no ground for disputing the position that Shakespeare was acquainted with Montaigne's *Essays*. Gonzalo's description of his Utopia in "The Tempest" has been commonly referred to Florio's translation of 1603, but, before this date, Shakespeare may very well have read more or less of the original French. And there is no need for denying that, among the divers influences to be recognised in "Hamlet," that of Montaigne is discernible. Nor, for our present purpose, is it necessary to inquire into the measure of credence which should be given to the Essayist's portrayal of his own character, as "flinging reason to the wind," "cursed with a disabling irresolution," "following the lead of circumstances and chance," &c. But we may reasonably hesitate when it is said that, apart from "many subordinate details," this is "a perfect description of Hamlet," "the whole conception."

Dr. Johnson made an approach to what has long appeared to me the truth concerning Hamlet's character and conduct, when he spoke of him as "rather an instrument than an agent." Charles Knight made a further advance in saying "that Hamlet is propelled rather than propelling." "There is something altogether indefinable and mysterious in the poet's delineation of this character." The play "awakes not only thoughts of the grand and beautiful, but of the incomprehensible." Hamlet's seeming indecision shows but one side of his character, "the surface-current," to use an expression of your contributor's. Without denying that Hamlet's natural temperament

was suitably chosen, it must still be maintained that the true and efficient causes of his conduct lay far deeper. These must be sought in his relation to the unseen and incomprehensible. He has within him a "prophetic soul" (*cf.* Act i. sc. 5) which forebodes the fatal result of the fencing-match with Laertes. But he refuses to decline the challenge (Act v. sc. 2), knowing that, if the predestined time for his death has come, any attempt to avoid the stroke of destiny will be fruitless and vain. "There's a predestinate providence in the fall of a sparrow" (Q. 1). There are pretty clear indications that, except at the time predestined for action, Hamlet's hand is restrained by an invisible power. Why he does not act is a mystery to himself; he has "cause, and will, and strength, and means, to do it." (Act iv. sc. 4.) But when, at all hazards, he persists in following his father's ghost, the restraint is removed, and "his fate cries out." Similarly, when he leaves his cabin in the dark to seize the "grand commission" of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, there had been in his heart "a kind of fighting which would not let him sleep," and to the enterprise "was heaven ordinant" (Act v. sc. 2).

I must not now pursue this matter further. What I have said may suffice to show that your contributor's explanation, whatever its merit, has relation only to the "surface-current" of Hamlet's conduct.—I am, &c.,

THOMAS TYLER.

London: July 4.

BOOK REVIEWS REVIEWED.

"Helbeck of Bannisdale." IN their reception of Mrs. Humphry Ward's new book the critics, for the most part, have shown no striking divergence of judgment. The central motive—the mutual attraction of a fervent Catholic and a bright, attractive pagan girl, and their fruitless efforts in one way or the other to find a common ground—is by this time generally known. The following comes from the *Times*:

"With little distraction we watch the two strong natures walking with swift steps towards the tragic close of their troubled love. Not for the first time has the story of such a conflict been told. It is an ancient form of strife. Never, probably, was it more common than it is to-day, and not often has it been told more worthily than in *Helbeck of Bannisdale*. Fine luminous phrases, fraught with delicate significances, permit us to understand the atmosphere in which the two chief actors move. . . . More than once the story drags, we are inclined to think, because analysis is heaped on analysis, and more than once, too, there is a tortuous intricacy in the train of reflections hard to reconcile with the passions which stirred both natures. The end, we are tempted to believe, might have been different—less pitiable, less cruel. . . . But the story, nevertheless, is the story of a great passion worthily told."

In the columns of the *Daily Telegraph* Mr. Courtney describes the story as

"a long, uncertain and ceaseless strife between the competing claims of an old faith and a new humanity. It is one of the best written of her novels, replete with passages of powerful and subtle analysis, as well as brilliant and

picturesque glimpses of Westmoreland scenery. . . . It is nothing more nor less than a soul problem, and such things are not always popular in our hurrying age. But to those who care for the primary elements out of which human character is composed it raises in a new form one of the oldest of questions, which no one has ever yet been able to answer. Which is the stronger force of those two overpowering influences over the human personality, religion or love? Which of the two, in the case of conflict, ought to prevail? . . . It is of the very essence of art to reveal to us these obscure and terrible antagonisms which have so often rent men's lives in twain. Mrs. Humphry Ward's novel is the latest, and by no means the least unworthy [*sic*] contribution to the discussion of problems out of which are wrought the most sombre and desolating tragedies of life."

The *Chronicle*, in a languid mood, finds the "colossal conscientiousness" of the author a trifle fatiguing:

"More than once we felt ourselves inwardly pleading for a slight relaxation of the tensely; a little irrelevance would have been a pleasant alleviation, we felt; but Mrs. Ward is never irrelevant. Every smallest incident has a direct bearing upon the main idea, and, as a result, we close the book with a sensation of some weariness. Throughout there is an utter lack of humour; the characters are real enough, the dialogue is natural and often interesting, the landscape painting is most excellent and most careful; but this absence of humour leaves us with the impression that we have been reading, not a novel, but a serious essay illustrated with characterisation and with occasional dramatic scenes. For there is always humour in life for those who have eyes to see."

The *Daily News* makes a like complaint, with less insistence, in the course of this tribute:

"The crisis of that long mental struggle has the inevitableness that belongs to the action of characters depicted with the imaginative insight that is a quality of genius. This quality is discernible in the characterisation throughout. The book lacks humour, to relieve the seriousness of its theme, but Mrs. Ward's touch has gained in lightness, in swiftness, and spontaneity of effect, and there is charm and grace, as well as force, in the impression the story leaves upon the mind. The descriptive passages abound in beauty."

And the *Daily Mail* flippantly says: "Mrs. Humphry Ward is nothing if not a centre of gravity"; while the *Scotsman* on the other hand finds "touches of humour that are delightful."

Some differences of opinion as to the drawing of Laura are manifest. For instance, the *Pall Mall*, having expressed a doubt whether Mrs. Ward is not apt to over-rate the force of merely physical attractions, goes on fastidiously to lay down:

"In matters of this kind artistic value requires some balance of character. There is none here. Helbeck had many fine and noble qualities; Laura Fountain was merely contemptible, and we confess that for most of the book we were wholly uninterested in her. She was rude to Helbeck, who was her host, and a kind and considerate one, about his religion; and, the other people observing the fast of Lent, she went so far as to commit the outrageous indelicacy of insisting on fasting also, as an amusing experiment. She wrote letters to a friend, abusing him and his customs. She insisted on frequenting some cousins of her

father, farmers of the lower class, bigoted anti-Catholics, who regaled her with ridiculous tirades against her host and his 'popery,' and she carried on a vulgar 'firtation' with one of them, a young tipping boor, meeting him by night in Helbeck's park, after he had insulted Helbeck in her presence. Really an almost nauseating young woman."

The *Westminster* winds up a long article as follows:

"*Helbeck of Bannisdale* is in some ways an advance upon Mrs. Ward's other novels. It is simpler, and written apparently with less effort. There are touches of the human, and even of the humorous, that give it vitality. On the other hand, there is still a little more detail than the subject will carry, for when Mrs. Ward is dealing with a subject, in this case Roman Catholicism, she feels a kind of duty to exhaust it, and to explore it in all conceivable aspects. That is necessarily to increase the difficulties of character-drawing, for the characters have to do what the subject demands instead of the subject being developed out of the actions of the characters. Mrs. Ward's novels are not so much novels with a purpose as novels with a subject."

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Week ending Thursday, July 7.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

THE LIFE OF ST. HUGH OF LINCOLN. Translated from the French Carthusian Life and Edited, with Large Additions, by Herbert Thurston, S.J. Burns & Oates, Ltd. 10s. 6d.

A QUAKER OF THE OLDEN TIME: BEING A MEMOIR OF JOHN ROBERTS BY HIS SON DANIEL ROBERTS. Edited by Edmund T. Lawrence, with Prefatory Letter by Oliver Wendell Holmes. Headley Brothers.

PERSONAL FORCES OF THE PERIOD. By T. H. S. Escott. Hurst & Blackett. 6s.

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REVIEWS.

M. ROSTAND'S PLAY.

Cyrano de Bergerac. Comédie heroïque en Cinq Actes, en Vers. Par Edmond Rostand. (Paris: Charpentier.)

Cyrano de Bergerac. A Play in Five Acts. Translated from the French by Gladys Thomas and Mary Guillemard. (London: Heinemann.)

IT seems to us that people are talking and writing a precious deal of nonsense about "*Cyrano de Bergerac*." One can scarcely open a periodical, or meet an acquaintance, without being assailed by accounts of its manifold excellences. M. Rostand, Aaron-wise, has smitten the rock of popular approbation, and it gushes a deafening, an overwhelming flood. "*Cyrano*," we are assured, is by no means merely a good practicable stage-play; it is a great piece of imaginative literature, it is a great poem. It does not in the least depend for its effectiveness upon M. Coquelin's spirited acting; it is essentially a play for the study, a play to be read. And you cannot possibly read it unmoved. It is informed by the breath of passion. It is, to the superlative degree, noble in conception; to the superlative degree, beautiful in execution. In language, in versification, in imagery, in music, it is superlatively beautiful. It has an irresistible glamour. You cannot possibly read it without thrills and raptures, without tears, without enthusiasm.

That is the sort of thing the usual voice is crying, the usual pen-writing, about "*Cyrano de Bergerac*." If, by some extraordinary chance, the usual voice is right, then an event of vast importance has happened to the world, an event of the vastest importance, of the rarest occurrence. If the usual voice is right, nothing less than this has happened: the world's too-slender treasury of imperishable masterpieces has been enriched by one; and a new name must be blazoned upon the

world's roll of imperishable poets. Dante, to adapt an old saw to a fresh purpose,

"Dante must move and sit a thought more nigh
To Goethe, and therewith Corneille must try
To squeeze up nearer Shakspeare, and make
space
For Rostand in their narrow lofty place."

If the usual voice is right. . . ? But is the usual voice ever right? If in this instance it should prove to be so, a rare event has preceded an event unheard-of. A masterpiece has been produced; and the voice of the majority has immediately acclaimed it. For the first time in human history the multitude has accorded immediate recognition to a masterpiece. It seems antecedently unlikely, it seems too good to be true. But it isn't inconceivable; and, after all, there must be a first time for everything.

For our own part, we took up "*Cyrano de Bergerac*" with a hundred predispositions in its favour. To be sure, we distrusted the admiration of the mob, we distrusted the encomiums of M. Francisque Sarcey. On the other hand, however, friends for whose taste in questions of literature we still preserved much respect, had given us their word that "*Cyrano*" in very deed merited the best that had been said about it, was in very deed a high emotional poem, delivered in felicitous, distinguished, musical verse. "Yes," they asseverated, "in spite of M. Sarcey and the rabble, '*Cyrano*' is something infinitely greater than a mere good workaday stage-play. It really is a great heroic poem. The central idea is quite magnificent, a veritable inspiration. It is rich in lines of the most exquisite beauty. It will move you to laughter, it will move you to sobs. Read it. Then go to see it. You will agree with us." One's scepticism was disarmed. One opened the little apple-green volume with all sorts of anticipations.

We received our first vaguely unpleasant shock at the dedication:

"C'est à l'âme de Cyrano que je voulais
dédier ce poème. Mais puisqu'elle a passé en
vous, Coquelin, c'est à vous que je le dédie."

"But surely," someone cries out, "that is very pretty. It's witty, it's graceful, it's a charming little conceit." Precisely. And that is why it jarred. To find a charming little conceit at the threshold of a great heroic poem! A smart little compliment, smacking of the Boulevards. It struck us, in view of the solemn business that was to follow, as just the least bit trivial, the least bit inexpensive. However, it was merely the dedication. We must put it behind us, and push on.

Premier acte; scène première. A theatrical performance at the Hôtel de Bourgogne. The public arrive little by little: cavaliers, citizens, lackeys, pickpockets, marquises, &c., &c. The first three or four pages are entirely unimportant—as befits a serviceable stage-play. The audience will be seating themselves, bustling, rustling; no one will hear the first half-dozen speeches; so, in a serviceable stage-play, the less you make of them, the better. But presently, as things

become quieter, we get a statement that is relevant: Montfleury is about to play in the "*Clorise*" of M. Balthazar Baro. With that, enter Christian, Lignière, and others, and we pass to Scene II. And thus far, be it remarked, we have sought in vain for a single line which even the most indulgent reader could pronounce notable. We have found perfectly ordinary dialogue in perfectly mechanical Alexandrines. But on the third page of Scene II., we are treated to a bit of irony. A young man asks his father whether any of the Académie are present, and the simple-minded father answers:

"Mais . . . j'en vois plus d'un membre;
Voici Boudou, Boissat, et Cureau de la Chambre;
Porchères, Colomby, Bourzeys, Bourdon,
Arbaud . . .
Tous ces noms dont pas un ne mourra, que
c'est beau!"

The irony isn't bad? No; but perhaps a trifle hackneyed—seeing that the too-mortal immortals, the "forty with the wit of four," have been the by-word of French wags any time these two centuries past. Good enough for a mere business-like stage-play, indeed. But for a great original piece of imaginative literature? We had not sat down to this banquet prepared for *réchauffés*.

From Scene II., we learn that Christian is in love with Roxane; that Roxane is cousin to Cyrano; and that Cyrano himself is an odd-mannered, truculent fellow, with a preposterously ugly nose. We learn too that a row is imminent—that Cyrano, "having taken the actor Montfleury in hatred," if we may follow the French idiom, "has forbidden him, during a month, to reappear on the stage." And, sure enough, the row ensues. The curtain rises; Montfleury begins his lines; Cyrano arrives, interrupts, threatens; the public grumble, hiss; and Montfleury beats an ignominious retreat. Meanwhile, we, the readers are keeping a sharp eye for those famous *beaux vers* we have heard so much of. Alas, we find them not. We submit that in the whole first act of "*Cyrano de Bergerac*" there is not one couplet that, tried by any reasonable standard of French poetry, can be called beautiful. It is all smooth, mouth-filling, easy to read: but beautiful? *Nenni-dà!* Sometimes it is not without wit, not without humour, not without cleverness. But beautiful? Who will seriously maintain that it is beautiful? Showy—yes. Good, glib, effective verse, eminently adapted to the purposes of a stage-play—certainly. But beautiful? Well, beautiful in the same sense in which a successful piece of scene-painting may be beautiful, and in no other. For that is the truth of the matter. The art of "*Cyrano de Bergerac*" bears the same relation to literature that the art of painting and setting up effective stage scenery bears to the art of Botticelli and Whistler.

"Ah, but," some ardent soul protests, "you are forgetting the ballade—the ballade that Cyrano improvises as he fights his duel with M. de Valvert. You can't deny that it's a very pretty ballade."

No, we are not forgetting the ballade; and to prove that we are not, we will quote

it. Afterwards, we shall have a word or two to say about it.

"Ballade du duel qu'en l'hôtel bourguignon
Monsieur de Bergerac eut avec un bêtire.

"Je jette avec grâce mon feutre,
Je fais lentement l'abandon
Du grand manteau qui me calfeutre,
Et je tire mon espadon;
Élégant comme Céladon,
Agile comme Scaramouche,
Je vous prévienne, cher Mirmydon,
Qu'à la fin de l'envoi je touche.

"Vous auriez bien dû rester neutre;
Où vais-je vous larder, dindon? . . .
Dans le flanc, sous votre maheutre? . . .
Au cœur, sous votre bleu cordon? . . .
— Les coquilles tintent, ding-don! . . .
Ma pointe voltige: une mouche!
Décidément . . . c'est au bedon,
Qu'à la fin de l'envoi, je touche.

"Il me manque une rime en eutre . . .
Vous rompez, plus blanc qu'amidon?
C'est pour me fournir le mot pleutre!
— Tac! je pare la pointe dont
Vous espériez me faire don;—
J'ouvre la ligne,—je la bouche . . .
Tiens bien ta broche, Laridon!
A la fin de l'envoi je touche.

"ENVOI.

"Prince, demande à Dieu pardon!
Je quarte du pied, j'escarmouche,
Je coupe, je feinte . . . Hé! là donc!
A la fin de l'envoi je touche."

A very pretty ballade, quotha! A very showy bit of stage-business, undoubtedly. But deprived of the adventitious circumstances of M. Coquelin's delivery and sword-play, considered purely and simply as literature, what shall one say of it? Why, that there is scarcely an eighteen-year-old *potache* in Paris who couldn't turn you out a ballade every whit its equal—equally correct in form, equally mediocre in substance.

We have searched the first act, we have searched the five acts, of "Cyano de Bergerac," in vain for a line which, tried by a reasonable standard, might honestly be called beautiful. We have found much that is smart, much that is adroit. But beauty, delicacy, subtlety, we have never found. We have never found the *nuance*, in thought, feeling, or expression. On the contrary, we have found more lines than one that are downright harsh, that are entitled to rank as *vers* only, because they contain the requisite twelve syllables. For example:

"Vous avez dit la seule intelligente chose."

Such a line may pass on t'other side of the footlights. But read in the study, it's as irritating as a grain of sand between the teeth. And seldom will one discover unmelodious speech more happily wedded to unsavoury thought than here:

"Cet ivrogne,
Ce tonneau de muscat, ce fût de rossoli,
Fit quelque chose un jour de tout à fait joli:
Au sortir d'une messe ayant, selon le rite,
Vu celle qu'il aimait prendre de l'eau bénite,
Lui que l'eau fait sauver, courut au bénitier,
Se pencha sur sa conquête et le but tout entier."

Tout à fait joli, indeed? *Tout à fait dégoûtant*, we should say. And, regarded technically, what of the aphony in "eau bénite, lui que l'eau fait sauver"? And certainly never

was the "phrase toute-faite" more deftly linked unto the "image toute-faite" than when M. Rostand likens red wine—to what, think you? To "flacons de rubis," if you can believe it; and white wine, if you can believe it, to "flacons de topaze." But now, for the sake of justice, we must quote a passage which we have marked as illustrating M. Rostand's versification at its best:

"Un baiser, mais à tout prendre, qu'est-ce?
Un serment fait d'un peu plus près, une promesse
Plus précise, un aveu qui veut se confirmer,
Un point rose qu'on met sur l'i du verbe aimer;
C'est un secret qui prend la bouche pour oreille,
Un instant d'infini qui fait un bruit d'abeille,
Une communion ayant un goût de fleur,
Une façon d'un peu se respirer le cœur,
Et d'un peu se goûter, au bord des lèvres,
l'âme!"

That is M. Rostand's very highest flight. And let it be granted at once that

"Un point rose qu'on met sur l'i du verbe
aimer"

is a pretty line, a pretty fancy. Who will pretend that it is more than pretty? And surely, if at your highest you achieve nothing higher than prettiness, you cannot be said to soar to perilous heights. Besides, isn't the rest of the excerpt something of a comedown? Describe a kiss, if you will, as "un instant d'infini"; but can you argue with any sort of countenance that it makes "un bruit d'abeille"? Or was "abeille" dragged in to fill out the rhyme? Another prettiness occurs in the rather long-winded and wearisome penultimate scene of the last act, when Roxane divines Cyano's secret passion, and Cyano denies it.

"ROXANE:

Vous m'aimiez!

CYANO:

Non!

ROXANE:

Déjà vous le dites plus bas!

CYANO:

Non, non, mon cher amour, je ne vous aimais pas!"

M. Rostand's admirers have made much of this. No one will deny that it is pretty, a pretty amorous self-contradiction. But is it more than pretty? And isn't it just the tiniest mite facile, obvious, *voulu*?

We conclude as we began. When people talk of "Cyano de Bergerac" as a great piece of literature, as a great poem, they talk nonsense. "Cyano" never touches the heights that great poetry must touch; on the contrary, it frequently touches depths—of facility, of banality—which great poetry must never touch. But when people talk of it as an excellentactable stage-play, a practicable melodrama, then they talk sense. As stage-plays go, it is a capital stage-play. It has a good symmetrical plot, good quick dialogue, a sustained "love interest," telling incidental situations, and a strong theatrical climax. When people talk of its plot, or, if you like, its central idea, as "quite magnificent," as "inspired," again they talk nonsense. To begin with, a plot is never inspired. As the proverb runs, anyone with twopen'orth of ingenuity and a cigarette can invent plots all day long. It

is when you come to incarnate your plot in the living word, that inspiration may (or may not) choose you for its instrument. But, in the second place, good and symmetrical as the plot of "Cyano" is, there's scarcely a successful melodrama on the French stage which hasn't a plot every bit as good and symmetrical. A good plot is the prerequisite of a successful melodrama, in France. The plot of "Cyano"—in what respect or degree, considered simply as a plot, is it better than the plot of "Fédora"? or the plot of "La Dame aux Camélias"? No; to put the whole truth in a word, "Cyano" is a brilliant stage jewel. Seen from the stalls and boxes, it flashes splendidly; it serves every purpose that the real thing would serve. But taken in the hand, examined critically, by daylight, it turns out, after all, to be just a piece of cut and coloured glass.

As for the translation of "Cyano" published by Mr. Heinemann, it isn't a bad translation. It contains a few mistakes, due probably to carelessness, rather than ignorance—as, for example, where "bouquetière" is rendered by "shop-girl"; and a few ineptitudes—as, for example, where "l'hôtel de Bourgogne" becomes "the Burgundy Hotel." But, on the whole, it is a pretty fair translation—no worse than translations usually are. Anyhow, it will enable people who don't read French to get the general sense of the original.

SONS OF THE EMPIRE.

Travels and Life in Ashanti and Jaman. By R. Austin Freeman, Late Assistant Colonial Surgeon, and Anglo-German Boundary Commissioner of the Gold Coast. (Constable & Co.)

Pioneering in Formosa. By W. A. Pickering, C.M.G., Late Protector of Chinese in the Straits Settlements. With Illustrations. (Hurst & Blackett.)

THE books of Dr. Austin Freeman and Mr. Pickering resemble each other closely in two ways. They both deal with a state of society, in Africa and the Far East, which recent political changes have marked off as belonging to the past; and they both serve to show, without set purpose, the kind of men who are pioneering sons of the empire, who carry to the ends of the earth the renown of the British name, and of British intrepidity, and who quietly but persistently surround themselves with the *pax Britannica*.

As an observer and a writer there can be little doubt that Dr. Freeman is the better of the two; and his book must take rank as the best authority on Ashanti and the region round about—on all the land, indeed, that lies between Cape Coast Castle and Bontuku. Since Bowdich, early in the century, published his *Mission to Ashanti* there was practically nothing added to our knowledge of the laws, customs, religion, and arts of the Ashantis, until in 1893 Colonel Ellis published his book; and both are now superseded by this. It will probably surprise many readers of Dr. Freeman to discover that the Ashantis,

who are too commonly supposed to be nothing but brutal and bloody-minded savages, have a quite surprising knowledge of the barbarous arts and graces of life. Their modes of decoration of the house and the person are not beneath the most æsthetic taste, as is manifest from Dr. Freeman's illustrations. Pagan Kumassi, indeed, as Dr. Freeman says, shows the height of a self-evolved negro civilisation, just as Mohammedan Bontuku, shows the degradation of an imposed civilisation: Bontuku, which appears in Dr. Freeman's pictures merely an inferior Jenne as represented in Félix Dubois' admirable book on *Timbuctoo*.

Concerning the agreeable simplicity of the pagan natives of Jaman (of which Bontuku, now given over to France, is the capital) let Dr. Freeman himself speak:

"The natives of these Jaman villages had never seen a white man before; and I noticed, at first with some surprise, that those of our actions which interested them most were the simple and commonplace ones. To such matters as eating and dressing they gave the closest attention. Every morning when I emerged from my tent I found a large audience waiting patiently for the performance to begin, and when I took my place at the washstand a crowd . . . closed round, forming a large circle. They followed the whole process with the greatest enjoyment, discussing and explaining to one another the various details, and now and again raising shouts of applause as some peculiarly amusing feature of the performance (such as the use of the nail-brush) occurred. When I produced my tooth-brush and proceeded to put it to its natural use, there was much anxious discussion; and when I brushed my hair up and made it stand on end, they yelled with delight. . . . Our meals afforded as much satisfaction to the natives as they did to ourselves. Our attendants, as they brought the food from the camp-fire, were surrounded by jabbering crowds who pored over the dishes they carried with infinite wonder, and, as soon as we took our seats at the table, the crowd assembled and formed a large semi-circle in front of us, the front rows seated on the ground, or on wooden stools . . . and the outer circle standing. . . . When the cork was drawn from the Commissioner's whiskey bottle there was a general murmur of applause and a chorus of astonished 'Ow's.' . . . As for the opening of a bottle of champagne (which occurred on one occasion after an unusually long march) it simply brought down the house—although the spectators somewhat abruptly dispersed and viewed the remainder of the performance round the corners of adjacent huts."

Such children, mere children, were these natives—wanton, destructive, bogey-ridden children, with the strength of men! That is the lighter side of Dr. Freeman's narrative. It has its adventurous and serious sides, and the serious side, in especial, we commend to the attention of students of our African polity, which, in elasticity and adaptability to strange conditions, does not show much improvement since the ruinous days of Sir Charles McCarthy. The last two divisions of the book, on "England and Ashanti" and the malaria of these lower Niger regions, demand a careful perusal; and, altogether, the volume is more than worthy of the subject and the occasion.

Turning to Mr. Pickering's *Pioneering in Formosa*, we find a great deal of controversial matter of doubtful value; but fortunately

that is dammed up in the Introduction and the Appendices. The most amusing and admirable things are in the volume and are about Mr. Pickering himself. His powers of observation are of an ordinary kind and his faculty of scientific research and inquiry into the manners and customs, beliefs and superstitions, of the people with whom he mixed, is of the most superficial; but when it comes to action or the telling of a story he shines:

"In the year 1862 I was third mate on a Liverpool tea-clipper lying off Pagoda Island, in the river Wlin, some nine miles below the city of Foochow. I was twenty-two years of age, and I had been on the sea since the year 1856, when my indentures were signed, and I, a shivering lad, was handed over to work out a four years' apprenticeship on board one of the old Blackwall East Indiamen."

Thus breezily—"breezily" is the word—does Mr. Pickering begin his narrative, and the best quality throughout is that same "breeziness" of self-revelation and of cheering egotism even when discussing matters merely impersonal. And his narrative at its best springs with an old-fashioned picturesqueness and directness of expression. As here:

"All through the interminable night our little craft drifted about, unmanageable, in the trough of the seas. . . . The grey day broke at last, the gale was furious; the waves seethed with cruel white teeth around us while the spindrift blew in sheets from the tops of the seas. The wild howling of the wind was deafening; one could, as it were, scarcely hear oneself think. . . . The [Chinese] sailors, however, finding that the boat kept well aloft, and seeing that we had drifted off the banks and far to sea in the channel, seemed to regain a little hope. As the wooden anchor and the cable were still aboard they proceeded to rig up a sea-anchor, to bring the boat head to sea, and thus to relieve us from the overwhelming broadside waves. To accomplish this they took a heavy bag of rice, which fortunately remained in the hold, and having collected money from the purse of every one on board as an offering to the Goddess of the Sea, they put it in the bag, made all fast to the anchor, which they threw overboard, and then veered out the cable to the bare end. This contrivance relieved us considerably."

When we rose on the top of the sea, one of the sailors cried out that he could see the Pescadores not far off; and sure enough we soon all perceived an island . . . dedicated to Matso-po, the Goddess of the Sea or the Queen of Heaven."

After some years of intrepid adventure and hard service Mr. Pickering left Formosa at the time of the outbreak of the Franco-German war. He took passage in a steamer of the *Messageries Impériales*, and on reaching Saigon a pilot gave them the news:

"He brought a small bundle in his hand; the *Messageries Impériales* flag—M. I.—was hauled down, and the bundle was hoisted to the mast-head in its stead. As it gradually unfolded itself to the breeze, we discerned the characters 'M. M.'—*Messageries Maritimes*."

Mr. Pickering provokes us to tell another story to cap his. On the overthrow of the monarchy of Louis Philippe, a Sunday crowd visited the *Jardin des Plantes*, and was amazed to find the fine specimen of the Bengal tiger still bearing the label of

Le Tigre Royal. Nothing would serve the furious crowd but that at once, on the spot, the authorities should change the name to *Le Tigre National*; and they did.

THE HOME OF JOHN KNOX.

John Knox and John Knox's House. By Charles John Guthrie, Q.C. (Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier.)

THE value of this little book lies in the fact that it is, to some extent, a counter-action to ordinary tradition. It is a collection of such details as are known of the private life of the great reformer—a scholarly little compilation with a large number of good illustrations. Mr. Guthrie is an excellent man for the task, for his knowledge of Scots ecclesiastical history is curious and wide, and he has already edited for modern readers Knox's *magnum opus*, *The History of the Reformation in Scotland*.

The private life of Knox must come as a surprise to those who think of him only as a "stark and fearless opposite," soured by misfortune, insensible to the fascination of the Queen or the counsel of moderation; a good man for the rough work of the times, but, after all, a harsh, unlovely piece of adamant. But great men are rarely so one-sided. In Knox, as in Cromwell, there were the flute-notes as well as the big drum. He had a great deal of the "perfidious ingyne" which his countrymen are credited with. Outbursts of very ordinary human passion are not unknown. He had a hard tongue for an adversary, he loved power very sincerely and largely for its own sake, and—most human trait of all—he was not insensible to flattery. He had an honest taste for "creature comforts," which indeed he well deserved after his forty years of hard fighting. And when this wholesome humanity is joined, as in his case, with the living fire of zeal and a passionate belief in his own cause, then the result is greatness, and an attractive greatness too.

Mr. Henley, in a note to his "Burns," has an eloquent picture of the man:

"He was the man of a crisis, and a desperate one; and he played his part in it like the stark and fearless opposite that he was. But he was a humorist, he loved his glass of wine, he abounded in humanity and intelligence, he married two wives, he was as well beloved as he was extremely hated and feared. He could not foresee what the collective stupidity of posterity would make of his teaching and example, nor how the theocracy at whose establishment he aimed would presently assert itself as largely a system of parochial inquisitions."

In the eighteenth century Knox had as certainly stood with Burns against the Kirk of Scotland as in the sixteenth he stood with Moray and the nobles against the Church of Rome, as figured in David Beaton and the "two infernal monstres, Pride and Avarice." Perhaps the key is a little high-pitched, for there is nothing we are so prone to as twisting the characters of history into a fancied conformity with our own preferences. Knox was always the

Purist and the Calvinist, and we dare not forget this if we are to understand the man. But just because he was a great man of action and no mere chamber-reformer, he was free from the trivial pedantries of the recluse. He had a hearty affection for his friends, and, what is not very wonderful, he had an extraordinary fascination for women, and took great pleasure in their company. Stevenson's words are not far from the truth :

"One who accepted the large, simple divisions of society; a strong and positive spirit robustly virtuous, who has chosen a better part coarsely, and holds to it steadfastly, with all its consequences of pain to himself and others."

Mr. Guthrie's account of the various fortunes of the house in Edinburgh where Knox dwelt is very interesting. Better still is the rough summary of Knox's life, illustrated by extracts from his own history. It is impossible to understand the full quality of the man unless one reads his own book, for he was a master of style in his own way—racy, vernacular, and living. We know nothing in any of his extant writings which is equal to Cromwell's beautiful letter to Col. Valentine Walton on the death of his son :

"Sir,—You know my own trials this way, but the Lord supported me with this, that the Lord took him into the happiness we all pant for and live for. There is your precious child, full of glory, never to know sin or sorrow any more. He was a gallant young man, exceedingly gracious. God give you His comfort."

But how is this for a vivid account of a famous incident, Knox's second meeting with the Queen?—

"The said John departed with a reasonably merry countenance. Thereat some Papists, offended, said, 'He is not affrayed!' Which heard of him, he answered: 'Why should the pleasing face of a gentlwoman affray me? I have looked in the faces of many angry men, and yet have not been affrayed above measure!'"

BOOKWORMS.

Facts About Bookworms. By Rev. J. F. X. O'Connor, S.J. (Suckling & Co.)

AMONG the odd things that proceed from America must surely be included a treatise on bookworms written from the standpoint of a close student of that intrusive insect. Because if there is one creature associated in men's minds with the Old World, if there is one creature that would be supposed to shrink from the Atlantic passage, it is the bookworm. In the Bodleian, in the Temple, in the libraries of monasteries, on the shelves of dry-as-dust students of black-letter folios: in such Old World refuges we expect the bookworm to bore, to wriggle, and exult. But in the New World—never. Yet here comes Father O'Connor, former librarian of the Francis Xavier College, New York, and the Georgetown University, Washington, with the story of scores of bookworms that he has examined under the microscope, all of them found in volumes on American soil. More, not only does he refute the opinion shared by many bookmen that bookworms do not exist at all,

but he goes on to contradict the theory that they batten only on the old, by producing specimens discovered by himself in an 1868 volume of the *New York World* and the *Scientific American* for 1873 and 1875. On meeting with his first bookworm, Father O'Connor knew elation in the highest. "Here," he writes, "was something more precious than gold. It was knowledge, a new bit of knowledge. . . . No astronomer searching the heavens with his lenses, and feeling a throb of joy as the light of a new star breaks on his vision, felt a keener joy than the knowledge of this new fact brought to me. The new star was but a new, number added to millions; here was a new unknown, unstudied factor of creation." Forthwith the worthy Father set to work, and now he gives us the sum of his researches. Where Aristotle and Mr. Blades, Mentzelius and Mr. Lang, Petzholdt and Sylvester, Hooke and Dr. Garnett, had failed to come to definite conclusions concerning this enemy of books, Father O'Connor offers "facts." Never was such luck as his. As adventures are to the adventurous, so were bookworms to Father O'Connor. They seem to have thrust themselves in his way, to have clamoured to be caught and classified.

Father O'Connor's bag includes seven different varieties: the *sitodrepa panicea* (larva), the *attagenus pellio*, the *sitodrepa panicea* (full grown insect), the *lepisma saccharina*, the *ptinus fur*, the *dermestes lardarius* and the *anthrenus varius*. Of the *sitodrepa panicea* Father O'Connor has examined thirty specimens. In the larva state it is a soft white six-legged worm covered (like Bill Sykes's chin) with bristles. It is about one-eighth of an inch long and moves very slowly. For voracity it beats all competitors hollow. On the other hand Father O'Connor has had the pleasure of meeting the *attagenus pellio* but once. It is "long, slender, salmon-coloured, with a tail of delicate wavy hair." Long is, of course, a relative term, for even a giant *attagenus pellio* would be smaller than a grain of wheat, although looking at it through a microscope, says the Father, it reminded him of a whale. The Father has imagination. In movement the *attagenus pellio* is most graceful. The *lepisma saccharina* is by way of being a freak: it is cone-shaped, of a silver-gray tint, and has three thick tails. Three. Its motion is rapid, like a flash of light. The *ptinus fur* is black-headed and will eat anything, even *The Christian*. The *dermestes lardarius* resembles a hedgehog excessively minified. It resembles also the Liberal party, for "even with a microscope of high power," says Father O'Connor, "one finds it difficult to determine at which end is the head." The *anthrenus varius* prefers binding to letterpress.

With these descriptions, aided by the accompanying portraits which Father O'Connor supplies, any one should be able to identify a bookworm. These, it must be borne in mind, are only the bookworms which Father O'Connor himself has known. There are still others. There are, for example, those described by Mr. Blades in his *Enemies of Books*: the *Ecophora pseudospretella* (which is "half an inch long, with

a horny head and strong jaws"), and the three varieties of *anobium*. There is also Mentzelius' bookworm as described by Mr. Lang in *The Library*: "Mentzelius says he hath heard the bookworm crow like a cock unto his mate, and 'I knew not,' says he, 'whether some local fowl was clamouring or whether there was but a beating in mine ears. Even at that moment, all uncertain as I was, I perceived on the paper whereon I was writing a little insect that ceased not to carol like very chanticleer until, taking a magnifying glass, I assiduously observed him. He is about the bigness of a mite and carries a gray crest, and the head low-bowed over the bosom; as to his crowing noise, it comes of his clashing his wings against each other with an incessant din.'" Opposite this anecdote Father O'Connor places an engraving of a bookworm found crushed in *The Treatise on Mineralogy* of Houy in the Georgetown Library. It must be very easy to be crushed by a treatise on mineralogy.

Coming to practical advice, Father O'Connor writes thus:

"Even when there is no exterior sign it would be rash to assume that there is not a nest of bookworms in some valued volume. However, the means of detecting the 'worm' are simple enough. Inspect closely the back of the bound volume. There you may discover little smooth round holes that could have been made with a large needle. Sometimes these holes are at the lower end of the back of the volume; sometimes they will be found along the edges of the back. Should the back seem to be perfect, then open the book. Between the cover and the fly-leaf you may perceive a little ridge or heap of dust—red, gray, or white, according to the colour of the binding. If you do perceive such a ridge or heap, the bookworm has been or is in your book. With the point of a knife raise the paper pasted to the cover near the dust-heap, and there you will find a *sitodrepa*, or *ptinus*, or *anthrenus*. Clear him out at once; scrape the book until you are sure there are no unhatched eggs left. 'As well kill a man as kill a good book,' said Bacon. Better kill the 'worm' than let him kill a good book. The bookworm fed on Caxtons, feasts more sumptuously than Cleopatra dreamed of when she drank her dissolved pearl."

Father O'Connor, you see, is a poet. The counsel to scrape out the eggs is useful only when the book is sufficiently worn to warrant its dismemberment. In other cases advice is offered by an official of the U.S. Entomological Commission:

"One of the best ways of ridding books of this, as well as other pests, is to subject the volumes to a considerable heat in the baking oven, being careful, however, not to burn the leather brittle. It would be even better to place them in a water-tight box, and then to sink them into hot water. Though it has not been tried yet, I have faith that pure *Pyrethrum* powder scattered among the books in a closed vessel would also effectually free them. The only way to actually prevent the attack of these pests is to use corrosive sublimate in the binder's paste."

For the wisdom of the U.S. Entomological Commission it behoves one to have respect, yet of the two evils represented—(1) by baking or boiling one's treasured books; and (2) by seeing them bored and eaten by *sitodrepa* or *lepisma*, *attagenus* or *dermestes*—

we are not convinced but that the second is the more endurable. After all a bookworm takes a long time to devour a volume, while in the oven or saucepan it could be ruined in an hour. None the less, Father O'Connor deserves well of bibliophiles.

MR. COUTTS'S NEW POEM.

The Revelation of St. Love the Divine. By F. B. Money Coutts. (John Lane.)

At a time when English poetry seems given over either to a decorative and self-conscious manner, or to an eternal mouthing of the greatness of England, one hails with relief the issue of a poem which concerns itself with the vaster human problems. It would be idle to point out that there is nothing stimulant to the imagination in unexampled commercial success, and that the Jubilee was at its best a triumph of materialism. It would be equally idle to insist that real poetry is only concerned with thought wherever deepest, and with life wherever intensest. This dissatisfaction has evidently been felt by Mr. Money Coutts, who, in the present poem strikes a nobler and a saner note:

"Upbraid me not because I sing
Outside the violets and the thyme;
I cannot keep within the ring
Where pretty poets pluck their rhyme,

And twist gay garlands for the feast,
Believing that mere shape and hue
Ennoble men above the beast,
Or worms that know not what they do. . . .

And so I count the humblest reed,
Toned to the stream of thought that flows
About the world, an apter need
For minstrels than the trellised rose."

Or again,

"For these cry 'Impious!' these cry 'Fools!'
Unless one sing a martial strain."

Apart from its chief topic, this poem has a strong cry for the present time, an appeal vigorously made for the union of verse and philosophy, for

"Imagination! Truth's own son
And sole interpreter!

The reader feels behind this verse always a brave and tender spirit, a soul which has at any rate "beat its music out"; which will not compromise, which cannot lie, which is in love with the highest that it sees. Such is a general impression left on the mind. Looked at more closely the poem has a distinct resemblance to "In Memoriam," which is at once a merit and a defect. The defect is largely technical, inasmuch as the verse is continually teasing the ear with reminders of the older poem. This is chiefly regrettable when Mr. Money Coutts has something new to utter; for the freshness of the thought is marred by a cadence suggestive of something heard before. I am aware that the verse is not precisely that of "In Memoriam"; but the resemblance is sufficiently strong to be unfortunate. The merit of the resemblance lies in the strong dealing with modern questions; and, indeed, the present poem seems to be the more honest and unflinching of the two. I might

instance the following verse as dangerously Tennysonian:

"He clammers to the lonely peaks,
He drifts about the lonelier sea,
To hear what Revelation speaks
Beneath the night's immensity."

Here, on the other hand, is one verse among many which has the author's valorous honesty:

"Apologists for God, descendant
No more upon His ways to Man!
First justify the sycophant
To God—who made him—if ye can."

The main argument of this poem is a plea for real passion, for the "impassioned minds alone are pure." The real lover knows no truant impulse, feels no need of chastity or principle. It is difficult to avoid quoting this splendid verse:

"Because ye fear the gift of fire,
Must all the Universe go freeze?
To amputate the World's desire
Could never cure the World's disease."

This little book, then, is an addition to our literature; and it is so, because it has the strong personal note so long lacking, the rebel fire that is lit from clear sight, and a gift of expression both exact and direct.

STEPHEN PHILLIPS.

IN THE LITERARY CRICKET-FIELD.

Willow and Leather. By E. V. Lucas. (Arrowsmith's Bristol Library.)

WHY should not cricket have its literature in the true sense, the æsthetic sense, of that word? Why not, indeed? Cricket is "English, quite English, you know"; it is no less national than the Navy, the ale, and the roast beef of Old England—all of which have been memorised in prose and verse of excellent quality. Grace and Gladstone are twin heroes, a little in front (popularly) of the two Robertses, who have both obtained reputation by their cool courage amid the balls. It is a national disgrace that the game should so long have been left to the slang-slinging reporter and the amateur rhymester. So thought Mr. Norman Gale when he stepped into the breach, and said (in effect):

"I first adventure; follow me who list,
And be the second Cricket Lyricist."

Now comes Mr. Lucas to second him, with a fresh and spontaneous little book, which will be read with pleasure by all lovers of cricket, and specially by those who are also lovers of literature. We say "literature," in general, because Mr. Lucas is not content with a single medium. He brings to the service of his lady, Cricket, both verse and "that other harmony of prose." "Lady," perhaps, is all too formal in this connexion. An embrowned, a rustic, a gipsy-footed lass should be the Muse of Cricket; eye of ger-falcon, windy-locked, with apple-russet arms—a wench to race the meads with. And, perhaps, though a ringing rhyme may come with careless aptness from her lips, warm and swift-written prose is her directest utterance. This, at any rate, is Mr. Lucas's Muse. The rhymes

are swinging, straight to the mark; but the prose contains the best things in the book.

As regards rhyme, we should say that Mr. Lucas's best style was one unfortunately but slightly represented in this book. It is difficult to define, though familiar enough in practice. It might be described as the *vers-de-société* vein, applied to subjects other than society. Here is an example, touched off with a light, careless-seeming, but really deft hand. "The game of cricket," said Lord Harris, "has also done much for England in bringing the upper and lower classes together." Upon which an amateur and professional batsmen comment from their respective points of view:

"THE HON. SLOGLBY BATT, *loq.*

"Brings us together?" Why, truly,
But parts us uncommonly soon;
I was thought the best man, I remember,
In a match down in Surrey last June.
We were playin' a bloomin' village,
They were labourers, every Jack,
And they put on a blacksmith Johnnie
To open the bowlin' attack.
I wanted to stay for a fortnight . . .
I went in a minute or less,
With a duck to my name and a feelin' of
shame,
For he bowled like a bally express."

"BILL SWIPES, *loq.*

"Brings us together?" but often
I'm blown if it does much more!
I remember a match last summer,
I backed myself for a score.
We were playing a team of nobs, sir,
As swagger a lot as you'll see;
And I thought as I looked 'em over,
I'm in for a fair old spree. . . .
I jumped for the first half-volley,
My aunt! how the leather went,
But a blanky young toff what was fielding
mid-off,
He hustled me back to the tent."

That is clever and well turned. Amusing, too, is the parody of "Tom Bowling," which we owe to Mr. Lucas's partnership with "another hand." It is headed "Tom (Richardson) Bowling," and begins:

"There's a sheer funk when Long Tom's
bowling,
Our darling with a screw."

The rest of the verse is in more serious vein, full of spirit and movement. The best of them, such as "That Bat," are too long to quote. In a line or two one recognises the hand of the cricketer:

"The handle was thin, with a cane or two split,
And it whipped in the grip when one made a
full hit,
While every particle thrilled."

They do not pretend to poetical poetry. If poetical poetry be possible in such a connexion (one would not like to say), at any rate it is certain that the Kipling of the bat has not yet come. But what they attempt they are; the kind of thing which would make a stirring song at a cricket gathering, when the match was lost and won, and conviviality became in order.

In the prose Mr. Lucas is at his best. He shows always the practised hand, which can treat the lightest and most gossiping matter with a literary touch, can handle even slang without being slangy. The same

vocabulary which is unutterably vulgar on the pen of the sporting journalist becomes, with him, pleasantly racy of the wicket. The article on the old Hambledon cricketers is a vigorous and enkindling bit of writing. It stands by itself, it is true, and there is nothing of equal merit. But if Mr. Lucas's book cannot otherwise be classed as remarkable, it is a very readable collection in the lighter vein, and it is touched with a most human, smiling humour, which never grins through a horse-collar, or clowns it.

THE ENGLISH DIALECT DICTIONARY.

The English Dialect Dictionary. Edited by Joseph Wright, M.A., Ph.D., D.C.L. Part V. (Henry Frowde.)

THE July part of this bold work bears a double importance, inasmuch as it completes the first volume and contains a preface of much interest, written by the editor. We have had reason already to call attention to the punctuality and, we might say, alacrity with which the successive portions of the book have been prepared and issued, and now, on the appearance of this portly volume of over eight hundred pages, we cannot but wonder once more at the diligence of Dr. Wright and his companions during the two years of actual work at the Clarendon Press.

In the preface, which is marked by that straightforward and confident tone which characterises all Dr. Wright's utterances, and which has made him so many friends, an estimate is made of the value of this Dictionary:

"The work can never become antiquated, and, when completed, will be the largest and most comprehensive Dialect Dictionary ever published in any country. It will be a 'store-house' of information for the general reader, and an invaluable work to the present and all future generations of students of our mother-tongue."

At first sight this may seem a statement out of place among the published remarks of the editor himself; but when we come to look into the history of the Dictionary we only feel that such a prophecy acquires force by being thus taken out of the reviewer's mouth. Before a line of the work was printed Dr. Wright, as he tells us, had exhausted all his own savings, amounting to considerably over two thousand pounds, in preparing the material so assiduously collected by the Dialect Society. Not only was the expenditure one of money, but for two years every moment beyond the time devoted to his official work in Oxford was spent by Dr. Wright in the apparently hopeless task of bringing public sympathy into line with his scheme.

On many occasions the work went on through the whole night, and a twenty hours' sitting has been followed by a day's lecturing and teaching, carried out with no diminution of that wonderful energy and fund of good spirits which have always made Dr. Wright's classes at the Taylorian such good and profitable fun. Dialect would even there slip out at any moment, and many of the mysteries of Old High German and

Gothic phonology have been made the simplest of matters by a few homely illustrations from familiar folk-speech.

The amount of work to be got through before a start could be made is summed up in the following extract from the preface:

"In addition to the great amount of material sent in from unprinted sources, upwards of three thousand dialect glossaries and works containing dialect words have been read and excerpted for the purposes of the Dictionary. Through the great kindness of the Princess, the whole of the MS. collections and the library of the late Prince Louis Lucien Bonaparte were placed at my disposal for over two years, which enabled me to get many thousand words and quotations from hundreds of small local books not to be found in any of our public libraries."

It is, indeed, in the very comprehensiveness of the Dictionary that one is inclined to indicate a defect. There is abundance of quotations from all kinds of sources, this first volume alone containing 42,915 such illustrations for the first three letters of the alphabet. The result is that we have a perfect medley of spelling-devices. For instance, to illustrate *brass*—"impudence," we find such sentences as:

"Thou's mair brass i' thy feace nor thou hes i' thy pocket" (Cumberland).
 "Er's got a face as big as a warmin'-pon, an' as much brass in it" (Shropshire).
 "Moo-ur braa-s een dhee fae-us-n dhee-s u-gaut een dhee pau-gut" (West Somerset).

which are all very well, and readable enough by those who can read into the words the pronunciation and intonation of the various localities, but what about the student of phonology, who may be using this work in the library of Tours or Jena? Dr. Wright's answer will doubtless be that he is leaving a wide field open to students of phonology, and this is certainly true. And it is extremely likely that once the popular part of the work is out of hand, the renowned professor will himself take steps to stereotype—if we may use the term—by phonographic or other means, the actual sounds of the various dialects of the British Isles.

In the meantime he is carrying out nobly a task which must inevitably place his name in rank with those of such workers as Ivar Aasen, the brothers Grimm, and Ewald Tang Kristensen, and it is well to recognise this in good time.

SOME MORE GUIDE BOOKS.

Sussex and its Watring Places. Edited by A. R. Hope Moncrieff. Eleventh edition. (A. & C. Black.)

Guide to London. Edited by A. R. Hope Moncrieff. (A. & C. Black.)

The Swedish Touring Club's Guide to Sweden. (George Philip & Son.)

Illustrated Guide to Leamington Spa, Warwick, Kenilworth, and Coventry. By Bernard C. P. Walters. (Dawbarn & Ward.)

Wolfe-Land: A Handbook to Westerham and its Surroundings. By Gibson Thompson. (Beechings, Ltd.)

Cassell's Guide to London. New edition. revised.

MESSRS. BLACK'S *Guide to Sussex* is written on those general principles which we recently found to be characteristic of the whole series to which this volume belongs. Minute details are left or only glanced at, the endeavour being to cover the ground as completely and pleasantly as possible. Brighton, Eastbourne, Hastings, Lewes, and Chichester are naturally chosen as the topographical centres of Sussex. We find various regions, notably Pevensey, which is familiar to us, well and accurately described. The account of Hurstmonceaux Castle, too, leaves nothing to be desired.

The *Illustrated Guide to Leamington, &c.*, is a companion to the same publishers' excellent *Illustrated Guide to Stratford-on-Avon*, which we noticed some months ago. It is a well-printed book, and the pen-and-ink sketches serve their purpose very well. Warwick and Kenilworth Castles are fully described. *Wolfe-Land*, as a name, is a coinage we do not approve. Because General Wolfe lived at Westerham are we to know the countryside by this barbarous compound? Mr. Thompson gives us no other ground of complaint. His Guide is well-written, and profusely illustrated with photographs. A chapter on "Fly Fishing on the Darent," by Mr. J. Paul Taylor, adds to the value of the book.

Cassell's Guide to London is a sixpenny production, and in this edition many paragraphs have been brought up to date. We note, for instance, that the destruction of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, the reopening of the Alexandra Palace, and other recent events are mentioned. We should doubtless find some defects and omissions were we to search for them. We do note that Greenwich Park is recommended only for its observatory, its fine timber, and its deer. But to these attractions should be added another. The view of London from Greenwich is the most touching and impressive view of its kind that we know. Nowhere else can London and its river be seen together to such advantage, and the majesty of this view has been increased, since Turner painted it, by the spread of the town and the erection of the Tower Bridge. *Black's Guide to London* costs a shilling, and is proportionately larger. It is a clear, good guide-book, with plenty of maps. We think that the attention of the intelligent visitor might have been drawn to the beginning of the great project for the widening of Fleet-street. The rebuilding of one house, which is now set back in a deep bay between its neighbours, shows the destined width of London's most characteristic street in a striking manner.

The *Guide to Sweden* before us is issued by the Swedish Tourist Club of Stockholm, and is subsidised by the Swedish Government. It is a very formal Guide Book, but its utility to the conscientious tourist is beyond question. There is an interesting chapter on "Swedish Art and Literature," concerning which the average Englishman, it must be confessed, is blankly ignorant.

THE ACADEMY SUPPLEMENT.

SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1898.

THE NEWEST FICTION.

A GUIDE FOR NOVEL READERS.

THE BLUE FLAG.

BY MAX HILARY.

We shall remember *The Blue Flag* as marking the lowest tide of fiction that we remember to have experienced. Although there has never been a thinner ending to the "Spring Season" than the present one, we had not supposed it possible that we should record one novel as the total output of fiction in a given week. We do so to-day. Mark Twain has said that if you are good you will be lonesome. *The Blue Flag* is lonesome, and fairly good. It is a tale of the Monmouth Rebellion, and it has pictures. Doubts assail us as to whether it is properly a novel at all, whether it would not be better described as a boy's story. But *The Blue Flag* is a romance, and may pass for a novel—the only novel of this week of heat and general lassitude. (Ward, Lock & Co. 319 pp. 6s.)

REVIEWS.

The Forest Lovers. By Maurice Hewlett.
(Macmillan & Co.)

THIS is a remarkable book. Mr. Hewlett does not conceive of romance in the cap and sword vein, unrolls no wearisome chronicle—*bis cramba repetita*—of the light loves and hair-breadth 'scapes of Revolutionary or Royalist dare-devil. He goes back to more ancient and more authentic models; has drunk deep of the mediæval well-springs. The very spirit of Malory has entered into his soul, and in one passage—of a maiden's flight through the casement of Tortsentier into the black night—you recognise the influence of that masterpiece of love adventure, *Aucassin and Nicolette*. Not that Mr. Hewlett has in any way attempted to rewrite mediæval romance, as it stands, with its *longueurs*, its iterations and its mannerisms. On the contrary, he has shown infinite tact in taking just what he wanted for his purpose and leaving the rest. He is no student of Wardour-street; archæology is his slave, not his master. You can scarcely even call him a derivative, so vigorous is his personality, so independent his vision. Simply, he has taken the old motives and wrought them up into a new thing of beauty, a creation of his own. He makes no attempt to retain the old unconscious *naïveté* so proper to mediævalism; inevitably, to appeal to-day, this must be changed for something less serious, for modern irony and modern humour. Yet through the vesture of railery there shines no less the beautiful romantic soul, of faith in valour, in purity and in love. Writing thus, we have a guilty sense of rhapsody; but, indeed, *The Forest Lovers* has been a fresh sensation. Mr. Hewlett can write! What a sense of colour, of contrast; what vigour, what rapid movement! And through it all the sweet air of the forest blowing, the forest of Morgraunt, so familiar for all its transmogrified names, with its glades and brakes, its oaks and hollies and beeches, its wandering herds of deer and ponies.

On the very third page Prosper le Gai goes out on his quest, thus:

"He never looked behind at Starning demesne, where he had been born and bred and might have followed his father to church, nor sideways at the broad oaks, nor over to the well-tilled fields on either side his road; but rather prick'd forward at a nimble pace, which tuned to the running of his blood. The blood of a lad sings sharpest in the early morning; the air tingles, the light thrills, all the great day is to come. This lad therefore rode with a song towards the West, following his own shadow, down the deep Starning lanes, through the woods and pastures of Parrox, over the grassy spaces of the Downs, topping the larks in thought, and shining beam for beam against the new-risen sun. The time of his going out was September of the harvest; a fresh wet air was

abroad. He looked at the thin blue of the sky, he saw dew and gossamer lie heavy on the hedgerows. All his heart laughed. Prosper was merry."

Of the fightings and the dallings of Prosper le Gai and of how he became more than a lad, the story has much to tell. Also of Isabel, Countess of Hauteville and Lady of Morgraunt, and of Galors de Born, the recreant monk, and his paramour, Maulfry. But most of all it tells of Isoult, Isoult la Desirous, of what that name signified, of her strange wedding, and of her ill-faring.

"A slim girl, somewhat under the common size of the country, and overburdened with a curtain of black hair; and a sullen, brooding girl, who says little, and that nakedly and askance, and in a pale face two grey eyes a-burning."

That is Isoult, Isoult the "earth-born," as we first hear of her, and countless are the adventures through which we follow her, learning to love her much, not for her beauty alone, but for her great soul and enduring love. Isoult milking the hinds for her lord's breakfast; Isoult doubled and breeched, masquing as a page, with crimson hose and green cap; Isoult, the charcoal burner's Jack, black and uncombed; Isoult hiding with the forest-girls in the shelter of a herd of deer; Isoult a prisoner in the Abbey of Malbank, robed in green silk and fastened to a monk by a steel chain: in every chapter she fascinates and delights. And always she bears the same pure passionate heart, waiting for the day when at last she shall win and be won by her lord. So in the end Prosper le Gai learns "how a man may fall in love with his own wife," and the story has its close.

"What am I to call you, lady wife?" said Prosper, when he had her in his arms again.

'Ah, lord, thou shouldst know by now!'

'Pietosa?'

'Prosper!'

'Isoult la Desirée?'

'If you must.'

'Isoult la Desirous?'

'It would be true.'

'What will you have then, child?'

'Ah, ah, I will have that!'

It was, after all, but a rosy child that Prosper kissed."

* * * *

A Guardian of the Poor. By T. Baron Russell.
(John Lane.)

THE life of the shop-assistant, so carefully treated by M. Zola in *Pour la Bonheur des Dames*, could not long have escaped the pounce of the multitudinous English novelist, and it has here fallen into good hands. Evidently an admiring student of Mr. George Gissing, Mr. Baron Russell has gone to work in a spirit of realism that has resulted in a batch of excellent and convincing stories. The scene in every case is laid within the realm of Borlase & Co., an emporium—to use the language of the advertisement column—situate in the eligible residential neighbourhood of South Camberwell. It is one of those establishments in which the young men and young persons employed "live in," under a *régime* of fines. An "Improver" is a young lady who serves, without wages, for a reference; and it is of an Improver that the first story is writ. Now—

"Some girls at Borlase's were not admitted to general confidence. Nobody complained of them; they were not much spoken to. In general, you would have perceived no exceptional demeanour of the others towards them; they were simply a little apart, and such conversation as was held with them touched only on business matters or general topics. It did not touch the higher region of gossip. Most of these girls were, for their class, pretty. They had, apparently, no bond among themselves; they were merely a little removed from the general commonwealth. . . . An observant person would have noticed, perhaps, that the other young persons did not embrace them. There is much erratic and unsystematic kissing among any collection of girls; but these did not share in any such exercise."

The secret of this exclusion from the freemasonry of the shop becomes evident in the course of the narrative of Edie's persecution by the unctuous hypocrite who was her master. Her helplessness is exemplified in this passage:

"'How dare you threaten me!' he continued fiercely, thrusting his face into hers. 'I'm your master! Now go to bed, and think yourself lucky you are not sent away without a character! You, indeed!'"

The girl slunk away crying, and locked herself in her room. She was very lonely. Her mother, two hundred miles away in Devonshire, counted on this work as a means by which Edie might put herself in the way of earning money—a little money; and even as it was, the work gave her at least food and lodgment. . . . She might have run away, but she had money neither to go home, nor to feed and house herself in London until she could find some other employment. She had no resource but to bear with her lot here. Grey dawn had warmed to pink and crimson before she had sobbed herself to sleep; and no hope came, only perplexity and shame."

The squalid end was hardly to be evaded.

As examples of direct and straightforward narrative these episodes of Mr. Baron Russell's run on a high level. They are convincing studies of a class of the community with the intimate life of which happier folk—which includes almost everybody—are not familiar: a class that is dull and unsimple, but human; and in the hands of a writer of some talent, the misery, the humour, the romance, the jealousies, the grim pettifoggery, and the occasional heroism of this downtrodden race become vivid and interesting.

* * * *

A Bachelor Girl in London. By G. E. Mitton.
(Hutchinson.)

THIS is a distinctly promising piece of work. The author has lived and observed, and, when she writes well within the range of her own experience, every page bears the impress of reality. But here and there she tries to get in some touches of melodrama, and then she fails rather badly. The best part of the book is that which pictures the girl's loneliness in the seething crowd of a great city. Judith Danville comes up to London from a village in the far North country, full of an eager determination to win independence, but

"she had been overwhelmed by discovering what herds of poverty-stricken, unattached women there were in the world. They were all striving and scraping in order to live decently; some had grown old in the struggle, others went sullenly on day by day, doing work which was toilsome, uncongenial, and poorly paid, hating their lives, but seeing no hope, and uncomplaining from mere want of any surplus vitality."

When at last she does obtain employment as a typist, the ceaseless drudgery, the awful monotony nearly breaks her:

"Never since her schoolroom days had she been tied to a table for more than an hour at a time. Of course she had often written to amuse herself, but diversified her writing with many a break when she felt so inclined. . . . She tried not to dawdle, but her back ached; and then as she grew more tired she began to fumble at the notes and strike them wrongly, and once or twice she had to re-type a page."

The author makes a mistake when she introduces the bachelor girl into society, where her experiences are more than a little grotesque and unreal. Some of the conversation is smart, but on the whole Miss Mitton's society pictures do not convince or attract us. There is, however, a capital scene describing Judith Danville's afternoon at the Oval. It is too long to quote, but it proves at once that the writer is a careful and discriminating student of humanity.

Miss Mitton has lavished particular care on her portrait of the 'bus driver whom the bachelor girl makes her confidant. He is certainly a striking figure, but we cannot say that he appeals to us.

Miss Mitton will do better work than this. *A Bachelor Girl in London* is no ordinary first production.

* * * *

A Forgotten Sin. By Dorothea Gerard (Mme. Longard de Longarde). (Blackwood.)

THROUGHOUT the book one's dominant feeling is that with more pains and more elaboration it might have been so much better. The theme would have endured a less sketchy treatment; the characters, so transparent that you read their destinies in the first chapter or two, deserve more solid handling. Against these faults, mainly negative, may certain positive merits be put. *A*

Forgotten Sin is a quiet novel, and we are weary of flamboyance in fiction. True, there is a suicide at the end, but it is decently managed and not vividly described in black—or rather red—and white, as is the wont of some. Indeed, Mr. Morell, to whom it happens, is an eminently respectable person—in his latter days—and careful of appearances. Moreover, he has been a "beauty man" in his youth, and dislikes the idea of disfiguring his still handsome face. Like Hedda Gabler—was it?—he doesn't want to make a mess. His daughter, the heroine, is rather a dolly young woman, and not half so interesting as her mother. There is a good and subtle scene where the plain reserved woman, who has been married for her money and has not enjoyed it, dimly describes the same fate waiting for her child:

"'Nonsense, Mary!' he said, almost roughly, as he turned away. 'There is certainly nothing you can do, nor any need to do anything. You have never taken any interest in business matters, you know, and you wouldn't understand. Quite right you were not to torment me with questions. I recommend the same policy for the future. By the way, what day did Mrs. Stanger say for the carpet dance?'"

"Tuesday," she replied, instantly withdrawing into her shell. Her heart was big with unspoken words as she wistfully watched the man she had once loved slowly moving about the room. Never since the early days of her marriage had her heart so yearned over him as it did at this moment; and although the emotion was compassion and not love, it almost made her believe for a moment that she could love him again, if only he were unhappy enough, and were in enough need of her; but as to putting the thought into words after the rebuff just received, that was as impossible to her as to commit a murder. She therefore said nothing except "Tuesday," and a moment later added, probably by way of reassuring Robert that there were no more questions coming—

"I should have liked to keep Esme in longer, but since you wish it —"

"Pooh! you can't call a dance at Mrs. Stanger's coming out." "A dance may be the beginning of so many things," she sighed, scarcely aware of what she was afraid."

The Fate, who must pass for the hero, is a semi-Spanish young man, who plays the violin, and in the midst of his engagement is fascinated by an opera-singer with "a pair of eyes almost as yellow and almost as fierce as the panther" that she makes her pet. Hence the complications of the plot, happily cut by the discovery that the siren is a natural daughter of the heavy father on whom she desired revenge. Having it, she goes on a foreign tour, and hero and heroine come together in the closing pages. The book, a somewhat uninspired one, is hardly worthy of Mme. Longard de Longarde's previous work. It is readable, and that is as much as can be said for it.

PUBLISHER AND AUTHOR.

THE PUBLISHERS' PROPOSALS.

THE AUTHORS' REPLIES.

THE July number of the *Author* contains a great deal of rather difficult, but highly important, reading. Sir Walter Besant prints the drafts of various agreements which have been drawn up and approved by the Publishers' Association as suitable instruments in dealings between author and publisher. We do not propose to analyse these agreements and the replies to them by the Secretary of the Society of Authors. The discussion necessarily bristles with technicalities. In our Notes and News column we comment briefly on the general features presented by the agreements. Here we have selected portions of the principal draft agreement—viz., the "Suggested Royalty Agreement Between Author and Publisher," together with portions of Mr. G. Herbert Thring's criticisms on the clauses quoted by us. We fear that the subject presents a dry appearance, but readers who care to study the following, clause by clause, and answer by answer, will, at least, find that knotty problems have been grappled with by hard-headed men on both sides.

CLAUSE I.

The Publisher shall at his own risk and expense, and with due diligence, produce and publish the work at present intitled

by

and use his best endeavours to sell the same.

ANSWER.

The Publisher undertakes to produce the work with due diligence. These words, as far as they go, are satisfactory, but the clause is not nearly comprehensive enough. The following points are suggested for consideration: that a date ought to be fixed on or before which the book should be produced; that the form in which the edition is to appear should also be stated, and the price at which it is to be sold to the public.

CLAUSE II.

The author guarantees to the publisher that the said work is in no way whatever a violation of any existing copyright, and that it contains nothing of a libellous or scandalous character, and that he will indemnify the publisher from all suits, claims and proceedings, damages, and costs which may be made, taken, or incurred by or against him on the ground that the work is an infringement of copyright, or contains anything libellous or scandalous.

ANSWER.

Clause 2 may, on the whole, be passed, with the single exception of the words "incurred by." It is fair as between the parties that the publisher should be protected from all suits against him, but there is no reason why the author should indemnify him from all expenses incurred by him, as he might incur unnecessary expenses without the sanction of the author. There ought, therefore, to be some words of limitation by which the author has a voice in any action taken by the publisher.

CLAUSE III.

The publisher shall during the legal term of copyright have the exclusive right of producing and publishing the work in the English language throughout the world. The publisher shall have the entire control of the publication and sale and terms of sale of the book, and the author shall not during the continuance of this agreement (without the consent of the publisher) publish any abridgment, translation, or dramatised version of the work.

ANSWER.

It is difficult to deal with this Clause without, in fact, re-drafting the whole of the agreement, but it should be pointed out that the rights which the author is expected to transfer by this agreement include the rights of production in Tauchnitz form and in America. Such rights are generally left in the hands of an agent, and much better so than in the hands of publishers, for this reason—that a publisher does not, as a general rule, undertake the work of the literary agent. While considering this question, it should be mentioned that one of the peculiarities of publishers' contracts is that in the case of technical works a clause is nearly always introduced conveying the copyright to the publisher.

An agreement containing such a clause should never be signed by an author.

CLAUSE IV.

The publisher agrees to pay the author the following royalties, that is to say:

- (a) A royalty of _____ on the published price of all copies (13 being reckoned as 12 or 25 as 24, as the case may be) of the British edition sold beyond _____ copies.
- (b) In the event of a cheaper edition being issued, a royalty of _____ per cent. on the published price.
- (c) In the event of the publisher disposing of copies or editions at a reduced rate for sale in the United States, or elsewhere, or as remainders, a royalty of _____ per cent. of the amount realised by such sale.
- (d) In the event of the publisher realising profits from the sale, with consent of the author, of early sheets, serial or other rights, or plates for production of the work in the United States or elsewhere, or from claims for infringement of copyright, a royalty of _____ per cent. of the net amount of such profits remaining after deducting all expenses relating thereto.

No royalties shall be paid on any copies given away for review or other purposes.

ANSWER.

The "Author's" complete answer to this clause is too long and detailed for quotation, but we give its criticism on section (a).

In section (a) the royalty is to be paid thirteen copies as twelve or twenty-five as twenty-four. The alternative appears to be left wholly to the discretion of the publisher, who naturally will prefer to pay on thirteen as twelve. Royalties should never be calculated on this basis. All the royalty accounts put forward by the Authors' Society have been (wrongly) reckoned on the basis that the royalty is paid on every copy sold, it having been previously taken into account in the cost of production, that the publisher had to sell thirteen for twelve to the booksellers. This they do not really do, except they sell in quantities, and a great many booksellers are unable to afford to buy in quantities; therefore, in taking the royalty to be paid as in section (a), the publisher is not only profiting by the liberal estimates of the Society with regard to royalties, but is also endeavouring to take in an extra 8 per cent., and the extra amount on those copies, of which there are many, sold in less numbers than twelve.

This fact should also be made clear, that some of the older and more reliable firms have never put forward in their agreements a clause on this basis, but have always paid on every copy.

The clause is also drafted that the royalty should be paid on all copies sold beyond a certain number. This seems to imply that no book can afford to have a royalty paid on it from the beginning. Of course this is not the case, but when such an agreement is placed before an author as an equitable agreement, these points of equity should be clearly explained.

If the royalty is to be paid after the sale of a certain number (generally such a number whose sale will cover the cost of production), then the author must take care (1) that a number beyond the number specified is printed; (2) that he gets a proportionately higher royalty for foregoing it so long—e.g., he must then get 50 per cent. of the trade price.

All royalty agreements should further have the royalty increasing with the sale if they cannot bear a high royalty from the beginning. A royalty increasing with the sale is certainly a fair arrangement as between author and publisher.

* * *

CLAUSE VII.

In the event of the author neglecting to revise an edition after due notice shall have been given to him, or in the event of the author being unable to do so by reason of death or otherwise, the expense of revising and preparing each such future edition for press shall be borne by the author, and shall be deducted from the royalties payable to him.

ANSWER.

Clause VII. might, under certain circumstances—that is, if the publisher has purchased the copyright—be inserted in an agreement, but in the present form of royalty agreement it should be struck out. There is no need for it. Its impracticability with regard to technical writers during their lifetime has been explained.

CLAUSE VIII.

During the continuance of this agreement, the copyright of the work shall be vested in the _____ who may be registered as the proprietor thereof accordingly.

ANSWER.

There is no need either for the insertion of this clause. The copyright is the author's, and must remain so. The clause is inserted evidently with the idea of the copyright being vested in the name of the publisher. This would be a mistake.

CLAUSE IX.

The publisher shall make up the account annually to _____ and deliver the same to the author within _____ months thereafter, and pay the balance due to the author on

ANSWER.

This account clause is so beautifully vague that it is hardly worth while to comment upon it, except to point out that it is a mistake to have accounts made up annually delivered three months after they are made up, with the amounts due payable three months after that, making it possible for the publisher to retain the author's money for nearly eighteen months. This is a common account clause amongst publishers, and no doubt they find it exceedingly useful to have the control of the author's money for so long a period. The mere interest on such money would go a long way to pay the office expenses in a big office. But the inconvenience to the author, not to mention the danger of bankruptcy or similar contingencies to the firm, is very considerable.

CLAUSE X.

If the publisher shall at the end of three years from the date of publication, or at any time thereafter, give notice to the author that in his opinion the demand for the work has ceased, or if the publisher shall for six months after the work is out of print decline or, after due notice, neglect to publish a new edition, then and in either of such cases this agreement shall terminate, and, on the determination of this agreement in the above or any other manner, the right to print and publish the work shall revert to the author, and the author, if not then registered, shall be entitled to be registered as the proprietor thereof, and to purchase from the publisher forthwith the plates or moulds and engravings (if any) produced specially for the work, at half-cost of production, and whatever copies the publisher may have on hand at cost of production, and if the author does not within three months purchase and pay for the said plates or moulds, engravings, and copies, the publisher may at any time thereafter dispose of such plates or moulds, engravings, and copies, or melt the plates, paying to the author in lieu of royalties per cent. of the net proceeds of such sale.

ANSWER.

The first part of Clause 10 is certainly necessary for the protection of the author, as it would be very awkward supposing the publisher refused to produce the book when the author had a certain market for it. If, however, as in the case of some educational works, the publisher desired still to maintain the control of the market, so as not to allow the author to republish a book in competition with one which the publisher had already before the public, it would be easy to evade the clause by having a few copies ready on hand. The latter part of the clause, however, could not possibly be equitable as between author and publisher. It is quite possible that the moulds and engravings might be so worn that they would not be worth half the cost of production, and the copies of the book that the publisher had on hand might not be worth the whole cost of production, as it is quite possible that they might have been damaged or otherwise defaced. If, therefore, the author refused to purchase the books at the cost of production on account of some damage that they had received, it would be possible for the author in reproducing the work with some other publisher to be under-sold. The author should have the option of taking over the stock and plates at a valuation. The danger, however, is not a very large one, as if the book was in such a condition that the author desired to bring out a new edition and the publisher did not, it would most probably argue that the book had very nearly reached the end of its sale, in which case there would most probably be only a few copies on hand. The danger, however, is one that should be guarded against.

* * *

CLAUSE XII.

The term "publisher" throughout this agreement shall be deemed to include the person or persons or company for the time being carrying on the business of the said under as well its present as any future style, and the benefit of this agreement shall be transmissible accordingly.

As witness the hands of the parties.

ANSWER.

Clause 12 should on no account stand. It is most important, as

explained when discussing the parties to this agreement, that the contract should be a personal contract, and this point should always be before authors when signing agreements. They should under no circumstances allow such a clause to pass.

This is a fair comment on the royalty agreement as it stands. Many suggestions might be made as to the insertion of various clauses, and the protection of the author on other points. But, as stated in the opening sentences, these are faults of omission, and the agreement has only been dealt with as regards the drafted clauses. It might be well to mention that some definite time should be fixed on, before which a publisher should not be allowed to make remainder sales.

A LETTER FROM R. L. STEVENSON.

"ALEXANDER IRELAND is known to most book-lovers chiefly as the compiler of *The Book-lover's Enchiridion*, but it will perhaps be as the friend of some of the greatest literary celebrities of his day that he will longest be borne in remembrance. And that day was a long one, for he was born in Edinburgh on May 9, 1810, and died in Manchester on December 7, 1895."

The current number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, in which the above passage appears, prints several letters Mr. Ireland received from literary men, including this communication (one of three) from Robert Louis Stevenson:

"Davos, Switzerland [1881?].

MY DEAR SIR,—This formidable paper need not alarm you: it argues nothing beyond penury of other sorts, and it is not at all likely to lead me into a long letter. If I were at all grateful, it would, for yours has just passed for me a considerable part of a stormy evening. And speaking of gratitude, let me at once, and with becoming eagerness, accept your kind invitation to Bowden. I shall hope, if we can agree as to dates, when I am nearer hand, to come to you some time in the month of May. I was pleased to hear you were a Scot—I feel more at home with my compatriots always; perhaps the more we are away, the more we feel that bond.

You ask about Davos. I have discoursed about it already, rather sillily, I think, in the *Pall Mall*, and I mean to say no more; but the ways of the Muse are dubious and obscure, and who knows? I may be wild again. As a place of residence, beyond a splendid climate, it has to my eyes but one advantage—the neighbourhood of J. A. Symonds. I dare say you know his work, but the man is far more interesting. Davos has done me, in my two winters of Alpine exile, much good; so much that I hope to leave it now for ever, but would not be understood to boast. In my present unpardonable crazy state, any cold night sends me skipping, either back to Davos or further off. It is dear, a little dreary, very far from many things that both my tastes and my needs prompt me to seek, and altogether not the place I should choose of my free will.

I am chilled by your description of the man in question; though I had almost argued so much from his cold and undigested volume. If the republication does not interfere with my publisher, it will not interfere with me; but there, of course, comes the hitch. I do not know Mr. —, and I fear all publishers like the devil, from legend and experience both. However, when I come to town, we shall, I hope, meet and understand each other, as well as author and publisher ever do. I liked his letters; they seemed hearty, kind, and personal. Still, I am notably suspicious of the trade; your news of this republication alarms me.

The best of the present French novelists seems to me, incomparably, Daudet. *Les Rois en Exil* comes very near being a masterpiece. For Zola I have no toleration, though the curious, eminently bourgeois, and eminently French creature has power of a kind. But I would he were deleted! I would not give a chapter of old Dumas (meaning himself, not his collaborators) for the whole boiling of the Zolas. Romance with the smallpox (or the great one)—diseased—and black-hearted, and fundamentally at enmity with joy.

I trust that Mrs. Ireland does not object to smoking; and if you are a teetotaler, I beg you to mention it before I come. I have all the vices; some of the virtues also, let us hope—that, at least, of being a Scotchman and

Yours very sincerely,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

P.S.—My father was in the old High School the last year, and walked in the procession to the new. I blush to own I am an Academy boy; it seems modern, and smacks of the soil.

P.P.S.—I enclose a good joke—at least, I think so—my first attempts, and wood-engravings printed by my stepson, a boy of thirteen. I will put in also one of my later attempts. I have been nine days at the art: observe my progress.

R. L. S."

SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1898.

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All business letters regarding the supply of the paper, &c., should be addressed to the PUBLISHER.

Offices: 43, Chancery Lane, W.C.

NOTES AND NEWS.

IT must be admitted that up to the present the Authors' Society comes off best in the discussion of the agreements suggested by the Publishers' Association. We shall await with considerable interest the Publishers' reply to the criticisms of the *Author*, of which we give a condensed report on page 58. It must, however, be remembered that these draft agreements have only been suggested by the Council of the Publishers' Association, and that they have yet to be discussed and approved by the members of that Association. Under these circumstances it seems a pity that they should have been made public, and that the Council of the Publishers' Association should have thus invited criticism on mere "suggestions."

It is unfortunate that Sir Walter Besant should have felt compelled to indulge in "further comments" in the *Author*. Mr. Thring's arguments are straightforward and businesslike; but Sir Walter writes in a different strain. What can one say of such statements as this:

"The public cares nothing who publishes a book: of all tradesmen the publisher is the least regarded by the world. There is no single name on a title-page, I repeat, which will commend a book to the general public more than any other name."

and this—

"Observe that I do not say that a publisher never runs risks. I say that, as a matter of fact, his risks are few and of very small amount—of even trivial amount—as a rule: and that he need not run risks unless he likes" (P).

In secure retreat in a village under the North Downs, an artist has for some years been at work upon the patient study of nature. Nature at peace, nature in storm,

the clouds in all their angry or placable forms—the tremendous cumulus and minatory nimbus, the gentle cirrus and lowering stratus—of all the moods of the open air he has been a vigilant watcher, recording them in monochrome so persuasive as to shut out from the spectator the desire for colour. This artist is Mr. William Hyde, twenty examples of whose work lie before us in a volume entitled *The Nature Poems of George Meredith*, which Messrs. Constable have just issued.

THE poems themselves—among them being "Love in the Valley," the "Hymn to Colour," "The South-Wester," and "The Thrush in February"—represent to our mind Mr. Meredith's happiest poetical inspiration; but it is the illustrations that render this book remarkable. It must be long since so much loving effort has gone to the illustration of any work; it is longer since so fine a result was attained. Mr. Hyde's work—most comprehensively reproduced by the Swan process—is the work of an artist of great genius. The grandeur and beauty of nature have in him an understanding interpreter gifted with splendid strength of hand. The handsome volume containing these twenty plates is to be treasured, but we hope that Messrs. Constable also propose to issue artist's proofs in a portfolio.

In her preface to *Barry Lyndon*—the new volume of the "Biographical Thackeray"—Mrs. Ritchie quotes this entry from her father's diary in 1844: "In the evening to Mrs. Twiss's music." For Mrs. Twiss read Mrs. Dickens. The explanation is contained in the following "absurd little family tradition connected with the name of Horace Twiss which used to amuse us all. One day that he was dining at the Mansion House my father saw the Lord Mayor nodding at him in a friendly sort of way. 'I know you,' said the Lord Mayor, 'Horace Twiss.' My father disclaimed, but the Lord Mayor went on insisting. It was finally explained that he had taken his guest for Mr. Charles Dickens, and that he was alluding in a complimentary (though somewhat devious) manner to *Oliver Twist* which had lately appeared."

AND here is a passage from a letter of Thackeray belonging to 1840, describing Warwickshire (he was staying at Leamington):

"If you could but see how wonderful the country is, the country of Shakspeare. The old homes of England standing pleasantly in smiling cowslipped lawns, whence spring lofty elms amidst which the breezes whisper melodies, the birds singing ravishing concerts, the sheep browsing here and there, and waddling among the fresh pastures like walking door-mats, the tender lambs trotting about on thick legs; the cows, bullocks, or kine, looking solemnly with large eyes from betwixt their crooked horns, the lusty rustics sauntering round about whistling, the fat yeomanry cavalry swaggering thro' the green lanes. . . . How I wish for Leigh Hunt, or any friend who really loves the country!"

THE Elizabethan Stage Society will give its last performance this season, on the afternoon of July 23. The scene will be the garden of Fulham Palace, which has been lent for the purpose by the Bishop of London and Mrs. Creighton, the time, five o'clock, and the play will be Ben Jonson's "Sad Shepherd," which, left unfinished by the author, has never yet been acted. In case of rain the performance will be given in the Hall of the Palace.

MR. LEONARD SMITHERS announces the publication of an edition of Ben Jonson's "Volpone," embellished with a cover design, a frontispiece in line, and five initial letters, decorative and illustrative, reproduced in half-tone from pencil drawings by the late Mr. Aubrey Beardsley, together with a critical essay on the author of the play by Mr. Vincent O'Sullivan, and a eulogy of the artist by Mr. Robert Ross. Mr. Smither's circular offers certain criticisms of "Volpone" which Mr. Beardsley made while at work upon it. We quote this passage:

"In none other of his plays, not even in 'The Alchemist,' in 'Bartholomew Fair,' or in 'The Silent Woman,' are Ben Jonson's prodigious intellect and ardent satirical genius so perfectly revealed as in 'Volpone.' The whole of Juvenal's satires are not more full of scorn and indignation than this one play, and the portraits which the Latin poet has given us of the lechers, dotards, pimps and parasites of Rome, are not drawn with a more passionate virulence than the English dramatist has displayed in the portrayal of the Venetian magnifico, his creatures and his gulls. Like 'Le Misanthrope,' like 'Le Festin de Pierre,' like 'L'Avare,' 'Volpone' might more fitly be styled a tragedy, for the pitiless unmasking of the fox at the conclusion of the play is terrible rather than sufficient. Volpone is a splendid sinner and compels our admiration by the fineness and very excess of his wickedness. We are scarcely shocked by his lust, so magnificent is the vehemence of his passion, and we marvel and are aghast rather than disgusted at his cunning and audacity."

MR. ANDREW LANG will shortly publish, through Messrs. Longmans, *The Companions of Pickle: being a Sequel to "Pickle the Spy."* Certain criticisms on the theory that Pickle the Spy was Glengarry induced the author to look further into the Jacobite documents at Windsor Castle and elsewhere. The result is this volume—a set of eighteenth-century portraits. Among these is a biography, from MSS. and other sources, of the last Earl Marischal, the brother of Field-Marshal Keith, and friend of Frederick the Great. The other studies are on Murray of Broughton, the traitor, the traitor Banisdale, the Treasure of Cluny, the Troubles of the Camerons (1749-1755), the Persecution of Fassifairn, the Adventures of John Macdonell of Scotus, the last days of Glengarry, and on Mlle. Luci, the mysterious lady minister of Prince Charles. The volume concludes with a statement of the case against Glengarry, from hitherto unpublished documents, including his private letters, and with a view of the state of the Highlands between the Rising of 1745 and the great migration to America. Portraits of the Earl Marischal, Prince Charles, and others are given in photogravure.

THE *Author* should of all papers avoid misprinting the titles of books. Yet in the current number we find Mr. Lang credited with a new volume entitled *The Waking of Religion*. As if Mr. Lang were General Booth!

THE want of a handy and cheap Icelandic-English dictionary has long been felt by students in this country (so a correspondent assures us), and it seems as though we were at last in measurable distance of one. Following the example of Dr. Sweet, who has provided us with a trustworthy old English word-book, Dr. Jón Stefánsson has set himself to compile a dictionary which shall comprehend not merely the ancient language, but also modern Icelandic. Thus the great book of Cleasby and Vigfusson will be both abridged and supplemented. The labours of William Morris and Eiríkr Magnússon—who has, by the way, recently recovered from a severe illness—have had a marked effect in turning the interest of English people towards the North and its literature, but there is still an unaccountable lack of enthusiasm, despite the establishment of the Honours School of English at Oxford.

MR. W. G. COLLINGWOOD, who has acted for some years as Mr. Ruskin's secretary, is preparing a book which will deal with the land of the Sagas, and for which he is utilising many of his own drawings and paintings, the result of an extended tour last summer. An exhibition of these was held last February in Clifford's Inn; and now Mr. Collingwood intends to render his work of permanent value. He will have the assistance of Dr. Jón Stefánsson in the "libretto," and upwards of 150 illustrations will supplement the text.

AMONG the documents which compose the "Oxyrhynchus Papyri" the first part of which, translated by Messrs. Grenfell and Hunt, has just been issued by the Egyptian Exploration Fund authorities, is a letter from a boy to his father. At the lowest computation this letter is sixteen hundred years old, yet how familiar is its tone!—

"Theon to his father Theon, greeting. It was a fine thing of you not to take me with you to the city! If you won't take me with you to Alexandria I won't write you a letter, or speak to you, or say good-bye to you; and if you go to Alexandria I won't take your hand, nor ever greet you again. That is what will happen if you won't take me. Mother said to Archelaus, 'It quite upsets him to be left behind (?)' It was good of you to send me presents . . . on the 12th, the day you sailed. Send me a lyre, I implore you. If you don't, I won't eat, I won't drink; there now!"

Boys write very much like that to-day.

THE Winchester Edition of Jane Austen has now reached *Pride and Prejudice*, which is presented to the reader in two spacious volumes, the page of which is a veritable joy to look upon. Miss Austen is having quite a busy period just now. Mr. George Allen, we understand, is adding an illustrated *Emma* to his reprints of standard

novels. Meanwhile, Messrs. Constable are preparing a handsome edition of Fielding, to which Mr. Gosse will contribute a general introduction.

AMONG the reminiscences of a journalist which are just now a feature of the *New Century Review* we find this month the following new story of the famous Jack Russell, rector of Swimbridge. The "passen" was called to the bedside of an old parishioner. He began:

"'What ails the', old chap?'
'Ah, passen, awm afeard awm dyin'!'
'Well! all o' us 'a got to die, and thou's had a vair look in!'
'That's right, passen! but awm afeard.'
'What's the' afeard o'?' Hasn't murdered anybody, hast the'?'
'Naw.'
'Robbed anybody?'
'Naw.'
'Allus paid th' tithe?'
'Iss.'
'Hasn' meddled wi' any other man's wife?'
'Naw.'
'Then tell the devil to go to hell!'"

The end was peace.

FROM the same notes we take the following memory of Charles Kingsley, whom the writer met when a boy. Kingsley took him to Bideford new bridge, and standing there spoke thus: "This is Bideford bridge!—the new bridge, which I have never seen before. The last time I was here the old bridge was still standing, and in my memory it will stand for ever. Even now, while the new bridge is palpably before my eyes, I seem to see through it, as through a shadow, the solid figure of the old! And let me tell you, boy, that however long your life, or whatever changes it may bring, you will always find your mind going back to the memories and impressions of your youth. And remember too, that whatever joys, whatever successes, whatever conquests may be in store, you will always find that you never were so truly happy, so truly good, as when you were a child!"

A PHILADELPHIAN correspondent takes us to task for speaking of their present embroilment as the Americans' first foreign war. But surely he would not have us allude to the English as foreigners!

It is only fitting that a periodical devoted to the dissemination of Mr. Ruskin's principles should have something to say on the recent wheat operations in Chicago. *Saint George*, the organ of the Ruskin Society of Birmingham, speaks its mind strongly on the matter. Thus:

"It appears to us to be a grave scandal that the laws of any civilised country should permit a man, by reason of his superior wealth, to create an artificial scarcity of wheat by buying up all on the market, and then to re-sell it at a huge gain to himself. The laws of an enlightened country ought to protect its poor from being deprived of their bread in this manner, and its people generally from such dishonest trading. Wealth obtained in such a manner as this is indeed but the 'gilded index of far-reaching ruin; a wrecker's handful of coin gleaned from the beach to which he has beguiled

an argosy; a camp-follower's bundle of rags unwrapped from the breasts of goodly soldiers dead; the purchase-pieces of potter's fields, wherein shall be buried together the citizen and the stranger.' We would remind the Chicago capitalist, and all who condone his conduct, that the merchant's duty, as Mr. Ruskin so truly showed many years ago, is to provide for the nation, and if need be, on due occasion, to die for it. To take advantage of a great crisis for the purpose of personal gain; to add to the horrors of war a condition of affairs, among large masses of the poor, approaching famine, appear to us to mark a nature of colossal selfishness and cupidity, deserving of universal condemnation."

It is disheartening to reflect that Mr. Leiter, jun., is probably not a subscriber to *Saint George*.

MR. RICHARD HARDING DAVIS's new romance, *The King's Jackal*, although it has been published in America but a few days, has already gone into a second large edition. The English edition has yet to come.

ANOTHER American novel which we should welcome in an English dress is a story by Clara Sherwood Rollins, entitled, *Threads of Life*. From the following passages, which we quote from a review in an American paper, we gather that it is more witty and readable than much fiction that crosses the Atlantic:

"Religion is like matrimony. Not the ideal thing perhaps, but the best we know of the kind."

Herbert Fiske was a man who believed in two gods—viz., Health and Himself. He made sacrifices to the former and prayed earnestly to the latter. Therefore his prayers were answered more frequently than most, and at fifty-five he had tasted many of the sweetest joys of life without being satiated.

Some wise old philosopher once said that friendship is one mind in two bodies. When we meet our own mind in another body companionship begins, and life is enchanting."

THE *Atlantic Monthly*, which is taking its old place again among the magazines, has secured two interesting series of articles for its next year. One of these is a bundle of letters from Carlyle to his sister, Mrs. Hanning—"Jenny"—which will be arranged and edited by Mr. Copeland, of Harrow; and the other is the autobiography of Prince Krapotkin.

COUNT TOLSTOI's work on "Christian Teaching," in which he tells the story of the peace of mind and spiritual assurance he now knows, begin, in translation, in the current *New Age*. The translator is Mr. V. Tchertkoff, who states, in his prefatory note, that Count Tolstoi, though still dissatisfied with the document, offered it to English readers through him, in the following words: "I think that, even in its present form, there may be found in it something useful to men. Therefore, print and publish it as it is; and, God willing, if I become free from other works, and still have the strength, I will return to this writing, and will endeavour to make it plainer, clearer, and shorter."

OF Count Tolstoi's message it is too early to speak—only the opening passages are here given—but the venerable teacher claims to stand in line with other men who also have sojourned in the wilderness. Thus:

"At length this solution became perfectly clear, and not only clear, but incontestable as well; because, firstly, it harmonised entirely with the demands of my reason and heart, and secondly, when I came to understand it, I saw that this was not my exclusive interpretation of the Gospel (as it might appear), nor even the exclusive revelation of Christ, but the very solution of the problem given more or less explicitly by the best among men both before and after the Gospel was given; a succession from Moses, Isaiah, Confucius, the early Greeks, Buddha, Socrates, down to Pascal, Spinoza, Fichte, Fierbach, and all those, often unnoticed and unknown, who, taking no teachings on trust, thought and spoke sincerely upon the meaning of life. So that, in learning the truth I drew from the Gospel, I was not only not alone, but I was with all the best men of the past and the present; I became confirmed in this truth, and at peace; and I have since with gladness passed through twenty years of life, and am with gladness drawing near to death."

THE Editor of *The London Year Book* appears to be answering all his critics by letter. Our own reviewer complained that he found in the book such a preponderance of miscellaneous matter that he was at a loss to determine the real character of the work. Referring to our reviewer's remark that he looked for municipal information and found light essays, the Editor writes: "Does your reviewer go to the *Edinburgh Review* in the hope of gathering information about Edinburgh, and about nothing else?" No, he goes to the *Edinburgh Review* for reviews, and to *The London Year Book* for the class of information which is associated with Year Books. Had the contents of Mr. Lawler's publication been in our reviewer's judgment valuable and coherent, he would still have thought the name unfortunate. But he was merely bewildered, and he said so.

A GENTLEMAN, lately returned from the Punjab, has an interesting reminiscence concerning *The Christmas Quartette*. In this little book, written by members of the Kipling family, Mr. Rudyard Kipling made his first appearance between covers. "It was published at Lahore, December, 1885, at the humble price of 2s. (to be quite exact, one rupee eight annas), and had no sale to speak of. Mr. D. P. Masson, then the managing proprietor of the *Civil and Military Gazette*, of which Kipling was sub-editor, told me that until the London boom came he could have 'papered Lahore with unsold copies of the book.' Then the rush began and they went off like wildfire. The demand for copies was tremendous, and the market value of the Kipling *Quartette* in India to-day is just about £6." Not long ago, however, a single copy put up by auction at Sotheby's fetched £12 10s., and a few days since the same author's *Echoes* brought £19 5s., and his *Departmental Ditties* £14.

LAST week we published an interview with a seaside librarian, in which the decay of Mr. William Black's popularity was deplored. This gentleman should be pleased to note that Messrs. Chatto & Windus are adding Mr. Black's *Daughter of Heth* and *Princess of Thule*, two of his most charming stories, to their sixpenny reprints of modern novels.

MR. OSCAR KUHN, the author of a work on *The Treatment of Nature in Dante*, favours us with a copy of the post-card received from Mr. Gladstone in recognition of the gift of a copy. The date is October 9, 1897:

"DEAR SIR,—Accept my hasty but very cordial thanks for the gift of your new work on Dante, of whom I have in my day been a feeble but devoted student.

I rejoice in this new proof that the great poet, in his immortal youth, can traverse the ocean as he floats buoyantly down the centuries, everywhere a blessing to mankind.—I remain your very faithful

W. E. GLADSTONE."

HAVING given so much space to Mr. Kipling's fascinating letter concerning *The Tempest*, we cannot do better than quote some of Mr. Henry Strachey's reply to it in the current *Spectator*. Mr. Strachey pins his faith to William Strachey's pamphlet, published in 1612, on the "Wracke and Redemption of Sir Thomas Gates Knight; upon, and from the Islands of the Bermudas." From Strachey, it is argued both by Mr. Henry Strachey and by the American Shakespearean, Mr. H. H. Furness, the dramatist may have drawn his scenery. Says Mr. Furness:

"Prefixed to one of Strachey's pamphlets on *The Colony in Virginia Britannia*, dated London 1612, there is a Sonnet addressed to the 'Councill of Virinea,' followed by a Preface which is signed 'From my lodging in the black Friars. William Strachey.' To these facts we can apply the universal solvent which subdues everything connected with Shakespeare's biography, and say, it is not improbable that Shakespeare and Strachey were intimate friends, and it is not improbable that of all men it was Strachey whom, full of adventures, of shipwrecks, of tempests, of travellers' stories, Shakespeare 'got quietly in the corner and milked.'"

Mr. Henry Strachey adds: "William Strachey also wrote a copy of verses to Lord Bacon. I leave this fact, and also that William Strachey's initials are the same as those of William Shakespeare, to the Baconians. Surely their ingenuity will be able to get something out of them."

THE members of the Scottish History Society have received the first of the two volumes of *The Diplomatic Correspondence of Jean De Montreuil and the Brothers De Bellievre*, French Ambassadors in England and Scotland, 1645-48. The correspondence, which is reproduced from the original cipher despatches in the archives of the French Foreign Office, and has been edited by Mr. J. G. Fotheringham, relates to the efforts made by France, under the direction of Cardinal Mazarin, to assist Charles I. during the closing years of the Civil War. The

despatches in the present volume deal with Montreuil's negotiations with the Scots Commissioners and Charles I. in the interest of France, and cover an important epoch. They begin in August, 1645, and end with the surrender of the King by the Scots to the English Parliamentary Forces in the beginning of 1647. The second volume will not be published till next year. It will contain Montreuil's letters from Edinburgh (eighty in number) from the time he took up his residence in the Scottish capital, in February, 1647, down to July, 1648, when he returned to France.

THE next publication of the Scottish History Society—it is in the hands of the printer—will be the first volume of *The Papers Relating to the Scots Brigade* at the Hague, consisting of (1) extracts from the resolutions of the States-General; resolutions of the Council of State; portfolios of requests, of diplomatic correspondence, and of military affairs, &c.; and (2) regimental papers kept in the several regiments during the eighteenth century, and now preserved among the municipal archives in the Town Hall of Rotterdam.

LORD ROSEBURY, who is president of the Scottish History Society, has suggested—and the Council has his Lordship's suggestion under consideration—that a book should be compiled (on the lines of Haydn's *Book of Dignities*) setting forth all the honours and dignities conferred by the Stuarts after their departure from England in 1689. There is no list, yet such a list, Lord Rosebery thinks, although not easily compiled, would be invaluable to the historian of the Stuarts. While dignities and ministries are perhaps of ephemeral interest when conferred by dynasties that are actually existing, there is, in the opinion of his Lordship, an element of sympathetic pathos about them when they represent nothing but a faded, an abdicated, and a banished power; and he is not sure that the whole calendar of the melancholy Court of the Stuarts would not have a greater interest both for the historian and the student of human nature than Haydn's book.

In a curious little book entitled *The Place Names of the Liverpool District*, by Mr. Henry Harrison, we are offered on the fly-leaf the following opinions of Liverpool by various and diverse critics:

"'Liverpool . . . that Saxon hive.'

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

'Liverpool . . . the greatest commercial city in the world.'—NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

'That's a great city, and those are the lamps. It's Liverpool.'

'Christopher Tadpole' (A. SMITH).

'In the United Kingdom there is no city which from early days has inspired me with so much interest, none which I would so gladly serve in any capacity, however humble, as the city of Liverpool.'—REV. J. E. C. WELLDON."

To these might be added Mrs. Stowe's remark as the steamer entered Liverpool's river: "The quality of Mersey is not strained."

BURKE.

THIS year is Burke's centenary; and never had English men of letters so literary a statesman to honour. We think of him as the champion of justice to Ireland, India, and America; as the reformer of wrongs and abuses at home; as the prophet of wrath and woe to revolutionary France; but we think of him, at least not less often, as the friend of Johnson and Goldsmith, of Reynolds and Garrick; as the patron of Barry and Crabbe; as a member of The Club, as one of the most living and immortal figures in Boswell. Burke, thundering in Westminster Hall against Warren Hastings, is not more notable to us than Burke among his friends, "winding into his subject," as Goldsmith put it, "like a serpent," and proving himself Johnson's only rival in flow of argument and illustration. He was no Pitt, destined to the premiership from his cradle, and lisping politics in childhood; Burke "commenced author," and turned politician with a mind richly cultured by the humanities and by observation of men. As Arnold says of him, he was "almost alone among Englishmen in bringing thought to bear upon politics and in saturating politics with thought." For that very reason, he is a permanent force in the world of political thought, while his own age found him puzzling, inconsistent, prickly to handle. His political contemporaries busied themselves with the most immediate details of the political moment. Burke could not treat of the simplest question, unless *sub specie æternitatis* and in the light of high ideas, with a mind full of the past and foreseeing the future. Never did statesman bring to a practical mastery of facts so vast a power of poetic and philosophical imagination, so great a command of moral vision. It was his weakness as an orator: harsh of voice, ungainly of gesture, he poured forth profundities of high wisdom in a profusion of over-rushing eloquence, until he wearied the intellectual few and confounded the un-intellectual many. His writings are greater than his speeches, great as those are; and we may feel very confident that we, who read his speeches, admire them more passionately than did our ancestors, who heard them. We can follow at our lonely leisure the miracle of cunning logic that runs through that other miracle of golden eloquence; we can discern the stately structure, the high-wrought design, the imperial composition, better than even the most illustrious of those who watched that tall, gaunt figure with its whirling arms, and listened to the Niagara of words bursting and shrieking from those impetuous lips. The impassioned Irishman who took all human nature, all human history, for his province, was not the most appropriate orator for an audience of Georgian squires and placemen; they may not have appreciated Fox and Sheridan and Pitt, but at the least they must have found them more intelligible, more comfortable speakers. For Burke's oratory, rapid and fervent as it was, and infinitely emotional, was yet literature; it has no sonorous commonplace, no re-itera-

tion of one argument in a thousand forms, none of the devices so necessary for attracting and then holding the attention, for awakening and then keeping the intelligence, of an audience. On the contrary, it is compact of continuous and progressive reasoning; its copiousness of illustration, its wealth of imaginative phrasing, are not rhetorical embellishments to delight the hearers, but the inevitable luxuriance of a full and fertile mind, from which *nihil humani alienum*, which caught inspiration from all regions of its knowledge and experience. Said Johnson, in ill-health: "That fellow calls forth all my powers; were I to see Burke now, it would kill me." If the prince of talkers felt that, it seems probable that the House of Commons felt somewhat stunned and overwhelmed by the serried array of Burke's thoughts and words, so numerous, yet all so necessary. For—think of it!—to Irish eloquence and imagination he added English common sense, and enriched both with wide scholarship, with various learning, with liberal culture. We have the result of it in a series of orations, which are among the choicest glories of literature. Whether as orator or as writer, Burke stands in the great succession: he was almost the last legitimate descendant of Hooker, Bacon, Milton, Taylor, Browne, of the men who used the English tongue with fearless magnificence, with "pomp and prodigality," glorying to reveal its richness of majestic music. His most eminent contemporaries—Hume and Gibbon, and even Johnson—seem absolutely of our day beside him: to find his like, we must look on to De Quincey, Coleridge, Hazlitt, Lamb. But they were, more or less, deliberate imitators of the English ancients: Burke's royal utterance was native to his tongue. Like Hooker, he revered and extolled the sanctity of Law: and can we not easily imagine Burke, not Hooker, author of the most famous praise of Law?

"Of Law there can be no less acknowledged than that her seat is the bosom of God, her voice the harmony of the world: all things in heaven and earth do her homage, the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempt from her power; both angels and men, and all creatures of what condition soever, though each in different sort and manner, yet all with uniform consent, admiring her as the mother of their peace and joy."

This is not only the doctrine of Burke, but it is the style in which, at his noblest moments, he loved to write. The commonwealth, he writes, is consecrated:

"This consecration is made, that all who administer in the government of men, in which they stand in the person of God Himself, should have high and worthy notions of their function and destination; that their hope should be full of immortality; that they should not look to the paltry pelf of the moment, nor to the temporary and transient praise of the vulgar, but to a solid, permanent existence, in the permanent part of their nature, and to a permanent fame and glory, in the example they leave as a rich inheritance to the world."

Burke denounces a "Regicide Peace" with the stately vehemence of Milton defending an earlier regicide: he habitually thought

in "that large utterance of the early gods," but with less of extravagance, more of judgment. There is no English which carries the reader more irresistibly forward than the spacious and goodly English of Burke, as it sweeps and surges on its imperious way.

When Mr. Aubrey de Vere asked Tennyson whether he were a Conservative, the poet answered: "I am for progress, and would conserve the hopes of men." A splendid confession of faith, and very Burke. He had an intense feeling for the betterment of mankind, but upon the *antiqua vice*: he loved reformation, hated innovation. To him there was a mysterious divinity hedging the very existence of civilised societies: behind legal enactment, and social usage, and public order, lay no purely natural origin or principle of growth and life, but "something far more deeply interfused": *θεὸς ὅτι*. He speaks of the State, the Commonwealth, in terms of reverent awe commonly reserved for the Church: be the inherited form of government what it may, it is to him the Ark of the Covenant. That "metaphysical," or "mechanical," or "mathematical" systems and theories should usurp the august place of long descended wisdom, realised and energising through a thousand channels, was a nightmare in his eyes. He was a devotee of facts, patent and established; he appealed to no ideals of Cloud-Cuckoo-Town, but to the circumstances and conditions that he found about him. In a fine sense, he was the prophet of expediency. If certain treatment of the American Colonies, of the Irish Catholics, was visibly ruinous and morally wrong, he cared nothing for demonstrations that it was legally, technically justified; he was always for considering the "nature and necessities" of the case. Viewing the world with eyes trained to see it "steadily and whole," he had no patience with extremes: "the rights of man lie in a middle." We must give and take. The one thing fatal is to insist upon rigid adherence to any abstract principle, axiom, proposition, up in the air, rather than to the visible and tangible facts, clothed with flesh and blood, among which we live. To reject the past, to become a voluntary *parvenu* and orphan, to long for a vulgar *nouvelle richesse* in principles and institutions, is to make yourself a sorry and shivering spectacle before the angels. Burke was both reformer and reactionary, but always consistent; from first to last he fought for the reform or the improvement of society; but let it go unreformed and unimproved, if reform and improvement mean radical innovation. His temper was much that of Erasmus and More in the sixteenth century. Reform the Church! Yes, with all our hearts; but if reformation mean deformation, and to purify the Church be to unchurch it, no! To Burke the horror of the French Revolution lay in its wanton destruction of ancient ties with the national past, its ruthless waste of venerable institutions. He was no sentimentalist aghast at bloodshed and spoliation, deeply as they moved him. With his friend Goldsmith he would not be content to mourn over the picturesque desolation of "Sweet Auburn," its ruined

gardens and crumbling cottages; he, too, would find the real sorrow in the fact that

"A bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed, can never be supplied."

When Jacobins rapturously destroyed what no power could supply—a truth acknowledged by Carlyle—Burke mourned with a more than Jacobinical intensity. But he brought the same intensity of protest against the mad Toryism which, relying upon prescriptive right, insisted upon wronging British America: in each case he saw things as they in truth were, not with distorted vision. It was clearness of vision to discern what was, which gave him "something like prophetic strain"; half his passion proceeded from a sense of foreseeing so clearly from to-day's facts, what must be to-morrow's, while others were in judicial blindness. It is terrible to be Cassandra; and that was often Burke's exasperating lot.

But his wisdom is for all time, not for the last century. When we wish to study principles of government, of statecraft, of political philosophy, which breathe the very reality of humanity, yet are filled with a sacred spirit from "an ampler ether, a diviner air" than ours, we can turn with security to our Chrysostom of statesmen. Turgenev calls one of his creatures "the idealist of realism." With a loftier signification it is true of Burke.

SOLDIERS' SONGS.

MR. CHARLES WILLIAMS is an old campaigner who should know well the musical needs of Mr. Thomas Atkins. One therefore turns with particular interest to the little collection of songs which he has compiled, under the title *Soldiers' Songs* (Routledge & Sons), for the delectation of the British Army during its off hours, and its encouragement on the march. "Several times," he says in his preface, "in the field and in camp, with British troops abroad and at home, it has occurred to me how desirable it would be to have a book of songs something on the lines of the *Soldatenliederbuch* of the Prussian Army, but adapted to our more popular institutions and to the Voluntary Service, which is the pride of so many among us. In my writings I have more than once suggested such a book, but as nobody has come forward with anything resembling what was in my mind, I ventured to ask permission of the Heads of the Army to attempt the task, and I have submitted the compilation to the Commander-in-Chief, who has been pleased to sanction its publication." The book, then, is more or less official. The taste of the singing soldier is very much the taste of the singing student, and that genial and enkindling work *The Edinburgh Students' Song Book*, were it stripped of whatever is purely academical, such as the loyal ditties by the late Prof. Blackie, would provide the soldier with as excellent an entertainment as he could wish. Indeed, we are disposed to think he might prefer it to Mr. Williams's collection, where the military spirit is more insisted upon; for singing, whether on the march or in the

canteen, is a matter of relaxation, and in relaxation one does not wish to be continually reminded of one's trade. The soldier's trade is war; we doubt if he wishes his music, as well as his officers, to emphasise this point. But from the editor's own contributions we gather that that is not Mr. Williams's opinion.

"There's soldiers none in any realm
More loyal to the Flag;
Our sailors steady to the helm
And to the 'Glorious Reg.'"

There's unity in Britain's bounds
Under the triple cross,
'God save the Queen,' the Empire sounds,
For her, life counts but dross."

This is the kind of thing that Mr. Williams would have Tommy Atkins cheer his steps withal; and this:

"Where'er the Empress-Queen's revered,
The Old Home is to hearts endeared,
In every hour of every day
A British heart is felt to say,
We know, we know
Why Empireland doth greater grow.

Justice to all, or weak, or strong,
This does to Empireland belong,
Black men and white securely feel
Protection from the commonweal;
'Tis so, 'tis so,
Our Empireland doth greater grow."

And this:

"In our valour and skill now confiding
All the Empire awaits our success,
On us is her fate now abiding,
On her knees she does each of us bless.

March on! as the millions before us,
That great empire have won in their age
We, singing our patriot chorus,
Will illumine our history's age."

The chorus being:

"To fight for England's glory!
'Tis the noblest task
That our hearts can ask,
To fight for England's glory."

These sentiments are noble enough, but are they what soldiers want to sing? We have great respect for Mr. Williams's judgment, but at the same time we beg to doubt if his zeal has not somewhat carried him astray. The soldier on march, and of an evening over his pot of beer, prefers fun or sentimentalism. If he is to be reminded of war, he would prefer it to be done humorously, as in Bon Gaultier's "Raid of the MacTavish," which, with its perfect air, is omitted by Mr. Williams, or in Peacock's "War Song of Dinas Vawr," to which, we believe, no music has yet been supplied. Mr. Atkins knows too much of what war really is to wish to upraise his voice in Mr. Williams's platform lyrics. (But possibly—the thought strikes us—Mr. Williams knows that, and has dropped in these efforts for the joy of the Voluntary Service.) We must not seem to convey the impression that Mr. Williams offers nothing comic, or festive, or wistful. On the contrary, he prints "The Leather Bottel" and "Kate Kearney"—

"But who dares inhale her sigh's spicy gale
Must die by the breath of Kate Kearney"—
and "Fanny Dearest," and "The Bowld Sojer Boy," and "The Mistletoe Bough," and "The Tight Little Island," and "The

Red, Red Rose," and "Judy Callaghan," and "Annie Laurie," and the "Widow Machree," and "Sally in Our Alley," and "Tom Bowling," and "The Girl I left behind Me," and "The Bailiff's Daughter," and "My Dog and My Gun." But "The Old Folks at Home" (that eternal favourite) is curiously lacking; and for high spirits we seek almost in vain. Mr. Williams, we fear, would have the soldier a shade too literary. Leaving music-hall ditties (which Mr. Atkins can always acquire, by a kind of instinct, without the assistance of print at all) out of the question, there are certain classic pieces of nonsense with which Mr. Williams might well have salted his collection: "Up-i-dee," for example, and "Clementine," "There is a Tavern in the Town" and "John Peel" (though this is not nonsense), "The Death of Cock Robin," and "The Old Umbrella." Probably it was for "political reasons," to which Mr. Williams alludes in his preface, that the immortal "Wearing of the Green" was left out.

Another point. We have found fault with Mr. Williams for giving too little of high-spirited fun: might he not with profit have done more also in the opposite direction? What we miss in this collection, and, indeed, in most collections of the kind, is an expression of a feeling finer and deeper than mere patriotism is, a reminder that a soldier has a soul as well as a Lee-Metford. It may be that at Headquarters it is considered expedient to keep such a fact in the background; and Mr. Williams, knowing this, is not to be blamed. At the same time an occasional suggestion, if it could honestly be made, that God really is on the side of the big battalions—that is, of England—and that we do not fight always to gain or secure territory, but sometimes in the interests of right and justice, would be cheering. Mr. Williams, it is true, in one of the songs he has written for the volume, has this stanza:

"For Queen and Country still we fight
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
And Britain always fights for right,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
To liberate and not enslave,
Upon the land or on the wave,
Her mission is—hurrah!"

But one would like something a little more explicit. There is nothing, for example, in this book even faintly to recall Julia Ward Howe's glorious "Battle Hymn of the Republic," which the Northerners sang, thousands strong, in the American Civil War. How does it run?—

"Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming
of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the
grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His
terrible swift sword;
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a
hundred circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the
evening dews and damps;
I have read His righteous sentence by the
dim and flaring lamps;
His Day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished
rows of steel—

'As ye dealt with my contemners, so with
you My grace shall deal';

Let the Hero born of woman crush the
serpent with His heel,

Since God is marching on.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall
never call retreat;

He is sifting out the hearts of men before
His judgment-seat;

Oh! be swift, my soul, to answer Him; be
jubilant, my feet,—

Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born
across the sea,

With a glory in His bosom that transfigures
you and me;

As He died to make men holy, let us die to
make men free,

While God is marching on."

That is a soldiers' song worth marching to.

JULES MICHELET.

MICHELET's position among French historians may be likened to Sir Walter Scott's among our novelists. He is the wizard of history, whose evocations have the brave air of romance that suffices to beguile the dullest. But the Anglo-Saxon reader will inevitably cry out: "Too much imagination, too much sentiment, too much passion; above and beyond all, too many words." For Michelet was an infatuated romantic, who took to history as the others took to dramas, poetry, novels and fatal attitudes. Hence the grand air, the grandiloquent style, the impassioned declamations against iniquity, injustice. He best describes himself in his definition of the leaders of the Revolution: *complete men*, uniting the masculine and the feminine natures. Had he lived in those stormy days, I am not convinced that his sensibility, his nervous indignation, his hatred of Marie Antoinette would have suggested a more humane method of reform than those suggested by the ferocious sensibility of the remoter complete man, male and female. Even years afterwards, the sorrows of Marie Antoinette wring from him no words of pity. On the part of the people he will condone the worst brutalities, while a glance of contempt from an exasperated queen calls for the wrath of heaven.

At the moment of his centenary, Messrs. Calmann-Levy are issuing a new edition of Michelet's works, with prefaces by the best modern writers. Coppée, the friend of the Parisian sparrow, the winged Gavroche, writes a pleasant preface to *L'Oiseau*, one of the most charming of Michelet's books, a delightful mingling of reminiscences, reveries, fancy, natural history, anecdote, and poetry in a softer key than his usual flamboyant and hysterical prose. Loti prefaces most musically, if not with luminous or critical genius, *La Mer*, another fine and poetical work. André Theuriot will preface appropriately *La Montagne*, Jules Claretie *Les Femmes de la Renaissance*, Anatole France *La Sorcière*, Sully Prudhomme *La Bible de l'humanité*, Jules Lemaitre *L'Amour*, &c. There will be the usual deluge of articles, of

studies, of discourses—for Michelet is the glory of the Republic.

The man himself deserves all the admiration we find so excessive when lavished on his work. An incessant labourer, his industry is not only incomparable, but bewildering. In a single life so much accomplished! Whether we like the work or not, its multiplex aspect, its diversity of projects and interests, leave us abashed and humiliated, and we recognise the man's claims upon our admiration. And not only an indefatigable worker, but a tender-hearted, generous creature, full of passionate pity for suffering, fired to passionate fury by injustice and evil, a man of lofty principle and of austere life, disinterested in his prejudices, sympathetic by his very defects, which were the result of his love for the poor and humble.

It is impossible to share his faith, that the people in all lands are in the right whatever they do, and the aristocrats the miscreants and stony-hearted tyrants his imagination so fiercely paints them. And he quite ignores the tyrannical spirit of democracy when it gets the chance of ruling. But however illogical and prejudiced he may be, though we deplore that a man of such commanding genius as his should be so dense to the patent fact that the failings of the upper classes, just as well as those of the lower, have their origin not in class, but in humanity, and are largely traceable to our inherited weaknesses, we cannot ignore that generosity is at the root of those very prejudices that exasperate the balanced and intelligent reader. It is a virtue preached ages ago in Palestine by the first of Socialists and Republicans, to be on the side of the feeble and humble, and in his ruthless pursuit of this virtue Michelet proves himself an ardent Christian.

Another defect as a historian is an abuse of detail. Large effects are lost in the ocean of daily evidence. He spares nothing in his endeavour to evoke the past in its full and minute detail of environment, and he is persistently personal, digressive, and anecdotal. Oh, his apostrophes! Page after page of frenzied metaphor, idle invectives showered at the shades of crowned rascals, long-drawn tears of pity, impotent shouts of indignation, the eloquent levelling of tyrants worthy of the rostrum rather than the professor's chair. All this must you endure while history stands still instead of marching forward; and when you return to the interrupted event, you find your head a-weary with inflated verbiage and the exhibition of factitious emotion. By an excess which touches on the comedian's art, we are led, in spite of ourselves, to doubt the writer's sincerity. Such an abuse of apostrophe produces an opposing sensation of void. Michelet's brutality and Renan's urbanity lead us by diverse ways to the same open country, where all is doubt and indecision. The gracious gaiety of the one and the knock-me-down sensibility of the other obliterate for us all sense of security in our guides. Renan too visibly desires to captivate and Michelet too emphatically intends to maul, and we distrust equally the syren and the pugilist.

But if in the immortal tragedy of the

Revolution, which could not possibly be the same thing to Michelet and to us, since he was almost a spectator of those terrible scenes and knew all the actors, he seems too hard upon the Queen when sorrow struck her, he is not blind to the vices of her enemies. He can be severe enough upon the leaders, and calls Robespierre "the political Tartuffe, a tyrannical soul," and Marat "a vain, maniacal visionary, and charlatan." Even a Royalist could hardly go further. It is the people he takes for his hero, the great conscienceless, suffering people, animal in its resignation, superb, inevitable, and awful in its fury, like the sea, the elements. And just as passionately as he loves the people does he loathe England. Read him in *La Renaissance*, to see how far this hate carries him. Occasionally he leaves an Italian court or a French battlefield to hurl a page of insult at the abhorred island—which is illogical, when you consider that Michelet adopts the French Protestants and Free-thinkers as his brethren; a fact that ought to make him indulgent to a race one of the first to clamour for that reform of the Church he so enthusiastically admires.

As well as a prolific writer of history, Michelet was for ten years a professor of history at the École Normale. This is how his pupil, M. Gabriel Monod, portrays him there:

"A young man of slight build, a rosy visage enframed by long hair turning grey already, in an evening-suit, knee-breeches, silk stockings, and pumps. He seemed unaware of the severity of the weather; his ardent glance testified to the inward flame that animated his frail body; thought irradiated from his wide brow and from the lively flashing of his eyes; speech seemed ready to burst forth, vibrant and coloured, from his fine and mobile mouth; his straight nose, with shuddering nostril, showed a sensibility ever awake. He carried under his arm a few books or copy-books; walked quickly, with his head held high, as if animated and inspired by an inward dream; alien to all around him, except when the sight of a horse brutalised by a waggoner, or a dog martyred by children, caused him a brusque jerk, and drew from him a cry of indignation."

"When he spoke," says M. Monod, "we forgot cold and fatigue, the damp nudity of the miserable installation, and for two hours dwelt in a world of fairyland, where all was light, warmth and life." Michelet inspired his pupils with so consuming, so ardent a devotion, that one of them described it rather as "the passion of a lover for his mistress." He was a magician whose eloquence was winged and dreamy, not large and studied like that of the masters of rhetoric, but suggestive, always full of surprise as the revelation of his own personality athwart the haze of history. Now he thundered against the Church, of which he is the embittered enemy; now against royalty; ever and always against despotism under any form. It must have been monotonous to hear, as it is decidedly monotonous to read. Passion in him becomes dull for lack of variety and humour. He never laughs; if he smiles, it is with a tear of sensibility near his lashes.

However glowingly his fervent disciples may write of him, they cannot lend vivacity

to his heavy eloquence, nor brightness to his impervious density. This will sound an enormous profanation to the faithful, and they are many in modern France. Michelet, the impassioned, the thrilling historian, the man of intense vision and interpretative genius, the glorious writer of those prose poems in natural history, *L'Oiseau* and *La Mer*! I hear their ejaculations and see conviction of my insular perversity in the eyes of enthusiasts. Well, I stand by my statement. Michelet is the densest of natures by very reason of that sensibility they so belaud. It enabled him to see only one side in each phase of history he studied; reserved all his sympathies for the elected prejudice. He is not large or convincing, and even his generosity, in its blind persistence, wearies in the end. One misses the counteracting element of humour. He is an incomparable master of history, so far as his limited genius goes, and reveals this art in a profusion of futile words and pages that essentially lessen the value of his work. The reader longs to boil him down and down into a half-dozen neat little volumes. Then, alas! he is so terribly sentimental; but that is a deficiency of his race when it feels too deeply. His rhetoric swings from shrill hysterics to thundering wrath. And what, after all, does it matter? The historian's mission is surely not that of a judge; and it is precisely this mission that Michelet has arrogated, with a sublime Hugoesque echo of denunciation running through all his erudition. Yet with all this passion for the picturesque and for inflated phrase, we understand the nation's worship of her great man; for a certain logical *natveté*, a warm, indefinable charm of character, attracts us too, even when the writer bores.

H. L.

THE BOOK MARKET.

"THE HARMSWORTH MAGAZINE."

SOME INTERVIEWS.

THE publishing week has been redeemed from dulness, not to say vacuity, by the issue of the *Harmsworth Magazine*, and by the upheaval which that event has caused among news-agents great and small. Indeed, the stir among the news-agents is for the moment more interesting than the magazine itself. The magazine strikes one at the first glance as a wonderful production at the price. The price!—there's the rub. The plain man might suppose that a magazine, even one like the *Harmsworth*, could be launched at 3d. without friction, and that the finance of the matter would cause no one save the proprietors a moment's anxiety. But in order to carry out their design of giving to the public a colossal magazine for threepence Messrs. Harmsworth have dictated terms to the trade which are new and unpopular. It will be doubted by anyone who handles the *Harmsworth Monthly Pictorial Magazine* (to give it its full title) whether such a monster budget could be made to pay on the accepted lines of magazine

management. The labour and substance represented within its covers must cost a sum in the light of which the selling price, 3d., appears incredible, or, at the best, quixotic. It is not surprising, therefore, that Messrs. Harmsworth's terms to the trade are unprecedented in their severity. The reception accorded to these terms by newsagents has varied greatly, but we do not exaggerate when we say that the whole camp of retailers of periodical literature has been thrown into turmoil.

Consider and compare the following documents, in which the emotions of the trade have found vent in the last few days. We take them in a suggestive order:

I.

(From an Advertisement by Messrs. Smith & Son.)

Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son regret to have to inform their customers and others that they are unable to execute orders for the *Harmsworth Magazine*, owing to the fact of the proprietors refusing to supply them, except upon terms which make the sale of the magazine upon the railway bookstalls an impossibility, save at a considerable loss.

II.

(From a London News-agent's Window.)

The *HARMSWORTH MAGAZINE* sold here. 3d.

III.

(From the Cover of a Bought Copy of the Magazine.)

As it is impossible for the majority of booksellers and newsagents to sell this Magazine at 3d., except at a loss to themselves, it has been decided to charge 3½d. The increased price leaves about a farthing profit to the shopkeeper after establishment charges are met.—R. N. & B. UNION, 185, Fleet-street.

IV.

(From a News-agent's Advertisement.)

The *HARMSWORTH MAGAZINE*. Cash, 2½d. Booked, 3d.

A magazine which can be bought in London at three different prices, yet cannot be had on Messrs. Smith's bookstalls, needs no other new features to attract notice. It resembles those heroes whose births have been attended by prodigies.

These things being so, a representative of the *ACADEMY* has made inquiries into the matter, and we print below his reports of short interviews which he has had with those whose opinions were best worth obtaining.

INTERVIEW WITH MR. ALFRED HARMSWORTH.

OUR representative had a rapid talk with Mr. Alfred Harmsworth, whom he found in his office in Tudor-street, the central figure of the situation. "They are saying, Mr. Harmsworth, that you are riding roughshod over all the traditions of the news

trade, and denying the poor country news-agent a fair profit on your magazine."

Mr. Harmsworth was striding about his room, alert, magnetic, with the air that Napoleon might have worn when his artillery were taking their position on a strategic hill-top. "My answer to all that," he said, "is that up to the present moment—it is half-past twelve by this clock—I have sold six hundred thousand copies of my magazine."

"Messrs. Smith & Son?"

"Well, they have had their monopoly long enough. It were well for them if the man who created it were back in their midst. He was a statesman. But they have abused their monopoly, and it must go."

"Messrs. Smith & Sons say they cannot sell your magazine on your terms without loss."

"Then how does Graham sell it on the Glasgow bookstalls? Oh, I'm so tired of arguing and it is such a very old story! Did not I have to fight to get the half-penny *Daily Mail* sold on the bookstalls, and did not Sir Edward Levy-Lawson have the same fight with the *Daily Telegraph*, and did not we win?"

"The poor country news-agent?"

"The poor country news-agent is selling our magazine by hundreds of thousands. As for his doing it at a loss, that is absurd. I don't say that the magazine can be sold in every remote village."

"But in the towns?"

"Well, Manchester's first order was for 1,760 dozens, and they are repeating and repeating; and here are orders and congratulations from all England."

"You intend to fight Messrs. Smith & Son?"

"Yes, I do. It amuses me. It is good sport. You may look for a splendid fight."

THE POSITION AT MESSRS. SMITH & SON'S.

OUR representative has excellent authority for stating that the situation is regarded by Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son as a grave crisis. The firm declare that their working expenses exceed 25 per cent., and are continually increasing. Were they to accept the terms offered them by Messrs. Harmsworth, they would be selling the *Harmsworth Magazine* at a loss. We happen to know that the best terms yet offered to Messrs. Smith & Son by Messrs. Harmsworth are 2½d. net per copy. The margin of ½d. a copy would not cover Messrs. Smith & Son's working expenses.

Two grave considerations which have not received much mention complicate the situation from Messrs. Smith & Son's point of view.

The first is this: That, were they to pay Messrs. Harmsworth the price they demand they would be giving that firm an unfair advantage over their rivals. Mr. Newnes would be certain to demand terms proportionately as good for the *Strand Magazine*, and thus the movement would spread and profits on magazines would be abolished.

The second matter is this: Messrs. Smith & Son are hampered in their struggle with

Messrs. Harmsworth by the right (as yet unexercised) which the railway companies possess, to insist that they shall retail any given magazine at the railway book-stalls, and at its published price. The companies have this right by contract; and it is not at all impossible that they may exercise it, for they may argue that the public must not be put to inconvenience on the platforms. Messrs. Smith & Son are appealing to the retail trade to aid them in the struggle, which they admit is likely to be a stern one. In spite of these difficulties, Messrs. Smith & Son are absolutely resolved not to sell the *Harmsworth Magazine* except on terms more favourable than those offered them hitherto.

THE SMALL NEWSAGENT.

ONE of the men of the hour is Mr. Gowing Scopes, the secretary of the Retail News-agents' and Booksellers' Union. Mr. Scopes has made a most vigorous effort to band together town and country newsagents in a league, whose members will agree to sell the *Harmsworth Magazine* only at 3½d. Our representative said:

"Why have you done this thing?"

"Because it is my duty to look after the interests of newsagents, and those interests are being trampled upon by Messrs. Harmsworth."

"Do you say it is impossible for news-agents to sell the *Harmsworth Magazine* at 3d.?"

"It is impossible for them to do so in London and make a profit. In the country the ordinary newsagent would do it at an actual loss. My plan has therefore been to induce news-agents to circumvent Messrs. Harmsworth by selling their magazine at 3½d."

"Are your efforts meeting with success?"

"Oh, yes; and especially in the North of England. In Reading, Leicester, Colchester, Burnley, Blackburn, Leeds, Bury, and many other towns that I might name, the magazine is being sold, under our special label, at 3½d. I could have achieved far greater results if there had been time; but it seems to have been part of Messrs. Harmsworth's policy to delay as long as possible the issue of their circulars announcing the terms on which they proposed to supply the *Harmsworth Magazine*. Consequently, I have had only a few days in which to consider the matter and take action."

"Well, how do you prove that Messrs. Harmsworth's terms are unfair to the retailer?"

"It is plain enough. Messrs. Harmsworth charge the trade 2s. 6d. per dozen copies of their magazine with no thirteenth copy thrown in. In London these terms can be endured. I say *endured*. They are not fair even in London, and the London news-agents who are selling the magazine on these terms are not making a fair profit, for the margin of a halfpenny on each copy is only sufficient to cover working expenses. In the country the case is much worse. There carriage must be paid, —paid, mind you, on a magazine that weighs

nearly 1 lb. per copy. It is simply impossible for the country newsagent to sell at 3d. without dead loss. If, on the other hand, he goes to a local wholesale man he is charged 2s. 9d. a dozen. This I know to be the fact. Thus out of the beggarly 3d. that he will make on the sale of a dozen copies he must provide the proportion of rent and working expenses. He cannot do this, still less earn a living wage."

"Well, but we find news-agents cheerfully selling the magazine at 2½d.?"

"Yes—in despair, and for advertisement. If a man sees that nothing is to be made by selling an article, yet something is to be lost by not selling it, he may make up his mind to sell it at cost price, or even less, in order to bring people to his shop, and ride on a boom."

"Do you consider that the action taken by Messrs. Smith & Son in refusing to sell the magazine on Messrs. Harmsworth's terms is justified?"

"Yes, I do; and they have my fullest sympathy and support. Messrs. Smith can no more afford to sell the *Harmsworth Magazine* at 3d. than the poorest newsagent—that is, if business is to be business. Their working expenses amount to fully 25 per cent. of their takings. Their rents are enormous, and they have been so squeezed by the railway companies of late years that what might have been possible to them ten years ago is impossible now. Besides, if they were to consent to pay Messrs. Harmsworth a higher price for the *Harmsworth Magazine* than they pay—proportionately—for the *Strand Magazine*, what would be the result? Mr. Newnes and Mr. Pearson would naturally demand equally good terms, and business would be rendered impossible. I tell you that Messrs. Harmsworth's terms are impossible. They have no right to take the profits on their magazine out of the retailer's pocket; yet that is what they are doing all round."

"Will they succeed in their policy?"

"I think not. They are very powerful, and they have worked this revolution—so far as it has gone—very cleverly. But I believe that the Trade will quickly realise that they cannot allow the Messrs. Harmsworth to be dictators of their business."

WILL THE HARMSWORTH MAGAZINE PAY?

OUR representative's last inquiry was addressed to a high authority in the Publishing Trade. To this gentleman he put the question:

"Do you think a 3d. magazine, such as the *Harmsworth* can pay under any conditions?"

"It is a question. In America such magazines thrive, but they live on their advertisements, and the advertisement markets of the two countries are utterly different. In America you have an enormous, level, and homogeneous population to work upon. There, an advertiser appeals to the broad mass of the nation, and it pays to do so. Hence magazines, like *Munsey's* and the *Cosmopolitan*, attain huge circulations and are sold at 10 cents. But in England the

public is many publics. Circulation is not everything. It is more important to the advertiser that he should hit *his* public, be it ever so small, than the general public. Hence we have myriads of papers with small circulations, but fat advertisement pages. Don't you know that Mr. Munsey came over here some years ago for the express purpose of finding out whether he could safely launch a cheap magazine like the *Harmsworth*? After months of careful inspection, he went back to America declaring that the English advertisement market was not ripe for such an enterprise. Mr. Harmsworth, of course, has many advantages over Mr. Munsey. He already occupies a strong position in the English market. Well—yes—the *Harmsworth Magazine* may succeed, probably will succeed."

CORRESPONDENCE.

NEEDLESS EMENDATIONS IN THE TEXT OF "MACBETH."

SIR,—The only text of "Macbeth" that has any pretension to authority is that contained in the First Folio. The existence of some obvious misprints and the absence of any quartos for the purposes of collation have, unfortunately, given critics an impression that they have a free hand generally to deal with the text according to their will, and they have certainly pushed their self-assumed charter to the extremest limits. It is probably not too much to say that the final edition—which is, I venture to think, hardly within measurable distance of attainment—will be chiefly marked by the restoration of many of the rejected readings of the First Folio. Among other instances where it is not unlikely that this will be the final verdict, are the following passages:

(1) Act I., sc. 7, ll. 45-47:

"Prithee, peace:
I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares no more is none."

So stands the original—apart from punctuation and spelling, which are, after all, matters of variable fashion. Rowe altered the last line into

"Who dares do more is none"

—a reading which strongly appealed to Dr. Johnson's moralising tendencies; and, no doubt, owing to his support, seems to have firmly established itself in the text. If, however, we take "no more" as equivalent to "no longer," we shall find the Folio reading to be much more in keeping with Lady Macbeth's retort. Macbeth simply intimates that it is absurd to charge him with cowardice; if he lacked courage he would not have gained his great reputation; daring and manhood are the same thing, and he has fully proved his title to either attribute. Lady Macbeth replies that if he shrinks from the deed he must have been less than man when he broached the subject of its commission to her. Then he appeared to have sufficient daring to do it; he seemed then, indeed, to be a man. But it was all put on. For now, when

circumstances are much more favourable, his courage forsakes him—a manifest proof on his own showing that he was never man enough to do the deed. Her speech furnishes no answer to Macbeth if he said, as Rowe suggested, "Who dares do more is none." She clearly understands his words to mean that daring and manhood are synonymous, and cleverly fastens upon the form in which he clothes this sentiment to gain her point. If he holds back he cannot deny that he dares no longer, and therefore is not a man.

(2) Act II., sc. 1, ll. 52-56:

"and withered murder,
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy
pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing sides, towards his
design
Moves like a ghost."

The editors have hastened to "improve" this passage by substituting "strides," or "slides," for "sides." Yet, I would submit, that it is capable of a perfectly satisfactory interpretation as it stands. Murder is here described as bringing forward his side with each step, so as not only to lengthen the step and therefore get over the ground with greater speed, but also to ensure the foot falling flat and noiselessly. The text graphically expresses a combination of rapidity and stealth. Tarquin's movement on his baneful errand may be presumed to have been similar. But it has even been suggested that we should read "with Tarquin's ravishing ideas"—an amusing instance of the lengths to which conjectural emendation can go.—I am, &c.,

ALFRED E. THISELTON.

July 2.

BOOK REVIEWS REVIEWED.

"EVELYN INNES."

MR. MOORE'S novel, laboriously written, has provoked criticism of the most careful kind. The *Speaker* devotes two articles to the novel. In these Mr. Quiller-Couch sets *Evelyn Innes* and *Esther Waters* side by side as being Mr. Moore's more mature and serious works, and he thus qualifies them:

"The idea of *Esther Waters* was the persistency and patient, but invincible, courage of the maternal instinct. The idea of *Evelyn Innes* is the persistency and invincible strength of private conscience. Each of these makes for goodness in the world, makes for moral beauty, and (whatever standard of salvation you set up) makes for salvation. Therefore each of these ideas, seriously presented, must make a moral book."

"Seriously presented." It is in his second article that Mr. Quiller-Couch asks himself the vital question whether the story of *Evelyn Innes* has been seriously, or rather truthfully (for he admits that Mr. Moore's seriousness cannot be questioned), presented; whether, in fact, this novel proves, to the moral benefit of the reader, that conscience cannot be trifled with. It is here that Mr. Quiller-Couch grapples with the, to him, unsatisfactorily drawn character of Evelyn. Thus:

"She baffles me in the first hundred pages, and by reason of this difficulty I am never

quite able to get on terms with her. She has the accusing conscience afterwards—and a plenty of it. But in the beginning she is not instinctively chaste. To put it down rightly, Mr. Moore does not appear to me to have so much as an inkling of the strength of chastity with which all but the quite abnormal women start equipped. By hypothesis Evelyn is normal enough to have a conscience in this, and a conscience which afterwards exacts heavy compensation for her trespass. Then it seems to me that to give full moral as well as artistic weight to these reproaches, the original trespass should have been less careless and easy, the native instinct more tenacious in defence. For I would urge that in any woman sufficiently normal to be instinctive in her deviation from the normal, chastity is an instinct, and a strong instinct. And we are not dealing with an irresponsible creature, a Manon Lescaut, but with a woman keenly alive to responsibility. Therefore, while in most respects I find Evelyn Innes a true woman (and, let me add, a captivating and amiable woman), on this one point she seems to have the blunter feelings of a man, and to be scarcely recognisable as feminine."

Mr. Quiller-Couch concludes a most exhaustive and sympathetic study of *Evelyn Innes* with the following generous words:

"Of late years Mr. Moore has achieved many things, and among them (if it may be said without presumption) the genuine respect of his fellow craftsman. . . . Mr. Moore has earned, and, I believe, has been given in a degree that must content him, the respect of all who know how respectable it is in an artist to give his best and nothing short of it, to make sacrifices for an excellence which (however contemptible to jumping amateurs and affable after-dinner men) is to him a matter of sincere concern, and to follow with simplicity whithersoever his convictions lead him. They have led Mr. Moore into some queer places; but somehow these accidents seem steadily to increase his dignity."

The *Saturday Review* traces Mr. Moore's development as a novelist, and thinks that his books "resolve themselves more and more into purely experimental studies, distinguished as clearly as possible from metaphysics." As for the moral significance of *Evelyn Innes*, which almost every critic has felt bound to discuss:

"Many readers will believe the intention of this book to be moral or immoral, to make vice attractive or to make repentance inevitable. But we are convinced that Mr. Moore had no such purpose, and that to affect it would have been in a high degree unbalancing and bewildering to his talent. He has simply concentrated his powers on the psycho-physiological aspect of things, without prejudice, without passion."

The novel deals, as simply as any Greek tragedy might, with a portion of the career of a woman on whom the stage-light is so focussed that four men, who are protagonists with her in turn, fade slightly into the background by her side. . . .

This is the sanest, the most solid, the most accomplished book which Mr. Moore has written."

The *St. James's Gazette* touches lightly on the morality of the novel as follows:

"It is unnecessary to waste many words over its 'morality,' and we mention the matter merely to be fair to Mr. Moore, since it has been mentioned elsewhere. There are people who think that any book—except the Bible and Shakespeare—in which an immoral act is mentioned is immoral therefor. In so far as *Evelyn Innes* has any significance for morals,

however, it is a moral book, since the end is the triumph of conscience over pleasure in the heroine's heart. That, in fact, is the main motive of the book—the struggle of 'conscience,' of dogmatic religion, of early associations against desire and luxury and fame. In the end of the book conscience triumphs, as we said, but it is not the end of the heroine's life, and we look for the final result in *Sister Teresa*, Mr. Moore's next book. As a story, apart from the psychological interest, which is considerable, we prefer *Evelyn Innes* to any book of the author's. She herself, and at least three of the four men intimately concerned with her (we are doubtful about the ecclesiastic) are clearly realised. The dialogue is good in places, but dialogue is not Mr. Moore's strong point; he inclines to make people talk as they might write—e.g., where the baronet, strongly moved, talks of 'the translucid calm of the ocean's depth.' A scene in which, we think, Mr. Moore has achieved an admirable and very strong effect is where Evelyn returns to her father; we mean the point where she exclaims that it is her father, in his coldness, and not she in her declamation who is acting."

But *Literature* is heavy-handed and unhelpful:

"Mr. George Moore's new novel confronts us with an unpleasant dilemma. To describe it negatively we should have to say that it is not in good taste, that it does not accord with common-sense or with any real experience of life; or, alternatively, that if the characters have any degree of reality, they are all so base that one finds neither pleasure nor profit in reading 480 pages about them. If this seems too sweeping an indictment of an author. . . . It contains only four important personages—three men and a woman, all of them accomplished musicians. The woman is a wanton, impure, and simple, but quite good enough for her father and her second lover. The wicked baronet is an old friend in the newest dress. There is no pleasure in reading a long account of these people's sins and their incessant chatter about musical art. Either an atmosphere of musical art breeds people of this kind, or it does not. If it does, it is the worst influence of our day; if it does not, the book is a libel on art and artists. And if any one, as is probable, needs a tonic after a dose of *Evelyn Innes*, let him read a greater and a healthier book—*Tom Jones*."

The *Daily Chronicle* reviewer confines his view mainly to Mr. Moore's presentment of Evelyn Innes as an artist. As a woman, she is not convincing:

"There are many admirable pages in the book, and innumerable touches of subtle vision and divination. Yet all these patiently accumulated touches do not make Evelyn Innes a real woman to us, and still less the type-woman whom we must suppose that the author saw in her. It is not that we disbelieve in her, or find her untrue to nature; only she never seems to act with that inevitableness which we feel in the sayings and doings of a thoroughly realised and vividly projected character. We seem always to be conscious of the author pulling her this way or that."

Finally, as to Mr. Moore's style, the *Daily Chronicle* says: "Mr. Moore's English improves with every book he writes. *Evelyn Innes* contains very few of the slovenlinesses of his earlier works." The *St. James's Gazette* is also inclined to applaud: "The writing has still that impression of having cost the author great toil, which is a little uncomfortable, and Mr. Moore is still over-indulgent to his taste for making general remarks about the nature of things; but, for the

most part, one can read him easily in this book." The *Athenæum* says: The style, though still a little lacking in nerve and decision, is a great improvement on Mr. Moore's former writing; and some of his phrases and jottings of character are decidedly pithy and poignant. Here is, perhaps, the best of them:

"Lady Duckle appeared to her as one who had never selected a road. She seemed to have walked a little way on all roads, and her face expressed a life of many wanderings, straying from place to place. There was nothing, as she said, worth doing which she had not done, but she had clearly accomplished nothing."

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Week ending Thursday, July 14.

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

HISTORY OF DOGMA. By Dr. Adolph Harnack. Translated from the Third German Edition by E. B. Speirs, D.D., and James Millar, B.D. Vol. IV. Williams & Norgate. 10s. 6d.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

THE HISTORY OF THE POPES, FROM THE CLOSE OF THE MIDDLE AGES. From the German of Dr. Ludwig, Pastor. Edited by Frederick Ignatius Atrobus. Vol. V. Kegan Paul.

AMERICAN HISTORY TOLD BY CONTEMPORARIES. Vol. II.: BUILDING OF THE REPUBLIC, 1689-1783. Edited by Albert Bushnell Hart. The Macmillan Co. 8s. 6d.

HISTORY OF THE LIFE AND REIGN OF RICHARD THE THIRD, TO WHICH IS ADDED THE STORY OF PERKIN WARBECK FROM ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS. New and Revised Edition. By James Gairdner, LL.D. Cambridge University Press.

NOTES ON MEDIEVAL SERVICES IN ENGLAND, WITH AN INDEX OF LINCOLN CEREMONIES. By Charles Wordsworth. Thomas Baker.

POETRY, CRITICISM, BELLES LETTRES.

THE CONQUEST OF CONSTANTINOPLE BY THE CRUSADERS, A SONG OF ISRAEL, AND OTHER POEMS. Anon. Kegan Paul. 2s. 6d.

THE TEMPLE CLASSICS: THE HISTORY OF HENRY ESMOND. By William Makepeace Thackeray. 2 vols. 1s. 6d. each.

THE NOVELS OF JANE AUSTEN: PRIDE AND PREJUDICE. 2 vols. Grant Richards. 5s. each.

MISCELLANEOUS.

RHODES'S STEAMSHIP GUIDE. Edited by Thomas Rhodes. George Philip & Son.

A SKETCH OF MORALITY INDEPENDENT OF OBLIGATION OR SANCTION. By M. Guyau. Translated from the French (second edition) by Gertrude Kapteyn. Watts & Co. 3s. 6d.

MANUAL OF LIBRARY CLASSIFICATION AND SELF-ARRANGEMENT. By James D. Brown. Library Supply Co.

PROBLEMS OF MODERN INDUSTRY. By Sydney and Beatrice Webb. Longmans, Green & Co. 7s. 6d.

ROYAL SOCIETIES CLUB: FOUNDATION AND OBJECTS, RULES, AND BY-LAWS, LIST OF MEMBERS.

THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS. Edited by W. T. Stead. Vol. XVII: JAN.—JUNE, 1898. 5s.

THE SOCIAL COMPACT: A GUIDE TO SOME WRITERS ON THE SCIENCE AND ART OF POLITICS. By R. W. Lee, M.A. B. H. Blackwell (Oxford).

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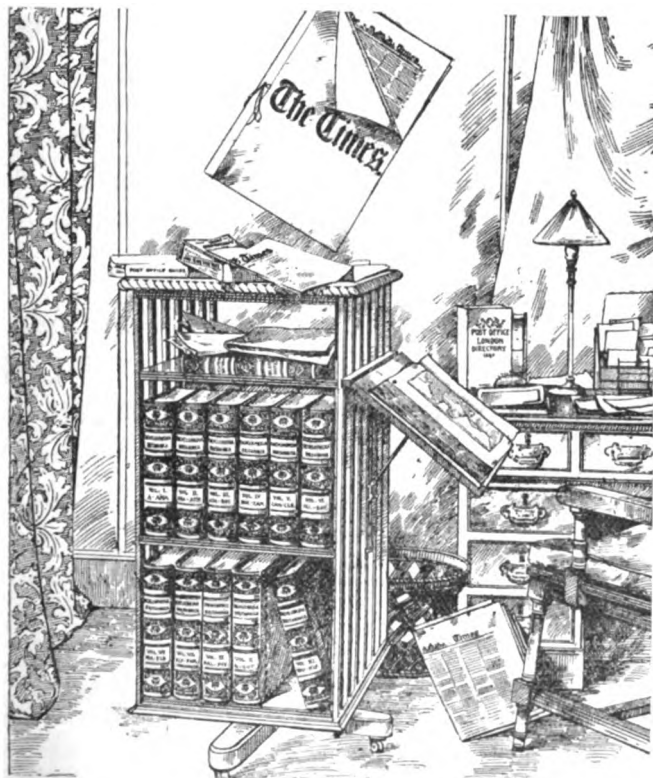
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REVIEWS.

A FRENCH CRITIC.

Brunetière's Essays in French Literature. A Selection, translated by D. Nichol Smith. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

M. BRUNETIÈRE is the perfect type of the professor of literature; and in his books he puts us through a course of written lectures with much learning, diligence, common sense, and other important and secondary qualities. He is not difficult to read, he is plausible, he gives one the pleasant sensation of listening to someone who "knows what he is talking about," as the phrase goes; someone, that is, who knows his facts and dates. And his theory of criticism is one which is supposed to be peculiarly "safe"; that is to say, it professes to base itself upon tradition, yet to be absolutely impersonal and impartial within the limits which tradition has set for it. Here, for instance, in the admirably translated book before us, there are discreet essays on "The Essential Character of French Literature," "The Influence of Women in French Literature," "The Classic and Romantic," "An Apology for Rhetoric," &c., essays which may be read with temperate pleasure, and not too active a sense of disagreement. If it seems to us, after we have finished them, that they have really told us nothing essential upon any really essential matter, well, that is only because our point of view may not be M. Brunetière's, and our theory of criticism probably far from as "safe" as his.

In his essay on "The Essential Character of French Literature," M. Brunetière proves to his own satisfaction that French literature is essentially "sociable," not, as with English literature, "individualistic," nor, as with German (I am still giving his definition) "philosophic." In his second essay he shows, with some amount of truth, that it is the influence of French women and French salons which has given this innate tendency its direction and its form. Here is a passage in which this is made explicit;

it is a good specimen of M. Brunetière's manner:

"But now if we seek to characterise in one word the nature of this influence, we may say that women have given the French genius its form. While in other literatures, generally, the great writers create in a way at once the matter and the form of their work, and are masters, at the very least, of one as well as the other, it is to be remarked that in our literature they must, to be received, accommodate their matter to a form which is given or agreed upon beforehand. In French there are the rules of the art of writing, as of that of composing—or rather they are the same—which we call *formal*, that is to say, pre-existent to the ideas which are to be expressed. So the women have decided. What they wished was that the writer should not be allowed to remake the language in his own image, and, were he to try to, that he should incur their disgrace and be considered a barbarian. They wished, likewise, that if a person wrote, it should be with the intention of being read, and consequently understood, and that he should not be contented with being understood by himself, and still less by himself alone. They wished, also, that there should be no sentiment, no matter how subtle, and no thought, no matter how profound, that could not be expressed by the words and grammar of modern usage. They wished, in short, that elegance should be given to those matters which least allow of it, and that there should never be any escape, under any pretext whatever, from the laws of the art of pleasing."

Nothing could be more true than all this, if we take it as a description of the average of French writing. But the average means the men of talent. What of the men of genius? Well, M. Brunetière himself is forced to admit: "Most of our great writers have shaken off the yoke of this discipline"; he even adds regretfully, "and it is clear that they have been right"; and then, in the face of his own admission that the exceptions have been better than the rule, he decides for the rule, because "to revolt against conventions we must be sure of having genius," and most people certainly haven't.

The truth is, as we see on every page of this book, that M. Brunetière really prefers the men of talent to the men of genius, and esteems the men of genius chiefly for those qualities which they have in common with the men of talent. Writing of Rousseau, he insists that Rousseau was, in the strict medical sense of the word, mad; and he sets down much that is most characteristic in the genius of Rousseau to the account of his madness. "His enthusiasts may prefer this madness, if they wish," he declares with comical severity, "to the wisdom of the world, but it is at least necessary to know that it is madness." Writing of the Romanticists (that is to say, all the French writers of genius, or even of considerable talent, from the time of Chateaubriand to the time of the death of Victor Hugo), and referring to their fondness for foreign subjects, he asks, sweepingly:

"But what have they brought back for the most part but tinsel and spangle, local colour, as they said, oddities, monstrosities, above all, when they had the luck to meet with them, but nothing solid, nothing durable, nothing that could stand, nothing truly English, and with better reason, as may be thought, nothing truly French?"

In Molière's work it is precisely "Le Festin de Pierre" that M. Brunetière selects as the one conspicuously bad play of Molière, just because it is more "romantic" than the others, and, at moments, goes deeper. And, condescending for a moment to consider whether French literature, his own choice out of French literature, does, indeed, "lack depth," he can but sum up with the feeblest possible attempt at a joke, and ask:

"What more is to be said but that, according as French literature merits the reproach of lacking depth, it is reproached, as it were, for not being German literature? A very German reproach this!"

The real test of a critic is his power of comprehending contemporary and very recent literature. It requires no acumen to recognise that Racine wrote beautiful poetry and Pascal beautiful prose; it is like discovering over again that the world is round. The difficulty begins when we are called upon to decide whether Ibsen writes good plays and Verlaine good poetry; and one is not surprised to find M. Brunetière going out of his way to speak of "absurdly Scandinavian melodramas, like 'The Wild Duck' or 'The Lady from the Sea.'" What he thinks of the Romantic movement we have already seen, and if another choice of essays had been made, instead of the choice generously made by Mr. Smith, we should have seen what he thinks of most of the contemporary writers of interest. M. Brunetière tells us the main value of criticism is "that it alone can prevent the world, according to M. Renan's expression, from 'being devoured by charlatanism.'" It is only through criticism, he thinks, that the crowd can ever come to see that "there is some difference between Ponson du Terrail and Balzac," which, he adds truly, "it is doubtless well to know." It does not, I confess, seem to me of the slightest value to explain to anyone that there is a difference between Balzac and Ponson du Terrail; what might be worth explaining, and what the contemporary critic very rarely sees or explains, is that there is a difference between Balzac and George Sand. No one ever thought Ponson du Terrail was a good writer; the people who read him read him because he amused them. The "charlatans," against whom critics should be on their guard, are the subtle charlatans; and it is, after all, a somewhat low and beggarly trade to be but a hunter down and a shower up of charlatans. But then criticism, to M. Brunetière, is certainly a trade, a *métier*. He explains, at some length, that the real critic is the man who is nothing but a critic. M. Anatole France and M. Jules Lemaitre, whom he considers to be bad, or, at all events, greatly misled and very misleading critics, are all this partly, if not chiefly, because one of them has written stories and poems, and the other stories, poems, and plays. Their artistic pre-occupations, it appears, hinder them from approaching criticism in that unimpassioned spirit which seems to M. Brunetière the true spirit of criticism. It might well be maintained, on the contrary, that no one but a creative artist ever was a fine critic, and that the critic which exists in every artist is fine just in proportion to that

artist's creative force. Goethe, Coleridge, Lamb, Baudelaire, Pater, Matthew Arnold : here, just as the names come up under my pen, are a few of the finest modern critics, and each is a creative artist. Where are we to find the critic who is nothing but a critic? There is M. Brunetière, of course; and the paradox of his apology is explained.

Let me do him justice. I believe he would be capable of carrying his logic to its conclusion, and declaring that none of the writers I have named answers to his idea of a critic. It seems to me that his idea of a critic almost forbids the critic being also a writer, and his criticism becoming literature. Here again he is consistent. Writing, as he does, skilfully, he certainly never writes what we can accurately describe as literature. Caring above all things, in literature, for its form, he reduces his own criticism to an informal talk about form. Anxious, for the most part, to treat literature as a matter entirely of books, something impersonal to the writer, produced like tapestry, by the mere motion of the hands, he seems often to forget, or but reproachfully to remember, that there are those for whom the words written are only significant in so far as they suggest what is not, what never can be, written. He takes, in short, with all his care for literature, a low view of that which he prizes so highly. Like so many reputable critics, he is an atheist of letters, and his voice, so far as it has ever had an influence, a voice calling on the clock to go backwards. Criticism such as his, in which the deeper spirit of literature, that spirit of which literature is but one interpretation, is neglected or denied, may do something to explain the difference between Ponson du Terrail and Balzac, or to "preserve the world from charlatanism," but it will never do anything else very much worth doing. It is a dragging weight on every fresh endeavour to create anything new. That criticism should be a discouragement is against the very function of criticism, properly considered; for criticism, if it is not a divining-rod, may as well be laid aside among the lumber.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

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MR. CAMPBELL, in "Decree Nisi," one of the "other poems," also sets out to tell a novelette in verse. It deals with a trial in Sir Francis Jeune's court. This is the manner of one of the parties :

" ' Ay, thirteen champion idiots ! ' short
Snapped George in flat contempt of court,
' I often think those asses Saul
Lost to his gain in old Gilgal
Are now, by one of Fortune's mocks,
Stalled in our English jury-box ! ' "

Mr. Campbell's book cannot be recommended. It is very silly and is marred by vulgarity.

Shadows and Fireflies. By Louis Barsac. (Unicorn Press.)

ECCENTRICITY marks this little volume. The title-page is a welter of red and white type, and there is no method as to the beginning of the poems. But Mr. Barsac has things to say in no way extravagant or grotesque. This testimony of the grass is well thought and expressed :

" The soil is mine, its wide domain
Yields spaces for me everywhere ;
A freshened youth I lend the plain,
And make the hills more debonaire.

I am the brother of the sky,
His blue flag waves above my green ;
We greet each other eye to eye,
At times with cloudy thoughts between.

My bounteous locks the breezes sweep,
And wanton with my waving hair ;
I laugh to feel the nibbling sheep,
The kine that browse without a care.

A patient, fragrant lap I lie,
Indulgent of each vagrant tread ;
Above me shouting life sweeps by,
Beneath me sleep the silent dead."

Mr. Barsac's attitude to the cuckoo is so different from that of other poets that we must place it on record :

" I care not, cuckoo, for thy note,
'Tis neither gloom nor glee,
Unsympathetic, tame, remote,
It breeds no rapture in thy throat,
It wakens no spring in me.

The blackbird trills a classic lay,
The thrush a tale divine ;
But like a bard, nor grave, nor gay,
With but two futile strings to play,
A barren strain is thine.

The poets lift thy raucous call
The fresh young year to bring ;
But would it hush thy rise and fall
If spring should never come at all,
I would not wish for spring."

Ian and Edric : A Poem of Our Own Day. By Don Antonio Mirandola. (Dickinson & Co.)

THE poet's scheme is tremendous : he takes Ian and Edric to every kind of place, including Paradise and Hades, and sets them discussing religion and conduct wherever they go. The medium is blank verse, and now and then the author trips. Here are lines :

" The origin of Life ; and if Biology."

" These let me do. They'll take me all my time."

" May live. And—Education too, to her."

This is the conclusion of the whole matter :

" At one time, only we the Father see,
And at another, we the Son behold,
Another time we feel the Holy Ghost.
In *Nature's* form the Father's hand we trace,
In *History's* page we see the Son of God,
In *Spiritual* life, the Holy Ghost."

Farewell, Don Mirandola.

From Cliff and Scour. By Benjamin Sledd. (Putnam's Sons.)

ANOTHER quatrainer and American. Mr. Sledd can expand his thoughts into stanzas when he likes, but he thinks no worse of a

poem because it can be written on a three-penny-piece. Thus :

" The beggar heart,
When saddest, most forlorn,
Does charity of love
And sympathy most scorn."

And

" More blest is he who idle waits
Without the city's thronging gates—
Hearing unmoved the far sad din—
Than he who proves that fruitless life within."

A quiet, reflective mind confronts one in Mr. Sledd's pages.

Cameos, and Other Poems. By Florence G. Attenborough ("Chrystabel"). (W. Reeves.)

THERE is every indication that many of Miss Attenborough's verses were written for music. They are sometimes pretty and always fluent. This is the poem :

" A little bird upon the wing ;
Will any pause to hear it sing ?
Or is its flight too close to Earth,
To make its chant of any worth ?

A tiny bud that seeks to bloom ;
Will glorious flowers give it room ?
Or is its fragile growth too small,
To claim a garden space at all ?

What would I, little bird of mine ?
Thou canst but try that wing of thine ;
Thou canst but swell thy trustful throat,
And leave to Bards to judge the note.

And what, oh tiny bud ? Be thou
A sprig upon a briar bough ;
So should there come a storm of rain,
Thou'lt give but sweetness back again ! "

Walter Graeme, and Other Poems. By Thomas Fergusson.

THE title-poem is a melancholy story in blank verse—the work of an earnest and pious mind. Indeed, on the whole book is the imprint of a sincere nature. One of the most pleasing pieces is that in which the author's thoughts return to his old town of Maybole or "Minnibole" :

" The Auld Schule brought us lear enough ;
And when we won our prize,
And to the auld folk took it hame,
What joy danced in their eyes !
They thoct, nae doot,
We'd a' turn oot
Great folks in Minnibole.

But time has swept us far apart ;
Some, posts wi' credit fill,
While some sleep soun' at the Kirkport,
Some at the Clachan hill,
And a' maun gae,
Nae distant day,
Far, far frae Minnibole."

Nightshade and Poppies. By Dugald Moore, M.B. (John Long.)

MR. MOORE is a doctor with some skill in rhyme. In this little book he is both grave and gay. We like him best when he is gay. Here are the opening stanzas of a merry song, "In Praise of Physicians" :

" If the soldier upraises his chorus in praises
Of heroes whom history gathers,
If the sailor spins stories of Nelson's brave
glories,
And each Churchman can quote from the
' Fathers.'—

Let us take a glance at those knights of the lance

Who wrought for humanity's ailing,
And sing of Berzelius, Valsalva, Spigelius,
Vesalius, Hippocrates, Galen.

In the days of wise Socrates flourished
Hippocrates,

Whom the waters of Lethe ne'er gush on;
He cured stomach-achings by good hearty
shakings,

Which he termed 'Hippocratic succussion,'
But his wise commentator eclipsed his fame
later,

Correcting each point of his failing,
'So I think it but proper to fill a tip-topper'
And drink to the health of old Galen."

On second thoughts, we do not like Mr.
Moore very much even when he is gay.

The King of the Jews. By George S. Hitch-
cock. (Chatham: Hutchinson.)

MR. HITCHCOCK has been at the pains to
turn the last scenes in the life of Christ
into a cantata. We do not care for such
experiments; but none the less, it is not
possible to charge Mr. Hitchcock with
irreverence, for we are persuaded that he
has none. His rhyming and metrical skill
is considerable, but we should like to see
it employed differently. The following
passage of dialogue, for example, is gro-
tesque in its jingling brevity:

"JOSEPH, the High Priest (*entering with Alex-
ander*): 'What man was he now passing out?'

LEAH: 'A priest, who sought your lordship
here.'

JOSEPH: 'The matter he had come about?'

LEAH: 'It was intended for your ear.'

A sense of humour would have saved Mr.
Hitchcock not only from this absurdity, but
from attempting the cantata at all. He
does not, however, elsewhere trip so
flagrantly; indeed, some of the lyrics have
merit, and are often musical.

Poems. By Charles Rosher. (Haas & Co.)

MR. ROSHER has not much to say, nor a very
attractive way of saying it. His leanings
are toward mysticism, but the result is un-
interesting. Here is a specimen of his
philosophy:

"Men are as ships on the ebbing stream
Which ever floweth towards the Sea,
And the little 'ripples' we love oft gleam
For a moment, and pass like a fairy dream,
To be merged in the Waves of Eternity,
And so with the 'loves' of humanity.

The little flowers, whose presence rare
But charms a moment and fades away,
Are the Children of Man: of Death the heir
Since Adam and Eve quitted Eden fair;
While aloft, 'midst the Heavens' bright
array,
The babes are the stars in the Milky Way."

Uncut Stones. By Herbert Bell. (Redway.)

IF by his title Mr. Bell wishes to suggest
that his verses are in need of polish, we shall
not quarrel with it. This is a vague,
emotional book with little in it that seems to
call for quotation. But the following piece
is interesting for the glimpse it offers of a
new kind of boy:

"Inside a garden grew a peach,
Soft and round,
With a blush upon its downy skin,
It fell to ground:

And as it lay, two boys passed in,
And thus said one:
'It's mine!'—and eating it the while—
'Take thou the stone!'
Then said the other with a smile:
'Thy joy is gone;
But mine doth only now begin
In this the root,
From the threads of which the sun will spin
The tree, the fruit,
An endless joy beyond thy reach.'"

The Unnamed Lake, and Other Poems. By
Frederick George Scott. (Toronto:
Briggs.)

MR. SCOTT is apparently a Canadian, and this
is not his first appearance as a poet. The
verses in this volume are straightforward
and simple. They do not, however, quite
support the contention put forward by Mr.
Scott in a piece entitled "Song's Eternity":

"But the music poets make
Is a deathless strain,
For they do from sorrow take,
And from pain,
Such a sweetness as imparts
Joy that never dies—
And their songs live in men's hearts
Beyond the skies."

Mr. Scott's volume is well intentioned and
musical.

Poems and Sonnets. By James Renwick.
(Gardner.)

MR. RENWICK has made up his mind about
most things, and hence his verses have a
certain definiteness and clarity. He is a
lover of the poets and of great men, and
among the poems are eulogies of Keats and
Browning and Garibaldi. The workman-
ship is sound, without any great distinction,
and the impression left by the book is
pleasing. Thus does Mr. Renwick follow
Keats: "On Reading Spenser for the First
Time"—

"When Keats first heard great Homer's voice
resound
In Chapman's verse, high swelled his heart,
and song
Broke from his lips; in stately march along
Came metaphor and trope with music
crowned
Expressive of deep joy. I too have found
A treasure; longest of the tuneful throng
To me unknown, serious and sweet and
strong.
Spenser, thy single voice fell with the sound
Of a great chorus on my startled ear,
And stung my spirit till my former joy
In tuneful numbers fluttered like a fear
About my heart; I grew again a boy,
And simply grasping the great master's
hand
Passed blind and happy to a strange new
land."

Among the errata we notice an amusing
"Spoonerism"—"For 'Cleto and Bleobis,'
read 'Beto and Cleobis.'"

Ave, Victoria! By Frederick Rivers Brown.
(Colchester: Wright & Sons.)

HERE we have a belated Jubilee ode. It
takes the form of a history of Her Majesty's
life, in heroic couplets that glow and palpi-
tate with loyalty. The author manages his

measure with some skill. This is the open-
ing:

"Daily as when the wakeful lark doth soar
In ecstasy the dewy landscape o'er,
And high in ether poised on fluttering wings
Its hymn transcendent to Aurora sings;
Or when, in melting chant at hour serene,
Philomel serenades night's silv'ry queen:
So would the Muse to thee, O Queen!
ascend
In perfect song, whose merit might com-
mend
The bold approach, and justify the right
Thee to congratulate, thy fame recite."

MOTHER AND CHILDREN.

The Development of the Child. By Nathan
Oppenheim. (New York: The Macmillan
Co.)

DR. OPPENHEIM expresses an American
scorn for "conservative Europe"; but his
method, no less than his name, suggests the
laborious Teuton. Yet, though his tone is
not invariably suave and his style lacks
attractiveness, those who have leisure to
master this volume will find the result well
worth the trouble. Dr. Oppenheim has
studied his subject from an independent
standpoint, and produces a number of bold
and original suggestions. It is our duty to
inform the frivolous, however, that this is
no addition to the mass of light reading
about children which is attaining such large
dimensions. We feel it all the more in-
cumbent to issue this warning, because,
sooth to say, our attention has been perhaps
unduly directed to certain delightful frag-
ments of child-life that not even a zeal for
hard science has been able to exclude.
Besides, it would not be possible in a short
article to deal satisfactorily with

"the times of preparation in which the child
changes from the microscopic mass of proto-
plasm which is his form after conception to
the fully developed adult who constitutes the
highest product of terrestrial evolution."

It is fair, however, to give the salient con-
clusion from our author's study of "facts in
comparative development"—viz., that we
"have been trying to see our children in an
entirely false light," looking upon them as
diminutive men and women, whereas there
is very little exact resemblance between
infant and adult. Putting their bodies side
by side, Dr. Oppenheim says:

"Multiply the proportions of the infant to
those of the adult, and you will have a being
whose large head and dwarfed lower face, whose
apex-like thorax, whose short arms and legs
give a grotesque appearance. The two do not
breathe alike, their pulse rates are not alike, the
composition of their bodies is not alike."

In short, the ordinary infant is an exceed-
ingly immature animal, and we treat the little
beast—one falls easily into the Doctor's
style—very unwisely. As soon as he can
prattle a few words and toddle unsteadily
on his fat legs, off he is sent to school.
Mothers are quite satisfied; their darlings are
not taking serious lessons as yet, they are

only at the Kindergarten—at perdition says the Doctor.

"These [Kindergarten] games are decidedly harmful. In the weak and immature condition of such children's eye-muscles, body muscles, and nerve-cells, the efforts required sufficiently to perfect motor accommodation to attain the desired end must unquestionably tend to strain and consequent exhaustion. The ordinary lessons in drawing are beyond doubt useless and harmful."

As to threading needles, pricking in outline, stringing small beads, outlining with seeds, he is both vehement and pathetic in denouncing them. They are tasks for little men, not rational aids to childish development. In the same spirit he falls foul of primary schools, where the infant's lack of mind is not half understood, and to support his opinion he quotes Dr. Joyce, who holds that infants cannot comprehend the simplest verse. He was in the habit of asking children the meaning of the following lines:

"She is a rich and rare land,
She is a fresh and fair land,
She is a dear and rare land,
This native land of mine."

"Few children knew what their native land was. . . . One boy thought the phrase 'fair land' meant good soil; he continued to explain that 'she is a dear and rare land' meant that land was hard to get, and rents were high."

But in this case, are not both the Doctor and his authority a little out in their inference? The boy's answer did not lack intelligence, it was only that the poet's vocabulary was not that of his home where the phrase, "a fair (or fairish) bit of land," would carry exactly the meaning he gave. Fair, in the sense of beautiful, is not a mother word, it is literary and even affected. The verse is not as simple as it looks, and is indeed very unsuitable to a child's understanding.

Again, when arguing, with a great amount of sense and justice, against introducing religious ideas to children at too early an age, we cannot help thinking our author is unfortunate in his examples, as in this delightful and simple piece of childishness told of a girl about eleven:

"Several men were sitting about the room, after dinner, discussing the Single Tax theory. One, in the course of his remarks, said: 'There is not a spot on this footstool,' &c., &c. The little girl who was sitting on my knee whispered 'What footstool?' As quietly I explained that he referred to the earth as the footstool of God. 'O-h-h,' muttered the child in astonishment, 'what long legs!'"

Now we venture to think the girl must have had a very vivid and fine imagination. One can fancy the Oriental imagery to have become, like many Biblical phrases, utterly meaningless to the men present, just as a Salvation Army lass uses a hundred Biblical phrases without at all realising their terrible import; but the fresh young mind must have a definite and concrete picture.

There is another pleasant bit of misinterpretation cited that further illustrates the independent mental action that insists on a meaning, even though it be a wrong one:

"I was walking one day with a little girl," says our author, "past an oyster restaurant [why

could he not write oyster shop?], on the window of which was displayed the sign 'Families supplied.' The meaning to an adult is, of course, perfectly plain; but with the child it was quite different. Immediately after reading it, she clapped her hands and cried out, 'Oh, let's go in and get a little baby! I've wanted a baby brother for a long time.'"

Here it was not lack of intelligence, but want of knowledge and experience that dictated the droll answer. The words, taken by themselves, are quite open to the girl's interpretation of them.

Without playing the part of criticising a critic any longer, let us say one word about the extremely wise conclusion at which Dr. Oppenheim arrives, which has a double significance as coming from a professed American. It was the States that sent us Mrs. Bloomer, women's rights, and the strong-minded female generally. But if we are right in deeming "maternity as a profession" the kernel of this book, it points to a revulsion towards the domestic virtues. The woman of to-day, according to our author, prepares herself for every calling except that ordained to her by nature. Formerly her education was purely decorative; latterly the pendulum has swung too far the other way, "until there is now no real line at which one can say a man's work ends and a woman's begins." And this semi-male woman, if by luck she marries, is a horribly bad mother, eager only to shunt her duties on to other people, reluctant even to nurse her own babies, and having "some strange girl or woman, usually of the social and intellectual grade of the peasant, to act as a sort of foster-mother." If we clearly understand Dr. Oppenheim, his message to women may be summarised as follows: There is no art or calling equal to that of motherhood; to bring a child into the world and rear him to noble manhood is more divine than anything else you can do. Put away those horrible makeshifts, those nurses, kindergartens and ill-informed teachers, and devote yourself heart and soul to doing the work you now pass over to them.

CHURCH AND BIBLE.

Essays in Aid of the Reform of the Church.
Edited by Charles Gore, M.A., D.D.
(John Murray.)

The Documents of the Hexateuch. Translated and Arranged in Chronological Order, with Introduction and Notes, by W. E. Addis, M.A. Vol. II. (David Nutt.)

Characteristics from the Writings of Cardinal Wiseman. Selected by Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C.S.S.R. (Burns & Oates.)

By friends of the Church of England these essays should, in the first place, be welcomed as an evidence of vitality. They are an appeal for legislative independence; and at the same time they hold out to the laity a generous offer of participation in the councils of the Church, and a shared authority. "Shall the Presbyterian Kirk of Scotland" (the editor quotes Dr. Johnson) "have its general assembly, and the Church of Eng-

land be denied its convocation?" Convocation exists, it is true, but exists in word only and not in power. It can debate and resolve, but not legislate.

"It is this disability that the Church reformers of our time are resolved to do their best to remove. . . . But . . . we are convinced that before any real grant of governing powers can be given to Convocations of the Clergy, there must be associated with them Houses of Laymen really representative of the whole body of Church laity; which, again, they cannot be unless they rest upon a system of Diocesan Councils and Parish Councils. . . ."

This appeal to the democratic spirit is not original to the Church of England; other communions have discovered that the royal foster-parents of Scriptural promise are a frail support, and that a Church which would survive democratic criticism must rest upon a democratic basis; but to take a wise example to heart evidences sagacity, and in this case courage. The general lines upon which the agitation moves are laid down by the editor in his introductory essay; Mr. Rackham clears the ground of a certain stumbling-block by exhibiting historically the position of the laity in the Early Church; Lord Balfour expounds the regiment (to use Hooker's nice word) of the Scots Kirk. Then comes Canon Scott-Holland on the general relations of Church and State; his essay is the bright spot in a book which from a literary point of view is rather dull. The legal possibilities of the situation are weighed by Mr. Justice Phillimore, and other writers explicate the methods by which the episcopal communions in Ireland and America contrive to get along without the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. But the grand crux, how in the case of a communion endowed out of the wealth of a whole nation you shall limit the franchise to its *bond fide* members, does not seem to be fairly faced. It is all very well for clerical essayists to discuss whether the franchise shall be extended to all enrolled and professing Churchmen, or shall be confined to communicants; but what will he who is neither have to say about the matter?—and he is often the kind of person accustomed to make himself heard. As we close the volume, the impression abides that—excellent as is the spirit which animates the contributors—they have not made appreciable way towards the solution of the problem, how to win liberty without sacrificing the great resources which have furnished occasion for "the present traffic in cures of souls," and the other abuses which Canon Gore so bitterly denounces.

The second volume in our list, *The Documents of the Hexateuch*, from the pen of another clergyman of our sprightly battalion of the Church Militant, is of a less practical character. One cannot look at this monument of industry and erudition without a smile at the imagined face of "J." and "P." and "E.," and the other Hebrew gentlemen whose handiwork modern critical ingenuity has detected in the pages of the "Books of Moses," as they recline upon Abraham's bosom exceedingly astonished. For so remote from our own was the spirit of their time and nation, so rich was their

instinct of self-effacement, that their highest conception of duty towards the literature of their race would seem to have been—since they must produce—to bundle up their literary offspring into an indistinguishable pack with any other body's book that lay handy, and to call the amalgam after the name of a third person (deceased, for the more effectual frustration of disclaimers). For the man in the 'bus—or in the hansom, for that matter—the results of critical research into the question of the authorship of those six books, which the Pearsons and Butlers and Paleys were content placidly to accept as the occasional literary output of Moses and his successor, amount briefly to this: that they were not written by Moses and Joshua; that it is impossible to say precisely by whom they were written, or who was their final redactor; but that the various writers who embroidered upon a thread of primitive written tradition were men of different ages and diverse prepossessions, having various conceptions of the Hebrew deity, and serving mutually antagonistic interests. Among English scholars who have devoted themselves to the exploration of these mysteries, few are of more account than Mr. Addis; and it is with the deeper gratification that we read, in the conclusion of his preface, these words:

"... I may, perhaps, be allowed to express my deepening conviction that Israel was the subject of a Divine guidance, in the strictest sense supernatural and unique, till He came to whom the law and the prophets alike bear witness, and who is the 'express image of His Father's glory.'"

The recent publication of Monsignor Ward's *Life of Cardinal Wiseman* makes the present moment appropriate for the publication of excerpts from his literary remains. Their author is an engaging personality. He is a gem of many facets. To the ecclesiastically minded he is, of course, precious as a great priest. He was an antiquary and archaeologist to boot, and a linguist of extraordinary parts; in his way he was a wit; he measured seventy-six inches; and he inspired Browning with the idea of an immortal satire. Even to the carnal he is endeared by the "lobster-salad side" of him. And there are motives more than sufficient to justify Mr. Bridgett, of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer, in this enterprise of his. The passages are classified under five headings: Polemical, Doctrinal, Moral, Devotional, Miscellaneous. In turning the leaves a passage starts up to the eye quite characteristic of the man, who was so many other things and a Catholic priest: a plea for that—seemingly—most lifeless and mechanical of Catholic devotions, the rosary:

"We are told by Goethe that he trained himself to look at objects with the eyes of the great artists, so that in a group he could discern what characteristics Raffaele, or Guercino, or Michael Angelo would respectively have seized; and a landscape he would contemplate according as Claude, or Salvator Rosa, or Poussin would have done, each drawing from it a different picture, though all true representations. And so surely, if one would wish to contemplate the tender scene of our Lord's Nativity, one would gaze upon it through the

eyes of those poor but happy shepherds who witnessed it, and try to feel and adore, humbly, lovingly, as they must have done; or one may approach it in the train of the Eastern kings, and, with more distant veneration, offer up such gifts as God has granted us."

The passage, a fragment of a fragment, shows the writer as he was—a man of wide culture and artistic sympathies, in whom these accomplishments were subordinated to the dogmas of the Church, and disciplined to be the handmaids of faith.

A SOLDIER OF FORTUNE.

Memoirs of Alexander Gardner, Colonel of Artillery in the Service of Maharaja Ranjit Singh. Edited by Major Hugh Pearse, with an Introduction by Sir Richard Temple, Bart. (William Blackwood & Sons.)

"He walked into Cooper's reception room one morning, a most peculiar and striking appearance, clothed from head to foot in coat and trousers of the 79th tartan, but fashioned by a native tailor. Even his *pugri* was of tartan, and it was adorned with the egret's plume, only allowed to persons of high rank."

Thus wrote Captain Segrave concerning the subject of this volume, Colonel Alexander Gardner; and thus does he appear in the frontispiece to the volume. It is a stroke of publishing genius to present that portrait on the threshold of the book; for never surely did modern man have a more remarkable presentment, or one more likely to tempt the most indifferent to read about him. A strongly marked face, of undoubted Scottish type, with a big beard swept apart in two swathes, Sikh fashion, and with a Sikh turban of tartan stuff, beneath which burn a pair of quick, fierce eyes: such is the impression from the frontispiece, and such Colonel Gardner appeared, at about ninety years of age, when English visitors made his acquaintance in the early seventies in his retirement in the Vale of Kashmir.

Alexander Gardner was a Scot by origin, an American by birth, being the son of a Scottish surgeon, who emigrated to the shores of Lake Superior, and who took part in the War of Independence. At a fairly impressionable age he spent some years in Ireland, which accounted for the thick brogue with which he spoke English in India; in his early manhood he ventured into Russia, but by an accident lost the opportunity of service there; he then crossed the Caspian and entered upon a career of wild and astonishing adventure in those regions of Central Asia which the Russians have recently won, and thus spent some dozen years

"amidst ambuscades," as Sir Richard Temple well says in his Introduction, "fierce reprisals, hairbreadth escapes, alternations between brief plenty and long fasting—amidst episodes sometimes of brutality and cruelty well-nigh inconceivable, at other times of hearty charity and fidelity unto death."

He "took service" with Habibulla Khan, the chivalrous opponent in Afghanistan of the great Dost Mohammed, and finally

passed into the Panjab, where he served the famous Ranjit Singh, "the Lion of Lahore," as colonel of artillery, and only put up his sword when the Sikh power went down before the English. It is a most varied, remarkable, and, in its way, heroic history; and nothing of the kind, of so much interest, and with so much of the glamour of romance, has been published for many a long year.

Colonel Gardner himself wrote in tolerable detail the history of his wanderings and his wars, and some parts of them have for years been known to Anglo-Indian officers; but much of what he wrote has been lost by various accidents (which are explained in this volume), and this book is but the clever piecing together by Major Pearse of the remains of Gardner's own narrative, although nowhere does the Major tell us how so much was recovered. The loss of so much is all the more to be regretted, because Gardner evidently wrote so very well, and with an uncommon vigour and picturesqueness. Here, for instance, are some typical sentences:

"In the old age of the Maharaja [Ranjit Singh] there was a person whom he especially took into favour, and whom he loved like a son from his birth. . . . Now Kharrak Singh was a blockhead, and a slave to opium. . . . The character of Gulab Singh in the early days of his power was one of the most repulsive it is possible to imagine. . . . To turn to smaller traits: he is an eater of opium, he tells long stories, offers little, promises less, but keeps his word; has a good memory, and is free and humorous with even the lowest and poorest class of his subjects. The partaker and companion of their toils and labours, seeming to be their diligent and careful instructor and father, their intimate village brother, their free, jocose neighbour, their constant visitor; yet, with all this, in reality a very leach, sucking their life's blood, the shameless trader of their sons and daughters, the would-be great merchant of the East, the very jack-of-all-trades, the usurer, the turnpenny, the briber, and the bribed. With all this, he must be accounted the very best of soldiers."

It is impossible in the space at our disposal to give examples of the variety of incident in the narrative, of which there is sufficient—dramatic, descriptive, picturesque—to furnish forth a dozen stories of adventure. There is the story of the Hermit's Ruby among the Kirghiz Tartars:

"On examining the gem I found a small Zoroastrian altar cut in high relief on the centre of the oblong face of the stone, and round the altar a double cordon of letters of the same kind of characters as appear on the Scytho-Bactrian coins which are found about Balkh, Bokhara, &c. The stone was very valuable, from 150 to 200 carats in weight—a pure, lustrous gem."

Then there are his speculation concerning the Golden Fleece of Greek fable, his account of his astonishing journey through Chitral (the points of which, long doubted, have been recently confirmed by Sir George Robertson), his lovely story of a race for a wife, and his own love-story with its tragic end:

"There lay four mangled corpses—my wife, my boy, and two little eunuch youths. I had left them all thoughtless and happy but five days before. The bodies had been decently covered up by the faithful *mullah*, but the right

hand of the hapless young mother could be seen, and clenched in it the reeking *katar* with which she had stabbed herself to the heart"—

to save herself from the Afghans of Dost Mohammed; for it was early in Gardner's career, when he served with Habibulla Khan, that the love of his life came to him. These are but a few of the points of romance and intrepidity with which the volume bristles; and Sir Richard Temple may well commend it to "the attention of our rising manhood in the British Isles." For, though Colonel Gardner's wonderful story relates

"not to the British dominions nor to the British Service, it shows what men of British race can do under the stress of trial and suffering. It illustrates that self-contained spirit of adventure in individuals which has done much towards founding the British Empire, and may yet help in extending that Empire in all quarters of the globe."

BRIEFER MENTION.

The Bible of St. Mark. By Alexander Robertson, D.D. (George Allen.)

THE Bible of St. Mark; that is to say, St. Mark's Church itself, "the Altar and the Throne of Venice"; or, more precisely, the wonderful series of carvings and mosaics which make the unique church of the Doges an epitome of Scriptural narrative and a wonder of the world. Dr. Robertson has made it his labour of love to interpret, in the spirit of a devout Ruskinian, the meaning of these mosaics and carvings from beginning to end, their symbolism, their illustrative intention as a typical monument of mediæval religion. From this side, almost entirely, he approaches his task, having the least possible to say of the mosaics as art, everything to say of them as devotion, the expression of Christian doctrine and Christian narrative. Colour and form are nothing to him—let us say, rather, he takes them for granted, in his complete pre-occupation with the message, the idea conveyed by their means. The book, then, has its obvious and far-reaching defects; nevertheless, within its limitations, it is of real value, written with genuine and full historical learning, and in a spirit of patient, minute, and reasonable interpretation. Reasonable, indeed, Dr. Robertson is in a high degree. You will not find in his work the radiant personality shining through such books as *Mornings in Florence*, which we may presume served him as models, but, at the same time, you will not find the irrelevancies, the prejudices, the perversities, which at times make *Mornings in Florence* and its fellows more irritating than helpful. Pushing his metaphor rather tediously, Dr. Robertson divides the volume into three sections, which he calls, respectively, "The Title-page," "The Old Testament," and "The New Testament," and under these heads he examines in the minutest detail the ornamentation of the façade, of the atrium, and of the interior of the church. He has

been so thorough, that the result proves rather bulky for the purposes of the traveller, who might wish to use it as a handbook on the spot; for the stay-at-home student its value is greatly increased by eighty-two admirable illustrations from photographs by Signor Naya, of Venice. Some of Dr. Robertson's readings of inscriptions in the church puzzle us somewhat. What, for instance, can

"Quis fractio portis, spoliat me campis fortis!"

mean? And how can it make an hexameter? Conjecturally, we emend—

"Quis fractis portis spoliat me campio fortis?"

The World Beautiful. Third Series. By Lilian Whiting. (Sampson Low.)

MISS WHITING repeats herself continually, and her echoes (of Emerson and Maeterlinck) would excite the envy of a Swiss echo merchant; yet she holds her readers, for she writes with verve and conviction. As in her first series of essays, which we reviewed two years ago, Miss Whiting insists on the importance of awaking and using the psychic powers. A man, she repeats, must discern the force and direction of the Divine energy within him, and then abandon himself to its mighty current. In such passages as the following we have Miss Whiting's recipe for success in one of the many forms in which she expresses it:

"More and more can each one learn to carry on the affairs of life by thought rather than by action. It is using the electric motor rather than an ox team. It is bringing the swift, sudden, resistless potency rather than the slow, clumsy effort. When the Apostle says: 'If there be love, charity, *think on these things*', he offers a philosophic principle. If one would accomplish any specific result, think on it. Build it in the astral, construct it in the ethereal world, and it will take form in the outer world."

The most favourable time for auto-suggestion to work is at night. Before one goes into the unconscious state of sleep, press the suggestions upon the psychic self. They will work outward the next day. The law of success is in discerning the psychic and magnetic currents and working in accord with them; for then do all the stars in their courses fight for the achievement, and the personal effort is supported by the polarity of the universe."

But let Master Pliable note that "a diet of fruits and grains gives infinitely more of this exhilaration and pure energy than one of meats, vegetables, and pastry." The book is informed by a very earnest spirit; but we wish that Miss Whiting would put her cardinal message into a single book. We shall turn rather wearied eyes on a "Fourth Series." The "world beautiful" should be a compact world.

Epping Forest. By Edward North Buxton. New edition, revised. (Edward Stanford.)

THE interesting feature of the new edition of Mr. Buxton's *Epping Forest* is an added chapter on the management of the Forest. Here Mr. Buxton replies to the numerous critics of the Verderers, of whom he is

one, by setting forth the principles on which he considers they ought to act and do act. Four things, he says, should be considered: (1) Variety; (2) Preservation of natural features; (3) Restoration of a natural aspect where this has been interfered with in the past; (4) Reproduction with a view to the future. The charming variety of feature which Epping Forest can boast is due to the fact that the various manors of the district have been under distinct management in the past, while the natural differences of soil, aspect, and degrees of moisture are very marked. Thus in the Lower Forest, beyond Epping, a heavy and wet soil favours the growth of pollard hornbeams, of which trees there is a fine display, while in Epping Thicks the soil is drained by deep little valleys and holly flourishes on the ridges thus formed. Mr. Buxton would go as far in the way of preserving natural features as the most jealous lover of the Forest would desire. He would let the trees sow their own seed, and the saplings come up as they could; and he holds that fallen trees should be allowed to lie. The measures now being taken for the preservation of the Forest birds seem to be efficient, but Mr. Buxton bemoans the loss of flora. "I have seen the primroses ruthlessly eradicated, till there is scarcely a plant left between Epping and London. There is one area where they remain, but," adds Mr. Buxton, "let a watchful eye be kept on the Primrose League." This chapter is a welcome addition to an excellent, pocket-handly guide-book.

Forgotten Truths. Selections from the Speeches and Writings of Edmund Burke, with a Biographical Sketch, collated by T. Dundas Pillans. (Liberty Review Publishing Co.)

THE contents of this slim volume are selected with the purpose, mainly, of discrediting the "Petes, Wills, Bens, and Toms" of our own democratic movement. Whether Burke would have handled that movement quite in the same spirit as that in which he attacked the French revolutionary rabble we may doubt; but Mr. Pillans has made a valuable selection anyway, and we may hope that his little book will individualise Burke to many to whom hitherto he has been but the shadow of a name. Here are certain apophthegms, appropriate enough to our own day:

"War is a situation which sets in its full light the value of the hearts of a people."

Interested timidity disgraces as much in the Cabinet as personal timidity does in the field, but timidity with regard to the well-being of our country is heroic virtue.

Virtue will catch, as well as vice, by contact. Nothing in progression can rest on its original plan. We may as well think of rocking a grown man in the cradle of an infant.

It is ordained in the eternal constitution of things that men of intemperate minds cannot be free. Their passions forge their fetters.

Men little think how immorally they act in rashly meddling with what they do not understand.

The credulity of dupes is as inexhaustible as the invention of knaves."

THE ACADEMY SUPPLEMENT.

SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1898.

THE NEWEST FICTION.

A GUIDE FOR NOVEL READERS.

THE HOUSE OF HIDDEN TREASURE.

BY MAXWELL GRAY.

This story, by the author of *The Silence of Dean Maitland*, centres in an old mansion of many memories. "Ghosts it possessed in abundance, according to Barling folk, who unanimously decided to avoid it after dark." Little Maurice Bertram, who is a guest from the Parsonage to the Old House, asks Miss Dorrien: "Is it true vat vere's great heaps of gold under ve house? And did Oliver Cromwell frow the keys of the Secret Chamber away? And who sleeps in ve Tapestry Room? And vill you marry me when I'm grown up?" The story answers these and many other questions. (Heinemann. 367 pp. 6s.)

THE YELLOW DANGER.

BY M. P. SHIEL.

Another contribution to prophetic fiction. Mr. Shiel tells how Yen How, a Chinese statesman of Western training, first conceded great tracts of China to the principal European Powers, and then, having set them fighting among each other, poured a ravaging yellow army into Europe to take possession thereof. All is well until John Hardy, an English sailor, enters the fight, and by superb naval adroitness completely sweeps the Chinese from the seas. Several naval battles are described with much thrilling minuteness, and there is also a detailed account of China's pleasant treatment of its prisoners. (Grant Richards. 348 pp. 6s.)

WIVES IN EXILE.

BY WILLIAM SHARP.

A gay story of two wives who temporarily shake off the shackles of married life and go yachting, to be chased by their husbands. Adventures, storms, tremors, and rapture. A pretty extravaganza, with much bright dialogue. The story is dedicated to Mr. George Meredith, and bears, as its motto, "No woman had done it yet," from *The Amazing Marriage*. (Grant Richards. 343 pp. 6s.)

THE PAPA PAPERS, AND SOME STORIES.

BY R. S. WARREN BELL.

A very pleasant paper-backed book for reading under a tree. "Papa" was delineated in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and his weaknesses and eccentricities, as drawn by his daughter, are not less amusing in volume form. At Christmas "we all club together and give papa something very nice; but the best thing of all is to see papa open the packet marked 'Papa, from Mamma,' and to see papa kiss mamma for it. That is the best of all, because when people have been married as long as papa and mamma have they don't very often kiss each other, do they, dear Mr. Editor?" (Grant Richards. 200 pp. 1s. 6d.)

JASON EDWARDS, AND A LITTLE NORSE.

BY HAMLIN GARLAND.

North American life in two stories. The first tells in a bright, brave fashion of the rise of Walter Reeves, a young New Englander, in Boston journalism, and his love for Alice Jason. When Reeves applies for his first post on a paper and the editor says "No," he thus replies: "Exactly. Knew you'd say just that. Now I want you to look at me hard—so you'll know me again." Dagget looked at him in astonishment, his grey eyes getting big and round. "What the devil do I care how you look?" "Because I may be sitting in your place before five years are up. Here's my card. I'm green, but I ain't a salad!" These stories are full of the observation of certain phases of American life which characterised the author's last book, *Wayside Courtships*. (W. Thacker & Co. 366 pp. 6s.)

MARTHA AND I.

BY R. ANDOM.

"Scenes of Suburban Life," by the author of *We Three and Troddles*. In the preface, dedicated to all who live in Suburbia, Mr.

Andom remarks: "There are lots of good men and women in the world who could live out their lives of simple usefulness just as well if it [*Martha and I*] had never been penned, or, at least, if they never read it. But it is a dangerous experiment, and my advice to you is not to try it. Just take advantage of my publisher's offer and come—cash in hand—singly, and in dozens, by tens, by hundreds, by thousands!" Mr. Andom, you perceive, is a funny man. Among the subjects on which he dilates are "Tucklebury's 'topper,'" the "Cussedness of inanimate things generally and of bedsteads in particular," and "Sloper's Island." Mr. Andom calls a doctor a "medico." The book is badly illustrated. (Jarrold & Sons. 256 pp. 3s. 6d.)

IN THE SARGASSO SEA.

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER.

A tale of sea adventure told in the first person by a youth who pays a West Coast (America) captain to take him to Loango in the *Golden Hind*. On his refusal to join in the captain's slave-carrying enterprise, he is pitched overboard near the sea-weedy wilderness of waters known as the Sargasso Sea. His adventures are such as Poe would have enjoyed, and the writer presents vivid pictures of hundreds of congested wrecks huddled together in those lonely waters. (Harper & Brothers. 293 pp. 6s.)

UMBANDINE.

BY ALEXANDER DAVIS.

A romance of Swaziland, in which the writer has endeavoured "to delineate to the more 'stay-at-home' public the life and sentiments of the Kaffirs of South Africa. The springs that have set in motion . . . the Zulu and Matabele Wars, the rising of Dinizulu after Zululand became settled, and the recent Matabele Rebellion, are laid bare to the historian, and may be found of interest to the reader." (T. Fisher Unwin. 239 pp. 6s.)

NORTHERN GLEAMS.

BY W. FORDYCE CLARK.

In these tales of the Shetland Islands the demand made on the reader's tolerance of dialect exceeds anything. Thus, at random: "Whin da moarnin' cam, da elta haed worn aff o' Robbie; an' he begood ta faer 'at his nicht's wark wid be heard tell o'; bit whin he fan 'at da only damage dune wis a lump ipo Davie's heid, a bit o' a burn ipo ane o' Janey's haunds, an' a holl ipo da byre ruf, he braeth'd freely ageen." But the stories are evidently sincere work, and they are published in remote Lerwick. (T. and J. Manson. 172 pp.)

HILDA.

BY HARLEY RODNEY.

This story is labelled "A Study in Passion," for no sufficient reason. We observe that the action is in London, and the East-end missions are introduced, and that Charlie Palmer cuts out Sir George Blinkins in the affections of Lady Hilda Huntingbox. Hilda discovers that the East-end of London is not "a gigantic slum full of tipsy blackguards," which was clever of her. (Digby, Long & Co. 203 pp. 2s. 6d.)

MEMORIES OF THE SUMMER SEA.

BY VARIOUS WRITERS.

For Margate pier-head consumption. (Castle, Lamb, & Storr. 6d.)

REVIEWS.

Ezekiel's Sin: a Cornish Romance. By J. H. Pearce.
(Heinemann.)

EZEKIEL was a Cornish "crabber"—an old crabber, who had never had any luck; and there were his two daughters at home to whom he must always be denying their wistful requests:

"For a minute or two Ezekiel, with his eyes glittering strangely, peered over the edge of the boat into the water. As he did so, under the

bronze of its wind-and-sun tan his bearded face seemed to grow almost wan, as if with a strange half-terrified sadness. And, meanwhile, there drew near to it, at the end of the lines, another pallid face, a face bearded like his own, but with eyes that stared persistently and yet were blank as stones."

From the body he took a belt. Eighty-five sovereigns were in it. With a share of them Drusilla, his elder daughter, cleared her path to matrimony. She was a handsome warm-blooded young woman of six and twenty, whom fate had kept always upon the hither side of matronly dignity. Joe was a poor sort of "shiner," but she had come to look upon him as her last chance.

"... In sheer desperation... Drusilla put the question to him, 'Why not we two make a match of it, same as awthers—what do 'ee say, Joe?'

'Caan't afford it—tha's a fact!' replied Joe, concerned in spite of himself. 'No good thinkin' o' things like that with not a penny in me pocket.'"

Upon Drusilla's confiding to him that the means for furnishing a house were to be had from her father, the matter was settled; and the unpleasant tale of her disillusionment, of her husband's neglect and insults, and of her siege by her first shiner, the miller, runs through the rest of the book. Side by side with Drusilla's love story trips the prettier tale of Morvenna, her younger sister. But the mournful figure of the conscience-baited crabber is never quite lost sight of. His bad luck grows worse, his form becomes bowed, his beard turns white and thin; and his distress is augmented by the jeering persecution of an uncanny little creature, "Tom the hangman," who, having witnessed the crime through a spy-glass, tortures the unhappy man with his hints, and finally shares with Joe the bulk of the booty. Not that this evil genius, by the way, is a very successful attempt. He comes in far too pat, with the injudicious persistency of a Greek chorus. If ever anyone has a confidence to impart to another, you may be sure Tom will be behind the nearest bush to over-hear it, and, generally, that if mischief is to be done Tom will be busy about it. And his grimacing and his fiddling do not make him in the least impressive: he is just a grotesque marionette. One has not even any satisfaction in seeing him outwitted by Morvenna's virtuous schoolmaster in the matter of the hush-money.

Well, there you have the outline of the book. Its style shows signs of diligence (we never saw a page quite so dazzling with colons and parentheses), and the touches descriptive of fisher life in Cornwall give an impression of authenticity; so that, if not a work of genius, it stands a grade above mediocrity.

* * * *

The Admiral: a Romance of Nelson in the Year of the Nile. By Douglas Sladen. (Hutchinson.)

TRUTH may be stranger than fiction, but is not half so interesting; and the popular hero may hardly survive in the popular mind beyond the term of his own generation on the bare record of the *Gazette*. Mr. Douglas Sladen has undertaken to furbish up the Nelson cultus by making him the centre of a popular romance. But it is less as the greatest of sea-captains that he figures in these well-written pages than as the lover of the resplendent Emma. The tale proceeds from the pen of one of Nelson's captains, who, in the days of the Battle of the Nile, which is described with much spirit, was a midshipman—"Tubby," his unassuming style. To him in his old age were brought, by one who had received them from Lady Hamilton, certain volumes of Nelson's journal which till that moment had never come to light. They contain Lord Nelson's own account of his gradual enslavement, and constitute at the same time his apology for the breach of the — which commandment is't they break?

"'I was a villain [Nelson writes in the hypothetical journal]. But yet, now that I come to look back on it, with the steady gaze of matured love, I cannot but think that this villainy is a villainy invented of man—if it were not ordained for his eternal punishment when he was driven out of the Garden. . . . As with a man who has felt the imperious call of sleep, so it is with the man who has felt the imperious call of love. To some men it comes late: I have lived forty years without it; but now that it has come, though I know I must be a villain, I feel as if love were as much a part of my human nature as sleep, and I feel that life is

a great, lovely, glorious thing, and that life with love is like winning a victory in which you do not let one ship escape."

The scene is laid at the Court of Naples, and Lady Hamilton—that "dimond of the purest watter and the finest creature upon hearth"—appears in the hey-day of her beauty and success. In his rendering of the lovely woman, Mr. Sladen has his best success. You see her a creature of exuberant vitality, frail, but no mere wanton, giving herself generously in the abandonment of hero-worship. And in giving her credit for the services which, in a later day, she believed herself to have rendered to her country, and for the losses she claimed to have suffered in its cause, the author, in spite of the results of later and dispassionate inquiry, commits no artistic error: "Tubby" certainly had no reason to doubt. Interwoven with the principal motive is a charming love-story, built upon a traditional prophecy of evil to betide the last of an ancient race on account of a pale stranger from the North. The heroine, the Princess of Favara, to whom a glittering British lieutenant is devoted, gives her heart unasked to the Admiral; and the end is tragic. The setting of the whole story, the verisimilitude of the local colour, and the glowing presentment of Lady Hamilton bear witness to diligent research and unsparing pains. Mr. Sladen's book exhales the spirit of romance.

* * * *

The Wheel of God. By George Egerton.
(Grant Richards.)

THIS, the first long novel that George Egerton has produced, strikes a note of reaction rather than of revolt, and so far as it teaches anything, teaches that a woman "cares more about being loved than she does for all the triumphs of science or legislation or morals." Take the following scene from the end of the book. Mary, the heroine, who has killed off two husbands and is still seeking for the love that shall satisfy her, is at a ladies' club known as the "Sappers." "John Morton," a lady novelist, is the speaker:

"'Love, love, love,' continued the little woman, 'is just what she craves for from her cradle to her coffin; the need of it is the pivot to her whole existence: she never gets enough of it—from the right man. The tragedy comes when she happens to be a monogamic woman—oh, there are plenty of polygamic ones knocking round—and she won't realise that no whole, natural man is congenitally built that way. Cultivate it! Why should he? The bane of our age is the mixture—spoilt daddy and spoilt mammy! A fleeting dimple, a swing of hip, is more potent than the best stocked cranium in Europe. Unadulterated femininity is a deadly weapon, if wisely directed, against the male.'"

This was the philosophy which Mary gathered from her experiences in Dublin, in London, and in New York, while trying to earn a living. She married twice—firstly a consumptive adventurer, who dies on the next page, and secondly a dreadful doctor. Why in women's novels do all women with crystal souls marry dreadful doctors with nice complexions, a taste for whisky, and no moral sense? And then at the end Mary gives up this quest of the golden boy, goes down by the Baker-street line to Chalfont-road, where "John Morton" and some other earnest ladies have cottages; "her heart seemed to grow hot within her, and to burn out the last atom of self; and she hastened down the slope with eager steps to where the women were calling in the gloom." Not a happy ending. But we meet some amusing characters *en route*, notably Mary's father, the irresponsible Irishman, and the two Lambeth doctors who get drunk alternately and are gentlemen at heart. "George Egerton" is often absurd, but she is never very dull.

* * * *

John Burnet of Barns. By John Buchan.
(John Lane.)

WE have read *John Burnet of Barns* with a good deal of pleasure and distinct admiration for the industry and the patriotism of the writer. Of all the Scotch—Scots—Scottish—we never can get it right—who ever drank to Burns, Mr. Buchan is about the most so. You get him away to the low countries for a month or so, but he is not really happy until he sets foot once more among peat-mosses, clachans and whaups. His period is the end of the seventeenth

century, when times were stirring and swordsmen skilful and ready with the blade. As a work of art, his book is disjointed and loosely hung together. Mr. Buchan is too fond of digressions, but his style is good, and he has an eye for the picturesque. There is an atmosphere of life and action about the whole thing which some will relish. One cannot, indeed, get up a great affection for the hero, whose constant good fortune in a tight place becomes rather irritating. And the one woman is kept rather in the background. In fact, the serene way in which John Burnet takes his amours and his readiness to lay them aside when an adventure is in the wind are rather amusing, though of course very proper from an undergraduate. The most taking character is John's servant, Nicholas Plenderleith, one of faithful heart and quick wits, good alike at fighting and at cooking. His *cuisine* should surely make any Caledonian mouth water:

"'Oh, your honour, I am ready for a' thing,' said Nicol; 'sheep's head singit to a thocht, cockyleaky and a' kind of soup, and mutton in half-a-dozen different ways, no to speak o' sic trifles as confections. I can cook ye the flesh o' the red deer and the troots frae the burn, forbye haggis and brose, partum pies and rizzard haddies, crappit-heids and scate-rumples, nowt's feet, kebbucks, scadlipes, and skink. Then I can wark wi' curtsocks and carlings, rifarts, and syboes, farles, fadges, and binnocks, drammock, brochen, and powsowdie.'"

Somewhat abruptly the story ends. Was Mr. John Buchan getting a little tired of Mr. John Burnet? At any rate, the hero marries the faithful Marjory and settles down, while Nicol Plenderleith betakes himself to the congenial life of a vagrant on the hills.

SYMPATHETIC CRITICISM.

ONE may say in a general way, writes Mr. John Burroughs in the last number of the *Chap Book*, that there always have been, and probably always will be, two kinds of critics—those who judge a work from the outside, according to fixed standards and in an absolutely authoritative manner, and those who appraise it from the inside, according to its own principle of being, seeking to penetrate it, to comprehend it, to possess themselves of its point of view; or judicial critics, and what we may call sympathetic critics. Literature is indebted to both these methods; but in a scientific, democratic age like ours, the tendency seems towards the more sympathetic form. Goethe said that a loving interest in the person and the works of an author, amounting to a certain one-sided enthusiasm, alone led to reality in criticism; all else was vanity. . . . I suppose that to get at the true inwardness of any imaginative work we must read it as far as possible in its own spirit, and that if it does not engraft and increase its own spirit upon us, then it is feeble and may easily be brushed aside.

Criticism, which has for its object the discovery of new talent, and, in Sainte-Beuve's words, to "apportion to each kind of greatness its due influence and superiority," is one thing; and criticism, the object of which is to uphold and enforce the literary tradition, is quite another. Consciously or unconsciously, when the trained reader opens a new book he is under the influence of one or the other of these notions—either he submits himself to it disinterestedly, intent only upon seizing and appreciating its characteristic quality, or he comes prepared with certain rules and standards upon which his taste has been formed. In other words, he comes to the new work simply as a man, a human being seeking edification, or he comes clothed in some professional authority, seeking judgment.

There is reason, therefore, in the contention of a Chicago college professor, that we should not bring to a poet like Whitman the same critical temper that we bring to Milton. Milton is founded upon the literary tradition; he planned his work after the classic models. Whitman brushed them aside, at least as to form, and found the tradition of his own land and ours sufficient. If we come to Shakespeare with the classic tradition in mind, where are we? Voltaire came to him in this temper, and he found him less a poet than Addison; he was a drunken savage. He read him through Racine and Corneille, and found him far less than either of these.

Our best reading is a search for the excellent; but what is the excellent? Each may be excellent after its kind, but kinds differ. There is one excellence of Arnold and Milton and the classic school,

and another excellence of Shakespeare and Wordsworth and Burns and Pope and Whitman, or of the romantic and democratic school. The critic is to hold a work up to its own ideal or standard. Of the perfect works, or the works that aim at perfection, at absolute symmetry of proportion, appealing to us through the cunning of their form, scheme, structure, details, ornamentation, &c., we make a different demand from the one we make for a primitive, unique, individual utterance, or expression of personality like *Leaves of Grass*, in which the end is not form, but life; not perfection, but suggestion; not intellect, but character; not beauty, but power; not carving, or sculpture, or architecture, but the building of a man. It is no doubt a great loss to be compelled to read any work of literary art in a conscious critical mood, because the purely intellectual interest in such a work which criticism demands is far less satisfying than our æsthetic interest. The mood in which we enjoy a poem is analogous to that in which it was conceived. We have here the reason why the professional reviewer is so apt to miss the characteristic quality of the new book, and why the readers of great publishing houses make so many mistakes. They call into play a conscious mental force that is inimical to the emotional mood in which the work had its rise: what was love in the poet becomes a pale intellectual reflection in the critic.

Love must come first, or there can be no true criticism; the intellectual process must follow and be begotten by an emotional process. Indeed, criticism is an afterthought; it is such an account as we can give of the experience we have had in private communion with the subject of it. . . .

The critical spirit is always a bar to the enjoyment or understanding of a poet, when it has hardened into fixed standards. One then has a poetical creed, as he has a political or religious creed, and this creed is likely to stand between him and the appreciation of a new poetic type. Macaulay thought Leigh Hunt was barred from appreciating his *Lays of Ancient Rome* by his poetical creed, which may have been the case. Jeffreys was no doubt barred from appreciating Wordsworth by his poetical creed. It was Byron's poetical creed that led him to rank Pope so highly. A critic who holds to one of the conflicting creeds about fiction, either that it should be realistic or romantic, will not do justice to the other type. If Tolstoi is his ideal, he will set little value on Scott; or if he exalts Hawthorne, he will depreciate Howells. What the disinterested observer demands is the best possible work of each after his kind. Or, if he is to compare and appraise the two kinds, then I think that without doubt that his conclusion will be that the realistic novel is the later, maturer growth, more in keeping with the modern demand for reality in all fields, and that the romantic belongs more to the world of childish things, which we are fast leaving behind us.

Our particular predilections in literature must, no doubt, be carefully watched. There is danger in personal absorption in an author—danger to our intellectual freedom. One would not feel for a poet the absorbing and exclusive love that the lover feels for his mistress, because one would rather have the whole of literature for his domain. One would rather admire Rabelais with Sainte-Beuve, as a Homeric buffoon, than be a real "pantagruelist devotee," who finds a flavour even in "the dregs of Master François's cask" that he prefers to all others. The French have a name for this vice—*engouement*—the fondness of the toper for his tippie, the appetite of the gourmand for a particular dish. Arnold thought Carlyle's criticism of Goethe savoured too much of *engouement*, and that little of it would stand. No doubt some of us, goaded on by the opposite vice in readers and critics, have been guilty of the same intemperate enthusiasm toward Whitman and Browning. To make a cult of either of these authors, or of any other, is to shut one's self up in a part when the whole is open to him. The opposite vice, that of violent personal antipathy, is equally to be avoided in criticism. Probably Sainte-Beuve was guilty of this vice in his attitude toward Balzac; Scherer in his criticism of Béranger, and Landor in his dislike of Dante. One might also cite Emerson's distaste for Poe and Shelley, and Arnold's antipathy towards Victor Hugo's poetry. Likes and dislikes in literature that are temperamental, that are like the attraction or repulsion of bodies in different electrical conditions, are hard to be avoided, but the trained reader may hope to overcome them. Taste is personal, but the intellect is, or should be, impersonal, and to be able to guide the former by the light of the latter is the signal triumph of criticism.

A SHAKESPEARIAN ALPHABET.

A LITTLE book, entitled *The Shakespeare Reference-Book*, just published by Mr. Elliot Stock, is made up of quotations from the plays selected in accordance with his own taste by Mr. J. Stenson Webb. Following Mr. Webb's alphabetical order, we pick the following :

ADAM.

And Adam was a gardener.

King Henry VI., Part II.

BRIGHT THINGS.

Swift as a shadow, short as any dream ;
Brief as the lightning in the collied night.

So quick bright things come to confusion.

A Midsummer Night's Dream.

CAKE.

He that will have a cake out of the wheat must needs tarry
the grinding.

Troilus and Cressida.

DEATH.

Cowards die many times before their deaths ;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear ;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.

Julius Cæsar.

ETERNAL SLEEP.

Secure from worldly chances and mishaps !
Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells,
Here grow no damned grudges ; * here are no storms,
No noise, but silence and eternal sleep.

* Murmurs of discontent.

Titus Andronicus.

FAULTS.

They say, best men are moulded out of faults,
And, for the most, become much more the better
For being a little bad.

Measure for Measure.

GOOD NAME.

Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls :
Who steals my purse steals trash ; 'tis something—nothing ;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands ;
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which no enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

Othello.

HOLIDAYS.

If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work.

King Henry IV., Part I.

INN.

Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn ?

King Henry IV., Part I.

JEST.

A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it.

Love's Labour's Lost.

KINGS AND MIGHTIEST POTENTATES.

But kings and mightiest potentates must die,
For that's the end of human misery.

King Henry VI., Part I.

LOVE ALL.

Love all, trust a few,
Do wrong to none : be able for thine enemy
Rather in power, than use ; and keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key : be check'd for silence,
But never tax'd for speech.

All's Well That Ends Well.

MAN'S LIFE.

And a man's life's no more than to say, One.

Hamlet.

NATURE'S BOOK.

In Nature's infinite book of secrecy
A little I can read.

Antony and Cleopatra.

OMISSION.

Omission to do what is necessary
Seals a commission to a blank of danger.

Troilus and Cressida.

POET'S EYE.

The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven ;

. . . and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.

A Midsummer Night's Dream.

QUARRELS.

Thou ! why thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair
more, or a hair less, in his beard, than thou hast. Thou
wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other
reason but because thou hast hazel eyes ; what eye, but
such an eye, would spy out such a quarrel ? Thy head
is as full of quarrels as an egg is full of meat.

Romeo and Juliet.

ROUGH-HEW.

There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

Hamlet.

SLEEP.

Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast.

Macbeth.

THINGS WON.

Things won are done, joy's soul lies in the doing.

Troilus and Cressida.

UNSURE.

An habitation giddy and unsure
Hath he, that buildeth on the vulgar heart.

King Henry IV., Part II.

VIRTUE AND VICE.

Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied ;
And vice sometime's by action dignified.

Romeo and Juliet.

WAR.

The peace of heaven is theirs that lift their swords
In such a just and charitable war.

King John.

ZEAL.

Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
I serv'd my king, He would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

King Henry VIII.

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NOTES AND NEWS.

THE late Mrs. Lynn Linton, although the author of a large number of novels, has of recent years been known more as a journalist than as a novelist. Week after week she produced an article on some social subject for the *Queen*, using her pen ever with unflagging spirit and vigour. Mrs. Linton had always something forcible and interesting to say, but an overriding suspicion of the unwomanly woman weakened much of her later work. For what she called the shrieking sisterhood Mrs. Linton kept the best of her extraordinary powers of invective, and she pursued her bugbear with admirable if wearisome pertinacity. Hence, to some extent, her decline in popularity as a writer.

In private life Mrs. Linton was the very antithesis of the mental picture formed of her by her readers. Instead of the embittered and scornful censor of the more revolutionary and ebullient of her sex, her visitors found a sweet and lovable old lady, enthroned smilingly in her chair, and famous in her home circle for exquisite examples of needlework. Young girls especially she was pleased to meet, and they could not have had a kinder, gentler, or more sympathetic friend. Whatever of gall she possessed Mrs. Linton kept for her writings. In life she was radiant and helpful. To those who knew her well her loss will be irreparable.

An anonymous elegist in the *St. James's Gazette* dwelt upon this side of Mrs. Linton's nature. Thus:

"The silvered hair and gentle form
Touched with distinction's nameless seal;
The greeting kind, soft glance and warm,
Yet glance of steel.

Know all whom controversies vex,
Now that that lion heart is still;
She loved and battled for her sex,
Fighting their ill.

The halt, with strength of sweetness born
To struggle with the journey's length,
Might meet in her, devoid of scorn,
Sweetness and strength."

MRS. LINTON will probably be remembered best by her biting parable, in the guise of a novel, *The True History of Joshua Davidson*. The book, as on close examination its title reveals, is an adaptation to modern times of the life of Christ. Whether its satirical bitterness is quite fair is a question to be settled by the reader: of the writer's trenchant literary skill there can be no doubt.

THE serial rights of a large portion of Mr. Sidney Colvin's biography of Stevenson have been bought by *Scribner's Magazine*. The publication will begin probably next year. There is fitness in this proceeding, for it was in *Scribner's* that *The Wrecker* and the essays contained in *Across the Plains* appeared.

In continuation of its gift of new Stevensoniana, the *Outlook* offered last week a little budget of sentimentousness concerning the Conscience. Thus:

"Never allow your mind to dwell on your own misconduct: that is ruin. The conscience has morbid sensibilities; it must be employed, but not indulged, like the imagination or the stomach.

There is but one test of a good life: that the man shall continue to grow more difficult about his own behaviour. That is to be good: there is no other virtue attainable. The virtues we admire in the saint and the hero are the fruits of a happy constitution. You, for your part, must not think you will ever be a good man, for these are born and not made. You will have your own reward if you keep on growing better than you were—how, do I say? if you do not keep on growing worse.

"You will always do wrong; you must try to get used to that, my son. It is a small matter to make a work about, when all the world is in the same case. I meant, when I was a young man, to write a great poem; and now I am cobbling little prose articles, and in excellent good spirits, I thank you. So, too, I meant to lead a life that should keep mounting from the first; and though I have been repeatedly down again below sea-level, and am scarce higher than when I started, I am as keen as ever for that enterprise. Our business in this world is not to succeed, but to continue to fail in good spirits."

C. K. S., in the *Illustrated London News*, after remarking that the house at Samoa in which Stevenson lived and died is for sale, and although numerous offers have been made to Mrs. Stevenson and her son, there has not been one, so far, worth accepting, asks, Why do not the friends of Stevenson in Britain who desire a memorial to him purchase the house and put it up in Edinburgh? Better still, why does not the *Outlook* purchase it for editorial offices?

ANOTHER link with the past has disappeared in the death of Admiral Massie. In his youth the Admiral took part at the

battle of Navarino, and was promoted to a lieutenancy for his conduct there. He accompanied a boat sent off to render assistance to Lord Byron at Missolonghi, news of his lordship's illness having reached the ship. The Turks and their Egyptian allies, then besieging that city, took no notice of the flag of truce which the Englishmen displayed; but they at length reached Byron's doctor, and learned from him there was nothing they could do. Admiral Massie has died in his ninety-sixth year.

THE *Chap Book* tells an amusing story of Lieut. Hobson, the hero of Santiago. Last November, it seems, before any idea of the fame he was to achieve can have been his, Mr. Hobson instructed Romeike to supply him with all press references to himself. "Up to the time he sailed with Sampson's fleet," says Mr. Romeike, "I had been able to supply him with only about forty clippings." But now they are coming in, he added, at the rate of "over four hundred a day." Unless something is done to stop this, says the *Chap Book*, "the gallant Hobson will be Romeike's debtor for life, unless Congress makes an appropriation to pay his bill." Meanwhile, Mr. Hobson is in the custody of Spain, a prisoner of war, totally unaware of the liabilities which are being incurred in his name. The present paragraph adds yet one more item to his bill.

THE discovery that it was in a cottage, now demolished, near Cliff Green, that Keats wrote "*Lamia*" has decided the authorities of Shanklin to rename Cliff Green "*Keats Green*," in honour of the poet. It is also proposed to erect a memorial to Keats in the church of St. Saviour-on-the-Cliff. Thus does a poet—in time—achieve honour.

EVERY public question is reflected in the circulating library and the bookshop. The recent discussions on the Benefices Bill, together with the trial of Mr. Kensit, have put readers on the trail of theological fiction, church histories, and religious polemics generally. In commenting upon this circumstance Mr. W. P. James, writing in the *St. James's Gazette*, remarks: "It is not without significance, how large a part Rome plays in recent fiction. Its most eminent heroes and heroines are at this moment heading for monasticism. There are Helbeck of Bannisdale, and Miss Evelyn Innes, and Mr. Robert Orange, and, over the water, that sainted sinner, the M. Durtal of M. Huysmans. M. Zola, too, who began by advocating science, has ended with an attempt to withstand Rome. Readers who take their current fiction seriously should read their *Helbeck of Bannisdale* and *Evelyn Innes* side by side. The types of Romanism and Agnosticism are complementary in a way that is neither uninteresting nor unamusing."

WHILE on the subject of *Evelyn Innes*, Mr. James remarks that if Mr. Kensit and Mr. Schulz-Curtius had been agents in the secret service of Mr. Moore they could hardly have worked better to make his book

topical. The cries of the season have been "Wagner" and "No Popery," and *Evelyn Innes* rejoices in both the teaching of Bayreuth and Rome.

IN a recent number of the *Pall Mall Magazine* Mr. Quiller-Couch suggested the treatment of Euclid's Elements in ballad metre. He even added a specimen, beginning:

"The King sits in Dunfermline toun
Drinking the blude-red wine:
'O wha will rear me an equilateral triangle
Upon a given straight line?'"

Since then so many persons have asked him to carry out the project that he has consented, and this month we are offered the completed ballad. It continues:

"O up and spake an eldern knight,
Sat at the King's right knee—
'Of a' the clerks by Granta side
Sir Patrick bears the gree.

'Tis he was taught by the Tod huntère,
Tho' not at the tod-hunting;
Yet gif that he be given a line,
He'll do as brave a thing.'

Our King has written a braid letter
To Cambrige or thereby,
And there it found St. Patrick Spens
Evaluating π."

For the remainder of a thrilling and credible story the reader is referred to the *Pall Mall Magazine* for August. We could have wished that "blude" had not been spilled so freely for so poor a cause as geometry, but otherwise the brave new ballad of Sir Patrick Spens has our approval.

MR. A. R. COLQUHOUN'S *China in Transformation* has an interesting departure in frontispieces. This is a picture, excellently drawn by Mr. Hatherell, representing the author discussing Chinese politics with Li Hung Chang. The plan is ingenious: one sees at a glance what manner of man the author is, and what manner of man the principal figure in the Celestial Empire is, and one is assured also that the author is not lightly to be dealt with since Li Hung Chang gave him audience. The principle might be adopted by other publishers.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Daily News* sends an interesting description of Mme. Michelet at home, in Michelet's house overlooking the Luxembourg. "One of the first things that struck me," says the writer, "when I went into the dining room was a large empty aviary. I almost guessed, what she told me afterwards, that it was the one where they had their birds during the time they wrote *L'Oiseau* together. In the introduction to *L'Oiseau* Michelet gives the story of his second marriage with this young delicate girl, half Creole by her mother; and she herself writes in this preface the story of her own childhood. Michelet must have been between fifty and sixty, and she quite a girl. They worshipped each other. Michelet says it was she who taught him the love of Nature, and all those books—*L'Oiseau*, *L'Insecte*, *La Mer*—are hers as much as his. She is," adds the writer, "a beautiful woman still, though, of course, she must be past sixty. She has very fine

features and hazel eyes, and a colourless waxen skin: the face just expresses the life of devotion to a dead love which is evidently hers."

"I WANT to know a butcher paints," wrote Browning. At the Birmingham Free Libraries are to be found many butchers who read, an accomplishment that might have satisfied the poet. Whether they read "Sordello" is another matter. During the year just ended, 71 butchers used the Birmingham Free Libraries. Among other readers were 15 actors, 4 aerated water makers, 20 barmen, 140 bicycle makers, 48 blacksmiths, 7 brewers, 54 bricklayers, 10 charwomen, 16 dentists, 1 firework maker, 112 gun makers, 12 hatters, 19 journalists, 15 marble masons, 1 undertaker, 3 Scripture-readers (but not necessarily to read the Scriptures), 67 pawnbrokers, 54 tobacconists, 4 vocalists, and 41 waiters.

AN appeal to hunting men is made by the vicar of Wootton Wawen, Warwickshire, on behalf of the grave of one of the huntsmen of Somerville, the poet of *The Chase*. In the Wootton Wawen Church a tablet to Somerville is now placed; the vicar asks for funds to restore the tomb of John Hoitt, for which a former vicar, the Rev. J. Eaches, wrote the following lines, which now are illegible:

"Here Hoitt, all his sports and labours past,
Joins his loved master Somerville at last;
Together went they echoing fields to try,
Together now in silent dust they lie.
Servant and lord, when once we yield our breath,
Huntsman and poet, are alike to Death.
Life's motley drama calls for powers, and men
Of different casts, to fill its changeful scene;
But all the merit that we justly prize,
Not in the part, but in the acting lies,
And as the lyre so may the huntsman's horn
Fame's trumpet rival, and his name adorn."

Somerville's other huntsman buried in the churchyard is Jacob Boeter.

A FULL account of the important Hereford earthquake of December 17, 1896, by Dr. Charles Davison, F.G.S., will be published in the autumn if a sufficient number of subscriptions be obtained to defray the cost of printing. The work is founded on nearly 3,000 observations made at places distributed over an area of about 100,000 square miles. This area exceeds that disturbed by any other known British earthquake, and includes every county in England but three, the whole of Wales, the Isle of Man, and the eastern counties of Ireland. Copies of the prospectus may be obtained from Messrs. Cornish Bros., 37, New-street, Birmingham.

THE Life of Jowett is to be supplemented shortly by a volume of his Letters, which his biographers, Prof. Lewis Campbell and Mr. Abbot, are now preparing. Mr. Murray will publish the volume.

A MILITARY work which promises great and peculiar interest is that upon which General Sir William Butler is now engaged—the Life of the late General Sir George Pomeroy Colley, who was killed at Majuba

Hill. Sir George Colley was an officer of unusual distinction and accomplishments, and Sir William Butler is certain to make a very readable book.

SCOTT says, somewhere, that much correction is as fatal in composition as in education. Tennyson, on the other hand, as is well-known, corrected and polished unceasingly. It is, perhaps, thinks a correspondent, of happy augury in these days of rush that Mr. Hamish Hendry follows the example of the last laureate. Our correspondent finds that in the version of the little poem we printed a week or so ago, which appears in Mr. Hendry's volume, *Burns from Heaven*, the line we pointed out as unsatisfactory has been amended.

"Then the child, made still with awe
By this spread of crimson grace,"

now reads:

"Then the child, made still with awe
By this glimpse of azure grace,"

which is certainly better. Several of the poems in this volume appear also in the two volumes published by the Glasgow Ballad Club, and in all of them slight, but not insignificant, alterations have been made. For instance, the last stanza of the "Funeral of Thomas Carlyle":

"Slow tolls the bell beneath the sombre sky;
Slow comes the hearse against the still grey light.
They bring him dead who shall not surely die,—
They bring him home when all the land is white,
Yet sun-swept grass shall grow
Where now is mounded snow."

The last two lines, a lame and impotent conclusion, are now replaced by:

"Here, where the sad folk wait
Silent, beside the gate."

In another poem, in the lines—

"While strong men here choke down their sobs,
And turn their thoughts to far-off graves"—

the effect is much heightened by the substitution of:

"And see the grass on far-off graves."

While an unpleasant juxtaposition of similar vowel sounds in

"Headless of what the hot hour brings to pass," is skilfully got rid of by the simple replacement of "what" by "aught."

MISS HETHERINGTON'S *Annual Index to Periodicals*, covering the year 1897, is now ready.

MR. EDWARD CARPENTER'S new book, *Angels' Wings*, will be found to resemble rather his *England's Ideal* than his *Love's Coming of Age*. Among the essays will be inquiries into Nature and Realism, Tradition and Convention, the Human Body in Relation to Art, the Art of Life, and studies of Wagner, Millet, Whitman, and Beethoven.

MR. A. J. BALFOUR, M.P., has been elected Vice-President of the London Library, in the place of Mr. Gladstone; and Sir Robert Giffen, K.C.B., has joined the committee in the room of Mr. R. C. Christie.

HENRY VAUGHAN, SILURIST.

Of all the secondary poets of the seventeenth century none has fared so precariously at the hands of the critics as Henry Vaughan. There are some, like Dr. Grosart and the late Mr. Palgrave, who would place the Silurist below only Milton and Dryden among his contemporaries; there are others, like Prof. Saintsbury, who give him but short shrift, refusing even to correct their impressions beyond dealing deeper damnation in a perfunctory footnote (*vide* Saintsbury, *Elizabethan Literature*, p. 393).

Vaughan's eccentricity—few poets give more trouble than he to the "pigeon-holing" historian of literature—has doubtless much to do with it. Intemperate eulogy or contemptuous neglect is ever the lot of the wayward; and Henry Vaughan is by no means of those who keep to the high road of literature. His poetry is an amalgam of many different styles and moods, requiring a fairly catholic taste to appreciate it in the gross. He eludes classification as absolutely as any of the gallant irregulars of the singularly indeterminate literary period to which he belongs—an age of belated survivals and of ineffectual anticipations, hovering

"Between two worlds, one dead,
The other powerless to be born."

The Silurist starts in the adventurous track of the Elizabethans, and remains throughout as audacious an Euphuist as the best of them; in his late age his unwilling Muse toils along in the far wake of the "correct" poets. Beginning as a disciple of Donne, Vaughan passes for a time under the complete domination of Herbert, to end, after paying a distant tribute to Herrick, as a painful follower of Waller. It is curious, however, to note that in his first published volume (1646), where Donne's influence is so clearly seen, Vaughan indulges in far fewer "metaphysical" quips than in his later poems. The only glaring conceit of the Euphuistic order I have been able to detect in this early volume is the following:

"What though I had not dust
Enough to cabinet a worm?"

This figure is venial enough compared with the riot of deranged metaphors which we find in such a poem as "The Charnel-House," in *Olor Iscanus* (1651):

"Bless me! what damps are here! how stiff an air!
Kelder of mists, a second fiat's care,
Front's piece o' th' grave and darkness, a display
Of ruin'd man, and the disease of day,
Lean, bloodless shamble, where I can descry
Fragments of men, rags of anatomy,
Corruption's wardrobe, the transplantive bed
Of mankind, and th' exchequer of the dead!
How thou arrests my sense! how with the sight
My winter'd blood grows stiff to all delight!
Torpedo to the eye! whose least glance can
Freeze our wild lusts, and rescue headlong man."

Were this kind of thing all Vaughan had to give us, he might indeed be safely left in the obscurity to which his superficial detractors have sought to consign him. But

in the very same poem we immediately come upon such lines as these:

"Where are you, shoreless thoughts, vast
tenter'd hope,
Ambitious dreams, aims of an endless scope,
Whose stretch'd excess runs on a string too
high,
And on the rack of self-extension die?"

It is precisely in sudden flashes of inspiration of this kind that Vaughan excels. The Silurist is a Welsh poet all over. Like his compatriot bards who have sung in the vernacular, he is brilliant by fits and starts. The "architectonic" faculty, which Matthew Arnold rightly fails to find in Celtic poetry, was withheld from Vaughan in common with the other poets of his nationality. He has a few short pieces which are perfect in their kind, but his longer poems require to be disencumbered of much sorry dross to have their gems brought into full relief.

The few readers of poetry who can claim acquaintance with Vaughan at all know him chiefly as the author of *Silex Scintillans*; and those whose quest for poetry does not go beyond popular anthologies, know him only by one short poem extracted from among the "sacred poems and private ejaculations" which make up that volume. "The Retreat," with its "intimations" of pre-existence, which made the poet

"Feel through all this fleshly dress
Bright shoots of everlastingness,"

is linked in the popular imagination with Wordsworth's famous ode. Wordsworth himself is silent about the matter, but there can be little doubt as to his indebtedness to this and to other poems of Vaughan's. The second part of *Silex Scintillans* includes another well-known poem, "They are all gone into the world of light," which contains an image that will bear quoting again and again:

"He that hath found some fledg'd bird's nest,
may know
At first sight, if the bird be flown;
But what fair well or grove he sings in now,
That is to him unknown."

"And yet as angels in some brighter dreams
Call to the soul when man doth sleep,
So some strange thoughts transcend our
wonted themes,
And into glory peep."

Deservedly popular as these two poems are, it is strange that they alone should have caught the eye of the anthologist. Mr. Palgrave, indeed, has included several others in his *Treasury of Sacred Song*, but the ordinary "secular" anthology usually has nothing of Vaughan's. Yet from among his secular poems alone one could cite some half-dozen not a whit inferior to the two that have found favour. In the first volume, already mentioned, is a short song which seems, to me at least, perfect in conception and structure:

"TO AMORET GONE FROM HIM.

Fancy and I, last evening, walk'd,
And, Amoret, of thee we talk'd;
The West just then had stolen the sun
And his last blushes were begun;
We sate, and mark'd how everything
Did mourn his absence; how the Spring

That smil'd and curl'd about his beams,
Whilst he was here, now check'd her streams;
The wanton eddies of her face
Were taught less noise, and smoother grace;
And in a slow, sad channel went,
Whisp'ring the banks their discontent;
The careless ranks of flowers that spread
Their perfum'd bosoms to his head,
And with an open, free embrace
Did entertain his beamy face,
Like absent friends point to the West
And on that weak reflection feast.
If creatures then that have no sense
But the loose tie of influence,
Though fate and time each day remove
Those things that element their love,
At such vast distance can agree,
Why, Amoret, why should not we?"

In this style of fanciful compliment, into which pictures and images from Nature are so deftly interwoven, Henry Vaughan has no superior among the poets of his time. His songs in this strain are, indeed, but few—Amoret, Etesia, Fida, exhaust the number of the mistresses that forced tribute from his Muse—but they are all of fine quality. Etesia and Fida appear in his last volume, *Thalia Rediviva* (1678). The poet found Etesia excellent argument for his verse:

"For what I saw till I saw thee
Was only not deformity."

"The gallant tulip and the rose,
Emblems which some use to disclose
Bodied ideas—their weak grace
Is mere imposture to thy face.
For Nature in all things but thee
Did practise only sophistry."

Fida is a "country beauty" whose

"Blushes . . . lightning-like come on,
Yet stay not to be gazed upon;
But leave the lilies of her skin
As fair as ever, but run in,
Like swift salutes—which dull paint scorn—
'Twixt a white noon and crimson morn."

Even these short extracts suffice to attest Vaughan's alert and sympathetic observation of Nature, wherein he stands quite apart from the singers of his time, stretching out a hand to those poets of a later day to whom, with Wordsworth, Nature became

"An appetite, a feeling, and a love."

Those who would call Vaughan a mystic—Mr. Gosse does so in his latest book, classifying him with Crashaw—have scarcely read the Silurist aright. Introspective and reflective much of his religious poetry undoubtedly is, but there is little in it that is esoteric or mystical, in the special sense that is applicable to Crashaw and the Cambridge Platonists. Mr. Palgrave well calls Crashaw "a sensuous mystic," while More, Joseph Beaumont, and Norris were "intellectual mystics." Henry Vaughan was neither. He was a frank lover of Nature, who

"Asked not why the first believer
Did love to be a country liver,"

because he himself found in Nature the voice, the features, the vesture of the Eternal.

"When seasons change, then lay before thine
eyes
His wondrous method; mark the various
scenes

In heav'n; hail, thunder, rainbows, snow,
and ice,
Calms, tempests, light, and darkness, by
His means;
Thou canst not miss His praise; each tree,
herb, flower,
Are shadows of His wisdom and His power."

There is not much of the mystic about such religious sentiment as this. We find here, and in many other poems and passages pitched in the same key, anticipations of that "religion of Nature" which has inspired some of our finest modern poetry. Vaughan's Nature-pictures are often enough burdened by too heavy a "weight of human feeling," and his imagery loses much of its beauty and force by the poet's flagrant affection for metaphysical conceit. But it is his prime distinction to have had an open eye and ear for the beauty and the language of Nature at a time when other poets were all but blind and deaf to her charm. "Of all our poets," writes Mr. Palgrave again, in a little-known essay,

"until we reach Wordsworth, including here Chaucer, Spenser, and Milton, Vaughan affords decidedly the most varied and the most delicate pictures from Nature; he looked upon the landscape, both in its fine details and in its larger, and, as they might be called, its cosmic aspects, with an insight, an imaginative penetration, not rivalled till we reach our own century."

Let one more quotation, from a poem called "The Dawning," suffice as an example of his imaginative description of Nature:

"All now are stirring, every field
Full hymns doth yield;
The whole creation shakes off night,
And for Thy shadow looks, the light;
Stars now vanish without number,
Sleepy planets set and slumber,
The pury clouds disband and scatter,
All expect some sudden matter,
Not one beam triumphs, but from far
That morning-star!"

What though the motive of this poem be the Second Advent? It is the poet of Nature that speaks in such lines as these; and no mere mystic, immersed in theological speculation, were capable of dreaming his way into such poetry.

Vaughan's name must always be linked with that of George Herbert. In the literature of the seventeenth century they stand together, twin laureates of English sacred song, and twin sons of Wales, whom their countrymen have still to rate at their true worth. Herbert's influence upon Vaughan, however, was not altogether for good. *Silex Scintillans* is full of metrical experiments as fantastic and as futile as any to be found in *The Temple*. Such a poem as "Son-days," in its curious structure and with its hopeless jumble of grotesque images, marks a height of enormity to which Herbert never reached. Vaughan had much more of the poetic vision than George Herbert, and when he follows Herbert in his aberrations he sins with a prodigal waste of gifts such as the other had not in him to squander. Herbert is the perfect flower of the meditative devotee, gentle, ingenuous, benign; and his poetry is the gracious and equitable expression of a quiet life and stainless character. Vaughan was—so, at least, he tells us—a repentant

sinner, and though he seems to have schooled himself in time into the same mood of reflective pietism as Herbert, he always retained a sense of "those brave translunary things" which mere devotion and "pious meditation" could never have bred in him. Thus it is that in his best religious poems he constantly soars to heights beyond the ken and scope of Herbert's pedestrian muse. He is not long on the wing in this upper air, he soars perhaps only to fall suddenly and swiftly, but for brief moments we, amid the smoke and the mists, catch the gleam of the golden sunlight on his wings. Mr. Beeching, in the latest edition of Vaughan's poems in "The Muses' Library" calls the Silurist "a poet of magnificent intervals." In this, as I have already hinted, he is a genuine Celt. Let Henry Vaughan have the credit of his birth-right. He is with the Welsh bards, and neither he nor they have cause to blush for being thus put in fellowship. Not that Vaughan is to be taken as representing in English literature that exceedingly vague and elusive thing called "the Celtic tendency." Matthew Arnold and Renan are responsible for much loose talk about the Celt, and the prophets of "the Celtic Renaissance" could doubtless find much in Vaughan to adorn some very pretty theories about the Celtic "strain" or the Celtic "note" in English literature. I am only concerned to show that in one respect Vaughan is a true brother of the lyric poets of Wales. The greatest of them all, Dafydd ap Gwilym, who is more in evidence just now than he has been at any time since George Borrow discovered him for the English reader many years ago, is "a poet of magnificent intervals." His best things are of the very first order, but his inequalities are startling and exasperating. The ability to cope with a great argument, and to develop it with unflagging and prevalent power in a poem of epic dignity and extent, is a gift denied to the Welsh poets. But in sudden snatches of inspired song the lyric poets of Wales will compare with that of any country. It is such "bright shoots" of poesy that redeem the greater part of the work of Henry Vaughan. The very first poem in *Silex Scintillans* at once affords striking examples:

"A ward, and still in bonds, one day
I stole abroad;
It was high spring, and all the way
Primros'd, and hung with shade.

And as a pilgrim's eye,
Far from relief,
Measures the melancholy sky,
Then drops, and rains for grief.

The unthrift sun shot vital gold
A thousand pieces,
And heaven its azure did unfold,
Chequer'd with snowy fleeces.

Only a little fountain lent
Some use for ears,
And on the dumb shades language spent
The music of her tears."

All these fine touches occur in one short poem. What, again, could be more sug-

gestive as a poetical description of the dawn than the following:

"I see a Rose
Bud in the bright East?"

Or with what sublimer image could a poem begin than with the famous one which forms the opening lines of "The World"?—

"I saw Eternity the other night,
Like a great ring of pure and endless light,
All calm, as it was bright;
And round beneath it, Time in hours, days,
years,
Driv'n by the spheres,
Like a vast shadow mov'd; in which the world
And all her train were hurl'd."

Such are a few of the fine things that the patient reader of the Silurist's poems will find in much greater profusion than is commonly imagined; and, in closing the volumes from which I have quoted them, I cannot do better than repeat the quaint words of the publisher of *Olor Iscanus* to the reader:

"If thou dost expect I should commend what is published, I must tell thee, I cry no Seville oranges. I will not say, Here is fine or cheap; that were an injury to the verse itself, and to the effects it can produce. Read on, and thou wilt find thy spirit engaged; not by the deserts of what we call tolerable, but by the commands of a pen that is above it."

W. L. J.

AN UNCLAIMED INHERITANCE.

THE LONDON LIBRARY.

How many writers are there in London who know what generous aid they may draw, if they choose, from an old brick house in St. James's-square? To be sure, the old brick house is being replaced by a new one in Portland stone. But the scent of the roses, which is to say the fine flavour of leather-bound learning, clings to it still, and is grateful to those who enter therein. We speak of THE LONDON LIBRARY. "Pshaw!" cries Little-Faith (who was willing, you remember, to *scramble on his way* to the Celestial Gate), "London is choked with libraries, and one does not seek books in Clubland." So Little-Faith goes to the British Museum day after day, toilfully to search for, and transcribe some passages from, let us say, Dugdale's *Monasticon*. He does not know that in St. James's-square he might put Master Dugdale into a hansom and drive him to his own home. A library which lends the most rare and inaccessible books, staying not its hand when the volume asked for is worth a hundred pounds, is an institution whose existence Little-Faith is hardly able to receive as a fact. But the London Library does precisely this thing. It lends out books which in other libraries can be consulted only on the spot, and for such brief space of time as a man's engagements permit. The fact ought to be proclaimed anew that any literary man who subscribes £3 a year to the London Library may

borrow ten standard works at one time—including books of cost and rarity—for two months of private study in his home. No other library in this country gives such privileges; none in the world gives them so liberally.

It goes without saying that within the London Library there is freedom of access to the books. Members browse on the open shelves, seeking what they need, trying and tasting as they go; and out of the one hundred and eighty-five thousand books in the collection a town member may have ten sent to his house by rail or carrier, while a country member may order forward fifteen. No wonder that Oxford men, to whom the Bodleian is open every day, send to the London Library for books. The Bodleian and the British Museum are the last great resources, the almost unending resources, of literary workers in this country; but the London Library supplies special aid of the most valuable kind. It cancels, more than any other library, the reproach which Gibbon urged against London: "The greatest city in the world is destitute of that useful institution—a public [lending] library; and the writer who has undertaken to treat on any large historical subject is reduced to the necessity of purchasing for his private use a numerous and valuable collection of the books which must form the basis of his work."

The erection of the new building, of which the fifty-seventh annual report of the Library, recently issued, gives particulars, marks, we trust, a new era in the growth of the London Library. That growth has been vigorous from the first, but alike in its theory and practice this Library is so admirable that we cannot but think of it as an unclaimed inheritance. Its members number only 2,472; and these are scattered throughout England, Scotland, Ireland, and the Channel Islands. Moreover, the present rejuvenation of the Library has not been accomplished without difficulty, though it has been accomplished without fuss.

The precise origin of the London Library must be considered somewhat obscure. Thomas Carlyle had much to do with the founding of it. He was a member of its first committee, which met on July 18, 1840. Mr. Gladstone sat on the same committee. Other members present were Mr. Arthur Helps, Mr. George Cornwall Lewis, Mr. Thomas Babington Macaulay, and Mr. Richard Monckton Milnes. Lord Lyttelton, as president, signed the minutes. In its first years the Library was housed at 49, Pall Mall, but in 1845 it was removed to Beauchamp House in St. James's-square, where it has snugly remained ever since. Almost to the end of his life Mr. Gladstone took a warm interest in the London Library. In 1879 he attended the general meeting called to consider the question of buying the freehold, and his warm support of the project contributed to its execution. Very early in the history of the Library the Prince Consort became its patron. Its minute books bristle with illustrious names. We find that the committee which met on February 3, 1841, consisted of the following men: Mr. George Cornwall Lewis (in the chair), Sir E. L. Bulwer, Mr. Sergeant Talfourd, Mr.

W. E. Gladstone, Mr. Thomas Carlyle, Mr. James Spedding, and Mr. Edward FitzGerald. At various times the committee has included men like Earl Stanhope, Hallam, Grote, Mark Pattison, Sir Harry Verney, Cotter Morrison, and others. Lord Clarendon, the first president, was followed by Carlyle, who held this honourable post from 1871 to 1881. Lord Houghton became the third president. The fourth was Lord Tennyson, and now Mr. Leslie Stephen occupies the chair. Prof. Huxley was a member until his death, and Mr. Herbert Spencer has been a member since 1867. To all these men, and to men of equal or of lesser intellectual calibre, the London Library offers solid help in the article of books.

It is impossible and unnecessary to describe the contents of a large all-round library. In the London Library, History and Literature are represented by the greatest number of books. County histories—those always costly tomes—are here in full array. The collections of books on Art and Topography are very fine. Imagine the privilege of borrowing for two whole months Nash's *History of Worcestershire*, or the Strype 1756 edition of Stow's *Survey of London*. The books on Science are such as will satisfy any layman who wishes to keep himself abreast of the progress made in all departments of research. Foreign literatures are well represented, even Swedish and Hungarian books being carefully stocked. For Spanish books the members make a large demand. Nothing strikes the visitor to the London Library so much as the promptness with which costly new books are bought and lent out. There has been no attempt on the part of the administration to amass surplus funds. The funds of the Library have been spent on the Library. Indeed, additions to the collection have been almost entirely by purchase, and how constant the increase has been may be judged by the fact that the books have risen from 13,000 in 1842 to 185,000 in 1898. The secret of the Committee's ability to go on adding expensive books to their collection is largely this: they do not purchase ephemeral or inferior books. They do not buy a novel until it seems worth while to buy it, and until it can be bought at a second-hand price.

Another thought presents itself. In 1841 the London Library was founded to fill an absolute vacancy; and despite the growth of Free Libraries, it practically fills the same vacancy still. In view of this fact, and of the traditions which it has gathered in its fifty-seven years of existence, it is not surprising that the more ebullient members insist that the London Library is really a national institution, deserving the legacies of wealthy patrons of literature. It certainly seems anomalous that when the people want a library some rich man is sure to rush forward with thirty thousand pounds, whereas the raising of £10,000 for the rebuilding and improvement of the London Library has been a matter of great travail. We suspect, however, that the London Library will best fulfil its destiny by maintaining the dignified policy which has always distinguished its management. It was never more prosperous than now.

HYMNS.*

"In a good hymn," said Tennyson, "you have to be commonplace and poetical." Perhaps because after all our various distinctions grow out of a substratum of commonplace, almost everybody is affected by some hymn; not in his depths, perhaps, but in his sensitive surface just where it stings. So you hear of Thackeray bursting into tears upon hearing a street-arab sing, "There is a happy land, far, far away," to its familiar little Indian air.

"A song of adoration to some superior being" is Johnson's definition of a hymn. "It is a song with praise of God," says St. Augustine. "If thou praise God and sing not, thou utterest no hymn. If thou sing and praise not God, thou utterest no hymn. Song, praise—the praise of God: these three things." About this central notion of adoration two other threads are twined; sometimes one, sometimes the other, is at the surface. The one is the expression of intellectual apprehension; the other of emotional affection. Both are found in the earliest forms of Christian hymnody; the former mainly in the great ages of theological disputation, when the mysteries of faith supplied matter for the activities and confusion of all the brightest wits in Europe. The spirit that moved the hymn-writers of those days was akin to what among ourselves is called the scientific spirit—the spirit of reverence for the most certain of known truths. They triumphed in a conclusion at last established; they revelled in the right word discovered after a generation's search, and vindicated against all heresies.

Particularly is it of the very essence of the hymns with which St. Thomas of Aquin adorned the office and mass of Corpus Christi: "Pange lingua," "Verbum supernum prodiens," and the grand psalm of the Veiled Presence, the sequence "Lauda Sion." This last is a series of great hammer-blows of triumphant—almost arrogant—orthodoxy; its condensed and antithetical form is the despair of translators:

"... Blood for drinking, flesh for eating,
Yet in both . . .
Wholly present Christ is hailed.

Whoso of this food partaketh,
Rendeth not the Lord, nor breaketh;
Christ is whole to all that taste:
Thousands are, as one, receivers;
One, as thousands of believers,
Eats of Him who cannot waste."
("Sumit unus, sumunt mille:
Quantum isti, tantum ille:
Nec sumptus consumitur.")

The incidents of the Redemption tragedy were the facts *par excellence* of the world's history: they were apprehended with a vividness that by us, in an age that will hardly tolerate them as historical, can with difficulty be realised. Take the Passiontide hymn "Vexilla Regis prodeunt." It was composed by the last of the Latin troubadours, Venantius Fortunatus, in the sixth century for the consecration of a church at Poitiers, of

* *Hymns and Hymn-Makers*. By Rev. Duncan Campbell, B.D. (A. & C. Black.)

which in his graver age he was bishop. These stanzas are from Neale's version :

The Royal Banners forward go,
The Cross shines forth in mystic glow;
Where He in Flesh, our Flesh Who made,
Our sentence bore, our ransom paid.

Fulfill'd is now what David told
In true prophetic song of old,
How God the heathen's King should be;
For God is reigning from the Tree.

O Tree of glory, Tree most fair,
Ordain'd those Holy Limbs to bear,
How bright in purple robe it stood,
The purple of a Saviour's blood.

Upon its arms, like balance true,
He weigh'd the price for sinners due,
The price which none but He could pay,
And spoil'd the spoiler of his prey."

There are history and dogma in a setting of pageantry; so also in the ancient Greek hymn, translated by Keble, which is still used in the Greek Church at the lighting of the lamps :

"Hail, gladdening Light, of His pure glory pour'd

Who is the Immortal Father, Heavenly,
Blest,

Holiest of Holies, Jesus Christ our Lord !

Now we are come to the sun's hour of rest,
The lights of evening round us shine,
We hymn the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit Divine."

Not that the sense of a personal relation, which takes for granted the dogmatic truths that form its basis, has ever been absent from Christian hymnology. Off-hand, probably, most people would have conjectured "O happy band of pilgrims," and "Safe home, safe home in port," to be of modern British origin; they are the work of a ninth century Sicilian. Indeed, the note is sounded in the first Christian hymn of all—"Magnificat *anima mea Dominum*"; St. Ignatius in the first century applies the style "my Love" to our Lord; and you would search modern writers in vain for so tender a strain as this from the cloister of St. Bernard, of Clairvaux (the translation, is, of course, Father Caswall's):

"O Hope of every contrite heart,
O Joy of all the meek,
To those who ask how kind Thou art,
How good to those who seek !
But what to those who find? Ah ! this
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is
None but His loved ones know."

But in the England of the Reformation settlement the cry of personal devotion grew vocal (not to say garrulous) at the time of the Evangelical revival that stirred the dull formalism of the eighteenth century. Charles Wesley is credited with 6,000 hymns, of which some few survive, and must endure till the Anglo-Saxon race shall altogether perish: "Jesu, Lover of my soul," "Love divine, all love excelling" (embodied by Sir John Stainer in his *Daughter of Jairus*), "Hail the day that sees Him rise" are of the number; and here are two stanzas of another:

"God only knows the love of God;
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart !
For love I sigh, for love I pine !
This only portion, Lord, be mine,
Be mine this better part.

For ever would I take my seat
With Mary at the Master's feet ;
Be this my happy choice ;
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice."

It is interesting to watch an ordinary congregation during the singing of these passionate words. Berridge was one of the Wesley group, and the spirit of them all is illustrated by this sentence from his pleasant epitaph :

"Here lie the earthly remains of John Berridge, late vicar of Everton, and an itinerant (*sic*) servant of Jesus Christ, who loved His Master and His work, and, after running on His errands for many years, was caught up to wait on Him above."

"Rock of Ages" was perhaps written to controvert the Wesleyan doctrine of perfection. Toplady, its author, was Calvinistic in his views. He edited the *Gospel Magazine*, and the hymn appeared at the end of a curious article, which, following a paper upon the National Debt, was entitled "Spiritual Improvement of the Foregoing." Partly for the pleasure of restoring the original second line, we quote the last stanza :

"While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eye-strings snap in death,
When I soar through tracts unknown,
See Thee on Thy Judgment Throne;
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

The metaphors will not bear examination; four or five distinct images are woven into the woof of the hymn; but its immense influence is a fact. Another hymn in which the note characteristic of the Evangelical revival may be discerned is "Lead, kindly light." It may have been a bright particular flame in the writer's purgatory to hear this luckless tangle of discordant images—expressive, rather, of the disorder of mind and body, which he was suffering in the Bay of Naples at the time of his writing it, than of any normal process of thought or emotion—within a week of his decease incessantly vibrating upon the wings of Dr. Dykes's admirable music. The churchwardens, and the sidesmen, and the Sunday-school teachers—hark to them :

"So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those Angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost
awhile."

It is very pathetic, but what does it mean? Newman was asked, and frankly confessed that if it had ever meant anything he had clean forgotten what it was. And what does the singer who has abjured "the garish day" mean by welcoming the morn, the beginning of another? But it has hit the national humour that hates first principles, abhors consequences, and is pretty sure that Providence, upon the whole, is at the back of the Union Jack; and, therefore, it is destined to a pitiful immortality. "Praise to the Holiest in the height," from *Gerontius*, is, on the other hand, a composition of great dignity. The stages of the world's history, according to Catholic theology, are un-

folded, from the Creation and the Fall to the cardinal fact of the Divine Incarnation.

"O loving wisdom of our God !
When all was sin and shame,
A second Adam to the fight
And to the rescue came.

O wisest love ! that flesh and blood,
Which did in Adam fail,
Should strive afresh against the foe,
Should strive and should prevail ;

And that a higher gift than grace
Should flesh and blood refine,
God's Presence and His very Self,
And Essence all Divine."

And the refrain itself—

"Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise.
In all His works most wonderful,
Most sure in all His ways"—

is touched with a serene and lofty enthusiasm. Of Faber we take for granted "Hark, hark my soul," "My God, how wonderful Thou art," and the others that have found their way into most of the Protestant hymnals. He was a very superlative person; and here, from the *Oratory Hymn Book* is the sort of thing that is most characteristic of him. He celebrates the definition of the Immaculate Conception, which is nothing else than a declaration that the Blessed Virgin was not touched, even for a moment, by original sin, in such jubilant strains as these :

"O Mother, I could weep for mirth,
Joy fills my heart so fast;
My soul to-day is heaven on earth,
O, could such transport last !
I think of thee, and what thou art,
Thy majesty, thy state;
And I keep singing in my heart—
Immaculate ! Immaculate !"

The Divine Son's heart glows with rapture, bright choirs in gleaming rows answer to His rapture with their songs, the singer would forfeit heaven rather than this jewel should be missing from Mary's crown; she shines like a royal star on God's eternal breast; for the Vicar of Christ has proclaimed her prerogative. Probably this hymn has done more to spread devotion to the dogma among English Catholics than the multitudes of sermons and treatises which have been spent upon it. For there is nothing in the world so convincing as a rhyme. Luther's hymns were the principal means by which the doctrines of the Reformation were spread. The Evangelical revival projected itself into the popular heart through hymns. The Oxford Movement, so far as it has won its way among the people, owes more to Neale and Keble than to Pusey. Who shall say how many millions Isaac Watts's

"Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run,"

or Heber's

"From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,"

has been worth to the Protestant missionary societies?

Space fails us in which to tell of Dr. Bonar ("A few more years shall roll"), of Bishop Ken, of Dr. Bright ("And now the wants are told), of John Byrom ("Christians, awake, salute the happy morn"), of Dean Alford (Come, ye thankful people come"),

of Mr. Baring Gould ("Daily, daily sing the praises"), of Thomas of Celano ("Dies iræ") and his translators, of Frances Ridley Havergal and Mrs. Alexander. Of these and some hundreds of others Mr. Campbell gives a concise scholarly account. Two reflections are borne in upon the reader's mind: the first, that the art of hymn-writing is so distinct that no poet of the first rank has achieved a successful hymn; the second, one which is well expressed by Mr. Campbell in his excellent introduction:

"Hymns [he writes] are sung in assemblies where their authors would never come. The words of bishop, abbot, and cardinal are used in lowly conventicles where their stately canonicals would seem strangely out of place. On the other hand, the hymns of many a simple Nonconformist layman are sung by white-robed choristers under the fretted roofs of venerable cathedrals, the one touch—not of Nature, but of grace—making singers and writers kin."

PARIS LETTER.

(From our French Correspondent.)

M. EDOUARD ROD is always interesting, by reason of an extremely winning and noble sincerity, and seriousness of tone and treatment. He brings nothing in the way of sunshine or gaiety or gladness to his study of humanity, but he fronts us with a fine conscience, with an inalterable goodness. The Pasteur Naudié on whose behalf he now seeks our sympathy is, it must be confessed, a bit of an imbecile. This gentle Pasteur Naudié, a Protestant minister of La Rochelle, is miserably mated. But how is it possible to pity the creature who slips so easily into the noose, chosen, not choosing? And after all we are forced to remember that had Mlle. Jane Defos been poor instead of an heiress, her extravagant act in deputing her uncle to ask the hand of a man who has never spoken to her, never solicited her interest or bestowed his own upon her, would have shocked him as an unqualifiable piece of impudence and immodesty. Why should the fact of her fortune have altered the nature of the act in the eyes of a refined and honourable man? Such a proceeding revealed her fully in the colours experience develops—a creature of caprice, indelicacy, and inconsequence. She did not know the minister, did not care a farthing for him; he was not a figure to turn the head of an impetuous and romantic schoolgirl. He was an oldish, dull widower, with grown-up children. She took it into her head to marry him, as she might have gone to China—with a return ticket. Having leaped into marriage, she found it as we all should have found it under the circumstances—dull. The minister paid deservedly the price of his folly, and was miserable ever afterwards, till wealth and wife vanished into the arms of a younger man, and he was exiled by shame and sorrow to the African Coast. The story is a strong and sincere study in a minor key, an interesting addition to the Protestant literature of France. French Protestants, I am sure, are delightful, but why don't their historians make them a little more cheerful and cheering? M. Rod takes his

task too heavily. And yet we owe him gratitude. Through him we learn something of this large element of French thought. Whatever the anti-Dreyfus party may assert and like to believe, Protestantism has an immense hold in France. Such important towns as Montpellier, Montauban, and Nîmes in the south are entirely Protestant. All the Cevennes, La Rochelle, Nantes, many eastern towns, are strong Protestant centres, and yet the modern novelists, with the exception of M. Rod, who is not French, write as if France were exclusively Catholic or Freethinking. And this Protestant element, with its superior personal rectitude and judgment, if with an infinitely narrower outlook and sympathies, will be enlarged and strengthened, on the day (if ever) that full light is shed on the lamentable Dreyfus tragedy, and the dark and grievous scandal is revealed in all its abomination and iniquity. It has been said that Dreyfus, the unhappy victim of militarism and clericalism to-day, has won more Alsations and Lorrainians to Germany than ever the Revanche will succeed in winning back to France. If he should ever be conclusively proved innocent, the Protestant cause in France will equally benefit by his martyrdom.

MM. Hachette have published a remarkable study of the influence of Scott in *La Roman Historique*. It is very learned and conscientious. The idealist current preceding the loud-voiced, high coloured, and vigorous romanticism of Hugo, is traced from the pastoral literature of the fifteenth century, through an ocean of fantasies and extravagances to the long-winded heroisms and sentimentalities of La Calprenède and Mlle. de Scudéry. The realistic current is developed very ably from Hamilton and the Abbé Prevost, while the picturesque current, the immortal glory of defunct romanticism, finds its apotheosis in Chateaubriand. M. Maigron gives at great length some of the most beautiful descriptive passages of Chateaubriand, and heavens! as one reads these passages in the midst of modern pages, with modern pages round about us, how increasingly glorious they seem! There can be no doubt of it: on both sides of the Channel the secret of majestic, beautiful prose is lost to us. The witchery, the commanding nobility of words are gone from literature. Renan here, Stevenson on the other side, though in a much smaller way, he being merely a bright figure, and not a great astral glory, seem to have been the vanishing echoes of splendid national harmonies. To read now of Scott's success in France is still a stupendous surprise. "Milliners and duchesses, from the simple people to the artistic and intellectual elect of the nation, all felt his fascination and prestige. Not even in France was any French name ever so known and so glorious," writes M. Maigron. Publishers—lucky wretches as always—grew wealthy upon his translated works; poor hacks subsisted upon imitations of him; the nation's literature took its tone from him, and when he died it was a day of national mourning in France.

Why in modern French literature should youth and obscenity be seemingly synonymous terms? We may be tolerant of the

follies of young men, and not insist that they shall be sages or saints, but, candidly, the excesses of the young authors who claim the hospitality of the *Mercur de France* for their futile lucubrations, shake at the very foundations of tolerance, and suggest the advisability of the institution of a sombre and stern committee told off by an exasperated public to sentence to the fire first the young men's books, and then themselves. For I can imagine nothing less awful than fire acting as moral soap here. But possibly nobody reads these appalling obscenities but the authors, their friends and enemies, and the few reviewers to whom they are addressed. *Initiation into Sin and Love* is the suggestive title of a work of genius of this kind I lately waded through. I think I pitied the writer even more than myself or the publisher's reader. As an excuse for the monotony of obscene experiences, the author naïvely assures us that his duty is to be accurate in following his hero, and that as licentiousness is the largest element in a young man's life, the conscientious author must make it the largest element in a sincere and "real" study of life. Poor young men! How dull it must be to be condemned, whether they like it or not, to seek experience ever and always at the same disgusting source, while there is so much that is pleasant and entertaining in the world: peril and sport on land and water, horses, collections, foreign travel—even cycling! I think I would rather be a Deputy of the terrible Chamber, and argue with the anti-Dreyfusites, than be the hero of a French novel.

Talking of cycling, let me recommend a clean and humorous book by M. Remy Saint Maurice: *The Recordman*. There are some delightful sketches of life and character in a Breton village, whose hero, a baker's boy, becomes the champion cyclist of the world. The novel rolls up and down the Continent (even across the Channel to beat the Anglo-Saxons—in spite of M. Desmolins—at Birmingham) on wheels, in a flash of steel, a glitter of light, a whirl of dust. The hero's return to his native village, an illustrious figure of the age, is almost worthy of Daudet. To be sure, it wants Daudet's lightness, his caustic wit, his delicious humour, his incomparable touch; but it recalls him, and that in itself is a pleasant claim upon the reader. But it fills us with regret too. It tells us that Daudet has gone while there remained a fascinating book he might have written, and which another has written with a younger, heavier hand, and a touch less fresh, less buoyant. But, such as it is—pure, good-humoured, witty, too long and inartistic, may-be—*The Recordman* has an honourable place in the gay and humorous literature of the day.

H. L.

WHAT THE PEOPLE READ.

XV.—MY COUSIN FROM NEW YORK.

"WELL it's real good of you to let me pick and choose like this," she said hovering about my literary shelves. "You people on this side always think that

Americans don't care about anything but dollars and bonnets but I tell you I do just admire good literature I know you think American women just want to talk talk talk just as fast as they can and think a heap more about clam-chowder than they do about Shakespeare but I do assure you we know as much about Shakespeare over the other side as they know in Stratford-on-Avon and I know that for a fact because"——

Her forefinger paused over *American Ideals*.

"That," I said, "is a book of essays by Theodore Roosevelt—the man who has organised the Rough Riders in Cuba."

Her finger proceeded on its journey along the row. "Now I'm not like that at all," she continued. "Give me a real nice book and I'll sit down in the corner just as quiet as a mouse Now that's the book I want right here—*American Wives and English Husbands*—that's by Gertrude Atherton She wrote *Patience Sparhawk* and that's just sweet I may have that mayn't I? and oh! *A Queen of Men* that sounds a good title Sakes alive! is this *English*?"

She turned the pages with nervous fingers.

"I believe there is a certain amount of Irish in it," I replied.

"Well, I expect I shall be dead before I've time to learn Irish," she said. "I can read German with a dictionary but when I read German I just sit down to have a real hard time and I don't mind what trouble I take so long as I can feel at the end that I have gotten the man's meaning out of him I don't mind Crockett or Barrie they're just like "Ragged Robin" at Mr. Tree's theayter its only English spelled wrong and you can spell it right in your own mind anyway but I can't learn a new language between the London depot and Brighton Say what's this?"

"That's a rather interesting story," I said. "It's by George Egerton, and it's her first long——"

"*The Wheel of God*. I think I'd like to take that."

She opened the book and found the last page, at which she looked attentively. Then she returned it to the bookshelf.

"No I won't take that," she said decidedly.

"Why not?" I asked.

"She goes to stay with a lot of women in the country and I don't think that's a nice ending anyway."

"But do you always look at the end of a book before you read it?"

"Always," she said. "I like to know that however sad the story may be there's just a chance of happiness for the people at the end of it Those stories that leave nearly everybody dead and the rest unhappy—well they just make me tired Just as if it wasn't as easy to let the girl marry a nice man at the end and have a prospect of some fun."

"Then," I said, "you insist on a happy ending to a novel?"

"Oh now you're laughing at me! I don't mean that every story should end with a wedding because I could pick out a lot of things in Bond-street that I want more than a husband but I want something in a story

to reconcile me to real life I know you people on this side think we Americans have a good time and don't think about things but why can't novelists make life what it ought to be and not just what it *oughtn't* to be?"

"No; don't take that," I said. She had her hand on Mrs. Wood's *Weeping Ferry*. "You won't smile for a month. Here, take *The Londoners*. There's no one to be sorry for in that."

"Say now you *are* laughing at me?" she said.

"Not a bit. I agree with you," I replied. C. R.

THE BOOK MARKET.

THE MAGAZINE WAR.

A DIARY OF EVENTS.

LAST week we entered very fully into the dispute between Messrs. Harmsworth and Messrs. Smith & Son respecting the sales of the *Harmsworth Magazine*. We now chronicle the later events of this enlivening struggle:

Saturday, July 16. The Bookstall War at its height. The *Daily Mail* seriously disappoints its readers by giving only an inch to the escape of two monkeys from the Bull and Bush Inn on Hampstead Heath. At any other time, it is felt, a band of humorists would have started at once from Tudor-street to the Heath. However, readers settle down to three columns of the "Magazine War." In those, Mr. W. L. Thomas, of the *Graphic*, is permitted to pay off an old score against Messrs. Smith & Son, who, it seems, wanted an extra 10 per cent. discount on the Royal Academy Number of the *Graphic* in 1897. They did not get it.

A meeting of newspaper proprietors is convened for Monday to scarify Messrs. Smith & Son, and "to listen to certain proposals."

Meanwhile, Messrs. Smith & Son are represented by a long letter in the *Daily Chronicle*, which, by special arrangement, is quoted in the *Daily Mail* on the same morning. Also, Messrs. Harmsworth are permitted to reply to Messrs. Smith in the same issue of the *Daily Chronicle*; their reply, again, being quoted in the *Daily Mail*. This despatch is a lesson to generals and admirals, who often fight slowly and intermittently, forgetting that the public wants its fun.

Messrs. Smith & Son's letter puts the "true issues":

"(1) Must a newsagent distribute a magazine for the profit of the producer if it causes a loss to himself?"

(2) If he asserts his right to conduct his business as he pleases, is he to be intimidated into capitulation by the high-handed action of a publisher who merely wishes to establish a monopoly far greater and more crushing than the one he seeks to displace, and also tries to obtain his object by openly threatening and secretly plotting the ruin of his antagonists who have the courage and self-respect to oppose him?"

Messrs. Smith & Son lay down ten additional propositions, and state: "Our total bookstall profits, with all our large business, are not nearly so large as the profits of Harmsworth, Limited." The public muses on the following counter-statements:

Messrs. Smith & Son say:

"We know full well the aims and ambition of Messrs. Harmsworth. They desire, by means of judicious working of the public through the columns of the *Daily Mail* and other journals, to force the small retailer to keep their magazine on sale—whether at a profit or a loss to him they care not a whit. Ultimately their object is, by intimidation, and where necessary, by boycott, to obtain the entire control of the retailers, and to compel them to sell such literature as the Harmsworths put on the market, on such terms as the Harmsworths choose to dictate, for the profit and aggrandisement of—the Harmsworths. This is the danger that we have to meet, and backed up as we are by the great majority of the retailers, we intend to meet it bravely and steadfastly. We do not intend to be bullied into selling any magazine at a loss."

Messrs. Harmsworth say:

"By gradually absorbing all these agents throughout the country, they hope to get the whole retail trade of the United Kingdom into their own hands, and thus to tighten their grip on the throats of owners of newspapers and publishers of books. By stirring up agitation among the retailers, they believe they pose as leaders, trusting that the shopkeepers who get their supplies from other wholesalers will desert to the Smith standard."

The *Saturday Review* counsels its readers to keep out of Harms(worth's) way, and says that Mr. Alfred Harmsworth's grammar is shocking.

Sunday, July 17. The *Harmsworth Magazine* and the Hampstead monkeys are discussed at innumerable dinner-tables.

Monday, July 18. Picturesque arrival of Mr. George Moore on the battlefield. "It is many years" since the author of *Esther Waters* "warned Messrs. Smith & Son of this danger." The gem of Mr. Moore's letter to the *Daily Chronicle* is its revelation of Mr. Faux, of Messrs. Smith & Son's firm, in the character of a critic:

"On the publication of *Esther Waters* Mr. Faux told an interviewer that the reason he refused to sell the book was because he found it to be full of 'pre-Raphaelite nastiness.'"

Mr. Moore is himself revealed as a student of politics. It seems that the Right Hon. W. H. Smith, M.P., the founder of the Strand firm, sympathised with Captain Boycott, and denounced "boycotting"; accordingly Mr. Moore, who alone recollects this, invites the public to be hugely amused by "the spectacle . . . of the young Smiths handing out their father's unremembered writings against exclusive dealing with their left hands, while they indite

invitations with their right hands to the retail trade to boycott Mr. Harmsworth's magazine." Mr. Moore also pleasantly compares Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son's profits to those of Mr. Gordon, the money-lender. As a parting shot he says he has sold 10,000 copies of *Evelyn Innes* without Smith & Son's help.

The readers of the *Daily Mail*, having again scanned the columns of their pet paper for tidings of the runaway monkeys, and found none, resign themselves to a column and a half of Magazine War. They are informed that

"the position of the 'Magazine War' this morning is that over 700,000 copies of the boycotted venture have been sold."

Meanwhile, Messrs. Smith have again circularised the Trade in appealing terms and in a literary style which blights the hope that our controversial literature is to be enriched by this quarrel:

"Messrs. Harmsworth, by means of us retail news-vendors, and by us alone, have reached the high position and the truly magnificent profits they now enjoy.

And so long as they treated us with fairness we none of us grudged them that position and those profits. But now, when they think they are strong enough, they try to kick away the ladder by which they have risen. They produce a magazine—a very fair production, too—and finding they cannot make a profit on it on the ordinary trade terms, they try to sweat their profit out of the pockets of the—for the most part—poor and struggling newsagents, by attempting to create a demand among the public which they think the small retailer will be powerless to withstand. They have used a weapon—it may or may not be a powerful one, but it is at all events un-English and unsportsmanlike.

Will you come forward and help us? It is a battle not for high profits, but for a living profit as against an actual loss."

While this appeal is appearing in the *Chronicle*, Messrs. Harmsworth are quoting it [agreeably to the new Simultaneous Journalism] in the *Daily Mail*, where it is described as "frantic and undignified." Mr. Moore's anecdotes bring forth others. It is alleged that once on a time Messrs. Smith & Son declined to sell somebody's *Life and Times of Lord Salisbury*, and that they explained their action by stating that they had "no reason whatever to believe that a pamphlet with Lord Salisbury as a subject could be sold." *Daily Mail* readers think that this space really *might* have been devoted to the monkeys.

The meeting of newspaper proprietors and others, announced on Saturday, is held somewhere in the *Graphic* buildings. A couple of dozen journalists, who go thither to attend the meeting, spend twenty minutes in obstructing the pavements round St. Clement Danes, but do not gain admittance.

Seven hundred thousand copies of the *Harmsworth Magazine* sold.

Tuesday, July 19. The Hampstead monkeys are no longer at large. Chagrined by the neglect of the *Daily Mail* they "broke into" the very cage they had "broken out of" a week before. Not a solitary humorist from Tudor-street has been seen on Hamp-

stead Heath, and all we now read is that "they [the monkeys] were in a deplorably woe-begone condition." Hardly have they effaced themselves, poor things, than the *Daily Mail* announces that "the excitement of the Magazine War looks, for the moment, as though it were abating."

Messrs. Smith & Son deny that they earn the huge profits (£250,000 to £500,000) per annum which are attributed to them by Messrs. Harmsworth.

Wednesday, July 20. The *Daily Mail* admits that the Magazine War has sunk to the level of the misunderstanding between Spain and America.

Thursday, July 21. Not a line about the "Magazine War" in the *Daily Mail*. Nothing official in the *Daily Chronicle*. We can but quote the words which Shakespeare, ever prophetic, put into the mouth of Henry IV.:

"So shaken as we are, so wan with care,
Find we a time for frightened peace to pant,
And breathe short-winded accents of new
broils
To be commenc'd in *strands*. . . ."

CORRESPONDENCE.

ON THE GROUNDS OF CRITICISM IN DRAMATIC POETRY.

SIR,—With the merits of "Cyrano de Bergerac" I am not concerned; but to your reviewer, who applies to M. Rostand's play a method of criticism more suitable to lyric poetry, I should like to address a few questions.

Is he acquainted with the familiar comparison of those persons who recommend Shakespeare by quotations to the Irishman who showed a brick as a sample of his house? He will allow the bricks, so to speak, of "Cyrano" to be pretty, though mediocre; but to the structure he gives no attention. He may think it sufficient that he has allowed "Cyrano" to be an effective stage-play; but is not action the basis of dramatic poetry? Have we done justice to "Hamlet," for example, as a reading play, when we have called attention to the soliloquies, the counsel of Polonius, and

"But look! the morn, with russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill"?

Has he forgotten Macaulay's dictum: "The real object of the drama is the exhibition of human character"? Of the characterisation of "Cyrano" he says nothing. Instead, he reiterates, throughout four columns of your current issue, in the glib, cocksure fashion of the Impressionist school, that his brother-critics (M. Sarcey, for example), who may not have as good a claim to infallibility as he, have been too liberal in their praise, and that he is the proud discoverer of their mistake. His judgment may, or may not, be near the truth. But has he formed it on proper grounds?—Yours, &c.,

ARTHUR LANGMEAD CASSERLEY.
Finsbury-park, N.: July 19.

BOOK REVIEWS REVIEWED.

"LIFE IS LIFE."

"ZACK'S" stories have put the critics on their mettle. Mr. W. L. Courtney writes of them in the *Daily Telegraph* in words of earnest, yet tempered, praise. Especially is he struck by "Zack's" outlook on life:

"I am not sure that there are many books, even in our pessimistic age, which, from a certain point of view, reveal so clearly and decisively the despairing spirit. But as contrasted with the wails of impotent and mawkish hopelessness, there is in Miss Keats's volume an indomitable strength, an unshrinking courage, a masterful calm. If I may be allowed to say so, she meets destiny like a man, and the attitude is of more value than the particular criticism of life to which she has committed herself."

Mr. Courtney quotes the following passage with admiration. The boy Humphrey, blind and solitary, friendless in Australia, thinks of England sometimes while repairing umbrellas for his bread:

"Then the umbrella would drop from his hand, and his blind eyes fill with visions of his English home; the crude street noises around him would hush themselves, and the lop-lop of the river as it humped its way over brown pebbles become audible: he watched it wind through the Thursby meadows, where the big elms lolled and sunned themselves, past the gorse covered hills and the shuffling woods in their spring coat of beach-green. He saw again the long green alleys of the chase, played in its old-world gardens, where the old-world flowers dozed with drooping heads, as if dog-tired of blooming."

Force of personality rather than of art is, however, the secret of "Zack's" power, in Mr. Courtney's opinion.

The *British Weekly* distinguishes severely and sharply between what is good and what is indifferent in *Life is Life*:

"There are 323 pages in this book. In reality it begins at page 241 and goes straight on. There are thus eighty pages, great pages, notable pages, unforgettable pages, pages sufficient to give the writer a reputation. There are 238 printed pages that precede this, and of them it may be said that they are well enough, but have nothing to do with what follows them, and are the work of a writer in every way immeasurably inferior."

Unfortunately for the collaborator theory "Zack" has given it a denial. But this critic can write of those stories which he likes:

"I should pity anyone who could read those stories unmoved. They are to be classed with Tennyson's 'Rizpah,' and there is not much to go along with them in English literature, not much with the same terrible, tearing, tearless passion."

The *Outlook's* critic agrees with the *British Weekly* in condemning the first half-dozen or so stories in the book, but does he condone for his severity by going into ecstasies over the later ones:

"To consider the singular inanity of the title, and to peruse the first story in the collection, *Life is Life*, is to fall into despair of the author. All forlorn, the reader ploughs his way through 'The Failure of Flipperty,' 'The Busted Blue Doll,' and 'The Red-Haired Man's Dream,' and the clouds settle lower and lower upon his miserable head. For the pieces connoted by

these deadly titles contain no spark of merit. . . . 'Travelling Joe' is much better; and although the author's mainstay and chief delight is suddenly to introduce death in the last sentence, hoping thereby to gain a certain Korah-Dathan-and-Abiram kind of effect, dear to the neophyte—the story is prettily fancied. 'Rab Vinch's Wife' approaches excellence, but why doesn't the story end? One more sentence would have done it. . . . 'Widder Vlint' is neatly told; so is 'Dave,' but, &c. . . . If 'Zack' be a beginner, then there is hope for 'Zack'; she seems to understand Devonshire peasant life, more or less."

The *Spectator* feels deeply the grip of "Zack's" stories.

"But, while admiring the power and poignancy of this work, it is impossible to withhold a protest on the extreme dreariness of all the stories in the book. The impression which 'Zack's' stories leave on the mind is depressing. They are full of power, they are poignant, they possess a quality of tragic and dramatic force. But when he has finished the book the reader will lay it down with something of the feeling of relief with which one awakes from a bad dream to find the sun shining in at the windows and the hours of darkness past."

In the *Speaker* Mr. Quiller-Couch accepts "Zack" as a force to be reckoned with, but he criticises her outlook at some length:

"'Life is Life' she says. It strikes me as a sound proposition, and doubtless we shall all agree that it is a true one—until we begin to ask ourselves separately what we understand by the predicate.

Life is (Life):

But does (Life) = (Beer and Skittles)
or = (The Valley of the Shadow)
or = (A nice, respectable Villa)
or = (Fifes and clarions)
or = (A Convent)
or = (A House Beautiful)
or = (A Grand Deal of Miscellaneous Eating).

You can only construe by paraphrasing; and so much (you see) depends on the paraphrase. . . . Hereafter; and with as good reason. 'Zack's' title implies her claim to accept life for what it is, and so present it. I fancy she will come in time to regret both the title and the claim, as alike amateurish."

In fine, Mr. Quiller-Couch doubts whether there is a true relationship between "Zack's" view of life, which is acknowledged on all hands to be a terrible one, and life itself.

"Zack's" humour is noted with enjoyment by most of her critics. The *Pall Mall Gazette*, which refers to "Zack" as *he*, finds it "genuine" in the Devonshire stories; and this critic sums up a very general view in the short sentence: "There is something more than promise in 'Zack's' greatest failures."

"SONGS OF ACTION."

MR. CONAN DOYLE'S *Songs of Action* have been received with kindly, even hearty praise as the metrical expression of the healthy feelings which inform his novels. Says *Literature*:

"The author's aim in nearly all these songs of action is that which guided Mr. Henley when he made the choice of pieces for his *Lyra Heroica*—to set forth the beauty and the joy of living, the beauty and the blessedness of death, the glory of battle and adventure, the nobility of devotion, the dignity of resistance, the sacred quality of patriotism."

The *Saturday Review* and the *Daily Telegraph* are kindly critical. Says the former:

"It would be useless to pretend that Mr. Conan Doyle's style in verse is not secondary. He is always following somebody, often with a great deal of spirit and liveliness, but still following. In 'The Dying Whip' it is Tennyson, whose 'Northern Farmer' is quite closely paralleled, in the professional vanity of the dying man, his attitude to the parson, his intense local interests. Here it is curious that Mr. Conan Doyle should not have perceived that he was simply trying to rewrite one of the most famous of lyrical masterpieces. In 'The Frontier Line' it is Arndt, and the patriotic German *Lied* generally; elsewhere it is Campbell; it is even (or we are much mistaken) Mr. Newbolt. But, most of all, it is that imperious Mr. Kipling, with his life, whom Mr. Conan Doyle, like all the other grave old plodders who now attempt songs of action, cannot help following for their lines."

"Secondary," says this critic. "Not first rate," says the *Daily Telegraph*. But "there is something to be said for the little volume of verse to which Dr. Conan Doyle has affixed his name. There is spirit and animation, the rush and glow of young blood about his poems—always a pulsating sense of life, sometimes even a certain freshness and originality. Take, for instance, 'The Frontier Line.'"

But no, we will quote the *Times*' critic's quotation. He says:

"It makes one forget for a moment all the evil side of horse-racing when we see a finish described in such moving verse as this:

'Spider is winning!' 'Jo Chauncy is winning!'
It swells like the roar of the sea;
But Jo hears the drumming of somebody coming,
And sees a lean head by his knee.
'Nuneaton! Nuneaton! The Spider is beaten!'
It is but a spurt at the most;
For lose it or win it, they have but a minute
Before they are up with the post.

Nuneaton is straining, Nuneaton is gaining,
Neither will falter nor flinch;
Whips they are plying and jackets are flying,
They're fairly abreast to an inch.
'Crack 'em up! Let 'em go! Well ridden!
Bravo!'
Gamer ones never were bred;
'Jo Chauncy has done it! He's spurted! He's won it!'
The favourite's beat by a head!"

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Week ending Thursday, July 21.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, PHILOSOPHY.

CUBA, PAST AND PRESENT. By Richard Davey. Chapman & Hall. 12s.

CHINA AND ITS TRANSFORMATION. By Archibald R. Colquhoun. Harper & Brothers.

IDEALS OF THE EAST. By Herbert Baynes. Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 5s.

POETRY, CRITICISM, BELLES LETTRES.

PAST AND FUTURE. Poems by F. J. Shaw. Mawson, Swan & Morgan (Newcastle-on-Tyne). 6d.

EDUCATIONAL.

THOMSON'S WINTER, FROM "THE SEASONS." Edited by George F. Irwin. Browne & Nolan, Ltd.

ILLUSTRATED NOTES ON ENGLISH CHURCH HISTORY. New edition. Vol. I. From the Earliest Times to the Dawn of the Reformation. By the Rev. C. Arthur Lane. S.P.C.K. 1s.

MATRICULATION DIRECTORY. No. XXIV. JUNE, 1898. University Correspondence College Press. 1s.

LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL. Edited by Arthur Patton. New edition. Revised by John Cooke. Browne & Nolan, Ltd.

UNIVERSITY TUTORIAL SERIES: DEMOSTHENES: ANDROLION. W. B. Clive. 4s. 6d.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE GOLD STANDARD: A SELECTION FROM THE PAPERS ISSUED BY THE GOLD STANDARD DEFENCE ASSOCIATION IN 1895—1898. Cassell & Co. 2s. 6d.

THE TURF. By Alfred E. T. Watson. Lawrence & Bullen.

SUGGESTIONS FOR A SCHEME OF OLD AGE PENSIONS. By Lionel Holland. Edward Arnold. 1s. 6d.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

THE whole of the *édition de luxe* of Kipling's *Departmental Ditties*, to be published by Messrs. W. Thacker & Co., and to range with Macmillan's edition, is now taken up before publication, and it is fully expected that this edition, of which only 1,050 copies are printed, will shortly go to a premium.

A NEW novel by Duncan Craig, the author of *John Maverell*, entitled *Bruce Reynell*, is in the press, and will be published by Mr. Elliot Stock very shortly.

MR. HEINEMANN will publish, in the course of this month, a novel written in English by a young Italian lady. This book has a somewhat romantic interest, for it is the only work of the author that will ever reach the public, and it seems certain that the nature of its reception will never come to the author's knowledge, although she is still living—to judge from her portrait, in the very prime of health and youth. The book was written under great stress, and, as indicated by its title, *Via Lucis*, represents the struggles and efforts of a young girl in her attempt to find the true way of happiness. In this instance, "Vivaria," the *nom de plume* under which the book appears, has apparently found this happiness in the bosom of the Roman Catholic Church. When the book is published she will in all probability have taken vows in a convent for life.

MR. JOHN MILNE announces the immediate publication of a new work by Major Arthur Griffiths, the title of which will be *A Girl of Grit*. This will be issued as a companion volume to the same author's novel, *The Rome Express*, of which the sixth edition has just left the press. *A Girl of Grit* is a story, told in a similar style, of a gigantic scheme of fraud, and its ultimate detection.

MR. JEROME K. JEROME'S *Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow* appeared so long ago as 1886. He has lately written a companion volume, *Second Thoughts of an Idle Fellow*, which will be published by Messrs. Hurst & Blackett early next month.

On or before **Aug. 6** The **TIMES** OFFER will be withdrawn

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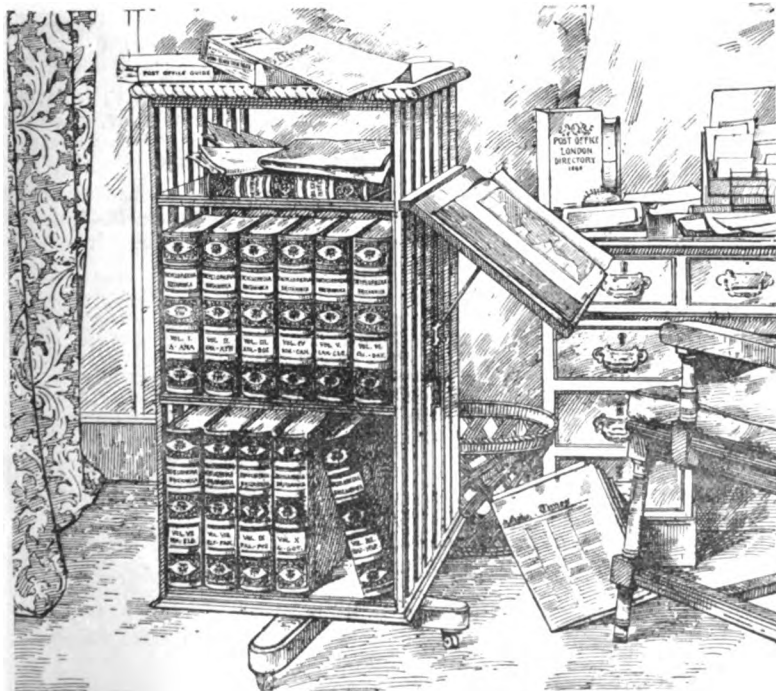
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What that model is may be learned from his new volumes, *Studies of a Biographer*, which represent most of the characteristics to be found in his life's work, except, perhaps, such more lengthy and set work as the *History of Eighteenth Century Thought*. The title, *Studies of a Biographer*, almost disclaims the name of essayist, though we have called him essayist. Yet there are some things in this work which justify that name, and these let us consider first. From this aspect, among his many aspects, Mr. Leslie Stephen is peculiar and difficult to estimate aright. Let it be said frankly, and in general, that the essay (properly so called, and exercising the widest latitude in the interpretation of the term) is not Mr. Stephen's province. Yet it is impossible to refuse him respect in it. The essay is not his province by birthright; yet he makes it his by force of arms. In the essay on Matthew Arnold (delivered as a lecture before the Owen's College, but really an essay) he modestly sets himself down a Philistine. "Humility is truth," said St. Bernard. Humility here is truth. Mr. Leslie Stephen, from the standpoint of Matthew Arnold, is a Philistine. That reminds us how the word has shifted its meanings since the days of Arnold. It has come to mean a man who cares nothing for literature. Nay, its uttermost degradation has been reached by a writer in the daily press, a writer belonging to the class of "young barbarians" whom Arnold contemned, and who has used it to designate those that do not dress according to the highly tailored canons of the "Johnnies" and "Chappies." After this, the spiritual children of Arnold have nothing left but to abandon the word, as cast-off clothing, to the *valets* of language. Arnold intended it for those—inside or outside literature—who were natively prosaic and unimaginative. Now to these Mr. Stephen belongs. One is loath to endorse his self-claim of that ugly word "Philistine." One is loath to abandon him to the enemy—he does too much honour to them. He is a literary Panther:

"So poised, so gently he descends from high,
It seems a soft dismissal from the sky."

Yet throughout his writing one cannot but be conscious of a certain hardness, a lack of moist light. He appreciates poetry—particularly the poetry of men such as Wordsworth and Arnold. But his appreciation is intellectual. Poetry, or the appreciation of poetry, requires in its fulness both intellect and emotion. Nevertheless one may have it without intellect, but not without emotion. Mr. Stephen does seem in a certain way to reach an intellectual appreciation even of the æsthetic side in poetry. If he does not reach it directly, he seems, by a certain strenuous fairness of mind, to reach it in a reflex way, through considering and appreciating its æsthetic effect on others. In the same manner he succeeds in forming an intellectual image of much else, in diverse directions, which has no personal appeal to him. So he becomes the most cultivated of non-æsthetic writers; of all Philistines, the one whom those of the opposite camp can read with pleasure and placidity.

All this comes out remarkably in his dis-

course on Arnold. It is the best essay ever written by a critic on an author with whom he was in no native sympathy. That is to say, an author whose root-principles are the destructive opposite of his own. Over and over again one exclaims: "He should have belonged to us!" Yet we are simultaneously aware that he never could have been one of us; that he is a born antagonist, with a superbly chivalrous recognition of his adversary's merit and strength. His judgment of Arnold is admirable, his sympathy refused or unwilling. That is a paradox which runs through Mr. Leslie Stephen's whole nature. His mind is that of the "scientist," but a glorified scientist. The scientist professes to examine everything without *a priori* bias; but when he confronts something alien to his own province, resting on principles other than his own, he becomes the most partisan and bigoted of critics. Mr. Stephen really tries to carry out the principles which the brethren of his cause only profess. To perceive this, compare his methods when he confronts an idealist with the methods (in a like situation) of Prof. Huxley. Take as a specimen of his thoughtfully candid spirit this passage on Arnold, with which we might have some quarrel in a detail or so, but surely none in essence:

"We—for I may perhaps presume that some of you belong, like me, to the prosaic faction—feel, when dealing with such a man as Arnold, at a loss. He has intuitions where we have only calculations. . . . He shows at once a type where our rough statistical and analytical tables fail to reveal more than a few tangible facts; he perceives the spirit and finer essence of an idea where it seems to slip through our coarser fingers, leaving only a residuum of sophistical paradox. In the long run, the prosaic weigher and measurer has one advantage—he is generally in the right as far as he goes. [Quite true.] His tests may be coarser, but they are more decisive, and less dependent upon his own fancies ['fancy' is an erroneous word in the case of a true master of intuition]; but when he tries to understand his rival, to explain how at a bound the intuitive perception has reached conclusions after which he can only hobble on limping feet, he is apt to make a bungle of it; to despise the power in which he is so deficient; and probably to suggest unreasonable doubts as to its reality and value."

Was ever such recognising criticism from an avowed demi-adversary? Throughout Mr. Stephen admits the value of being "shaken up" by Arnold's keen assaults on the rigid Philistine position. "Fas est ab hoste doceri" is the burthen of his essay. Yet there is a suggested reason for his avowed half-protesting sympathy. Arnold and he are really one in cause. They are both Agnostics, though their Agnosticism is so diverse in pattern. And many of his strictures on Arnold would be admitted—nay, applauded—by idealists who were not Agnostics.

Mr. Stephen's limitations as essayist are better seen in his comments on the recent "Life of Tennyson." He takes up the position which many of us take—that the later Tennyson is not equal to the earlier. He takes it up with characteristic modesty and apology, fearing that he may be "Philistine." But when he comes to the reason of the faith that is in him, he flounders. He shelters himself behind the allegory of "The Idylls," and his dislike of allegory; behind his

dislike of philosophy, so shadowily and indirectly conveyed. One may almost assert with confidence that the real reason of his abated enthusiasm is one with ours. Ruskin expressed it when he said that he felt the art and finish in these poems a little more than he liked to feel it. To this Tennyson replied that "The Idylls" were really rapidly written. Mr. Stephen feels the answer to be insufficient, but goes into all manner of roundabout considerations in the endeavour to explain *why* the answer is unsatisfactory. If his strength had lain in discussion, comment, analysis, he would have struck the direct answer at once. Mr. Ruskin was right. It matters nothing at all *how* a poem was written: it matters everything what is its effect. If the effect be one of downright inspiration, it is insignificant whether the poet spent months upon it. If the effect be one of self-conscious elaboration, without fire or fervour, or spontaneous richness, it does not signify though it were written in an hour after supper. Tennyson's earlier poems were full enough of highly wrought diction (whether he actually lingered over them or not); but this was carried off by the underlying *spirit* of inspiration. In "The Idylls" this magic is apparent only in passages, in images, in lines, in phrases: the general tissue has an air of mere artistry, without magic, without inevitableness. The allegory is neither here nor there; one's tastes as to the poetic expression of philosophy are neither here nor there. One comes to perceive that Mr. Stephen's power hardly lies in criticism. Even in the case of Arnold he makes no illuminative remarks; says nothing that in substance has not been said before. Neither, most certainly, does it lie in making a subject the theme for his own flights of thought or fancy. Where does it lie?

If one had read nothing else that Mr. Leslie Stephen had written; if one had read neither his "Men of Letters" volumes nor his contributions to the *Dictionary of National Biography*, the answer would yet be apparent in the present volumes. The reader may find it writ large in the "Johnsoniana," the "Byrom," the "Gibbon's Autobiography," the "Importation of German," above all, in "Wordsworth's Youth." The "Johnsoniana" deals with Dr. Birkbeck Hill's "Johnsonian Miscellanies," and in masterly manner impresses into its few pages a sketch of the un-Boswellian Johnson; bringing out by contrast the debt we owe Boswell, the true genius of that much-sneered-at writer. Yet with all its compression it is not dry. Even more typical is the article on Wordsworth. Mr. Stephen is here treating a book of M. Legouis—a book singularly interesting and unexpectedly excellent as coming from a French writer. With some dissent in minor matters (as he mentions), he does yet give the reader, in effect, an admirable and clear synopsis of what M. Legouis takes a book to set forth. The detailed examination by which M. Legouis brings out and enforces his conclusions is, perforce, absent; but the pith of the book is there. So that, having read Mr. Stephen, you could almost work out the French writer's demonstration for yourself.

That, in a phrase, is Mr. Leslie Stephen's peculiar function and excellence—to extract the square root of a book, or of many books. Clearly, we cannot call such a production an essay, or such a writer an essayist, in the original meaning of the terms. Not, indeed, according to any sense of these terms, with all their modern latitude of application. He does not make a book or a theme the nucleus of his own discourse; he macerates a subject; he scoops the pulp of the fruit, and throws away the skin. Essentially, no matter what he writes, at his best and most characteristic he is, in fact, a biographer. Whether writing *Johnson* for the "Men of Letters," or the "Johnsoniana" in these volumes, which is professedly more or less an essay, he is equally a biographer. A biographer, but a biographer in little. And thus all his tasks have been really an unconscious preparation for the crowning task by which he will chiefly live—the *Dictionary of National Biography*. There his gift of scholarly and felicitous compression, his power to fuse multifarious information without dullness and with perfect proportion, found its fitting exercise. It does not matter that only a certain portion of the innumerable articles in that work are actually from his pen. The credit of an architect is not lessened because the details of his work must needs be executed by subordinates. And Mr. Leslie Stephen is the architect of the Dictionary; though, like Michael Angelo, he has had to leave to another architect the task of continuing and completing his conception. Every article therein is framed under laws and upon a model laid by him. And those laws, that model, are derived from his own practice; from that method of cultured, perspicuous, symmetrical condensation, exhibited in this book as in those which have gone before it. One or two papers there are, it is true, in the beginning of the book, both desultory in structure, and frequently slipshod in grammar. But the bulk of it is as well-knit in style as in substance. The Liebig of biography—that is our final verdict on Mr. Leslie Stephen.

THE SCHOOL ON THE HILL.

Harrow School. Edited by Edmund W. Howson, M.A., and George Townsend Warner, M.A. With an Introduction by the Earl Spencer, K.G. (Edward Arnold.)

SAYS Earl Spencer in his introductory note to this portly volume: "I feel that these sketches of school life during the present century should be of permanent value to the public." It is so. The school life, spirit, traditions, history, and routine are so thoroughly described in these pages as to constitute a document that should in future years be of very high importance to students of social systems and education. It is a model for school historians. The book begins at the beginning, with an account of Mr. W. O. Hewlett, of the manor of Harrow and Harrow Hill Rectory, and the school anterior to the time of John Lyon.

It was John Lyon to whom Elizabeth granted the school charter, a portion of which serves as frontispiece. Then come chapters on the school buildings, the Houses, and Early Headmasters. (It would seem, although the records omit his name, that Holofernes was among these. There is Shakespeare's authority for the supposition, and Shakespeare should know. "Do you not educate youth at the charge-house on the top of the mountain?" says Armado to Holofernes in "Love's Labour Lost." "Or *mons*, the hill," replies Holofernes, never forgetting his profession. How could this be aught but Harrow?) Then we are offered chapters, by the best pens available, on the Drury Family and later Headmasters: Dr. George Butler, 1804-1829; Dr. Langley, 1829-1836; Dr. Christopher Wordsworth, 1836-1844; Dr. Vaughan, 1844-1859; and Dr. H. Montagu Butler, 1860-1885. The present Headmaster, Dr. J. E. C. Weldon, contributes a chapter on the School Chapel; and Speech Day, Harrow's famous men, sports, songs, and traditions are dealt with. The book, one sees, is exhaustive. And at every few pages is a drawing by Mr. Herbert Marshall. Hence it is hardly an exaggeration to say that one lays it aside—an Old Harrovian.

One of the most interesting chapters—because the most personal and human—is that contributed by Mr. Charles Savile Roundell, head of the school and captain of the eleven 1845-1846, and now one of the governors, on Dr. Christopher Wordsworth and Harrow in the Forties. Christopher Wordsworth, the nephew of the poet, came with the determination to make the boys "first, Christians; secondly, gentlemen; and thirdly, scholars." As an administrative Headmaster he is not considered to have been eminent, but as an influence in the direction he sought he was nobly so. As Mr. Roundell says, Wordsworth planted; another—Dr. Vaughan, his successor—reaped. But the harvest was assured. Two humorous stories in which Wordsworth figures may be told here. On one occasion he had occasion to punish a boy by bidding him stand in the corner. The boy did so, and then convulsed his schoolfellows by imitating the agony of a person in a spasm of sickness, emitting from his mouth a stream of torn paper. Dr. Wordsworth fixed him with his eye, and bade him quote something pertinent to his folly. "Dulce est desipere in loco," said the boy. The other story bears upon Dr. Wordsworth's oratory. Shortly after leaving Harrow, says Mr. Roundell, the ex-headmaster was preaching in the Abbey. There was a considerable crowd, which a verger explained to an inquirer by saying, "It's Dr. Wordsworth, sir, a-giving it to the Pope, sir, a-giving it to the Pope." On minor matters, such as school discipline and habits, Mr. Roundell is most entertaining. In those days, by an unwritten law, umbrellas, greatcoats, and spectacles were barred. "Go away and put off that disgraceful garment," said one of the masters to a boy in a great coat. Stone throwing was then a great accomplishment, in which boys reached something like perfection. Here is a reminiscence of a character of those times,

Dick Chad, nicknamed "Old Pipes," the keeper of the cricket ground :

"I can see him still, with no coat on, but only his jacket, in drab knee-breeches and white stockings, leaning upon his stick, considerably bent, and looking, like Lord Thurlow, very grave and very wise. One day, when the present Master of Trinity was in the school Eleven, he propounded to Chad some knotty question about cricket. Chad's answer, slowly and oracularly given, was as follows: 'Well, Mr. Butler, if you ask my opinion upon this question, I should say that, in my opinion, sir, it was not only doubtful, but doobious.' Once, in 1845, when he was being chaffed at Lord's by the Eton representative, forgetting his 'doobious' attitude, he said, 'All I know is we've two gentlemen whom I will back to get 100 runs between them.' In point of fact, the two in question got 101 runs between them in the second innings of the Winchester match: and when the head of the eleven was got out, with a score of seventy-five to his own bat, leaving some fifteen runs to be got, with five wickets to go down, the remaining runs were not got, and the match was lost. Such was the difficulty of playing with a brand-new eleven, consisting mainly of very young boys. About the same time, the story goes that, when fielding out on a hot afternoon in one of the school matches at Lord's, the nose of one of these young cricketers began to bleed; that, between the overs, his anxious mother besought the captain of the eleven to allow her son to retire for a while; and that she was met with the brutal answer, 'Not a Harrow boy shall leave the ground so long as he has a drop of blood left in his veins.'"

It was in later years, however, that Harrow cricket became great, under "R. G." and "F. P.," the two patron saints of athleticism in the school: "R. G.," the Hon. Robert—or Bob—Grimston; and "F. P.," Frederick Ponsonby, afterwards Earl of Bessborough. These are great names at Harrow, and ever will be. A chapter by Mr. Chandos Leigh is devoted to these illustrious friends and sportsmen, and the elegies upon them from the pen of Harrow's vigorous Laureate, Mr. E. E. Bowen, the head of the Modern Side, are also printed. The lament for "R. G." begins thus gravely:

"Still the balls ring upon the sunlit grass,
Still the big elms, deep shadowed, watch
the play:
And ordered game and loyal conflict pass
The hours of May.

But the game's guardian, mute, nor heeding
more
What suns may gladden, and what airs
may blow,
Friend, teacher, playmate, helper, counsellor,
Lies resting low."

And here is a stanza from the verses on the death of "F. P.":

"Our fields have lost his presence. Never
more
In the long splendour of the summer days,
Game after game, as swells the mounting
score.
His temperate voice shall gladden into
praise.
Others will toil as he did; still shall hold
The chain that binds us; skill nor love shall
cease;
But he, the first, the purest friend of old,
Rests in the silence of the endless peace."

In the old Harrovian Club hang two old
straw hats, memorials of these "famous

cricketers, loyal Harrovians, blameless gentlemen," as the inscription beneath their portraits in the Pavilion runs. May their memory continue green! They were succeeded by Mr. I. D. Walker, who died only the other day, since this book went to press, thus rendering two or three passages which treat in the present tense of his great and kindly services sad reading. Mr. M. C. Kemp is the present genius of the game, and of the school's prowess in cricket the powers of Mr. F. S. Jackson and Mr. A. C. Maclaren, to name no others, are at this moment sufficient guarantee.

The diary of a boy named Trevelyan, kept from 1812 to 1815, offers odd glimpses of the first Dr. Butler's accessibility. Here are entries to the point: "Supped with Dr. Butler. Eat Mock-Turtle Soup, Hare, Partridge, Pye, Custard and Trifle—and 3 glasses of wine." "Supped with B." "Supped with Dr. B.—good Madeira." Again, "Dr. B. gave Gray and I a glass of wine," and "Dr. B. told me to stay out for my cold, and I had some water-gruel with him." And here is portion of a "tuck" merchant's account with a Harrow boy of an earlier generation—1788. It indicates a Sybaritic taste:

Jun 30.	fool, bread, sauce on bread	3	1
July 1.	Shery toste, custard	0	8
" 2.	pigon Poy, bread limonad...	1	1½
" 3.	3 glace Ice, Naples basket, royal hostes	2	0
" 4.	ham, bread, pikles, lemonad	0	7
" 5.	3 pund sugar, pigon poy	3	7
" 7.	potte rasbury	1	3

Sir Henry Cunningham and Mr. W. J. Courthope enumerate, in two very interesting chapters, Harrow scholars and literary men. Among the statesmen were Sheridan, Spencer Perceval, Lord Elgin, Sir Robert Peel, and Lord Palmerston. Among the literary men were Sir William Jones, the Orientalist; Samuel Parr, the illustrious smoker; Sheridan again; Byron ("Burns," said someone to Lamb, "is a ploughboy." "Yes," said Lamb, "and Byron is a Harrow boy."); Barry Cornwall, Theodore Hook, Dean Merivale, Archbishop Trench, Cardinal Manning, Aubrey De Vere, Frederick Faber, Anthony Trollope, Robert Earl of Lytton, C. S. Calverley, or, as he was called when at Harrow, C. S. Blayds, and J. A. Symonds. Of living Old Harrovians of note these lists take no account: they are, however, numerous.

Every school has certain slang words of indigenous growths, and no book of this kind would be complete without an account of them. Hence Mr. Warner writes as follows:

"To tell the truth, it [Harrow slang] is not a rich language, and it borrows widely from the slang of outside. Its first principle is the substitution of the syllable 'er' for the termination of words. Thus, the recreation ground becomes 'Recker,' and the electric light 'lecker,' Speech-room is 'Speecher,' and Duck-puddle is 'Ducker.' 'Seconders,' 'thirders,' are second and third elevens. To be degraded is to be 'degerd' (pr. daygerd). 'Harder' is hard-ball rackets; a 'yarder' explains itself, and further examples of this are unnecessary. For the rest, let him [the Harrow boy] tell an imaginary tale in own words, how that he was 'slack,' and tried to

'stop out' and 'get signed' for the 'swot' he had 'cut.' Failing, he 'tollied up' to 'mug up' his 'rep,' but his 'house-beak' 'slimed' (went round quietly) and 'twug' him, and gave him a 'pun.' He 'frousted' in the morning till second bell, and was late for 'speecher'; got through his 'rep.,' but was 'skewed' in his 'con.'; had his knife 'bagged' by his 'form-beak,' and got a 'skit' more puns, and was 'hauled up' on the next 'half-hol.' Coming out of school he had a 'rag' with a friend, whom he called a 'chaw.' As the consequent dispute delayed him, his 'find' was in a 'bate,' and threatened a 'whopping.' Being a 'dab' at 'teek' he did a 'swagger ex,' and passed a quiet second school, but got a 'jaw' from his tutor in 'pupe' for being slack at 'stinks.' At 'footer' he 'bucked up,' and was unluckily 'skied,' just as he was going to give yards in front of base. He 'specks' on his 'fez' at no remote period, if he is not 'chawed up.'"

Most of these words explain themselves. It might be added, however, that "teek" is mathematics, so called from the habit of Mr. Jacob Marillier, mathematical instructor in the thirties, of pronouncing "arithmetic" with the last syllable much elongated.

Let us end by quoting three stanzas of Mr. Howson's epilogue:

"Behind—the old Elizabethan school,
Chapel and Eliza-room clustering in the
trees,
A little world of academic rule,
Busy and restless as a hive of bees;
Where ordered work and simple worship
blend,
Thought marries thought, and friend is knit
with friend.

Below—the meadows, fields of happy fight,
Rich with the memory of a thousand frays,
Where rival forces clash in fierce delight,
And boyhood plucks its first and proudest
bays.
O joy of mimic battle! generous feud!
Rough nurse of freedom, strength, and
fortitude!

Beyond—the mighty city spreading far,
Smoke-wrapt, mysterious, pinnacle and
spire,
Big with tremendous fates that make or mar,
A scene to strike the soul of youth afire—
Great London looming black against the
night,
Silent, beneath her lurid belt of light!"

Old Harrovians should find much food
for reflection—a little wistful, perhaps—in
these lines.

A BOOK OF THE HOUR.

China in Transformation. By Archibald
R. Colquhoun. (Harper & Brothers.)

THIS work derives importance from the
timeliness of its appearance, and impressive-
ness from its very bulk. It is a great
budget of information and comment on the
country which of all others is attracting the
attention and the fears of thoughtful people.
Ten years ago such a book would have
appealed only to lovers of travel-books, and
students of manners and customs. To-day
it appeals not to these only, but to the
politician, not to the politician only, but to
the man in the street, not to him only but
to the man of imagination. For China,
with its 350 million people, is about to fall

into Western hands. The prizes will be enormous. Nothing in this book so arrests and possesses the reader as the visions it affords of the potentialities of wealth which China can no longer hide under her immemorial cloak of secrecy. Mr. Colquhoun, an administrator of great experience, with the memories of years of civil service to draw upon, presents his subject in these pages in an orderly, yet impressive, manner which we have not space even to summarise. The burden of his message—the book is instinct with purpose—is to make clear what the disruption of China will mean to England, and to urge on her that definite and forward policy which she has delayed so long to adopt.

"For three hundred years we fought France, and built up our empire in the process. And shall we not face Russia now, rather than allow ourselves to be first replaced by her in China and then engulfed in the resulting deluge? For, with China Russian, Asia would soon be the Tsar's, and the whole world would, in due course of time, be subjugated by Russia. If Britain be but true to herself, and draw the Anglo-Teutonic races to her side, she has still the means of averting this danger, which threatens the whole of those races through the domination of the world by the Slav power."

These are the very last words in Mr. Colquhoun's book. It is not possible for us to do more than indicate the steps by which Mr. Colquhoun makes them convince and appal the reader. He does this by examining and presenting the various sides of the situation in scientific progression. Thus, Mr. Colquhoun begins by considering the geography of China in the spirit of Victor Cousin's remark, "Tell me the geography of a country and I will tell you its future." He proceeds to sketch the history of China's foreign relations with her Eastern neighbours, and her Western visitors and invaders. "The Economic Question" and "The Question of Communications" are then considered. Mr. Colquhoun endorses Dr. Williamson's remark, that "Steam or Anarchy" are the only alternatives left to the Chinese. And he dismisses the idea of obstruction to railways by the Chinese masses as a bogey: "The people are not only prepared for railways, but these would no more disorganise Chinese society than they did that of Western countries, for it is marvellous how soon men get accustomed to changes which are for their benefit." The fifth chapter deals with "England's Objective in China." Mr. Colquhoun wants English politicians to perceive with him that our two bases of operation—that is to say, our land base in Burmah and our sea base in Hong Kong—must be joined, partly by rail and partly by navigation on the Yangtze. A fine project, truly; but if the reader is elevated by it, and by Mr. Colquhoun's glowing description of the Yangtze provinces, so rich in corn and wine and oil and minerals, he is as easily depressed by the author's next chapter on "Commercial Development." Here we encounter the selfish, short-sighted British trader, in whose hands our commerce with China is not constructive, but brief as the hour. "The merchant comes to China to make money, and to retire as soon as possible. His first

consideration is to get orders and contracts, and he is quite indifferent as to the country of origin of the goods he handles. I once heard the whole question disposed of thus by a successful business man—need I say he was a Scotchman?—'My dear sir, I am not working for posterity.' " Moreover, the British trader sticks to his treaty port, where he is really not so much a merchant as a commission agent. He still declines to learn the "beastly language," and he sends his goods inland by Chinese agencies to be villainously taxed in transit. He still shirks the "odds and ends of commerce," leaving these to German and Russian traders, who, if they seem petty men, waxing fat slowly on small profits, are, nevertheless, more painstaking, and are increasing the Chinese interests of their respective countries on "busy-bee" principles.

We pass over Mr. Colquhoun's chapter on "Government and Administration"; but it provides some gorgeous and humorous reading. We pass, too, "Diplomatic Inter-course" and "The Native Press." In his chapter on "The Chinese People" Mr. Colquhoun emphasises the Chinaman's extraordinary—nay, dread—combination of muscular endurance with mental activity. "He has almost a passion for labour, in search of it he compasses sea and land." Yet John Chinaman is a skilled handicraftsman. He makes a good engine-driver. And as for brains, we read:

"The intellectual capacity of the Chinese may rank with the best in Western countries. Their own literary studies, in which memory plays the important part, prove the nation to be capable of prodigious achievements in that direction. It is stated in Macaulay's *Life* that had *Paradise Lost* been destroyed he could have reproduced it from memory. But even such a power of memory as he possessed is small compared with that of many Chinese, who can repeat by heart all the thirteen classics; and it is as nothing to that of some Chinese, who, in addition to being able to repeat the classics, can memorise a large part of the general literature of their country. A Chinese acquaintance of mine was able, at the age of sixty-five, to reproduce, *verbatim*, letters received by him in his youth from some of his literary friends famous as stylists. When pitted against European students, in school or college, the Chinese is in no respect inferior to his Western contemporaries, and, whether in mathematics and applied science, or in metaphysics and speculative thought, he is capable of holding his own against all competitors."

Over such a country, so peopled, the Western nations do cast their hungry eyes. England is in the position of a country which having made long and successful efforts to acquire influence and commercial advantages in China, and still possessing them above all other countries, is now thwarted and held back by Russia and her allies. As Mr. Colquhoun sadly remarks: "Russia's policy both in Europe and Asia is active and persistent, while England would be only too glad to secure the maintenance of the *status quo*." Vain hope! The mountain has begun to move and crumble. "What is wanted on our side is a plan solidly backed, and a man. . . . In the one field where of late years we have been successful—Egypt—we had our plan: we had the twelve thousand

bayonets, and we had the man. In China we have never had the three, and seldom even the last." We must now refer the reader—be he thinker, merchant, or mere taster of books—to Mr. Colquhoun's most suggestive pages. They deal with the immediate destinies of mankind and of England; and the glimpses afforded of China's remote and golden interior appeal to the imagination with the force of a dream which—behold—is a reality.

A BROTHER OF THE COMMON LIFE.

The Imitation of Christ. A Revised Translation, Notes, and Introduction by C. Bigg, D.D. (Methuen.)

A NEATER or more scholarly edition of the great devotional masterpiece you could not find. Like most modern English translations of the *Imitatio*, that of Dr. Bigg is based upon the sixteenth century version attributed to the Jesuit Anthony Hoskins. Dr. Bigg has, however, freely revised his predecessor's work in the light of Thomas à Kempis' autograph text of 1441, with the result that "little of the original is left, except in those passages where it is hardly possible for two translators to differ even verbally." One gathers from Dr. Bigg's luminous and interesting introduction that the traditional form in which the *Imitatio* is presented to English readers—of course nobody reads it in English who can possibly read it in its exquisite Latin—is, indeed, a sorry and a sophisticated one. The prejudices of Protestantism are responsible for extraordinary mutilations and perversions of the original meaning.

"The monk became a devout person, his cell was changed into a secret chamber, his penance into repentance, the Pope appeared as a bishop, and so on. But if à Kempis is to be read, certainly if he is to be understood, he must be allowed to speak with his own voice. His sentiment is that of the universal church; his opinions are those of his time."

In this respect, then, of sincerity, and in that other of a scholar's nicety and accuracy of verbal translation, Dr. Bigg's *Imitatio* may be regarded as a nearer approach to the original than has yet existed in English. Yet another thing he has attempted to restore to à Kempis which Hoskins and the rest denied him. This is his punctuation, that musical antithetic punctuation, analogous to that of the Psalms in the English Prayer-Book, in which may be traced the influence of the rhythmical "proses" of the pre-Tridentine missal, and which points to the obvious purpose of the book as a series of devout lessons to be read, or rather chanted, aloud in the refectory of a religious house. As to the much-disputed, but really hardly disputable, authorship of the *Imitatio*, Dr. Bigg has little doubt. It is possible that Thomas à Kempis put his signature to the MS. of 1441, not as composer, but merely as scribe. Possible is hardly probable. The other treatises in the same book are undeniably by à Kempis himself. The *Imitatio* was ascribed to him by a contemporary of his

own Order, during his life-time. And of his only two serious rivals, one, John Gersen, if he ever existed, was a great deal too early, the other, the famous Chancellor de Gerson, was never religious at all.

Of Thomas à Kempis' personal history and of the Order to which he belonged, Dr. Bigg gives a most attractive account. The Brothers and Sisters of the Common Life sprang from one of those attempts to reform the mediæval church from within of which the foundation of the *Fratres Minores* is the outstanding example in history :

"The Brothers and Sisters lived under the same roof, observed the rules of poverty, chastity, and obedience, but were bound by no vow, so that there might be perfect liberty of returning to the ordinary life of the world. They were to look for support, not to endowments like the monks, nor to alms like the friars, but to the work of their own hands, and, as the societies existed chiefly in towns, the work was naturally such as towns-people easily find to do."

The early Brotherhoods were "free spiritual societies"; the later ones were Augustinian priories reformed in the direction of the same ideal. The brothers devoted themselves to the copying of MSS. and the establishment of grammar-schools.

"The Order was short-lived. The printing press cut off its chief means of support, and finally the Reformation swallowed it up. But it ran a blameless course, it produced a singularly beautiful type of the contemplative life, and even Luther, who was no friend of monasticism, spoke of it with high commendation."

In one of the houses of this Order, the Agnetenberg, near Windesheim, Thomas à Kempis spent his days, writing or copying little books, losing his soul on the wings of music, or in the ecstasy of the beatific vision. And here he composed the *Imitatio*. In the concluding sections of his Introduction Dr. Bigg essays the defence of the contemplative ideal of monasticism against the assaults of Milton and other critics of "cloistered virtue." We doubt whether he quite makes his point good. That the contemplative life in itself is of value to the community, who can doubt? "The torch burns itself away, but it gives light; the flower wastes the plant, but it is a flower." Only it is not the cowl which makes a contemplative. Plato was no *religieux*; neither is Maeterlinck. And the next question as to monasticism is, whether the total given to contemplation is really equivalent to the loss by the withdrawal of so much vital energy from the work of the world as the system implies. After all, the spirit of contemplation bloweth where it listeth, and is more often impeded than promoted by rules and formulæ.

GIBBON AND WATER.

The World at Auction. By Michael Field. (Hacon & Ricketts.)

SURELY he did an ill service to letters who introduced Michael Field to the pages of Gibbon. It might have been foreseen that those lurid and indecent figures of the *Historia Augusta* would have a most unholy

fascination for imaginations always so weak on the side of sensitivity to the abnormal and the extravagant. And really these parricides and usurpers, these monsters of blood and lust, are not dramatic. They are too incredible, too aloof from the reasonable possibilities of humanity. They pass across the stage of history like horrible *ombres chinoises*; into living, breathing human creatures you cannot—without genius you cannot—galvanise them. The narrative of Gibbon—direct, ironical, pitiless—says, it seems to us, all that can be said. With Gibbon diluted into the waste and chaos of words which Michael Field choose in these latter days to offer us for dramatic writing, we confess that we have but little patience. Of old—in *The Tragic Mary*, for instance—Michael Field, though never strong in dramatic creation, had certain fine Elizabethan qualities of vigorous and picturesque phrase. Their manner is Elizabethan still, but it is the empty rhetoric, signifying nothing, of a third-rate Beaumont and Fletcher play. Gibbon tells the story of the nine weeks' reign of Didius Julianus admirably. When Commodus, the unworthy son of the great and wise Marcus Aurelius, became intolerable, a palace intrigue was formed for his assassination, and he was succeeded by Pertinax, a wise and frugal ruler, who might have done something to restore the great traditions of the Antonines. But Pertinax fell before the dislike of the spoilt Prætorian Guards, and the empire suffered the indignity of a public auction at the Prætorian camp. Sulpicianus, the father-in-law of Pertinax, bid a donative of five thousand drachms. Didius Julianus, a senator of wealth and no abilities, bid six thousand two hundred and fifty. Didius Julianus was installed in the palace of the Cæsars.

"A magnificent feast was prepared by his orders, and he amused himself till a very late hour with dice and the performances of Pylades, a celebrated dancer. Yet it was observed that after the crowd of flatterers dispersed and left him to darkness, solitude, and terrible reflection, he passed a sleepless night, revolving most probably in his mind his own rash folly, the fate of his virtuous predecessor, and the doubtful and dangerous tenure of an empire which had not been acquired by merit, but purchased by money."

After sixty-six days the Pannonian army of Septimius Severus reached Rome, and Julian met the well-deserved fate of a common criminal. Substantially this is the plot of *The World at Auction*, nor can Michael Field be honestly said to have added anything to Gibbon, save some scenes of sickly amorousness, in which Pylades and the daughter of Julian, Didia Clara, play a prominent part. These serve only to obscure the outlines of a plot in which they are merely episodic, and to give Michael Field an excuse for some careful archæology anent the performances, quite unrealisable by a modern imagination, of the pantomimes. By the way, the archæology is wrong, for in at least one passage Michael Field mixes up the pantomimes with those very different persons, the mimes.

We do not know whether our readers

would care for a specimen of Michael Field's later manner of blank verse. Here is one :

"*Manlia* :

The boy is beautiful ;
No mask he wears is equal to his face.
We soon shall be his patrons, and our
favour
Will reinstate him. Shame to have him
flogged !
I think we should be grateful, and behave
Indulgent to those who can amuse ;
They give us pastime, let them have their
whims,
At least when they are famed and beautiful.
Yet, Juno ! it was shocking indiscretion
To flout the Prætor, though it makes me
smile.

Eclectus :

These dancers are the mortal pest of Rome :
They sap its honour and its ancient strength
Like fever from the plains. Our populace
Applauds the din of stamping to a flute,
The wanton jumpings of a lunatic,
Who takes all sorts of colours like a fish,
And in one body keeps so many souls
He cannot claim his own. This recreant
boy,
Who has no loyalty, to think he sways
The blood of thousands, drawing to his
side
Our men and women of supremest rank
Whenever his white tunic and white shoes
Are seen along the street. Tho' Pertinax
Was resolute to have him taught his place,
It was in vain ; you flatter and console
And crown the rods with bay.

Manlia :

Fie, you are strict !
Cornelius comes."

Curiously diluted, is it not ? Michael Field are two clever ladies, but they will not do much until they get into the open air, and out of this hothouse of decadent chronicle. We are glad to be quit of Julian and Pylades and Didia Clara ; they are not tragedy, but a disordered dream.

BRIEFER MENTION.

La Peinture Anglaise Contemporaine. Par Robert de la Sizeranne. (Hachette.)

English Contemporary Art. Translated from the French of Robert de la Sizeranne by H. M. Poynter. (Constable.)

AN invaluable thing, to serious students of their national art and letters, is that detachment and perspective which a point of view from across the Channel gives. And the gain is the greater if the foreign critic is one so competent for the task, in equipment and in instinct, as M. de la Sizeranne. His volume before us forms, taken as a whole, the most luminous survey of the broad tendencies of English painting during the past half century with which we are acquainted. Roughly speaking, of course, English painting during the past half century means pre-Raphaelitism, and M. de la Sizeranne shows himself not only thoroughly well acquainted with the actual work of the pre-Raphaelite school and its derivatives, but also with the closely related

writing of Mr. Ruskin, and with other essays in æsthetic discussion, in the absence of which the general gist and bearing of pre-Raphaelitism would, perhaps, be rather difficult to understand. The book opens with three chapters of a general character, in which M. de la Sizeranne discusses the position of English art—academic art—in 1844; the germs of the new movement in the work of Madox Brown; the formation of the pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, mainly through the personal magnetism of D. G. Rossetti; the triumph of 1857; and then the break-up of the school and the gradual divergence of its members, each to modify profoundly the initial tendencies as his individual temperament bade him. Then M. de la Sizeranne turns to the greater English masters of our own day, and in seven learned and luminous essays draws attention to the presence in each of these of certain common qualities, directly derived from the pre-Raphaelites, which transcend divergencies hardly less profound, and entitle him, as he thinks, to speak of a distinctly national school of English Art. The seven—three of whom, since M. de la Sizeranne wrote, are no longer with us—are Sir Frederick Leighton, Sir John Millais, and Sir Edward Burne-Jones, and Messrs. G. F. Watts, Holman Hunt, and Herkomer—what does he in this galley?—and Alma Tadema. Finally, M. de la Sizeranne essays synthetic criticism, and attempts to sum up the distinctive characteristics of the “English School” and to compare them with those familiar to him in the Salons of his own country. On the technical side, pure bright colour and the dry manner of applying it, a neglect of composition, a neglect of harmonious tone, a neglect of brush work: on the spiritual side, illustration rather than decoration, the constant effort rather to appeal to the mind with ideas than to the senses with subtle form or lovely colour:

“No merriment, but nobility; no agitation, but repose; no grouping, but juxtaposition; no fire, but a set purpose; seldom the realities of life, but always what has been weighed and thought out. The idea that art is a serious matter strikes deep root into us. We may enter an English picture gallery thinking to divert ourselves; we have only escaped from what is futile and contrary in life, its melancholy appeals to us in spite of ourselves. We thought that the painters would show us a decoration; they recite us a drama. Looking at a statue, we fancied we should peacefully enjoy its immortal forms; it opens its mouth to utter prophecies. We are like Coleridge’s wedding guest; he was hastening to a feast, a feast of the eyes and the heart, when he met an ancient mariner with glittering glance, who compelled him to sit upon a bench of stone, and hearken to the terrible loss of the *Albatross*.”

For the English translation of M. de la Sizeranne’s book, in spite of the liberal illustrations which adorn it, we cannot say very much. The finish and subtlety of the criticism evaporate in the somewhat crude rendering which they find. And signs of carelessness or haste in the production of the volume are apparent. “Bassano” for Bassanio, “Tiberias” for Tiberius, “Sposera di Libano” for Sponsa di Libano, if misprints, are grievous misprints. On p. 195 “no oil painting” for “an oil painting” entirely

spoils the sense of the passage. Most curious of all, perhaps, is the slip by which “The Blessed Damozel,” retranslated from the French, appears as “The Elect Lady.”

The General Manager’s Story: Old-time Reminiscences of Railroadings in the United States. By Herbert Elliott Hamblen. (Macmillan & Co.)

THIS is a monstrous entertaining little book. Open it anywhere and your luck will hardly fail you. And for real gripping adventure you begin to doubt whether any career is worthy to show itself in the same caboose with that of an “engineer.” For this manager passed through all the grades, and it was as an engineer that he had the best time. His life is as full of adventure as a pirate’s, and he tells the tale with a vigorous directness that leaves art that is not first-rate behind—jacks it up, in fact; dumps it, to talk plain United States; makes it regularly to drop its bundle.

The liveliest thing that happens to you when you drive an engine is to be chased by your tail. This happens when you get “broke in two” at the top of a down grade. The rear cars are left behind for a bit; then they get a gait on, and, regardless of signals and switches and such frivolities, you have just got to scoot. Such an adventure happened to the writer when he was in charge of a freight train. The fracture took place in a tunnel. The whistle’s call for brakes was not answered, and the driver knew

“they must have parted just on the crest of the mountain, and the rear section must have nearly stopped before it pitched over and concluded to follow us; for I opened out a good train length, and began to think that the crew must have got their end stopped, when they shot out of that tunnel like a comet. . . .”

Then it was a race from destruction behind into the jaws of almost certain death in front:

“I shall never forget that wild ride down the mountain if I live to be a thousand years old. When she struck a reverse curve about two miles from the tunnel, the fireman was thrown clean through the cab window, and literally torn limb from limb as he came in contact with the ground. I thought she had left the track altogether, for she rolled almost over, hurling me across the cab and back again, as she struck the reverse of the curve, and came back on her wheels with a crash. . . . And now I saw ahead of me a man in the middle of the track languidly waving a red flag. Yes, it was all over with me now—the freight-house switch was open. . . . A kind of demoniac frenzy seemed to seize me. . . . Clutching the reverse lever with both hands, I with difficulty unhooked her and dropped her down a couple of notches, and, as fast as she was going before, I felt her leap ahead under the influence of the longer point of cut-off, and a fierce joy surged over me to think what a world-beater my wreck would be.”

As presently, having escaped this peril, he rushed through a station,

“the agent had a truck-load of baggage ready to take across as soon as I passed, but the suction of the train drew the whole business under the wheels, and it disappeared. He was discharged because the superintendent said he was a d—d fool.

The engineer of the local told me afterwards

that all he saw was the front end of the engine, with my face at the window; then there came a big cloud of dust and a roar, followed directly by another roar as the rear section passed him, and that was all he knew about it.”

These extracts do far less than justice to the breathless pages from which they are taken. The book is a valuable contribution to the literature that is growing around the Romance of Steam.

The Trout. (“Fur, Feather, and Fin” Series.) By the Marquess of Granby. (Longmans.)

THIS is a book to read in a whisper. Wherever you open it you spy the banded back of one who lies in wait. Or the figure lies flat on its stomach, and, with its chin upon the edge, peers into the stream. Or it sits cross-legged upon a trunk, and mends something. Or it smokes—surely, there should be a Davy-lamp for the bowl. The figure is an engaging one: we presume it to be that of “the writer”; and the face shines with such benignancy that trout must indeed be hard-roed which will not yield to the fascination of “something between a coch-y-bondu and a ‘hackle’ alder,” and allow himself to be swung between heaven and earth by a hook through his countenance. The Latin name for trout seems to be *salmo trutta*. His size varies between that of a very large minnow and that of a rather small whale: in March, 1889, there was captured in Loch Stennis, in Orkney, one which weighed 29 lbs., measured 38 inches in length, and was 24 inches in girth. He is singularly patriotic: the most cheerful Scotch trout transported in their youth to a Derbyshire stream presently moped and ceased to develop. “They simply seem to elongate; the three-quarters of a pound and pound fish consisted of nothing but lank discoloured bodies and huge hideous heads.” Also they are extremely addicted to cannibalism; they try not to do it, but *ça est plus fort qu’eux*. The race is its own worst enemy, and how its guardian angel has contrived to ward off self-extirpation so long is a mystery.

“Buckland mentions a case in which trout were seen in the act of devouring the eggs ‘with their noses grubbing in the nests and their tails projecting out of the water like so many sharks’ fins at sea.’”

But human ingenuity has come at last to the rescue. The Chinese were, of course, among the first pioneers of fish culture, and the following dazzling example of Celestial ingenuity is quoted by Col. Custance in his well-written chapters on the subject:

“When the proper season for hatching arrives they empty a hen’s egg by means of a small aperture, sucking out the natural contents, and then, after substituting fish-spawn, close up the opening. The egg thus manipulated is placed for a few days under a hen.”

As to the result, Col. Custance suggests flying-fish. Finally, Mr. Alexander Innes Shand contributes a long and greedy essay on what you shall do with your trout when you have hatched him and reared him and finally hooked him. You may enjoy this book without being an angler.

THE ACADEMY SUPPLEMENT.

SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1898.

THE NEWEST FICTION.

A GUIDE FOR NOVEL READERS.

RUPERT OF HENTZAU.

BY ANTHONY HOPE.

The sequel to *The Prisoner of Zenda*, which for some months has been delighting readers of the *Pall Mall Magazine*. And there are pictures by Mr. Charles Dana Gibson, which is to say that the pictures are vivid and well drawn. In Mr. Dana's circle, apparently, the men are all over six feet high, and of a nobility and slimmness that make the ordinary reviewer very envious. You may like sequels, or you may not, but if you read *The Prisoner of Zenda* you will need to read *Rupert of Hentzau*, which is full of pretty fighting and neat narrative. (J. W. Arrowsmith. 385 pp. 6s.)

A ROMANCE OF THE FIRST CONSUL.

BY MATILDA MALLING.

The translation, by Anna Molboe, of a novel which first appeared a year or so ago in Copenhagen. It is the story of an imaginary episode in Napoleon's life, which yet might have been real: his love for a young and beautiful girl. The suit was vain, for the girl was not to be persuaded to sacrifice honour. In the end the girl drowns herself. (Heinemann. 228 pp. 6s.)

VIA LUCIS.

BY KASSANDRA VIVARIA.

Kassandra Vivaria is the young lady about whom we have been reading so much of late—the authoress who will never see her book in print owing to the rigidity of the rules of the convent which she has entered. The story offers an impassioned analysis of the nature of an ardent and sincere, sensitive and emotional girl. Thus Arduina writes in her note-book: "Between unquestioning obedience to authority and absolute unbelief there is not a single permanent resting-place, though many temporary halts may be made." "Enough, enough! Is there such a word? The pain that is sent us and the joy we can feel are always susceptible of increase." "Via Crucis—Via Lucis—I like the proud motto. I have little taste for weeping-willows; they grow over tombs so often, and bring forth no fruit." The book, which is long, suggests that it is closely autobiographical. (Heinemann. 350 pp. 6s.)

A RUNAWAY COUPLE.

BY OLIVER LOWREY.

This story, the publisher informs us, is in a new field, and in the course of development gives amusing and entertaining features of certain strata of New York society that were not touched on by the late Mr. Ward McAllister. Interviewers, Yellow journalists, aldermen, bar tenders, East-side belles—all figure here. "What kind of a time did ye have, Ceeley?" he asked. "Rocky," was answered." Such is the author's abrupt manner. Among the characters is a watch dog who "had his teeth buried in his lordship." (F. Tennyson Neeley. 454 pp.)

WILLOWBRAKE.

BY R. MURRAY GILCHRIST.

This story by the author of *A Peakland Faggot* is laid in a country village and is full of the fragrance of village life and the charm of an old family mansion. A secret marriage and its resulting wrongs are the elements of the plot. Mr. Gilchrist's style is well suited to the story: "Then she drew from her store of legends old records of bravery and devotion. She had the high-pitched voice of the aristocrat—a thin, clear voice like the ring of bells in an echoing limestone tower. . . ." The Peakland dialect, and the Peakland scenery, are much in evidence. (Methuen & Co. 274 pp. 6s.)

NEW WINE, NEW BOTTLES.

BY BATTIE HAWKINS.

Amateurish and extravagant enough to be amusing. "The Duchess of Kimbershire lay back in a yellow satin chair, and gazed idly out of her window in Park Lane; her hands were clasped upon

her knees; she was alone. . . . Her gown was grass-green silk, and on her fine bosom rested a bunch of crimson roses and buds; the colour of her cheeks was a faint reflection of the roses, while her splendid black eyes, arched black brows, and blacker hair, made the whiteness of her forehead a marvel. So lovely and popular, so sad and lonely, was the Duchess of Kimbershire." (Digby, Long & Co. 331 pp. 6s.)

A VALUABLE LIFE.

BY ADELINE SERGEANT.

Miss Sergeant's new story is concerned with an old maid's money and the efforts made by various people to inherit it. Miss Kettlewell, the lady in question, may pass as a quaint character. In the first chapter she is interviewing the sixty-third applicant for the post of companion to herself. She engages her because Peter, her cat, though not friendly, does not actually *swear* at the applicant. A mammonish story. (F. V. White & Co. 296 pp. 6s.)

IDYLLS.

BY M. MAUD HELLYER.

Fourteen allegorical sketches, in which there is little novelty, less art, and no offence. (Digby, Long & Co. 128 pp.)

THE SUMMER HOLIDAY.

BY FLORENCE MARRYAT, AND OTHERS.

Five short stories for the sands. (Greening & Co. 102 pp. 1s.)

REVIEWS.

The Yellow Danger. By M. P. Shiel.
(Grant Richards.)

THE taste for prophetic fiction is acquired. Those who follow the advice of Sidney Smith and "take short views" will have none of it, and even others who find pleasure and excitement therein are bound to admit that the novelist is gaining his effects by something less than the best or most legitimate means. But leaving art out of the question, it is not possible to withhold commendation from Mr. Shiel. If this kind of romance is to be written, his, certainly, is a good way to write it. He has worked hard for credibility, and one can, in reading this story, now and then forget its "previosity" altogether. But, as we have hinted, there are higher forms of fiction.

The Yellow Danger is China. Dr. Yen How, a Chinese administrator, having weakened Europe by international strife for tracts of the Celestial Empire, floods the Continent with his countrymen. England is threatened—and saved. The saviour is a consumptive sailor named John Hardy, and if the book has any value beyond its efficacy as a beguiler of time, it is in Hardy's character that that value resides. Long and terrible imprisonment in China, under the orders of Yen How, has filled him with implacable revenge. Add to this passion real genius for naval warfare, an iron will, and the knowledge that his disease must soon cut him down, and you have a picturesque figure enough. The best portions of the book are those which describe Hardy's naval actions. Here Mr. Shiel is excellent company. With the assistance of plans, and a very lucid and forcible narrative gift, he makes the encounters perfectly conceivable. The book is punctuated with them, and they are of enthralling interest. People tired of the exiguous newspaper accounts of the engagement in the American-Spanish War will find positive refreshment in Mr. Shiel's full and convincing methods. This passage, though not, perhaps, the best, is the most quotable. John Hardy, as Admiral of the English Fleet, has first ordered no torpedoes to be used in the action, and then manœuvred to get the whole of the Chinese vessels in a mass.

The stages by which such a result was reached are admirably indicated. Then:

"And thus it has suddenly happened that the whole yellow fleet is packed into a mere bundle of ships whose crews can speak to each other, whose steersmen need be cautious to avoid collision.

And when Hardy sees them so—herded together by his harsh and baleful forethought—like sheep driven into the penfold—he knows that the yellow wave is dammed, and the greatest of his works is accomplished.

He could shriek aloud with cruel glee. . . .

Abroad roams his eye over the sea at his sinking and battered fleet. And as he looks he sees the foundering of the *Nile*.

And swift, with concentrated fury, the massed Japanese open fire upon his feeble residue.

At that moment the two limbs of the British are not more than three hundred yards from the front of the enemy.

And at that moment it is that an appalling, horrid, unparalleled thing is happening to the Yellow Men.

Hardy has signalled to his ships to launch among the crowding enemy every possible torpedo in his fleet.

His prohibition to use torpedoes in the combat had led his captains to expect some such final order. They were well ready.

The torpedo was, of course, the most deadly of the then instruments of war. If it exploded beneath a ship, *without fail* it destroyed her. But precisely the most deadly was also, in general, the most unreliable of weapons. In general it might be counted upon to explode, not beneath an enemy's ship, but beneath a friend's; or, more likely still, beneath nothing at all. No serious tactician depended upon it.

In other words, it was not a good engine of aim at a given target, for it usually missed the target. Its course was more or less deflected by the waves—many things happened to it.

It was left to the eye of Hardy to perceive that its proper function was not one of aim at all toward a particular target, but one of loose direction toward a general mass. Under such conditions it might be counted upon to annihilate in an instant all the assembled navies of the earth.

Prompt upon his order, the *restes* of his fleet, shattered as they were, were able to launch a ripping navy of nine more torpedoes than there were crowding Japanese and Chinese ships. The *Hirosaki* sent five: one from a bow-tube above the water-line, four submerged. All the other ships were ships with a varying number of tubes.

Three exploded in mutual collision before they reached the hostile fleet.

The rest arrived.

Men clapped and squeezed their hands upon their ears in expectant horror. The sea began to start, and rush, and quake. A swift series of venomous, behemoth bangs—*quickenings into ever madder swiftness*—and bawling at last into a steady brooding roar of passionate volleyed thunder that seemed to proceed from the very throat of Jehovah—rent the universal air, and split the hearing of all about that sea."

In his desire to lend verisimilitude to his narrative, Mr. Shiel has had recourse to various tricks. He shows us a performance at the Palace Music Hall with Miss Lottie Collins singing the praises of his hero; and, after the delivery of England, he quotes from the poems composed to celebrate the event by Mr. William Watson and Mr. John Davidson. To Mr. Francis Thompson fell the more distinguished part of prophesying the nature of the warfare of the future—*i.e.*, by aerial men-of-war! Mr. Shiel's parodies or imitations are not very successful, and in many parts of the story he has lost his sense of proportion and gone astray in the pursuit of irrelevance; but *The Yellow Danger* remains an exciting and persuasive romance, well worth packing up with one's holiday outfit.

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Of Necessity. By H. M. Gilbert.

(John Lane.)

THE "young person" is so generously provided for in the common output of novels, that it is in itself no grave disparagement of Mr. Gilbert's work to say that it is not for her. These stories are strong studies of real phases of life. The squalid heroism that can ape affluence upon an empty belly; the stupid superstition that the unfortunate mother may recover her lost honour by linking herself finally to the unwilling brute that caused her shame; the hysterical pietism that rants at the street corner—these are some of Mr. Gilbert's motives; and though he treats them with a vigour that hardly evades the condemnation of violence, though they are in

themselves unsavoury or harrowing, it would be unjust to deny him the credit of at least partial achievement.

Samuel Winter was a lawyer's clerk, earning thirty-five shillings a week. He was honest as the day, genuinely religious, a prop of Sunday-schools. He married an empty-headed, vain, and perfectly prudent girl; and after putting by for the rent, their weekly income amounted to twenty-seven shillings.

"Don't talk to me about my lodgers and their meals!" cried Mrs. Hewitt, with a gesture of disgust.

"Have they finished that leg of mutton they bought Sadd'y fortnight, wasn't it? or are they saving it up for Christmas?" Mrs. Gibbs laughed boisterously.

"I've no patience with the mean lot," said the other. "Here they've been married nearly a year, and all the time they've been robbin' their bellies to cover their backs. Even now, if yawl believe me, Mrs. Gibbs, and I'm a-tellin' the livin' truth if I never stir from this cheer agin—even now, when she's near her time, she don't alter her food a bit. . . . And, d'you believe me, Mrs. Gibbs, that pound of tea they bought two weeks ago ain't gorn yet. . . . And they've left off oatmeal for breakfast; it use to be fillin', but it use to make blotches on their faces. So they've took to this 'ominy stuff. . . . And she only goes out at nights. Lord bless you! it wouldn't be respectable to be seen buyin' her snips and snaps by daylight. . . . And, good Gord A'mighty, to see 'em Sunday mornin's; you know what they look like—him in his best clothes, shiny pot 'at, jool'ry . . . and she—well, you know what *she* looks like, with her fine ways and her waist like a wasp, choking herself and her child. . . . As I only says to my old man the las' Sunday as ever was—I says, as we saw 'em go out together . . . I says, "anybody'd think they'd had a good breakfast, and ud come back to a 'earty dinner, if it wasn't for their faces." "

The cumulative effect of the details as the story goes squalidly on—with the birth of the infant and the death of its successors, the gradual estrangement of the pitiful pair through the sheer misery of masked famine, and at last the death of the sole surviving child, upon whom the father's affections had concentrated themselves—is as depressing as anything need be in this Vale. Of a more daring character is the unpleasant story, "An Elemental Passion." It is impossible to deny its effect, but it is the kind of effect, perhaps, that were better left unaffected. Mr. Gilbert is a writer of serious promise.

* * * *

A Woman's Privilege. By Marguerite Bryant.

(Innes.)

THE privilege is the proverbial one, and Alleyne Sutherland exercised it. In the prologue she plighted herself conditionally to Adrian. Then the young man fared forth to make a fortune by diplomacy. Alleyne became a high-minded actress, and Richard Carroll wrote plays for her; together they piled up a high-minded friendship. Then a quarter of a million was left to Alleyne's father, and, failing him, to an uninteresting public purpose. To play the father's part, Francis Markham, the girl's cousin, procured a gentleman who had passed under the names of Furin and Lacon, and had been not wholly unconnected with a secret traffic in Oriental curios made in Birmingham. This person entered accordingly into the inheritance, but his vulgarity jarred every moment upon Alleyne's sensitive nerves.

"Miserable doubts of her own abilities began to creep with wily insidiousness [this phrase is characteristic of the style] into her mind. 'A true-born artist would rise superior to circumstances,' she said to herself. 'I cannot, so I am a parvenue—not unlikely either on the paternal side.'

. . . Mr. Sutherland found the handle and entered.

'My dear daughter,' he began in his most paternal tones, 'you have been working long enough. Take some relaxation.'

Alleyne was about to remark her intention of seeking recreation in a novel, but refrained with a sigh.

'We will have a little talk in the twilight,' continued her father. 'Ah, how one missed this twilight in the East! not all the glory of an Egyptian night can compensate for it.' It sounded like an extract from a book of travels."

The purport of the conversation was that it was her duty at once to marry her cousin, Francis Markham, the journalist; for this had been an item in the arrangement between the two schemers. The troubled heroine took refuge in a sham engagement to Carroll; and

the blameless pair waded to the neck in falsehoods. A doubt was thrown upon Mr. Sutherland's identity, and off went Carroll to Egypt by the next boat to make inquiries. At this point he takes up the narrative; a narrative of which these are some of the items: national risings; Arabi Pasha; a journey across the desert, including sand storm, mirage, thirst and delirium, treachery; platonic Oriental maids, murder, imprisonment, a Russian spy, self-depreciatory heroism—all sauced with a reminiscence of the Kipling jerk. At the last—when, it must be confessed, you are a little tired—a surprise, which we would not for the world betray. The construction is awkward, and the style is wordy to the point of such flagrant tautology as: "their mutual regard for one another"; but indulgent readers of limitless leisure will probably recommend it to their friends.

MRS. ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON IN EDINBURGH.

MRS. ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, who has been visiting Edinburgh in company with her daughter, Mrs. Isobel Strong, and her son, Mr. Lloyd Osbourne, and Mrs. Lloyd Osbourne, has been interviewed by a representative of the *Edinburgh Evening Dispatch*.

"What about the old home at Samoa?" asked the interviewer, "around which so many memories cling?"

"Well," said Mrs. Lloyd Osbourne, "of course my mother has it still on her hands. We would like to sell it; and, as a matter of fact, we have got numerous offers for it. But we don't want to throw it away; and if a suitable price is not obtained, why we will just let it stand. But I think it is very likely we shall part with it soon. I left Samoa about fifteen months ago, and my mother and sister about seven months ago. The principal object my mother had in coming to this country was to assist Mr. Sydney Colvin, who, as is pretty well known, is writing the Life and editing the Letters of Stevenson. We have been in London for some time on this mission. You can quite understand that many delicate questions arise in connexion with the publication of letters which were written to private friends. Susceptibilities might be ruffled and feelings injured, unless the greatest care were taken; and Mr. Sydney Colvin is naturally very glad to have the assistance of Mrs. Stevenson in the task of selection."

"When will the *Life and Letters* be published?"

"Well, it is hoped they will be brought out in the end of 1899. They will be published by Methuen in this country in two vols., and will consist of 120,000 words of the Life and 240,000 of the Letters. I don't know if you have heard that Scribner has secured the right to publish one-third of the letters, before they appear in book form; and the first of them will appear in that magazine in January next, and the series will go on until the end of the year."

"Who were these letters chiefly addressed to—artists and men of letters?" "Well, Stevenson had not a wide circle of correspondents. He did not care about that, but those he had he frequently wrote to; and from his letters I should guess that a very good idea will be got of his daily life, avocations, feelings, and fancies. Among these correspondents I might mention Mr. W. E. Henley, Mr. Edmund Gosse, the late Mr. John A. Symonds, and Mr. Sydney Colvin himself received many letters. There were also the letters to his parents, and these have been put at the disposal of the editor."

"And what about your visit to Edinburgh?" "Well, it has been a sort of pious pilgrimage; and I need hardly say that we have all very much enjoyed it. We came chiefly to see Miss Balfour—Mr. Stevenson's favourite aunt—and being here, we have visited many scenes associated with Stevenson: Swanston Cottage, the Calton Hill and Burying-ground, Pilrig House, and Colinton Manse. We just left too little time to overtake all that we mapped out for ourselves in Edinburgh." "Yes," said Mrs. Strong, who had come into the room, "we were particularly interested in Swanston, and on the tree with Stevenson's name cut upon it we looked with some veneration. While there we verified one little disputed point. Stevenson had affirmed that Swanston could be seen from the Castle, and that was contested. Well, this week we were taken to a point just a little above the cottage, and we saw the Castle quite distinctly. Stevenson took great pains to be accurate with such facts as these when

writing his romances. We did discover one slip, and that was that the wall round the cottage was about six feet high and not twelve feet, as stated by Stevenson. But I guess," Mrs. Strong added, "it was a boyish recollection, and to a boy a wall six feet high appears a great height. Talking of the Castle," continued Mrs. Strong, "I am going there to-day to see over the dungeons. I may tell you that I acted in Samoa as Stevenson's amanuensis, and wrote out the whole of *St. Ives* to his dictation. *St. Ives*, you remember, was confined in the Castle; and I am looking forward with pleasure to seeing the dungeons in which he was imprisoned. When I was writing out *St. Ives* Stevenson would often interrupt the story to recount to me details of the history and topography of the Castle, every stone of which seems to have vividly impressed itself upon his memory."

"Where else have you been, Mrs. Strong?" "Well, I think I must tell you that my mother and I, with Mr. Porter, Mr. Burgess, and an Edinburgh friend, were at the Theatre Royal last night to see 'Rob Roy.' We thought we should like to witness the 'national drama'; and we all enjoyed it so much. We were specially charmed with the singing of 'Auld Lang Syne,' for Mr. Stevenson never gave an entertainment in Samoa without winding it up with 'Auld Lang Syne.' When I went home I wanted badly to try and dance 'The Highland Fling.'"

Questioning Mr. Lloyd Osbourne again, the reporter asked what he thought of the Stevenson memorial proposals?

"Well," said Mr. Lloyd Osbourne, "I had an interview this week in Edinburgh with the secretary of the committee. He was lamenting that more money had not been subscribed, but he thought many who had hitherto overlooked to send in their subscriptions would still do so. But on that point, of course, I have nothing to remark. I should like to say this, however, that we are very much gratified that the commission for the memorial has been placed in the hands of Mr. Saint-Gaudens. He is the ablest of American sculptors; he was trained in France, and he had the great advantage over all others of having known Mr. Stevenson personally. He met him in America in 1887 and 1888, and at that time got sittings for a medallion of Stevenson, which, by the way, I believe is exhibited this year in one of the Paris Salons. We think a great deal of it both as a representation of Mr. Stevenson and as a work of art; and the head, at all events, will, I understand, be used for the Edinburgh memorial. A rather curious incident occurred in connexion with a bronze casting of this medallion, which Mr. Saint-Gaudens sent from New York to Samoa. It had been misdirected; and we found out afterwards that it lay in store in Sydney for over six months, and was afterwards sold to help to pay storage dues for 3s. 2d. Who bought it, or where it went to, could never be discovered."

"Are you doing anything yourself just now in the literary way?" "Yes," said Mr. Lloyd Osbourne, "a few stories, one of which will appear in the next number of the *St. Nicholas* magazine."

MRS. LYNN LINTON.

To the *Pall Mall Gazette* of last Saturday Mr. Sidney Low contributed an appreciation of Mrs. Lynn Linton as a writer, which contains points of general interest to all who preach the profession of letters. For Mr. Low sketches a type as well as an individual, and his words on the dignity of Mrs. Lynn Linton's work as a journalist are worthy to be put on record.

"No one, I suppose, and least of all herself, would have contended that Mrs. Linton had a critical or exact knowledge of literature. But if not a scholar, she was a student; and it is a little painful to those of us who know what she thought and felt about books to see her dismissed with reproach to the bottom of the literary class as one who was merely shallow and ignorant. She had a reverence for the great writers as she had a reverence for most men and things that were honourable and worthy, and I am not sure that she might not claim to have received, or rather to have bestowed upon herself, a liberal education with a better title than some of her younger contemporaries who talk, and I dare say think, with a vast deal of seriousness about the art of literature and their own devotion to it. I believe Mrs. Linton was very ill acquainted with the writings of the more ephemeral authors of her own time; I imagine that several poets and numerous novelists rose to a certain eminence in certain

circles without attracting her regard; and I should even be prepared to learn that she was never fully awakened to the supreme poetic merit of the late Mr. Coventry Patmore. She was no critic, as she was no scholar. She read hastily, perhaps superficially, with more interest in what her author was saying than in the manner of his saying it. But read she did, and with the whole-hearted, full-blooded energy she threw into everything; and a woman who had her Dante, her Molière, her Shakespeare, her Dryden, and her Juvenal, if not at her fingers' ends, at any rate well within her reach, should not be called ignorant. Nor was she wholly irresponsible to the newer voices. She did, I fear, not care much for some of our Minor Poets, but she was an enthusiastic admirer of Mr. Barrie, and other of the younger men whose work showed sincerity and power; and I know she had by heart many hundreds of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's vigorous verses.

In truth, her business was not so much with literature as with life. She was always more anxious to strike for what she deemed the right cause than to minister to the æsthetic susceptibilities of her readers. She felt, like Lowell, the stirrings and strivings of the moralist breaking through 'the soft-stuffed repose' of literary ease and meditation; and with Lowell, she might have said of her studies:

'These still had kept me, could I but have quelled
The Puritan drop that in my veins rebelled.'

And I must twist my little gift of words
Into a scourge of rough and knotted cords,
Unmusical, that whistle as they swing,
To leave on shameless backs their purple sting.'

Let me notice one other admirable trait. In an age of self-advertisement and of petty mutual admiration Mrs. Linton asked for no favours, and sought no success that was to be gained by unworthy means. She did not condescend to the arts of the log-roller and the devices of the personal paragraphist; she did not puff herself or ask others to do it for her, and she sternly resented those attempts to invade the privacy of domestic life which it is rather the fashion of literary people of a later generation to encourage. She got her living by journey-work, well done according to her lights, and asked no more than to receive a fair reward for her day's toil under the rain and sun. There were those who scoffed at her facile unelaborated journalism. But to some of us the spectacle of the old lady's steady, untiring industry at an age when many women would be content to gossip over the tea-cups was eloquent and inspiring. Her work, says your critic, is forgotten; she leaves nothing that will endure. It may be so. The work of most of those who live by the trade of letters—save only that of a picked and most fortunate few—is soon washed over by the flood. But we need not carp dispraise at a writer because the rarer gifts were denied her. It is something to have lived the literary life through half a century, strenuously, industriously, and with unflinching honesty; to have laboured without stint, spoken 'without regard to persons,' and feared neither men nor gods nor priests nor critics. And surely her friends are justified in thinking that in so doing she did good service to her generation and to the craft of authorship, which should be remembered to her honour now that her strenuous days are done and the gentle, kindly, indomitable spirit has entered into its rest."

MRS. LYNN LINTON'S FRIENDSHIPS.

MRS. LYNN LINTON did not write her reminiscences; but, had she done so, they would have been interesting.

"Something ought to be said, writes 'Claudius Clear' in the *British Weekly*, of the remarkable friendships in her [Mrs. Lynn Linton's] life. Of these, out of sight the most wonderful, was that with

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

Mrs. Linton very frankly admitted that her temper was difficult as well as Landor's, but she soon understood him, and was careful never to cross him. She thought that this association with one whom she loved, revered, and had to give way to was not bad discipline, and she recalled with tender thankfulness the fact that never for

one moment was there the smallest friction between her dear 'father,' as she called him, and herself—never one moment of coolness or displeasure or misunderstanding. As most men would do in the circumstances, Landor met her half-way, and when in Bath gave her a whole season of balls, chaperoning her as if he had been her real father. He could have done nothing more unselfish, nothing more generous and kind. Of Landor she had the highest opinion, though she saw his faults. In his own life, he told her, he had had four supreme loves, loves which shaped and coloured his life both for good or evil, but he was never a man of coarse tastes or gross passions. In all this part of his history and nature, both in youth and maturity, he was emphatically the poet and the gentleman. No doubt Mrs. Linton should have written Landor's life, but Forster ousted her. It is not too much to say that Mrs. Linton hated Forster, whom she regarded as pompous, heavy, ungenial, saturnine, and cynical, and one of the most jealous of men. She regarded Forster's *Life of Landor* as treacherous and disloyal, and took great delight in thinking of her terrible review of it—one of the most pungent pieces of criticism ever written. She also knew

DICKENS

fairly well. Gadshill, Dickens's ultimate home, belonged to Mr. Lynn, Mrs. Linton's father. It was sold after Mr. Lynn's death to Dickens for £1,700. On the whole, Mrs. Linton liked and respected Dickens. He was bright, and gay, and winsome, a strong and faithful friend, and especially one who declined to be lionised, who stuck to his own order, who knew that the biggest lion of the class 'not born' is never received as an equal by the aristocracy. His great fault, in her opinion, was the strain of hardness in his nature. His pride was passionate, and he never forgave where he thought he had been slighted, and he was too proud and self-respecting for flunkeyism. In the latter years of his life no one could move him, although he was as staunch and loyal a friend as ever lived; and, thanks to that strain of inflexibility, he never knew a shadow of turning, never blew hot and cold in a breath.

THACKERAY

she liked even better. She regarded him as generous, indolent, loving, tender-hearted, and very flexible. She knew the secret history of both these eminent men as few did, but never would put it in print. Both men, she said, could and did love deeply, passionately, madly, and the secret history of their lives has yet to be written. It will never be written now, and it is best that it should not be.

Another acquaintance, who was hardly a friend, was

GEORGE ELIOT.

She met her first at John Chapman's, and thought her underbred and provincial, badly dressed, unwashed, unbrushed, unkempt, and conceited. Yet I know a man who lived under John Chapman's roof while George Eliot was there for two years, and whose admiration for her was unbounded, who says to this day that he could out of his experience answer everything that has ever been said against her. At first, however, she admitted George Eliot was frank, genial, natural, and brimful of happiness, but success and adulation spoiled her, and destroyed all simplicity and all sincerity of character. She never threw aside the trappings or the airs of the benign Sibyl. No doubt Mrs. Lynn Linton was the very last person who would submit to be talked down to or patronised in any fashion. . . .

OTHER FRIENDS.

She knew the Stricklands. She described Elizabeth, the worker, as homely, unsocial, devoted, while Agnes was the caressed and fêted butterfly. Elizabeth did all the toiling in the British Museum, and Agnes took all the credit and all the fame. She also remembered Mrs. Schimmelpenninck, who met sorrow in her time and preached quietism. Miss Lynn met her at a moment when she was full of youthful grief and despair. Mrs. Schimmelpenninck spoke to her words of quietness and renunciation, to which she turned a deaf ear and a revolted heart, but of which the truth came to her later, perhaps too late, and yet not too late. Mrs. Lynn Linton certainly died unsubdued. Was it because she was unsubduable or because, after all, she had found something sweet and tender in life?"

SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1898.

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NOTES AND NEWS.

IN last week's *Illustrated London News*, as our readers are aware, "C. K. S." suggested that Stevenson's house should be removed from Samoa to Edinburgh. This we took to be a joke. For the benefit, however, of those who are disposed to take the suggestion seriously, we have been informed by one who has stayed at Vailima, and knows it well, that such removal, if attempted, would be fraught with considerable difficulty. The following array of facts will sufficiently explain why: the house cost, in timber alone—the finest Californian red wood—about £3,000; and the dining-room is fifty feet long, twenty-five broad, and fifteen high, and is capable of seating a considerable dining club. It will thus be seen that the Edinburgh ground rent involved would speedily swallow the funds already subscribed towards the Stevenson memorial.

UNFORTUNATELY we misread "C. K. S." It seems that he did mean it seriously; that he does really desire to see Vailima purchased (for some £700 or £800), removed to this country, and set up (at a cost of some £200) in an accessible site. So be it. We will never suspect "C. K. S." of humour again.

MEANWHILE as a new form of homage to Stevenson we may mention that a little Stevenson book is being now devised for the faithful by Mr. Lloyd Osbourne. It is to be bound in white vellum with a flap and fastening, suited in size for the pocket. The pages are few, but therein will be found certain sentences from Stevenson's writings which bear upon the conduct of life. On the back will be the initials R. L. S., on the flap is a place for the owner's name; and *Selections from the Writings of Robert Louis Stevenson* may be the title. It might be crisper.

MR. G. N. CURZON'S *Problems of the Far East* is so well known that it seems a pity Mr. Henry Norman, in the new edition of his *Peoples and Politics of the Far East*, should have altered the title to *People and Problems of the Far East*. These are difficult times for booksellers, and as bookbuyers are proverbially careless, it behoves authors, in choosing or changing titles, to avoid any possible confusion with other works.

Two new contributions to the Shakespeare v. Bacon controversy in one week. Mr. Elliot Stock sends us a pamphlet by Mr. E. Marriott, who is honourably on the side of the angels, and now in the new *Quarterly Review* another gladiator among the same ranks falls upon the supporters of Verulam. He lays about him stoutly, this *Quarterly Reviewer*, and really his summary of the situation ought to be the end of the whole business. One by one the Baconian arguments are answered. The scholarship in the plays, for instance? But, says the *Quarterly Reviewer*, the plays have not scholarship: they have knowledge, which is a different matter. And the terminology of special branches—the legal and medical lore—is "not beyond the 'general information' which genius inevitably amasses from reading, conversation, reflection, and experience." Look at Mr. Kipling—a case in point. The example is well chosen. The *Quarterly Reviewer*, however, does not add that Mr. Kipling's head is curiously like Shakespeare's in contour. Possibly he feared that in so doing he might turn the anti-Shakespeareans into yet another channel of denial!

THUS the *Quarterly Reviewer* on another point:

"It is necessary to show that Bacon possessed poetic genius. The proof cannot possibly be found in his prose works. In the prose of Mr. Ruskin there are abundant examples of what many respectable minds regard as poetic qualities. But, if the question arose, 'Was Mr. Ruskin the author of Tennyson's poems?' the answer could be settled, for once, by internal evidence. We have only to look at Mr. Ruskin's published verses. These prove that a great writer of 'poetical prose' may be at the opposite pole from a poet. In the same way, we ask, what are Bacon's acknowledged compositions in verse? . . . One piece of verse attributed to Bacon, a loose paraphrase of a Greek epigram, has won its way into *The Golden Treasury*. Apart from that solitary composition, the verses which Bacon 'prepared' were within the powers of almost any educated Elizabethan. They are on a level with the lyrics of Mr. Lecky or the rhymes of Mr. Ruskin. It was only when he wrote as Shakespeare that Bacon wrote as a poet."

FINALLY—and this is enough—the prophets and guides of the "less than half educated" who form the backbone of the Baconian party are concretely set down. Thus the Baconians prefer, in the matter of authority, "Miss Delia Bacon (whom we pity rather than blame), and Mr. Smith, who 'can hardly allow himself to speak on the subject—it excites him too much'—to Mr. Furness and Mr. Sidney Lee. They prefer Mr. Donnelly, with his Saxo in Danish, and his Dares in Greek, and Mr. Holmes,

with his Twickenham in full view of Whitehall, and his 'Hellene' of Euripides, to Mr. Spedding and Dr. Brandes. Finally, they prefer General Butler, of beloved memory, and Mr. Atkinson, who writes in the *Spiritualist*, to Mr. Swinburne, and Mr. Bucke to Ben Jonson. Such people are not to be argued with."

A *Chamberlain Birthday Book* has now been added to the store of birthday books, which every year augments. Mr. Arrow-smith is the publisher, and it is not an authorised production. The preface—signed "N. or M. (as the case may be)"—is distinctly mischievous. "More than a dozen years ago," it runs, "when Mr. Chamberlain was the rising hope of stern unbending Radicalism, there was published under his authority a volume of his public speeches. It has long been out of print." The *Birthday Book* therefore endeavours to some extent to supply its place.

THE result is a series of pronouncements on various men and various subjects calculated, when taken in connexion with the facts printed on the opposite pages, to embroil Mr. Chamberlain with his new companions on the Conservative side of the House. Thus, against this sentence from a recent speech by Lord Salisbury: "Mr. Chamberlain is the spokesman of our party," we find the statement, from an 1885 speech of Mr. Chamberlain's: "This is Toryism all over. It is cynical, it is obstructive, it is selfish, it is incapable." And so on. A little of such humour goes a long way, and we were thoroughly tired of the book after a very brief study of it. However, to those who view any change of opinion with disfavour, it should afford sweet entertainment.

HIS HONOUR JUDGE PARRY, who is now suffering from the effects of pistol shots at Manchester, is as well known by children in his capacity of story-teller as he is well known on the Bench. His *Katawampus*, and the volumes that have succeeded it, are nursery books written in the most genial of high spirits.

THERE are now to be seen at the South Kensington Museum, in one of the galleries of the South Court, three designs of great interest by the late Sir Edward Burne-Jones, Bart. Two of them were purchased at the sale at Messrs. Christie's on Saturday, July 16. The most important work is the design for the mosaic of the Tree of Life in the American Episcopal Church of St. Paul, Rome. This was painted in 1892, and the glass mosaic was produced by Salviati, of Venice, in the following year. In the centre is the outstretched figure of our Lord before the Tree of Life; Adam stands on the left, and Eve, with the infants Cain and Abel, is on the right. Beneath is the following quotation from the Vulgate version of the Bible: "In mundo pressuram habebitis; sed confidite, ego vici mundum" (St. John xvi. 33).

THE water-colour drawing of the symbols of the Evangelists, a design for portion of a

stained glass window at Castle Howard, was also acquired at the same sale. The third design is due to the liberality of Mr. C. Fairfax Murray, who presented to the Museum a model, showing the scheme of the mosaic decoration in the apse of the same church in Rome. The subject represents the Heavenly Jerusalem. To the right are the three archangels Michael, Raphael, and Zophiel, and to the left the archangels Chemuel and Gabriel, the place for Azazel (or Azrael) being vacant. Above is a company of angels, and beneath are the four rivers of Paradise. The model has, unfortunately, been somewhat damaged in transit from Rome, so that the two figures, probably Zadkiel and Uriel, in the outside arches, are wanting.

It is extraordinary how differently certain books are acted upon by the passage across the Atlantic. Some set out from this country full of good spirits, with the best of credentials to support them against *mal de mer*, and behold, when they reach America they are dispirited and useless. Others are so invigorated by the Atlantic air that they leave our shores but poor things, and arriving, take America by storm. Thus *Trilby* had to drink in the ocean air before she really "felt her feet," so to say, while *Quo Vadis*, voyaging East, lost all its fascination on the way.

THESE remarks are suggested by the *Nation's* review of Mr. Bernard Shaw's *Plays*, which some critics in the country have thought clever work—in some respects, marvellously clever work. The *Nation*, however—and the *Nation* is the most deliberate of the American reviews—will have none of him. Here are passages from the *Nation's* estimate:

"After reading the seven plays which make up these two volumes of Mr. Shaw, the remaining impression is one of mingled melancholy and indignation at the spectacle of so much wasted natural ability and perverted talent. . . .

They are read for the sake of the sparkling sayings and amusing conceits which abound in them, and are then forgotten as easily as last night's fireworks. . . .

The most obvious commentary upon all these plays is their curious, almost comical, indifference to the truth of life; not so much with regard to the deeper or more subtle influences and motives which actuate humanity, but in the everyday conduct and carriage of men and women, of the suggested types, in the situations and circumstances devised for them. . . .

In publishing these plays he [G. B. S.] has furnished amusement for a lazy hour or two, has demonstrated the futility of mere will-o'-the-wisp brilliancy, and provided the amplest justification of the managers who declined to invest money in them."

On the other hand, *Rupert of Hentzau* is being received with open arms. Of its climax the *New York Tribune* says that Mr. Hope has "wreaked himself" upon it "with a tact that is perhaps the best thing in the book."

THE list of issues of Mr. Marion Crawford's *Mr. Isaacs*, printed at the beginning of the new sixpenny edition, gives a sound idea of that novelist's popularity. This is the

tale: First edition, November, 1882; reprinted January, February, March (twice), May, July, August (twice), and October, 1883; April and July, 1884; January and March, 1885; and 1886, 1887, 1888, 1889, 1890, 1891, 1892, and 1895; sixpenny edition, 1898.

MR. CONAN DOYLE, in his entertaining story of the desert, *The Tragedy of the Korosko*, spoke of the Tremont Presbyterian Church at Boston, U.S.A. For this, as we have shown, he was taken in hand by a correspondent of the *Book Buyer* and castigated. There are no Presbyterian churches in Boston, said the critic. Yet now comes the *Boston Literary World* to Mr. Doyle's relief with the reassuring statement that there are no fewer than nine Presbyterian churches there after all.

A BOOK is even now being prepared for America which, with every feeling of respect for the great Englishman who has just died, we cannot anticipate with pleasure. The work will be entitled *Poems on the late Mr. Gladstone*, and will contain the effusions of nearly three hundred authors. Think of it—nearly three hundred authors.

THE teaching, or at least explanation, of humour has not yet taken its place in the average school curriculum. But why not? says Mr. Colclough in the preface to the edition of Washington Irving's *Bracebridge Hall* which he has prepared for Messrs. Browne & Nolan, of Dublin. Why not, indeed? Except that if the work chosen is a very excellent one, there is danger that it may be spoiled ever after for the scholars who are let loose upon it. But *Bracebridge Hall* is just the book for the purpose. Mr. Colclough, who is an Examiner in English under the Intermediate Education Board for Ireland, says:

"In this connexion it may fairly be asked, Why should the humour of such books as *The Spectator*, *The Citizen of the World*, *The Sketch-Book*, and *Bracebridge Hall* be left out of account in the oral instruction of the young? Why should these 'classics' be used in too many of our great schools as if they were so many dry catalogues of allusions or bleak blue-books of names and facts? Take the humour away from such a book as *The Spectator*, and what is left? Humour is its soul, its life's essence, the charter of its existence, the *merum sal* that keeps it sweet. Nor can it be argued that the subject of humour in all its forms, any more than the subject of style in all its moods and tenses, is above the comprehension of small boys and little women. He was a great educationist who said, 'You cannot teach a child too soon how to think.' And when the ripple of delighted surprise, or the burst of merry laughter, is provoked in the class-room, why should not the children of the most humorous and quick-witted people in the world [the Irish] be trained to analyse their emotions and feelings, and to give a rational explanation of what it is that has afforded them enjoyment, and whence it comes?"

GLANCING through the pages of *Bracebridge Hall* itself we came upon the following passage:

"I have since pondered much on this matter, and have figured to myself what may be the

fate of our current literature when retrieved piecemeal by future antiquaries from among the rubbish of ages. What a Magnus Apollo, for instance, will Moore become among sober divines and dusty schoolmen! Even his festive and amatory songs, which are now the mere quickeners of our social moments or the delights of our drawing-room, will then become matters of laborious research and painful collation. How many a grave professor will then waste his midnight oil, or worry his brain through a long morning, endeavouring to restore the pure text or illustrate the biographical hints; and how many an arid old bookworm, like the worthy little parson, will give up in despair, after vainly striving to fill up some fatal hiatus."

The prophet was probably at fault here. Anacreon Moore will never, we fancy, stir again sober divine or dusty schoolman. Anacreon Moore is dead. As biographer of Byron, as the author of Irish songs and melodies, Moore may still have a future; but not as Anacreon.

To our "Book Reviews Reviewed" concerning "Zack's" *Life is Life* may be added Mr. Lang's estimate in the "Sign of the Ship": "People seem to like their novels muddy now, judging by the praises bestowed on 'Zack's' book, *Life is Life*. The stories run strong, I admit—very strong—and 'flasker about' on the water (as a MS. note in an old fishing book of 1680 puts it); but the flavour, I think, is muddy, and, for one, I don't like them muddy."

MR. LESLIE STEPHEN has appeared in a new rôle. At all events, the printer in a penny weekly review is responsible for making Mr. Stephen join the overcrowded ranks of amateur photographers. His *Studies of a Biographer* has become *Studies of a Photographer*.

It is generally understood by British smokers that the Arcadia Mixture which is eulogised by Mr. Barrie in *My Lady Nicotine* is to be acquired at a certain shop in Wardour-street (where once, it is also understood, Prince Florizel of Bohemia, trading as Mr. Godall, sold tobacco) under the name of the Craven Mixture. Yet here is an advertisement from an American paper:

"YOU may not be worthy to smoke the 'ARCADIAN MIXTURE.'"

—J. M. B.—, in 'My Lady Nicotine.'

Send 25 cents for sample to

THE SURBRUG Co., 37 Dey Street, N.Y. City."

The London tobacconist who supplies the Craven Mixture is a Spaniard. Can this competition be another feature of the war?

On the authority of the *Johannesburg Times* a book of "Reminiscences" is about to appear by an author whose personality is "known throughout the length and breadth of South Africa." They know things in South Africa that we do not know here, for the famous personality is that of Ike Sonnenberg, a gentleman who hitherto has contrived to elude our vigilance. According to the *Free State Express*, "if anything ever started an epoch, a book by Ike Sonnenberg will." We await this work with impatience.

CORYDON'S BOOKCASE.

THE question is this: Suppose a man (or woman) were going yachting, or fishing, or living in some remote out-of-the-world corner—an isle in the stormy Orcaades; a remote Irish village; a cottage among the hills—intent to live for a time in open air and solitude, what books would he choose as companions? Further, as he could not carry a whole library on his back, a score of volumes would be the maximum. What would they consist of?

In trying to answer, I pretend to offer no cast-iron list. The taste of the individual counts for everything; and the frank and honest way is not to say this, and this, and this, are the best, but, these I have loved: they have proved good companions to me, and, so far, I recommend them. Even then to write out a mere catalogue would be of small avail. The reader naturally asks, What did you look for? was it serious study or mere enjoyment? But it would be absurd to name a list of books to anyone who is retiring with a grave object in view. When we play at being Corydon, our books are selected only because they are good company. For this reason all complete works shall be excluded. Shakespeare himself must submit to the operation of being picked and chosen from. True, he is such an open-air, sky-loving bard, that if one were compelled to choose a solitary writer, his plays would hold the first place "by streets." But as the pleasantest companion is apt to prove a bore in a walking tour, wherein the most agreeable conversations usually occur with strangers met in inn or highway, so the greatest of poets will pall if read to the exclusion of all others. Yet I like to take with me one play, bound so that it may withstand pocket wear; and sometimes, when "the take is off," to draw it forth and read a page as one sits on a boulder by the burnside while the lordly summer clouds float across the sky, and water gurgles, and pure mountain air blows. There is usually some difficulty about making a final choice, but it is between three—*As You Like It*, *The Tempest*, and *Cymbeline*, and the first is favourite. There are heroines of fiction more beautiful and more striking, but there is none more lovable than Rosalind, none more womanly. With me she has held a place absolutely first since ever our acquaintance began. And those days in Arden! The twinkle of leaves, the loose and melancholy boughs, the shadows and half-lights of grove and glade! *As You Like It* stands first in the bookcase of Corydon. Yet I like to keep *Cymbeline* lying about—it has so many tender and lovely passages; and if anyone asserts *The Tempest* to be more perfect than either, the assertion will not be contradicted. Mine is a heart's choice rather than a head's.

If we may not carry the works of Shakespeare, still less are we able to lug all Scott with us. From him, too, without difficulty, I select one, *The Antiquary*. Pray understand that love and not judgment is speaking. It is the sunshine of this book, the ripeness of the humour and the homeliness of the characters that prevail. Like all the Waverley novels—with the exception,

perhaps, of *Ivanhoe*—it has many defects: the Dousterswivel business, for instance, is not well done, but Edie and Oldbuck would atone for more than this. And though Scott appears to be only playing with the humour of the eighteenth century, the romantic element in his mind colours this book far more than a first reading would lead one to suppose. The influence is to be felt rather than seen. It is the same hand that awakened the Harp of the North, the same enchantress framed the spell.

In a rapture of enthusiasm I once carried *The Ring and the Book* to the seaside, determined there and then to pierce its secret. There were many idle, rainy days, too, but somehow when I wanted to read I turned to old almanacs, local directories, the *History of Josephus*, some bound volumes of *Good Words*, and the other oddments that lie in a boarding-house. Browning would not get himself read at any price. He is of the town, and those problems of humanity that are only too enthralling when we are under the magnetic influence of great cities and feel the stress and throb of millions, lose interest when only a blue sky lies over the green and tumbling earth. Many and many a graphic verse, many a sympathetic phrase, prove Browning's worship of the open air; but still he is not for country reading. Tennyson, on the other hand, seems ever to develop more beauty when he is read face to face with the material he worked on. And then, be it remembered, he taught us how to look at Nature. We who have been fed on his verse from childhood are not fully conscious of the influence he has exercised. I am afraid, too, it will be necessary to take him complete. No selection that will suit our purpose has been made; and those exquisite bits with which one loves to refresh the memory are scattered up and down. But if a choice must be made, it shall be the volume containing "The Lotos-Eaters," a poem to be read under the beeches when the thermometer is at 90° in the shade and the bees are droning among the heather.

Next to Tennyson comes Robert Herrick. None possess more fully than he the three great essentials of a poet to be read out of doors—richness, warmth, melody. Indeed, it would be better to leave out Milton than Herrick, for Milton chiefly stirs your admiration and needs to be studied rather than read. Of other poets we must have Keats and George Herbert—the one for voluptuous hours among the roses; the other when the fair fresh world produces a more austere mood.

"Sweet rose, whose hue angrie and brave
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye;
Thy root is ever in its grave
And thou must die."

I never could read Burns in the open air. He seems always to have a crowd of people round him, and not to possess that solitude of mind which distinguishes Herbert murmuring his lay, not by any running brook, but in a crowd. The songs of Burns were made to be sung; their best impression is produced in a company, and even his longer pieces gain by being read aloud and interspersed with rough-and-ready criticism. No, highly as we esteem the ploughman bard,

he has to be excluded. To keep him company other two poets shall be left out—Shelley and Mr. Swinburne; why, it would be hard to explain, save by the bald assertion that experience is not in their favour.

Verse frankly acknowledged inferior to theirs will be chosen. I have no great love of anthologies, but one, the *Lyra Elegantiarum* of the late Mr. Locker-Lampson, is excepted. Not too grave and not too gay, a collection of whim and fancy set in humour and tenderness, it is a delightful book to dip into. And some of its contents have, as it were, wormed themselves into the heart, such as the delightful verses of Thackeray's "Pen," "Although I enter not, yet round about the spot"; and the clever things that appeared in the *Anti-Jacobin*, when Canning and Frere were contributors—"Sweet kerchief checked with heavenly blue," and the rest. It gives also an excellent selection from Præd, with his ever pleasant and airy touch, and his incomparable pictures of the squires and vicars who inhabited the earth in days anterior to the introduction of steam. Curious it is to-day as you see the well-groomed rector emerge from the rebuilt or restored rectory to contrast him with his predecessor:

"Who wrote, too, in a quiet way
Small treatises and smaller verses,
And sage remarks on chalk and clay,
And hints to noble lords—and nurses.
True histories of last year's ghost,
Lines to a ringlet or a turban,
And trifles for the *Morning Post*,
And nothings for Sylvanus Urban."

Lyra Elegantiarum shall have an honoured niche in the bookcase in readiness to yield us at any time the cream of many a poet whose entire works are out of the question—Sir John Suckling and George Wither, Davenant, Carew and Barham. Strangely enough, the pieces culled from the most popular poets of their day are the poorest of the contents. Byron and Moore have given place to contemporaries who were comparatively unknown.

Three other poetry books would be admitted—*The Canterbury Tales*, *The Fairy Queen*, and Blake's *Songs of Innocence*. Perhaps at the end one might wish for another shelf or two, so as to have a place for Arnold, Rossetti, and some other moderns; but it is not a great library we are furnishing, and there is room for but one addition, a book of old ballads, one that shall contain "Sir Patrick Spens," "The Border Widow," "The Nut-brown Maid," and a few more like them.

Of prose, in addition to the *Antiquary*, I would like a few of "the large still books," as Tennyson called those which were written in the eighteenth century. For the fault which librarians and publishers find with the fiction of to-day is a crime in the eyes of Corydon—it is that the writers appear to calculate only on one reading. The fret and fever of modern life is upon them, and while there are scores of clever men and women capable of turning out fiction that fascinates at first, there is scarcely one that will stand a second reading after the mystery of the plot is solved and the excitement abated. Now I follow the crowd when in town, and am

grateful to every inventor of a new shudder; but it is otherwise in the country. There the tranquil leisure of an older style is more welcome. To open *Clarissa Harlowe* or *Tom Jones* is like entering upon a vast estate with a great variety of landscape—wooded knoll and hollow, dale, and rivulet and hill. I would certainly have these, and although the study of Smollett is useful in the main to show by contrast the excellence of Fielding's style, *Humphrey Clinker* may well be added. Joining our own time to that comes Jane Austen, and her *Pride and Prejudice* is unhesitatingly chosen. In its delicate workmanship and invention you shall find the best Miss Austen was capable of. It was the first and most beautiful flower of her genius.

When we come to our own writers there is hesitation in regard to the choice. *Pickwick* is the only one of Dickens to be permitted. The others have plenty of merit, but not of a kind to be appreciated in the open air. It has a taint of fever. To extract the essence of Dickens you must shut yourself in a small room with a hot fire and flaring gas; not among the cool woodland shadows will you ever appreciate him to the full. From George Eliot we select *Silas Marner*; the breeze and sunshine will not tolerate the morbid hopelessness of the rest. Now we enter a crowd in which selection would be difficult if it were not that we simply state a preference and make not the slightest pretence of giving an authoritative judgment. *Far from the Madding Crowd*, then, and *Lorna Doone* and Stevenson's *Merry Men* are those which shall be added, without any attempt at justifying the selection.

Well, a single space on the shelf is all that is left, and to whom shall it be given? Not a book of essays has been mentioned, and this is what we have to add. But the choice? Shall it be Bacon, with that famous word-picture of a garden? Or the *Spectator*, to give in prose what the *Lyra Elegantiarum* offers in verse? Or a bit of Dean Swift's vigorous English? No, if the number is to be rigidly adhered to, all these will be left at home on their shelves. There are two other books between which we hesitate. First, there is the work of him who is the father of such as write *en pleine air* and word-paint field and river and hedgerow, even the worthy Izaak Walton. Him I esteem greatest of his craft, immeasurably beyond White of Selborne, Thoreau, Jefferies, or their host of imitators. But from a corner Elia has been all this time smiling in his own droll, sad way, knowing that on no account would he be left behind, that this tome and the other might be fingered and lifted and talked of, but that in the end he would be secure.

And so Corydon's list is complete. I have no doubt that everyone who reads would have filled the shelf with different books, and, indeed, it would be sad if we all thought in the same way and had no freedom of opinion. Yet this list has the value that attaches to every faithfully recounted bit of human experience. They have been the comfort and solace of one man, and, doubtless, there are others to whom they will administer the same help. Each and all have been carried with me on long excursions

into a wild and solitary country, where there was not another house within miles, and the only sounds were those emitted by the grouse becking in the heather and the sheep bleating on the hillside. And I wish my friend may have no worse companions.

For convenience sake I draw up in the form of a list the contents, as they have been stated, of Corydon's bookcase:

1. Shakespeare, *As You Like It*.
2. Scott, *The Antiquary*.
3. Tennyson, *The Lady of Shalott*, and *Other Poems* (the *Lotos-Eaters* included).
4. Robert Herrick, *The Hesperides*.
5. Keats, *Poems*.
6. George Herbert, *The Temple*.
7. Locker-Lampson, *Lyra Elegantiarum*.
8. Chaucer, *Canterbury Tales*.
9. Blake, *Songs of Innocence*.
10. Spenser, *Fairy Queen*.
11. Fielding, *Tom Jones*.
12. Smollett, *Humphrey Clinker*.
13. Richardson, *Clarissa Harlowe*.
14. Jane Austen, *Pride and Prejudice*.
15. George Eliot, *Silas Marner*.
16. A Book of Ballads.
17. Hardy, *Far from the Madding Crowd*.
18. Blackmore, *Lorna Doone*.
19. Stevenson, *Merry Men*.
20. Charles Lamb, *Essays of Elia*.

THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY.

IN Mr. Wells's little book on *Oxford and its Colleges*, of which a new edition has just reached us, there is an interesting chapter on the great Library of Oxford, which in the eyes of the world is the most famous of her institutions. It is the oldest public library in Europe, and its history is a curious mirror of the history of the nation. The most famous Englishmen have been benefactors, and it bears traces in some way or other of practically every great public event. A reforming commission in the reign of Edward VI. scattered its treasures. The Civil Wars and the residence of the Court in Oxford made its fortunes for the moment doubtful, but ultimately Royalist and Parliamentary vied in safeguarding its interest. Then in the last century came the building of the Radcliffe Camera in the middle of the Radcliffe Square—from the designs of Gibbs, an Aberdeen architect. At first it contained a scientific library, but about the middle of the present century it was turned into a reading-room, where the more modern books are kept—which may be regarded as a wonderful concession to base modern needs on the part of an ancient institution.

The oldest part of the Bodleian proper is just over the Divinity School, where the collection of Duke Humphrey of Gloucester was housed. The roof was part of Sir Thomas Bodley's work, and the huge buttresses in Exeter Gardens were a suggestion of Sir Christopher Wren. It is a beautiful room, "far removed," as the old University records put it, "from any worldly noise." But in a sense the real founder of the present Library was the man from whom it takes its name, Sir Thomas Bodley. His *Life*, written by

himself and published some years after his death, was issued privately in a reprint some years ago by Mr. Lane. In the quaint words of the Preface:

"It favours not the language of our age, that hath the Art to murder with a smile, and fold a curse within a prayer, but speaks the Rhetoricke of that better world, where vertue was the garbe, and truth the complement."

He was a Fellow of Merton, Proctor, and Public Orator; then he went into diplomacy, and for many years was in the thick of European complications. In his old age he

"concluded at the last to set up his staffe at the Library doore in Oxford, being thoroughly persuaded that he could not busy himself to better purpose, than by reducing that place (which then in every part lay ruined and waste) to the publique use of Students."

In 1600 the new Library was open, and Sir Thomas succeeded in inducing the Stationers' Company to promise to present every book which they printed. He died in 1612, "his pure soule," to quote an inimitable note at the end of his *Life*,

"having attain'd the freedome of its owne divinity; leaving his borrow'd earth, the sad remainder of innocence and frailty, to be deposited in Merton Colledge: Who had the happinesse to call his Education hers, and to be intrusted with so deare a Pledge of immortality."

The Bodleian was now firmly established and continued to grow with amazing speed. James I. described the founder as Sir Thomas Godly, and sent a copy of his works—a gift which the librarian of the time thought calculated to cheer the soul of Sir Thomas in the other world. Queen Elizabeth sent a translation of Ochino's *De Christo*; Milton presented a copy of his *Poems*, which narrowly missed being lost in the last century; and Archbishop Laud sent a priceless collection of MSS., for he felt, as he says, that troublous times were approaching, "when the stars hardly keep their courses," and he wished to insure the safety of his treasures. The Parliament camp was equally represented, for Selden, the antiquary, gave the better part of his collection, which included Caxton's *Histories of Troye*. In 1755 the Library received the immense benefaction of Dr. Rawlinson, which included some 5,000 MSS., a large number of books, and a valuable collection of pictures. In this way were acquired the 150 volumes of Hearne's diary, which are at present being edited for the Oxford Historical Society; it is interesting to note that Rawlinson acquired the set for £105. In addition to bequests of books there have been many famous gifts of pictures and curiosities, of which the Douce collection of missals in 1834 is a good example. Meantime, through all these years, there has been a steady influx of books from Stationers' Hall. The Copyright Act of 1709 gave the Bodleian the right to receive a copy of all works entered there, a right which is now shared with four other libraries—the British Museum, Cambridge, Trinity (Dublin), and the Advocates' Library in Edinburgh.

The historical interest of the place is so complex that it is vain to hope to illustrate

it by anecdote. Kings and statesmen, great ecclesiastics, the most distinguished foreign scholars, have all had some connexion with the place, and their memory lives in anecdotes. It was in the Bodleian that Charles I. and Lord Falkland tried the "Sortes Virgilianæ" and received the most dismal omens. The King's passage was that in the Fourth Book, where Dido curses Æneas:

"Wearied with war and the strife of a fierce people, far from his country, torn from his son's embrace, may he cry for aid and see the sad fates of his friends; nor, when he has bound himself to cruel terms of peace, may he enjoy his kingdom and the long-wished-for light, but untimely may he fall and lie unburied in the arid sand!"

Then Falkland opened the book and lighted on the passage which tells of the death of Pallas, an omen in his case only too soon to be fulfilled. The story of how certain of the books came to be acquired is sufficiently romantic. For example, the famous Leofric Missal was presented by the Dean and Chapter of Exeter to Sir Thomas Bodley, having been removed without authority, and in spite of the most far-reaching curses recorded in the missal itself.

In the old days there were certain galling restrictions in the Library. The folios were at one time chained to the shelves, but the custom was given up and the chains sold for old iron in 1769. But it was long ere the present catholic taste in books prevailed. Sir Thomas Bodley wished to exclude "kind-hearted play-books," as being mere "baggage books from which God knows little profit may be reaped." Every now and then "heretical and schismatical" books were ejected, as in 1660, and in any case in those days no one might have access to suspected books without the permission of the Vice-Chancellor and the Regius Professor of Divinity. Happily now there are no disabilities; the only inconvenience is in the size of the place. The library is continually growing, and it is becoming a matter of real difficulty to find house room for all the books. It is impossible to get a new book till at least six months after publication, for it is probably not yet unpacked and catalogued. The basement of the Ashmolean is being used for the storage of the overflow, and the cellars below the Sheldonian are the resting-place of many volumes, so that it may be a very considerable time before a reader gets the books he has asked for. But, considering the size of the collection, the organisation is wonderful, and the present librarian, Mr. E. W. B. Nicholson, is an enthusiast in all library matters. In addition to other aids there is a subject-catalogue, which is kept as nearly as possible up to date.

It is impossible to give more than the merest hint of the many treasures both among books and pictures which the Bodleian possesses, but all the more important are mentioned in Mr. Wills's excellent chapter. Queen Elizabeth's exercise-book, an Ovid with Shakespeare's autograph in it, a "Howleglas" that belonged to Spenser, and a number of Shelley relics, including the Sophocles which was found in his hand after death, are among the most interesting; while the documents which are

invaluable to the professed historian are legion in number. The picture gallery contains some valuable Holbeins and probably the latest extant portrait of Mary of Scots. There is a curious portrait of Flora MacDonald, one of Sir Kenelm Digby by Vandyck, and representations either in picture or bust of most of the distinguished men who have been associated with Oxford.

WAS BYRON A DANDY?

Was Mr. Lionel Johnson's "very twopenny poet and farthing man" a dandy? M. D'Aureville says no, at least not in the completeness of dandyism, in his book, *Of Dandyism and of George Brummell*, which has been Englished by Mr. Douglas Ainslie, and published in an all-too-dainty format by Mr. Dent. "The statuette of a man who does not deserve to be represented otherwise than by a statuette"; such is D'Aureville's own description of his exquisite essay. In order rightly to appreciate a dandy and dandyism one must feel grace, he says, as a woman or as an artist feels it. Though he admits that Brummell does not belong to the political history of England, he depicts him as the expression of a social tendency. His sketch of Brummell is to some extent a revelation of himself. D'Aureville was a dandy "on the intellectual rather than on the positive side." He was like Byron, whom, as Mr. Ainslie tells us, he greatly admired, and whom he frequently mentions in his essay. His dandyism was in his style; in his flamboyant dress too; and in his manuscripts. His English translator says he possesses an edition of D'Aureville's *Vielle Maitresse*, with an autograph dedication from the author to M. Octave Uzanne. "It is a rainbow of inks." Mr. Ainslie suggests that if Brummell were now living he would have belonged to the smart people, "vile, but inevitable word," rather than to the "Souls." This is probable, or rather, Mr. Ainslie wittily adds, it would have belonged to him. However, he admits, in sorrow, that the dandy would have had to free the smart people from the manners of the servants' hall.

Byron and "Buck" Brummell: it is a fascinating conjunction of names. Brummell, it is true, was only a dandy, nothing more and nothing less than the greatest dandy of his own or of any time; "he rose to the rank of an idea, he was Dandyism itself." A greater poet, for poet he was, says the Frenchman, he would have been Byron; of greater family, Byron again. And Byron himself said that he would rather be Brummell than Napoleon. Neither was this meant ironically or as a piece of ridiculous affectation. M. D'Aureville is clearly not on the side of Mr. Lionel Johnson and *les jeunes*.

"Being a poet and a man of imagination, therefore a judge of the subject, he [i.e. Byron] was struck with the empire that Brummell wielded over a hypocritical society, weary of its hypocrisy. This fact of personal auto-cracy suited his capricious genius better than any other kind of omnipotence."

By the way, it is interesting to note that the word Dandyism is not found in Johnson's Dictionary. And at Eton, to which he had been sent in 1790, Brummell's

"careful dressing and the frigid languor of his manners obtained for him from his school-fellows a name much in use at that time, for the word Dandy was not yet fashionable and the despots of elegance were called Bucks or Macaronis."

Hence he was called Buck Brummell. D'Aureville's hero was not, he says, what the world calls a libertine. Your dandy is too vain to be passion's slave. Here is a point of contrast with Byron, who was a dandy "only on certain days." For passion is too true to be dandyish: so we are assured in a note. No; Brummell preferred to women's lips the celebrated coat that he invented. "Speaking somewhere of a portrait of Napoleon, in his imperial robe, Byron says, 'He seemed to have been born in it.'" The same may be said of Brummell, according to M. D'Aureville. Therefore one feels no surprise that the Frenchman is elegantly angry with Carlyle and his "Dandiacal sect"; with Carlyle, the "English Jean Paul," who "might have given us the Hero of elegant idleness—the Hero Dandy; but he has forgotten him."

Varying the phrases of his delicate criticism, M. D'Aureville adjures us never to forget that dandies *please women by displeasing them*. The italics, so feminine in their import, are his. And he draws a fine distinction between D'Orsay and his own hero.

"That social lion, D'Orsay, with all his Atlas beauty, was not a Dandy. His was a nature infinitely more complex, ample, and human than that English thing. . . . In one word, D'Orsay was a kindly king; now kindness is a sentiment unknown to Dandies."

And, though it is true that D'Orsay dressed "quietly and perfectly, like the Dandies," yet dandyism is not the "vulgar art of tying a tie." Some dandies never even wore one; Byron, for instance, "with his beautiful neck!" It is true, besides, that D'Orsay was a sculptor, and "well-nigh an author," so that he "deserved that letter from Byron to Alfred D— which is to be found in the famous memoirs, where Moore's cowardice has substituted asterisks for names and dots for salted anecdotes. . . . (a charming man Moore!)." So M. D'Aureville's delicate irony, worthy of Mr. Meredith. And one must quote his next paragraph:

"And what can be less dandified and more French than that charming duel of D'Orsay, who threw a plate at an officer, because he spoke ill of the Blessed Virgin, and D'Orsay could not permit a woman to be insulted in his presence."

Contrasts of Byron and Brummell are frequent. The poet was a dandy only by turns. The lust of the eye for a uniform had not for him the potency it had for Beau Brummell. It is odd to find M. D'Aureville assuring us that, whereas in France to be like everyone else is a young man's precept, it is only in English that the word originality can be used. A dandy who marks everything with his personality, existing only through a kind of exquisite originality: that is Byron. Again, Brummell, the triply matter-of-fact—"for he was vain, an

Englishman, and a dandy!"—was content with satisfied vanity.

"Society accorded him all the happiness in his power, and for him there existed none superior; he did not agree with Byron, that renegade and apostate from dandyism, who maintained that society was not worth one of the joys that it takes away."

M. D'Aurevilly thinks that the dandy may have been one of the Muses of "Don Juan"; and, in any case, he says that poem is throughout essentially dandyesque in tone. But none of these things is enough to save Mr. Lionel Johnson's Apollo-Apollyon, in the Frenchman's eyes, from the charge of being a traitor to dandyism.

W. M.

THE END OF THE MUSICAL SEASON.

OPERA FROM THE GALLERY POINT OF VIEW.

Now that the opera season is over—and it is admitted generally that it is the heaviest season which London has known for many a long year—one may be permitted, outside the range of serious and absolute criticism, to take a trivial and cursory glance round the character of the audiences that have attended the performances. The stalls are a curious mixture of fashionable subscribers, frequenters of a single night—very anxious to learn, but regretting that "Tannhäuser" is beyond them; suburban couples who can afford five nights out of the season; and critics earnest, trifling, attentive, or flitting to and fro as the spirit of their own sweet will moves them. The boxes are, of course, frankly fashionable. Here it is "so charming to hear poor old Mascagni again." Here emerge indignant criticisms against the darkened houses. Yet here a stray musician sits within the inner darkness with shut eyes listening to—he cannot see—his beloved "Tristan," his delicious "Meistersinger." Wander to the balcony stalls, and you find an atmosphere of greater earnestness. The seats are chosen upon a principle; it is more satisfactory to hear the orchestra "at some little distance" from the conductor's seat; so art tempers the wind to those shorn by fashion, in this part of the house at all events. Then the top boxes. Well, the top boxes are the centre of interesting gatherings chiefly from artistic Suburbia, loving music for the most part, a little talkative, much inclined to the quick interchange of looks when a familiarly beautiful passage suddenly swims up to the surface of the music, and customarily enthusiastic. The same spirit is spread a little more broadly and not so domestically across the amphitheatre stalls. Thus far you will say that after all these things are natural, that they do but accurately (more or less) describe the necessary condition of things when an opera is supported, for the most part, by fashionable subscription, and when the lover of music must resort to the cheaper seats of the house if he would hear grand opera in London at all.

But there is the gallery still to be reckoned with, and that is the most surprising section

in the whole of Covent Garden. If a man would journey to Bayreuth to hear performances at a pound a time, provided he had the money, or if he would travel in the early autumn from Carlsruhe to Munich, from Munich to Vienna, from Vienna to Dresden, from Dresden to Berlin, just to hear music played, sung, and mounted as well as that combination of excellences can be reached, and if, as a matter of terribly mundane fact, that man only had a half-crown in his pocket so that all his bigger aspirations must wither in a dream—then that man will spend his half-crown to hear his Wagner, his Mozart, even his Bizet and his Gounod in the gallery at Covent Garden. He is almost universal in that gallery. He often brings his score; he has an affectionate intimacy with the names of conductors and singers. He talks offhand about "Ternina," "Feinhals," "Campanari," "Meux," and "Vanni."

"Marcinelli was a little nervous to-night."

"Campanari is a distinct acquisition to the company. Did you hear that Henschel discovered him when he was only a 'cello player?"

"Feinhals sings well—but what a stick of an actor!"

"Yes, Ternina is wonderful, but I'm not sure I don't prefer Rosa Sucher."

"How sick I am of 'Traviata'!"

"I've heard Bauermeister sing any time these twenty years."

"Did you notice that that fourth clarinet invariably came in late in the prelude to the second act?"

"Surely they are not going to be so barbarous as to encore the 'Meistersinger' quintet?"

"That terrible brass!"

"I do hope that the lady in front of me won't fan herself during the next act: it is so distracting."

"It's wonderful how well the orchestra sounds up here!"

"I'm not sure that I don't prefer Dippel to Jean after all!"

"I didn't think it possible that Eames could sing—and act—Sieglinde so well!"

"If they can't stage 'Götterdämmerung' better, why do they give it at all?"

"I much prefer Mottl's 'Walkürenritt' to Henry Wood's: it isn't nearly so brassy."

"This is the right kind of Wagner season for my money."

"I hope it isn't true that we're to have scarcely any Wagner next year; I would willingly make them a present of 'Tannhäuser.'"

Thus, in sentences for the most part correct to the last word, and in every case correct in sense, as overheard during intervals—thus spoke the frequenter of Covent Garden Gallery during the opera season. And it would be quite possible to multiply instances further without, however, in the least making the point clearer. That point is this: that the gallery contains for the most part nobody who is not more or less a musical expert. If a man is in search of pure amusement he will, other things being equal, prefer the gallery of the Gaiety or of Daly's to that of Covent Garden. But when the cost of the latter is just two and a half times as great as the cost of the former, the

bias is irresistible. By this means, if you really desire to know the sincere opinion of the house on any given night, you can gather it pretty successfully from the gallery verdict, for it is a fortunate thing that London is, for all practical purposes, free from the pernicious influences of the *claque*. But another point, especially in connexion with this year's record, is to be noted. Applause, during the progress of a scene, even though it be not a Wagner opera, has been rigorously and sturdily protested against by this wonderful gallery. Where half the people in the boxes or stalls are scarcely aware of Wagnerian principles, and where ancient and venerable representatives of the old red sandstone period are shaking their heads and muttering of the days that are no more, the gallery settles the policy of the evening. For the most part this season, these austere and resolute rulers of our evening destinies have most severely repressed any frivolous tendency to encore on the part of a thoughtless and too easily pleased house; but at the end of a scene they have generously and graciously permitted liberal applause where such applause seemed deserved. One night, particularly, of this season lingers in the memory: it was the occasion of the single performance of Beethoven's "Fidelio," when Ternina took the chief part so wonderfully. During the second act, any attempt to destroy the continuity of the scene was most sternly suppressed, and the artist might well have supposed that there was even an unfavourable view of her work being adopted by a majority in the house. In that event she must have been agreeably astonished when the curtain fell, for as one man the gallery rose and applauded to the echo, calling the artist's name aloud again and again, until, by repeated re-appearances, she had satiated their enthusiasm.

Lastly, the Covent Garden gallery is a most accurate thermometer of the popularity of any opera in London. A glance upwards will always tell you whether a work is really in the good graces of the independent expert. The second night of a certain unfamiliar opera was almost laughable in the conspicuous verdict which the empty benches recorded; and at present the later Wagnerian operas always suffice to crowd this part of the house. So that one looks forward to the decision which this fastidious company of amateurs will give to the Italian adventures of next year's opera season.

V. B.

BOOK REVIEWS REVIEWED.

"THE FOREST LOVERS."

MR. MAURICE HEWLETT's story is hailed by the critics as a delightful effort in pure romance.

"It is romance pure and simple," says the *Outlook*.

"The romantic spirit, about which so much has been written, has once more found a pure and enthusiastic expression," says *Literature*.

"A very striking book . . ., which has a singular freshness and beauty," chimes the *Speaker*.

The usual disagreements occur:

THE *Speaker*.

THE *Outlook*.

"He [Mr. Hewlett] has affected an archaic style, and, cleverly though he has adapted himself to this style, the affectation continually spoils the effect he seeks to make."

"Adventure follows breathlessly upon adventure . . . described in language quaint and characteristic, yet never affected or over-ornate, that makes every page a sheer delight to read."

Of the brightness and bravery of the story no two opinions are held. But the *Athenæum* proceeds to trace the influence of Robert Louis Stevenson and Mr. Meredith in Mr. Hewlett's style:

"It is impossible to pass over the countless instances Mr. Hewlett affords of his habit of aping either Stevenson or George Meredith. Stevenson we know was deeply affected by the style of the elder romancer. It is, therefore, not so easy to say in each case which of our writer's two models have served him most."

To compensate Mr. Hewlett, *Literature* points out that "he understands the sweet uses of the antique":

"It is time to say, once for all, that romance is not an affair of trunk-hose or chain-mail, of thou and thee and Wardour-street English. Romance rules over all times and all places; its *differentia* is not odd costume and pseudo-archaism, but the sense of mystery, that whisper of the unknown, of the things beyond, which absolutely separate the romantic from the naturalistic work, whether the period of the story be last year or of six hundred years ago, whether the scene be modern London or the ancient legendary forest. As it happens, Mr. Hewlett has chosen the latter scene. . . . And here lies the value of such work, of *The Forest Lovers*, and of the great family in which it may justly claim a place—in that the true romance is an image and symbol of inner verities, that Sir Prosper le Gai and all his fellow knights from *Amadis* and *Don Quixote* to *Pickwick* and *Huckleberry Finn* are types of every man. Romance shows us our own lives, our passage through an unknown world, under a beautiful symbolism, by images which will always enchant, which keep their loveliness for ever."

The *Bookman* finds in the story "the prettiest pictures of life in the woods, and of wooing under the sky. . . . The book is of the same family as Mr. William Morris's prose romances. It has not perhaps so much body as these, but it has a great deal more life."

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Week ending Thursday, July 28.

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

LETTERS TO HIS SON ON RELIGION. By Roundell, First Earl of Selborne. Macmillan & Co. 3s. 6d.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

LEO TOLSTOY, THE GRAND MOUJIK: A STUDY IN PERSONAL EVOLUTION. By G. H. Perris. T. Fisher Unwin. 5s.

THE CHURCH HISTORICAL SOCIETY: JOHN WESLEY. A Lecture. By A. J. Mason, D.D. S.P.C.K.

THE CATHEDRAL CHURCH OF LINCOLN: A HISTORY AND DESCRIPTION OF ITS FABRIC, AND A LIST OF THE BISHOPS. By A. F. Kendrick, B.A. George Bell & Sons. 1s. 6d.

POETRY, CRITICISM, BELLES LETTRES.

A DREAM QUEST: A POEM IN THE STANZA OF SPENCER. Truslove & Hanson.

A LITTLE ENGLISH PORTFOLIO. By Ada Iddings-Gale. Truslove & Hanson.

THE MODERN FRENCH DRAMA: SEVEN ESSAYS BY AUGUSTIN FILON. Translated by Janet E. Hogarth. Chapman & Hall.

THE TEMPLE CLASSICS: PARADISE REGAINED, SAMSON AGONISTES, AND OTHER POEMS. By John Milton. J. M. Dent & Co.

TEMPLE WAVERLEY NOVELS: THE ABBOT. By Sir Walter Scott. 2 vols. J. M. Dent. 1s. 6d. each.

SONGS OF SEA AND SAIL. By Thomas Fleming Day. The Rudder Publishing Co. 8s.

THE GLASGOW GOETHE SOCIETY: GOETHE'S SATYROS AND PROMETHEUS. Translated by John Gray. Edited by Alexander Tille. F. Bauermeister (Glasgow).

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

THE VALLEY OF ZERMATT AND THE MATTERHORN. By Edward Whymper. Second edition. John Murray. 3s.

CHAMONIX AND THE RANGE OF MONT BLANC. By Edward Whymper. Third edition. John Murray. 3s.

EDUCATIONAL.

THE FIRST ORATION OF CICERO AGAINST CATALINA. Edited by the Rev. G. H. Nall, M.A. Macmillan & Co.

BLACKWOOD'S SCHOOL SHAKESPEARE: KING RICHARD II. Edited by R. Brimley Johnson. W. Blackwood & Sons.

EXERCISES ON THE FIRST BOOK OF EUCLID. By William Weekes. Macmillan & Co. 1s.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PLACE-NAMES IN GLENGARRY AND GLENQUOICH, AND THEIR ORIGIN. By Edward C. Ellice. Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 2s. 6d.

ROWING, PUNTING, AND PUNTS. By D. H. McLean and W. H. Grenfell. With Contributions by R. P. P. Rowe and B. F. Robinson. Lawrence & Bullen, Ltd.

THE CEREBELLUM. By H. Davies, M.D. Nichols & Co.

THE ST. ANDREW'S UNIVERSITY CALENDAR FOR THE YEAR 1898-99. W. Blackwood & Sons. 1898.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

WE have received a specimen prospectus of a sumptuous subscription work which Messrs. Eyre & Spottiswoode purpose issuing, entitled *Queen Victoria's Treasures at Windsor Castle*. The Queen heads the subscription list with an order for two copies. The publishers hope to show that it is not necessary to go to the Continent to obtain the best colour printing. The whole work will be executed in London on English-made paper. There will be forty plates from water-colour drawings by Mr. William Gibb, and the Notes will be supplied by the Marquis of Lorne.

A CONSIDERABLE work on sea-fishing, by John Bickerdyke, is announced for immediate publication by Mr. Horace Cox, of the *Field*. It is to be entitled *Practical Letters to Young Sea-Fishers*, and will contain chapters on boat-sailing and navigation, and life-saving at sea, and be very fully illus-

trated with drawings of sea-fish, sea-fishing scenes, &c.

MR. ENEAS MACKAY, of Stirling, announces a re-issue of Mr. John W. Small's important work on *Scottish Woodwork*. It was originally issued in 1877, but only 250 copies were printed. Since then each copy that came to sale has so increased in value (the latest prices realised by the work being from £5 to £7), that a second edition is called for. The work will be re-issued in the same size as the original. The principal plates will be *facsimiles* of the former edition, but the full-sized plates will be reduced one half. The alteration will make the book more portable, without decreasing its practical value.

THE first monthly number of the *Critic* will contain the eleventh article in the new series of "Authors at Home," the subject being Mrs. Margaret Deland. The author's home is revealed in this article.

A STUDY of the life of Sir Henry Lawrence, the Pacificator, by Lieut.-General J. J. McLeod Innes, R.E., V.C., is on the eve of publication as a supplementary volume to the "Rulers of India," the Clarendon Press Series of Indian Historical Retrospects. A portrait and map will be included in the volume.

THE *Genealogical Magazine* for August will contain an article on "The Laws of Names and the Changes of Names," and papers on the Sewells of the Isle of Wight, and the Arms of the City of Dublin.

AMONG the articles which will appear in the August number of *The Antiquary* will be the following: "Wall Paintings at Burton Latimer" (illustrated), by Mr. George Bailey, and "Bishops' Gloves," by Mr. H. J. Feasey.

AN article by Mr. Vernon Lee, on "The Young Generation and the Old," will appear in the August *Cosmopolis*. In the same number Prof. Vambéry writes on "England's gefährdete Machtstellung in Asien." In the French section M. Edouard Rod gives the first instalment of "Gens et Choses de Sicile."

AN important discovery of a bibliographical character has recently been made, and the result of it is to be published during the autumn by Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., Ltd. Some six years ago Mrs. Lewis and her sister, Mrs. Gibson, were examining treasure in the Convent of St. Katherine on Mount Sinai, when the librarian called their attention to a beautiful MS., whose value he was desirous of knowing. This proved to be a Palestinian Syriac Lectionary, of which it was believed only one example existed in the Vatican. Further research resulted in the discovery of yet another such MS., and the book, which Messrs. Kegan Paul & Co. are to publish, will contain the text of that first discovered, with notes embodying the different readings existing in the latter MS. as well as that which is contained in the Vatican. The printing of the book has taken over four years, and has been entrusted to Messrs. Gilbert & Rivington, the well-known Oriental printers. It is thought that this work will be of the first importance to antiquarians and theological students.

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REVIEWS.

A MODERN MAGICIAN.

Traité Élémentaire de Science Occulte.
Cinquième édition. Par Papus. (Paris :
Chamuel.)

THOSE who had the misfortune to attend the dreary meetings of the International Spiritualist Congress, held in London last month, must have been considerably puzzled by the appearance on the platform of a short, stout, black-haired, and very voluble Frenchman, whose paper, when read, turned out to be a series of "sniffs" at the common or mediumistic type of spiritualism, mingled with the praise of something vastly superior, and dignified by him with the name of Occultism. The gentleman was announced as Papus, Doctor in Cabala, president of the Supreme Council of the Martinist Order, and Delegate-General of the Cabalistic Order of the Rose Croix. These are mouth-filling titles, and the personality they indicate is a correspondingly curious one.

The name Papus is merely a pen-name, being that given in the Nycthemeron (a magic ritual attributed, on very slight grounds, to Apollonius of Tyana) as the designation of "the spirit of the first hour," who is also incongruously "a doctor." The real name of the author of the present volume is Gerard Encausse, Doctor of Medicine of the Faculty of Paris, and lately (or perhaps still) *chef de la laboratoire* at La Charité, the great Paris hospital which looks after the medical and surgical needs of the St. Germain quarter. In his latter capacity he came into collision, about six years ago, as readers of the *Nineteenth Century* and the *British Medical Journal* may remember, with our late countryman, Dr. Ernest Hart. The cause of quarrel arose from certain experiments in a very advanced sort of hypnotism, conducted by Dr. Encausse and his chief, Dr. Luys, at La Charité. Dr. Hart was present at some of them, and convinced himself by tests to which he afterwards submitted the subjects that their apparent success was due to conscious or unconscious imposture on the latter's part. The defence of the two French doctors, to wit, that the subjects examined by Dr. Hart had already been discarded as im-

postors, while they had obtained similar phenomena with other persons of undoubted good faith, was unsubstantiated by evidence. Yet Dr. Encausse is evidently a person of skill in his profession, and his *Traité Externe et Psychique des Maladies Nerveuses* contains some instructive reading.

It is not, however, by his medical works that Papus has climbed to fame. Eleven years ago he founded the *Groupe Indépendant d'Études Esotériques*, a body which was supposed to unite in one phalanx all searchers after the unknown of all names and creeds. Its formation was signalled by the appearance of a weekly paper called *Le Voile d'Isis*, and of *L'Initiation*, a monthly review, both journals being devoted to mystery-mongering of all kinds. They are edited by Papus, and still flourish. The following year he produced the first edition of the book under review, although it has since, as will be seen later, undergone some strange modifications. Then followed an expansion of the same book under the title of *Traité Méthodique de Science Occulte*, and an equally large *Traité élémentaire de Magie Pratique*, giving, among other things, elaborate directions for the manufacture of talismans and the ritual evocation of spirits. Then came in quick succession books on the Cabala of the Jews, on the Tarot or fortune-telling cards of the gipsies, on the different other methods of divination, and many smaller works, including a defence of his society against the charge of devil-worship brought against it by a few unwise Catholics. If Papus be judged by his written works alone, he must be one of the most prolific of men, but he has not been idle in other respects. The *Groupe Indépendant*, in spite of its eclectic professions, gradually divided itself into special and rather exclusive forms. One of these is the Gnostic Church, which aims at reproducing in France the ancient heresy of the Albigenses; another the Cabalistic Order of the Rose Croix, designed, according to one of its members, to expose (*proh pudor!*) the pretensions of impostors who falsely lay claim to supernatural graces; and a third an alchemistic society, which professes to seek for the philosopher's stone. All these seem to owe their origin—or, as he would probably say, their revival—to the indefatigable Papus. But his darling child, if we may judge from the prominence given to it in *L'Initiation*, in his address to the Congress and elsewhere, is the Martinist Order, a sort of Freemasonry, framed, he tells us, to combat "Atheism and Materialism," and named after Louis Claude de St. Martin, a poor noble, who was so moved by the crack-brained teaching of the mystics, Martinez Paschalis and Jacob Böhme, as to set about regenerating society in the times immediately preceding the Great Revolution.

It is rather difficult for us in England to take seriously societies which, while professing as do all those named, to be secret, yet take pains to publish their aims, their progress, and, in some cases, even the names of their members. Moreover, the total membership of the whole group, according to *L'Initiation*, has stuck for some time at 1,600; and as in such societies curiosity is the motive which impels most of the

members to join, the force which Papus wields as head of the group is not numerically formidable. Secret societies on the Continent generally assume a political complexion, but there seems no tendency of the kind in this case, unless as a leaning towards Socialism of a mild type. It is different with regard to philosophy, religion, and physical science, on all which subjects Papus has constructed from the works of earlier mystics a vast system—he calls it a "synthesis"—which, although windy and absurd, is consistent with itself. The principle on which it is based may be expressed in the words of the poet, "Man is the measure of all things." The strictest analogy reigns, according to Papus, throughout the universe, and the composition of man gives us the clue to the composition of the invisible world. Man consists of body, soul, and mind: therefore the three worlds or planes of existence must be the physical, the Divine, and the "astral." Man's body comprises cells and fluids charged for the most part with the function of repairing or preserving the whole organism; therefore the astral world must contain myriads of elementals or spirits of the elements who act upon nature as the corpuscles of the blood upon the body. And as the body has nerve-centres, so the astral world has directing intelligences, who are formed from the minds of those men who have raised themselves by self-sacrifice and other means above humanity; and elementaries who are the mental remains of the recently dead who have not proceeded far on the ladder of evolution, these last being the spirits who infest mediums. These definitions are given in the *Traité* for the purpose, apparently, of explaining how the real or fictitious "wonders of magic" are performed. By obtaining control of the elemental, the magician can, of course, transform the face of nature, while a peep into the astral world will, by a process of reasoning too long to explain here, enable him to predict the future with certainty. But it is only fair to say that the author never suggests that these wonderful powers should be used for any selfish purpose. "God," says in this connexion an author whom he quotes with approval, "has created us that we may accomplish in Him the spiritualisation of the non-existent. . . . We have only one aim: to snatch ourselves from destiny and to take along with us the ethereal world that we have to bear beyond the Dragon's coils. We have only one method: to understand, submit to, and accomplish by our own volition, the Divine Will."

This is well enough; but if we inquire whence Papus derives his knowledge of the astral world, and of the sublime scheme by which man is to aid God in the perfection of the universe, we find ourselves thrown back on the old and somewhat faded principle of belief on authority. Papus, if we understand him, says that the knowledge of hidden things has, in all ages, been preserved by secret societies, the Martinists deriving theirs from the Rosicrucians, who got it from the Templars, who received it from the Gnostics, who had it from the Pythagoreans who got it from the Egyptians

who were instructed by Moses. Here things get a little mixed; but it seems that Moses himself derived his knowledge from the Egyptian mysteries, which got theirs by way of the Hyksos, or shepherd-kings; from the Brahmins of India, who were mainly instructed by one Ram, a Celtic Druid. This does not seem a very likely story, and our confidence in it is not increased by the terrible mess which Papus, or, rather, his authority, Fabre d'Olivet, a mad musician, who wrote in the early part of the century, makes of dates and names. Thus, he tells us that Ram, whose date he puts at 6708 B.C., "established in Thibet the See of the Sovereign Pontiff, and, changing his battle name of Ram (the male sheep) into his former priestly one of Lam (lamb), founded the Lamaist worship . . ."—thereby proving that the Thibetans made bad puns in English nearly 8,000 years ago. The Scandinavian Odin, we hear too, was "the initiate of Zoroaster and the creator of the Teutonic tradition made popular in our days by Wagner"; while Orpheus, whose existence Aristotle denied, and who is now generally accepted by scholars as a sort of literary peg on which the Pythagoreans, after the break-up of their Italian School, hung their doctrines, is said to have been "raised in Greece to the rank of Supreme Pontiff," and to have flourished nine centuries before Pythagoras. After this, one's capacity for wonder is exhausted, and the statements that the same Orpheus was "the comrade in initiation of Moses and brought up in the same temple of Osiris," that the Philistines were the descendants of the Hyksos, and that Christianity "received her sacred rites and forms from a theosophist of the Alexandrian School, named Ammonius," leave the reader unmoved.

It would be easy, but probably unjust, to denounce the collector of all this rubbish, the dregs and rinsings of human thought before the spread of experimental science had made it possible for man to arrive at a rational comprehension of Nature, as an impostor or a charlatan. Conscious imposture, however, is not perhaps so common as was at one time thought, and, if Papus' statement that none of his organisations accept any pecuniary contributions from their members is to be taken literally, the usual motive for imposture is here absent. Moreover, the intoxicating effect on the partly-educated of an undigested mass of imaginative reading is well known, and there is no antecedent reason why Papus should not be as sincere as Swedenborg, whose visions are to most of us as fantastic as his own, and as free from desire of personal aggrandisement as Loyola, whose talent for organisation he seems to possess in miniature. But he gives with a candour not imitated from mystics of the Blavatsky type, the provenance of most of his dogmatic statements, and it is amusing to trace from these the way in which the bubble he has blown has increased as fresh sources for its supply have become available. Thus, the *Pistis Sophia*, or Gnostic gospel [noticed in the ACADEMY of November 28, 1895], whose vague phrases may easily be forced into line with those of later mystics, is largely quoted from in the present volume.

But although a Latin version of the Coptic MS. has been available since 1857, no reference to it was ever made by Papus or his friends until M. Amélineau, the well-known Egyptologist, translated it into French in 1895, and thus put it within their reach. As to the props used by Papus in the construction of his edifice, and since thrown away by him, their name is legion, but one example must here suffice. In the first edition (1888) of the book before us, the Preface is signed "*Papus, membre de la Société Théosophique*," and he breathes in it the pious hope that he may "prove to all that occult science is not a collection of vague dreams, and may thereby swell the list of thousands of members who, from the five parts of the world, have ranged themselves round the banner of the Theosophical Society." In the present edition he speaks of the same Theosophical Society as having "tried to pass off as a pure initiation an entire adaptation of heterodite elements drawn from all parts," and says magisterially that "we contend that this society does not represent a centre of initiation in the East, and we make this contention because we have seen real Eastern initiates who have proved to us . . . that initiation and compilation are two different things." Verily, the Directing Intelligences or Unknown Superiors who have throughout, according to Papus, inspired his actions have preserved in the "astral" world a most human degree of fallibility.

A MADDER WORLD.

Cuba Past and Present. By Richard Davey. (Chapman & Hall.)

THIS book is timely, yet it would have been just as interesting a year ago. Its merit lies not in its pertinence to the American-Spanish War, and to Cuba's future, but in the closeness of its descriptions of Cuban life. More and more in this suffocating age does one race of men desire reports of another. Perhaps this desire moves downward. It is the civilised man who wants to know the less civilised. So seeking, he recaptures impulses that he has sternly quelled in himself, but which, nathless, he would not willingly let die. When he reads about a wild and erring people, these primal impulses kick within him. He likes the kicking; he says, with Elia (who applied his words to the immoral old comedies)—"I am glad for a season to take an airing beyond the diocese of the strict conscience, not to live always in the precincts of the law courts, but now and then, for a dream-while or so, to imagine a world with no meddling restrictions. . . . I come back to my cage and to my restraint the fresher and more healthy for it."

Mr. Davey's book imparts this kind of pleasure. It is full of personal observations of a land in which wilder modes and codes than ours prevail, where men are less strenuous, more passionate, less orderly, more interesting. Thus it is in Elia's mood

of mental detachment that the reader will read of such an incident as the following—so Spanish, so Cuban, so remote from our dusty London life. It was in 1850, after General Lopez had led a filibustering expedition to Cuba from the United States. In Havana scores of young Cubans, suspected of complicity, were shot without trial.

"The feeling soon reached such a pitch that no native-born Cuban would be seen speaking to a Spaniard. The Carnival gaieties were suspended, and the city was thrown into deep mourning. The Spaniards, resolved to mark their contempt for the islanders, gave a ball at the Filarmonia. Groups of young Cubans forced their way through the terrified dancers, and proceeded to insult and disfigure a portrait of Queen Isabella II. The confusion was terrible, and many ladies were severely hurt. Yet the incident was allowed to pass without any attempt being made to discover and punish the offenders, who, by the way, were masked. A few weeks afterwards, a Cuban lady of high rank and great wealth, hoping to cast oil on troubled waters, hired the same hall, and sent out invitations for a *tertulia*, to which she bade representatives of both the belligerent parties. The consequences were ghastly. The Spanish officers and the Cuban *jeunesse dorée* found themselves, suddenly and unexpectedly, face to face. An unlucky jest, at the expense of an old Spanish officer, fired the mine, and in a moment the ball-room was in an uproar, and the scene of gaiety changed to one of combat. Ladies fainted and were trampled under foot, chandeliers fell smashing to the ground, and the most awful and horrible confusion ensued. Five or six people were killed—among them a Spanish lady of distinction—and nearly a hundred persons were seriously hurt. As to the luckless hostess, she betook herself to Europe at the earliest possible opportunity, and there remained; but from that day to this the incidents at the Filarmonia Ball have never been forgotten in Cuba. Some of the young brawlers were arrested, and certain of them—youths belonging to the richest families in the city—were imprisoned in the Morro Castle, and thence transported to Ceuta, the Spanish penal station in Morocco, whence they never returned."

Of such unthinkable scenes the history of Cuba's relations with Spain is full. Their multiplication has produced rebellion and war. To be sure, there will be readers who will take Mr. Davey's pages to heart, and refuse to repress their noble rage as they pass from chapter to chapter of wrong and oppression. Mr. Davey does not rage. He is calm about Cuba, for he has been there. On our own minds he has left the impression that there is little to choose between the Cubans and their oppressors, and that our American cousins have put their hands to a very tough, though noble, business. There is, indeed, no element of simplicity in the situation. It is full of complications, and, wherever moral fibre would help out, there it seems lacking. The Cubans are not united. In Havana they cheer the Spanish troops with wild enthusiasm, while their fellows in the interior starve rather than not hate Spain. Each party is moved by self-interest. As for cruelty, General Weyler's excesses can be matched, in Mr. Davey's opinion, by those of Maceo and Manuel Garcia. You have only to consider the composition of the rebel force, with its tremendous admixture of discharged field-hands, coolies, ex-slaves,

and cosmopolitan riff-raff, to accept this comparison.

One thing is very certain: these hordes of ill-armed rebels form a human spectacle as wild and dreadful as any on which the sun looks down. Few of us realise the conditions under which Garcia's seventy thousand wander the gorgeous but miasmal forests, in which their exact whereabouts are often known to the Spaniards by the vultures that whirl above this sea of green. Mr. Davey suggests that the terrible Maceo, whose death is not even now quite proved, will be made the hero of a score of novels. We do not doubt it; and what backgrounds to his story will be possible! Take this:

"In the dry season matters are a trifle better, the fevers diminish, and it is possible to sleep in the open air without serious risk. The insects, too, are a trifle less vicious, and the brilliant moonlit winters' nights are often pleasant enough. Then the bivouac becomes endurable, and if the enemy is sufficiently distant, a certain element of gaiety lends a picturesque, even romantic, character to the barbaric gathering. Then negroes twang their banjos, blow their horns, and dance in rings, and the white adventurers gather round the camp fires, to tell old-world stories, or dream, perchance, of their childhood, spent under more temperate skies—and in their heart of hearts, as their recollection slips back to home, to regret they ever embarked on such pitiful adventures as these. Suddenly the alert is called, the trumpet blows, an order is hoarsely shouted, and the motley crowd moves on elsewhere, or is commanded to make a descent on some plantation to demand provisions, and, may be, if the owner does not comply, to fire his sugar canes. Not unfrequently, to screen their flight, they set light to the prairie or to the forest, and the grass and the trees burn on for days and nights on end."

We return to smiling Havana, that from the sea looks like Cadiz, and within recalls Pompeii. It has 230,000 inhabitants. The city is irregular in shape, and a vivid ochre in the general hue of its houses. Its sky-line is broken by domes and towers, and by lank cocoa-nut palms. The shops are, or were, excellent; many of them are now ruined. Up the Cerro, the handsomest of the streets, the eye passes from villa to villa of the old Spanish families, each bowered in its stately gardens. The Calzada de la Reina, a wide shopping street, is as pretty and exhilarating as one could wish. In this down-trodden land "no Havanese lady ever condescends to leave her victoria to enter a shop. The shopman invariably brings out his wares for her inspection, and the bargaining takes place in the open street, and is often very animated and amusing." The promenades and theatres are gay and populous. Indeed,

"take Havana for all in all, in times of peace it is by far and away the pleasantest city in the Southern Hemisphere—the most resourceful, for it has capital public libraries, museums, clubs, and theatres. Of an evening it is quite charming; then the streets are thronged with people until early morning. The bands play selections from the latest operas—even Wagnerian airs—the señoras and señoritas parade up and down with their attendant cabaleros, and mostly in evening, nay, full ball dress, with only a lace veil over their heads. A

brilliant double line of equipages fills the central drive, and very smart many of them are—as well turned out as any in Hyde Park or the Bois. The cafés, and there are hundreds of them, are dazzling with electric and incandescent light, and packed by a motley crowd as picturesque as it is animated. Negresses, in gaudy cast-off finery, offer you *dulce* or sweetmeats, and coloured boys cry *limonata* and ice-water. Everybody has a cigarette between their lips or their fingers. Banjos twang and mandolines tinkle in all directions, and if you chance to get a good seat at the Café Dominico, or the Louvre, where the world of fashion is wont to assemble to suck ice-drinks through long straws, smoke cigarettes, and criticise their neighbours, you can pass many an amused hour, watching the passing show of this West Indian Vanity Fair."

This is alluring. To be sure it is a little odd to find "the splendid palace of the Aldama family" introduced into the catalogue of the glories of Havana, and then to learn—after a hundred pages—that the palace is now a cigar factory. However, tobacco is king at Havana, and may well be housed in a decayed palace. Mr. Davey's tobacco talk is short, but informing. The best tobacco fields are reached by train from Havana to Guanajay, a journey of only twelve miles. Here the traveller discovers that the largest plantations do not exceed thirty acres. The drying processes are very simple, and the niceties of the cultivation can only be appreciated by close and prolonged attention. Each plant is cared for; it is almost loved by a negro worker, who finally picks its leaves with extreme deftness. And always the field hands must keep watch for the *vivijaguas*. The *vivijaguas* are ants of great size and greed, and the crop on which they get a foothold is doomed. A tobacco plantation is a pretty sight, and a delightful fragrance is wafted from those plants which are allowed to bloom for seeding purposes. Her tobacco fields are still the wealth of Cuba, despite the rise of new tobacco-growing areas in Asia Minor, Egypt, and parts of Europe, and the United States. For the tobacco of the Vuelta Abajo district is the finest in the world; and taking all kinds of Cuban tobacco into view, the exports are enormous. England alone takes one hundred million cigars from Cuba every year, paying about £2,000,000 for them. The Cubans never smoke cigars, but they roll and inhale cigarettes from sunrise to star-light.

By nature these same Cubans are an easy-going race, happy in their family life, loving pleasure, and addicted only to the humbler vices. It remains to be seen how they will fare under the non-Spanish rule in store for them. The odd thing is that Cuba's patience gave out just when Spain was beginning to deserve it. During the last decade Spain had realised that Cuba was no comedy, but lay within "the diocese of her strict conscience." But she had realised it too late!

FROM ARISTOTLE TO ARNOLD.

The Principles of Criticism. By W. Basil Worsfold, M.A. (George Allen.)

No one will deny that this is a book of a kind which ought to be written. The criticism of to-day has many merits: it is almost invariably honest, sympathetic, well-informed: it is illumined by two or three brilliant personalities. But it is undeniably wanting in principle. It has not formed for itself any very clear conception of what literature ought to be, or of what its own real function is in face of the chaos that claims to be literature. It is hand to mouth criticism, somewhat careless, for all its flexibility and grace, of the method, the standard. The obvious cure for this defect, as Mr. Worsfold has seen, is reflection. The critic who takes his work seriously is bound, in the first place, to consider his forerunners, to appreciate and to analyse the varying points of view from which the master minds have regarded their craft. Having done so much, he is equally bound to waive undue deference to the master minds and to think out his own principles and his own method for himself. In both these processes Mr. Worsfold proposes to afford him some assistance: in the first, by exposition, in the second by example. About half the present book consists of a series of essays in which Mr. Worsfold sets forth the practice and theories of those writers who have made the very broadest and most far-reaching contributions to the science of criticism. Plato, Aristotle, Addison, Lessing, Cousin, and Matthew Arnold are the half-dozen chosen for study; and, as Mr. Worsfold points out, they serve well to illustrate the parallel lines, of attention mainly to form, and attention mainly to matter, on which criticism has hitherto advanced. The historical survey finished, Mr. Worsfold proceeds to gather from it some principles for modern practice, and to apply these in four essays upon "The Interpretative Power of Poetry," "The Drama as a Composite Art," "The Novel as a Form of Literature," and "Authority in Literature and Art." It is in this second section of his work that Mr. Worsfold appears to us weakest. As an expounder he is well enough; a little academic perhaps, a little unready to translate abstract technicalities of discussion into their vital modern equivalents, but certainly painstaking and certainly intelligent. But clearly he has not the synthetic mind. He fails astonishingly, as it seems to us, to grapple with the real problem, which, at the present moment of its evolution, criticism has to solve. Or rather, having stated it analytically and historically, he evades it constructively. The problem, of course, is the fundamental one of the relation of matter to form in literature; art for art's sake, the moral purpose in fiction, truth and beauty, realism and idealism. Such are the phrases and antitheses in which it inevitably presents itself. And the only solution can be a conciliation. To strike the balance, to render unto style the things that be style's, and to matter the things that be matter's, that is really what we have to aim at; not to perpetuate the ancient conflict, but

to find a common term, a formula, for peace and amity. Now one would have thought that, after going through the whole thing, after setting Plato against Aristotle, and Lessing against Cousin, this is just what Mr. Worsfold would have seen; and, indeed, in his introductory chapter he claims as much. "Validity of Judgment," he says, "is not to be assigned to any single test"; and again, "I have endeavoured . . . to some extent to harmonise the different points of view from which master-minds have regarded literature." But, as a matter of fact, when you come to Mr. Worsfold's actual treatment of critical problems, you find him almost entirely occupied with the question of matter and almost entirely disregarding that of form. Ideas and not ideas *plus* the presentment of ideas, are to him the all in all of letters. He has an admirably full subject index, but for such obvious items as "style" or "local colour," you will search it in vain. Indeed, for all Mr. Worsfold's initial profession of reconciling Plato and Aristotle, he ends by admitting himself a Platonist pure and simple.

"In order to prevent any possible misconception I would declare without delay that in criticism I adopt the idealistic standpoint in its entirety; the standpoint, that is, of Plato and his modern disciple, Victor Cousin, that in literature thought is prior to form, and that excellence in art and literature is inseparably connected with the moral worth of the artist."

"Of the artist," you observe; not even "of the work of art." A thorough-going Platonist indeed! We do not complain merely that Mr. Worsfold neglects to give its due importance to style by the side of matter, but also that he submits the matter of art itself to outside criterions. Thus he converts the truth dwelt on by Matthew Arnold, that serious poetry must deal first and foremost with moral ideas, into the fallacy that poetry must give such an interpretation of life as shall commend itself to Mr. Worsfold's own theology:

"He must so combine his characters and incidents as to exhibit the underlying control of a supreme intelligence, manifested in the working of physical and moral laws. He must reconcile the prevalence of accident with the existence of design, and satisfy the inherent sense of justice, which is founded upon a belief in the existence of this supreme intelligence. In short, he must humanise the facts of life with the moral sense."

A pretty criterion this. It excludes from the category of great works of art not *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* only, but *King Lear*; both of which, dealing as they do essentially with moral ideas, must be condemned by Mr. Worsfold, because they present the facts of life precisely as out of harmony with the moral sense, the "supreme intelligence" in fatal conflict with the "inherent sense of justice." We are entirely grateful to Mr. Worsfold for recalling criticism to a recognition of the desirability of principles, but in formulating these we cannot bring ourselves to think that he is very helpful.

A PLEASANT GOSSIP.

Essays at Eventide. By Thomas Newbigging. (Gay & Bird.)

MR. THOMAS NEWBIGGING is quite a veteran in authorship; having made his first appearance between covers as far back as the year 1857. He has since published a *History of the Forest of Rossendale, Old Gamul* (a lyrical play), several treatises of a technical nature, and a distinctly interesting monograph on *Fables and Fabulists*. To crown these labours, he now gives us *Essays at Eventide*—a book which, despite many merits, falls, we think, considerably short of its titular promise. One searches Mr. Newbigging's pages in vain for the quiet and mature things such a title as *Essays at Eventide* suggests; the meditative, introspective touch that comes with years is entirely wanting, and the tone throughout inclines to the instructional, and is, at times, even pedagogic. Neither can the subjects handled be considered especially referable to "eventide."

Least to our mind is the paper on Burns. Mr. Newbigging calls it "a rhapsody," thereby doing questionable kindness to an innocent form of composition.

"Burns," we are told, "is Scotland's greatest son. . . . Though poor be the chamber in which he first saw the light, he was, and is, one of the mighty kings of humanity, and sits enthroned for ever. He was a great spirit. No mortal eye ever saw him. All that his contemporaries beheld of Burns was the poor casket in which the man was enshrined. His weaknesses, his aberrations, his debaucheries, were not the real Burns, but only blots on the scutcheon. . . . Many of his poems are lowly in character—some of them may even be considered vulgar. All the same, they are great and noble. . . . Lowly, vulgar, great all the same (*sic*)."

The foregoing appears to us to be an excellent sample of the kind of writing that nobody wants. It proves nothing, serves no purpose.

Again, in the essay entitled "A Philistine on the Egotism of Literary Men," Mr. Newbigging makes his Philistine inquire:

"But why talk of mayoral feasts in this connection? To my thinking it must be a galling subject to the literary class, and is one of the strongest arguments against the pretensions they put forth; for here am I, utterly lacking in anything like genius, a constant guest at the mayoral table; whereas, what chance has any poor devil of an author, as such, with all his genius, of an invitation to a mayor's banquet?"

Comment, excepting, perhaps, from Sir Walter Besant, would be superfluous. Mr. Newbigging adds:

"Determined that the case for literature and its votaries should not go by the board, I took the precaution, subsequently, to go most carefully and thoroughly into the whole question; and having completed an elaborate defence of literary men to my own entire satisfaction, I went over to pay a surprise visit to my Philistine friend, with the view of utterly demolishing his superficial and sophistical arguments. Alas! when the door of his dwelling was opened in answer to my knock, I was informed by the attendant that he had the previous night died suddenly of a surfeit of stewed eels!"

"Stewed eels," we submit, scarcely meets the requirements of poetic justice. "Turtle"

would have been better, and there is a well-established precedent for lampreys.

Our essayist is on much surer ground when he deals with such subjects as "Obscurity in Literature," "The Literary Work of Mazzini," "The Paraphrases," "The 'Conceit' in Literature," "Occasional Poets," and "Fables and their Authors." These papers—and it is only fair to mention that they occupy by far the greater portion of the volume—are, on the whole, brightly written, informing, and calculated to throw a certain amount of new light on the several literary by-paths to which they bear reference. Mr. Newbigging has evidently read widely and appreciatively. His sympathies may be said to end with Browning and Froude; but up to that mark he is sound and thorough, and has plenty to say that is worth the hearing. In "Occasional Poets" he reproduces some forgotten lyrics by Thomas Love Peacock, which are not only pleasing, but singularly "modern" in manner. "The Literary Work of Mazzini," also, is an essay notable for its compression, and for the comprehensive view it affords of a writer whose merits have been largely overshadowed by his fame in political directions. "Fables and their Authors" appears to be, to a great extent, reprint from the author's previously published work on the subject. It contains in outline, however, pretty well all one could desire to know about the fable as a form of literary art—though, for the sake of completeness, the list of distinguished fabulists should, we think, have included the names of Bacon, Swift, Carlyle, and R. L. Stevenson. Carlyle, it is true, committed himself to but four of these "parodies of human life," and one of them is chiefly "application." On the other hand, there can be no doubt that he had in him the makings of a really fine fabulist, and he possessed sufficient faith in his work to venture on the pseudonym of "Pilpay, Junior." The omission of Bacon is, to say the least of it, remarkable; and how Mr. Newbigging as a friend of the fable, and a Scot to boot, could forget Stevenson, passes comprehension.

BLOODY STRATAGEMS.

Cromwell's Scotch Campaigns, 1650-1. By W. S. Douglas. (Elliot Stock.)

THE serious appeal of this treatise is to students of military history, to Mr. Oman, and other such who occupy themselves with the niceties of the "art of war." Carlyle, as Mr. Douglas himself points out, has dealt adequately enough with "the spiritual significance and true inwardness" of the momentous struggle between Cromwell and rallied Scotch loyalty, while in Dr. Gardiner's memorable volumes the broad results of the campaigns of 1650 and 1651, military and political alike, have been duly set forth. What remains for Mr. Douglas is a more minute and circumstantial inquiry into the strategy, the marches and counter-marches, defences and assaults, firstly, of the period which ended in the defeat of the Kirk at Dunbar Drove, and, secondly, of the year's

campaign which culminated in the even more decisive event at Inverkeithing. This he has carried out mainly with the help of the contemporary London news-sheets preserved in that magnificent collection of the "King's Pamphlets" in the British Museum. Dr. Gardiner had, of course, ransacked his material before him—what has Dr. Gardiner not ransacked?—but for Carlyle, Mr. Douglas ventures to suggest that Carlyle possibly "skimmed through the King's Pamphlets," as through an important collection of documents about the French Revolution while "standing on a ladder in the British Museum." Mr. Douglas writes—he tells you so himself—as an amateur; let us add that it is as an amateur of wide historical information and an almost microscopic devotion to his subject. The amateurishness, if we may say so, is mainly to be found in the footnotes, which are apt to be somewhat irrelevant and even flippant, discursive of all things in heaven and earth from George Meredith to the royal game of golf. Also Mr. Douglas is subject to occasional fits of high spirits, which make him write like this:

"Forward, then, to the attack; hurrah for the ten-mile ride that will bring us to Hamilton! Yet, stay; it is a camisade or night-surprise that is intended; and men must feed if they would fight. So 'the barnyards within the toun and adjoyneing villages payed for that daye's and a part of the night's quarters,' it is 'near ten 'ere we fall in for the advance. And what is this? The moon has risen as we supped; she has quartered fine, traitress that she is; yon white line of rime, by the river verge as we skirt it, shows that a frost has succeeded to the spell of blustering weather in the mid-week and week-end. Cranreuch or block ice, it is all one to us: on we go. But what evil luck that the moon should be shining so clear! I ken her horn: I would I had seen it at any other time. For, between her light overhead and the hardening ground under the horses' hoofs, there is no hiding the sight or muffing the sound of our advance. We are 'heard a mile off any place before we come to it.' And here is the moon, where sentries should be if the English are on the alert; and yonder is the town-port where his guard should be watching. Yet never a vedette do we encounter, never a man is on sentry-go by the gateway! What does it mean? Is Lambert there at all? Is he laying a trap for us, or sleeping careless in farcical security 'after his march'? Halt!"

Surely a little eccentric? But, eccentricities apart, Mr. Douglas is an industrious student, and has made a by no means negligible contribution to the journey-work of history.

We do not know what the precise extent of Carlyle's acquaintance with the King's Pamphlets may have been, but so far as the personality of Cromwell is concerned, he has not left much gleanings for Mr. Douglas. Indeed, of Cromwell himself, the man as distinguished from the tactician, there is not so much as might be expected in the book. The grim reputation won at Wexford and at Drogheda is luridly reflected in the state of the rustic Scotch mind at the news of Cromwell's march into the land. "The general," says Whitelocke, "rode through a great town of Scotland, and there was not a man to be found in it.

In all their march the army saw not one Scotsman under sixty years of age, nor any Scots youth above six." And the women "fell on their knees begging that they would not burn their breasts before they destroyed them, and children begging to save their lives." Later on we get some picture of Cromwell ill, and very intractable to the physicians. He has ague and the stone, but is "not sensible that he has grown an old man." He walks in the garden and rides abroad in a coach, but is driven in again "by reason of the ill vapours proceeding from a Scotch mist." The Council of State sends two doctors from England to inquire into his health, who "found my Lord General in a good temper." And the *entourage* are grateful: "I am glad your doctors are come down, because, though Dr. Goddard is a very able and honest man, yet they will be able with more majesty to overcome my Lord for his health, and will be some stay to the overworkings of his affection to go out to the army too soon." An indomitable, an iron man!

A SCHOLAR POET.

Poems. By Ernest Hartley Coleridge (Lane.)

WHEN a gentleman, after busy years spent in other pursuits, gathers together the poems which during these years he has from time to time written—poems entirely personal in character, written to please himself and his friends—there is no call for the critic to brace himself for the attack. The book is not one for studious appraisal, any more than was last night's dinner in a hospitable house. The writer, so to speak, invites us to a similar poetical repast: we read—that is to say, we partake of his salt; and we say either nothing or nothing but what is commendable. This, it seems to us, is the right attitude for a reviewer to adopt with such a volume as Mr. Ernest Hartley Coleridge's *Poems*.

In the present instance praise is easy and natural. Mr. Coleridge's little book is cultured and urbane, modest and agreeable. His themes are his friends; his forbears—his father, Derwent Coleridge, and his father, the great Samuel Taylor Coleridge; his faith; and his love. The private or amateur poet need want no other themes than these. Mr. Coleridge's manner is quiet, reserved, reminiscent of good models. Let us quote Mr. Coleridge when in a mood for portraiture:

"JANE.

Thirteen years old, and five feet four,
Looks like sixteen, or it might be more;
See, she is smiling, has caught your stare:
'Strangely, undoubtedly, splendidly fair.'
Spinning away like a humming top:
'Wait,' say the wise ones, 'until she stop;
Wait for the uttermost, tottering twirl,
Pick up your beauty, an over-grown girl!'
Nay, she is fashioned in juster mould,
Beauty is beauty, nor waxeth old.
Mouth that is mobile, with mischievous twist,
That will not—and will not—but wills to be
kissed;

Eyes that some great love will soften and wet,
Eyes that some poet will never forget;
Hands that can handle with masculine will;
Hands that can fondle with maidenly skill;
Voice of archangel that's heard in the hymn,
Chanted by choir of Cherubim."

And here is one of Mr. Coleridge's quiet thoughts on friendship, quietly and gracefully expressed:

"EXPERTO CREDE.

Men lean on pleasant staves for many years,
And gladly use them day by day;
So sweet the journey is, they have no fears
How long and weary is the way.

Until the staff is broken—then they know
How much they leant upon their friend;
And o'er the dull, hard way they sadly go,
And speed them forward to the end."

And, finally, here is one of the half-dozen poems in which the greatest Coleridge of them all figures. Mr. E. H. Coleridge is a loyal grandson:

"INSCRIPTION FOR THE 'COLERIDGE COTTAGE,' AT NETHER STOWEY.

Stranger, beneath this roof in bygone days
Dwelt Coleridge. Here he sang his witching
lays

Of that strange Mariner, and what befel,
In mystic hour, the Lady Christabel.
And here what time the summer breeze flew
free

Came Lamb, the gentle-hearted child of glee;
Here Wordsworth came, and wild-eyed
Dorothy!

Now all is silent, but the taper light
Which from these cottage windows shone at
night,

Hath streamed afar. To these great souls was
given

A double portion of the Light of Heaven!"

To the words "Hath streamed afar" Mr. Coleridge appends this passage from one of his grandfather's letters to Citizen Thelwall: "The light shall stream to a far distance from my cottage window."

This kindly little book is pleasantly published in a style recalling the poetical volumes of the early years of the century.

BRIEFER MENTION.

Rowing. By R. P. P. Rowe and C. M. Pitman. With Contributions by C. P. Serocold, F. C. Begg, and S. Le B. Smith. *Punting* by P. W. Squire. "The Badminton Library." (Longmans, Green & Co.)

TEN years ago, in the early days of the Badminton Library, a volume was published on *Boating*, which the course of time has superseded. A new volume on *Rowing* and *Punting* has now been written, which does not contain a single line of the older work. Only one or two of the illustrations have been retained, the rest, as may be seen from internal evidence, are quite new.

It may as well be said at once that no better book than this on the subject has ever yet been published; each section has been written by an expert, and the whole has been admirably welded together into a consistent whole. The historical and introduc-

tory chapter is full of details which will be new even to most boating men. The section on the art of Rowing may be read with advantage by the most finished oarsmen as well as by the man who has just begun to be coached in a tub. The principles of rowing on fixed and sliding seats are fully and clearly explained, and the directions are as satisfactory as anything short of oral instruction can possibly be. Rowing on a fixed seat is first dealt with, and then rowing on a sliding seat. The theoretical difference between the two forms is properly explained to be, that in rowing on a fixed seat the curve made by the shoulders in the air is an arc of a circle, with the fixed seat for its centre; in rowing on a slide the movement of the shoulders in relation to the seat is the same; but the seat moves as the shoulders move, and the curve of the shoulders in the air is thus part of an ellipse, of which the front and back stops are the foci. The sliding seat thus has to move a comparatively short distance, while the shoulders move a considerably greater distance. It must, therefore, move uniformly slower. Thus slide and shoulders, moving at a different pace, must begin and finish together, and keep their movement in exact proportion throughout. This explanation is perfectly clear to the rowing man, but it can only be made effective to the beginner by practice under a competent coach. From first to last a coach is absolutely necessary; but the chapter on the art of Rowing is an excellent supplement to the coach's instruction.

The chapter on Sculling is also excellent, and the advice given will be of the greatest use to the sculler. The reason why there are so many more good amateur oarsmen than scullers is contained in this one line: "The man who aspires to the highest honours in sculling should, so to speak, live in his boat." This no amateur ever does, and the consequence is, that whereas there are few professionals nowadays who would be fit for a place in a first-class amateur eight, even a second-class professional sculler could beat the best amateur. To mention the other chapters which should be read would simply be to give a list of the contents. Coaching and Training, the University Boat Race, Rowing at Oxford, Cambridge, Henley, Eton, and Putney, are followed up by a discourse on Boats and Oars, and five chapters on Punts, Punting, and Punters. The appendices are the fullest that have ever appeared in a book of this kind; the illustrations, both drawn and from photographs, are of material use, and there are useful maps of the Putney, Oxford, Cambridge, and Henley courses.

With Ski and Sledge over Arctic Glaciers. By Sir Martin Conway. (J. M. Dent.)

THIS book is a sequel to *The First Crossing of Spitzbergen* (Spitzbergen, we learn with regret, is "an ignorant blunder"), which appeared last year. In July, 1897, accompanied by Mr. E. J. Garwood, the companion of his former expedition, and by two men of Vesteraalen as attendants, the author set out anew. Starting first from Klaas Billen Bay, the expedition proceeded north almost as far as to the 79th parallel. They might have gone further but for one of the ser-

vants, in whom the prospect of a continued advance induced terrible pains in the stomach, together with a general lassitude which suggested the horrid possibility that before long the six-foot-four of him must be carried. The journey was performed mostly upon *ski* (which we are warned to pronounce *skis*), and the dangers which ordinarily beset the glacier were increased in this case by the absolutely unknown quality of the region which was being traversed. Every new expanse that unfolded itself for the first time to the eye of man might be holding in reserve some new trap laid from the beginning by Nature, which, after so many thousand years, was at last to claim its victim. No wonder poor Svensen had pains in his stomach. Meanwhile, the unsympathetic Sir Martin was admiring the scenery and jotting down phrases which afterwards he elaborated into very telling passages of description. Here is one which concludes with an admirable phrase that we can believe to have sprung into being upon the very night:

"Garwood and I shall ever remember the delight of this midnight march. High above the clear air that surrounded us was a dark blue roof of soft cloud, resting on skyey walls of marvellous colours, with streaks of stratus across them reflecting the golden sunlight. The sun itself was hidden in the north, but beneath it hung a reticulated web, woven of gold and Tyrian purple, through which shafts of tender light drooped down like eyelashes upon the snow. . . . Entranced with beauty we marched on and on over the wide snowfield, with a sense of boundless space, a feeling of freedom, a joy as in the ownership of the whole universe—emotions that in my experience only arise in the great clean places of the earth, where nothing lives and nothing grows, the great deserts and the wide snowfields. *Green country after such regions is land soiled by mildew.*"

While the leader made notes, his companion, Mr. Garwood, took the photographs which adorn the book, and loaded his pipe by jamming the tobacco in as tight as he could, and loosening the result with a corkscrew. The plan is a good one.

The second incursion was from King's Bay, south-east. The changes and chances which beset the explorers upon a water-logged snowfield are thus graphically set forth:

"We steered a devious route, seeking to follow the white patches and to avoid the glassy blue areas where water actually came to the surface. But all that looked white was not solid. You would see the leader shuffling gingerly forward on his ski, trying to pretend that he was a mere bubble of lightness. Suddenly through he would go up to his knees, the points of his ski would catch in the depths, and a mighty floundering ensue."

Ski-ing is really an admirable sport, though ill-adapted for use in the temperate zone, and Sir Martin Conway's account of various adventures in pursuing it are breathlessly humorous. The principal result of the wayfarers' toil is to have shown these regions to be not, like Greenland, covered by a single icesheet, but "a glaciated mountain and valley system. Each glacier in it is a clearly marked unit, with its evident watersheds dividing it from its neighbours."

On Plain and Peak. By Randolph Ll. Hodgson. (Westminster: Archibald Constable & Co.)

MR. HODGSON appears to have enjoyed himself in very good society during his latest sojourn in Austria, and to have rioted in excellent sporting adventures. He is to be heartily congratulated both on the physical and the intellectual results of his pursuit. In him the youthfully enthusiastic Nimrod is inseparable from the manly, if somewhat lyric, thinker. We have seldom come across a book of this class containing so abundant a record of exciting successes (and woeful failures) with gun and rifle, *pari passu* with so much of the author's mind upon things visible and impalpable—all of which is highly creditable to his perceptive faculties. The narratives of shooting, driving, and stalking (or "wriggling after") the diverse and multitudinous denizens of the Bohemian forest-glades and of the mountain-escarpments of Tyrol, are intensely graphic and spirit-stirring. Mr. Hodgson describes also some strange and picturesquely - weird encounters with a "phantom roebuck," and he tells a gruesome, yet comical, story of a dead man left unburied in the ice-bound altitudes till the return of spring, and meantime serving his bereaved sons as a bait for foxes!

The book is profusely and adequately illustrated by the Princess Mary of Thurn and Taxis, to whose consort ("the best sportsman I know") it is dedicated.

The Life of Saint Hugh of Lincoln. By Herbert Thurston, S.J. (Burns & Oates.)

GREAT SAINT HUGH, of course, the famous Bishop of Lincoln in the last decade of the twelfth century; not little Saint Hugh, also of Lincoln, the child martyr, who, according to a persistent if barely credible tradition, was murdered some fifty years later within the Jewry of the cathedral city. Father Thurston writes from the point of view of a professed Catholic, and there are, therefore, certain questions connected with Saint Hugh's life which he cannot approach with the absolutely unfettered mind of the scientific historian. They have been prejudged for him by the highest authorities of his church. With this inevitable reservation, however, we find his elaborate biography a singularly candid as well as a singularly learned account of a most striking career. More than the mere life of an individual, it is a valuable contribution to the study of the whole period of ecclesiastical history with which it deals. It is in part a translation of a French work published in 1890 by a monk of the Grand Chartreuse; and this in its turn was based, as any life of Saint Hugh must necessarily be, on the *Magna Vita S. Hugonis* by the bishop's chaplain Adam, edited by Mr. Dimock for the Rolls Series. But Father Thurston has given much independent study to the subject, and has expanded the French life by something like one third its bulk. His additions and expansions mainly concern points of especial interest to students of English church history, and therefore treated more cursorily in a work primarily intended for foreign readers.

THE ACADEMY SUPPLEMENT.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 6, 1898.

THE NEWEST FICTION.

A GUIDE FOR NOVEL READERS.

EXILED FOR LÈSE MAJESTÉ.

BY JAMES T. WHITTAKER.

A story of modern Russia, in which the incidents are nearly all real. It affords a picture of young intellectual life in Moscow under Czar Nicholas I., and it is hardly necessary to say that the scene of the story shifts to Siberia. (Chicago: Curts & Jennings. 357 pp.)

THE ADVENTURES OF A FRENCH SERGEANT.

BY HIMSELF.

This is a translation of the well-known work which purports to be the narrative of the adventures of Robert Guillemard, a French sergeant, during his campaigns in Italy, Spain, Germany, and Russia from 1805 to 1823. The story was first published in England in 1825. Its historic accuracy is open to question: Guillemard claimed to be the man who shot Nelson, and his account of the matter will be found in his second chapter. (Hutchinson & Co. 342 pp. 6s.)

CYRIL WESTWARD.

BY HENRY PATRICK RUSSELL.

This tale, says Mr. Russell, "is intended to illustrate the reasoning by which its author was led to relinquish a benefice in the Anglican communion and to seek admission into the one and only ecclesiastical body politic that can with truth be described as the Visible Church 'of all nations, and tribes, and peoples, and tongues.'" The story is really a controversial pamphlet, and its purposeful note may be divined from the names of the characters: we have Mr. Seeking, the Rev. Frederick Erastian, Mr. Broadway, Mr. Bubbler, and Mr. Willstrong. Some letters which the author received during his period of inquiry from Cardinal Newman are introduced into the story. (Art and Book Company. 239 pp. 5s.)

THE DESTINED MAID.

BY GEORGE GRIFFITH.

A book which may be conveniently called weird. We gather that the villain of the story, Mr. De Vere Smythe, is the re-incarnation of a lost soul going about to lure another soul to destruction. His dealings in this kind with young Captain Chetwynd make the story, and they terminate in a duel scene in which a very grim effect is introduced. Early in the book Smythe and Chetwynd discuss Miss Corelli's *Sorrows of Satan* and Goethe's *Faust*, and Mr. Griffith's plot is a modification of the plots of those. There is a love element, and gambling at Monte Carlo, and a strange Russian princess, and a much needed happy ending. (F. V. White & Co. 314 pp. 6s.)

LIFE'S FITFUL FEVER.

BY ELEANOR HOLMES.

The struggles of two sisters left to fight their own way. The characters of the two girls, the beautiful Francesca and the clever Bettina, are in strong contrast. The younger sister's struggle as a journalist gives a literary flavour to the story. "Thank you; that will do very nicely," as Betty foolishly affixed her name to a document, which for chicanery, unfairness, and double dealing, ought to have been framed and glazed, or at least published in the *Author* as a warning to all young writers." Meanwhile, the vain and beautiful Francesca is also making her mistakes, but they are of another order. (Hurst & Blackett. 440 pp. 6s.)

REVIEWS.

Rupert of Hentzau. By Anthony Hope.
(J. W. Arrowsmith.)

"THE game was afoot now; who could tell the issue of it?"

Let that be our first quotation from *Rupert of Hentzau*. It is the last paragraph of chapter vi.; but, indeed, the game is very much

afoot through all the three hundred and eighty odd pages of this sequel to *The Prisoner of Zenda*. If the present volume seems to lack something of the freshness and spontaneity of *The Prisoner of Zenda*, the fault may be as much the reader's as the author's; but Queen Flavia must not be included in this generous suggestion. In *Zenda* she was a charming and romantic possibility; here she has become merely a tiresome woman who loves overmuch, and who lets all the world know it. She is the weak spot of this excellent story. All things are possible in the kingdom of Ruritania—else Rudolf Rassendyll must have wearied of this love-sick matron.

We were told at the close of *The Prisoner of Zenda* that, once a year, Fritz von Tarlenheim journeyed to Dresden carrying with him a little box—"in it lies a red rose, and round the stalk of the rose is a slip of paper with the words written: 'Rudolf—Flavia always.'"

Such an arrangement was clearly indiscreet, and to such ardent lovers (one is apt to forget that the lady was married) not aboundingly satisfactory. Yet all might have gone well had not the Queen, on one occasion, been so rash as to send a letter with the red rose. Obviously, for this is romance land, that letter falls into the hands of Rupert of Hentzau, the wicked, but engaging villain of the book. Thus the Queen's honour is imperilled. To save her honour by hindering, at any cost, Rupert's attempts to bring this letter under the notice of the King becomes the object of certain brave gentlemen of Ruritania, and the motive of the book. In the end, after much plotting, spirited fighting, and some romantic killing, including the shooting of the King himself, that desire is gained, but at a heavy cost. For the Queen's lover, Rudolf Rassendyll, is shot in the moment of triumph. The real King is already dead, but the people do not know it. The man who is lying on a stately bier, surmounted by a crown, and the drooping folds of the royal banner in the great hall of the palace, is not the last male Elphberg, but an English gentleman called Rudolf Rassendyll.

"The highest officers guarded him; in the Cathedral the Archbishop said a mass for his soul. He had lain there for three days; the evening of the third day had come, and early on the morrow he was to be buried. There is a little gallery in the hall that looks down on the spot where the bier stood; here was I on this evening, and with me Queen Flavia. We were alone together, and together we saw beneath us the face of the dead man. He was clad in the white uniform in which he had been crowned; the riband of the Red Rose was across his breast. His hand held a true red rose, fresh and fragrant; Flavia herself had set it there, that even in death he might not miss the chosen token of her love. I had not spoken to her, nor she to me, since we came there. We watched the pomp around him, and the trains of people that came to bring a wreath for him or to look upon his face. . . I saw women come and go weeping, and men bite their lips as they passed by. Rischenheim came, pale-faced and troubled; and while all came and went, there, immovable, with drawn sword, in military stiffness, old Sapt stood at the head of the bier, his eyes set steadily in front of him, and his body never stirring from hour to hour through the long day."

Such in brief outline is the plot of the story, which is quite characteristic of Mr. Anthony Hope. The narrative is put into the mouth of Fritz von Tarlenheim, and it does not gain thereby. One of the laws of fiction should be that if a story is told in the first person, the narrator must not prose. His business is to make us see what he has seen, to "get along" and not to moralise. The good Fritz gives way to the temptation a thought too often. He can rarely resist it at the beginning of the chapter, as thus:

"The things that men call presages, presentiments, and so forth, are, to my mind, for the most part idle nothings: sometimes it is only that probable events cast before them a natural shadow which superstitious fancy twists into a heaven-sent warning; oftener the same desire that gives conception works fulfilment, and the dreamer sees in the result of his own act and will a mysterious accomplishment independent of his effort."

Which is superfluous. Again, if an author elects to tell his story in the first person he must play the game. At every inci-

dent, at every adventure, at every conversation, the narrator must be present. In *Rupert of Hentzau*, Mr. Anthony Hope backs out of the restrictions he has imposed upon himself with delightful frankness. Fritz was often far away from the march of events. Consequently the author must employ such artifices as "Years after, one of them told me the whole story without shame or reserve," or "All of what passed at that interview I do not know, but a part Queen Flavia herself told me, or rather to Helga, my wife"—artifices which do not make for verisimilitude in the reader's mind. Nevertheless *Rupert of Hentzau* has given us real pleasure. It is told well and briskly, and if the love-making is a little thin, a little unconvincing, the fighting, the intrigues, the sense of romance are excellent. And the men (Mr. C. D. Gibson has drawn these warriors of Ruritania in the best American manner) live.

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A Champion in the Seventies. By Edith A. Barnett.
(Heinemann.)

POSSIBLY in every generation the elders are distrustful of the ways of the children, and the children impatient of the ways of the elders. But never, perhaps, was that antagonism so strongly marked as during the decade between 1870 and 1880. Not only did the æsthetic movement part the elder and the younger generation; but what was more important, those years saw the final outbreak of the feminine revolt against innocence, ignorance, and domesticity, together with the first fruits of its results. We cannot yet tell what will be the verdict of a generation to which the New Woman will appear as old-fashioned as the girl of the period. But now that the dust and smoke of the conflict have settled down, we can take stock with some confidence of the position of the combatants.

The author of *A Champion in the Seventies* has written far and away the best book on the subject that we have read. Many, many stories have been written round the girl who rebels against domestic life, turns her back on her home, becomes a successful novelist, and heaps coals of fire upon the parents who opposed her, and the relatives who laughed at her. But usually only half the story is told. Miss Barnett tells the whole story, and tells it with an insight and sympathy, as well as with a deftness of workmanship, that entitle her to rank as an artist. The Vassie family is admirably drawn—the selfish and rather narrow-minded father; the fond and foolish mother, too cumbered about much serving to look beyond the horizon of the home; and the daughters, killing time in feeding the fowls and running unnecessary errands until such time as marriage shall open to them the gate of life. The mother's position has a pathos which is not of yesterday or to-day only:

"Her strength half worn, her adult energies taken up with household and nursery cases, called upon to direct the career of women in the prime of life, women with at least as good an education as her own, women whose whole energies, nervous and physical, were untapped. She had been occupied all the best years of her life in bearing children and in tiding them over the first trials of existence; and she had done her task well, for not one of the ten was born crippled or grew up sickly. For eight years of her life she had been more or less of an invalid, suffering, it is true, for the holiest of all causes, but still suffering and lifted out of the bustle of life. . . . But men and women do not come out of a lifelong imprisonment to lead the young in battle. Still less do they, from their fastness, seek to direct the details of their onward march. What knowledge have they of detail—of the progress of the campaign, of the movements of the enemy, of the numbers on their own side, or opposed to them? They do not even understand the nature, nor are they familiar with the handling of the arms of precision invented since they were taken out of the world's strife. Under such commanders failure would be certain. But just because they were taken out of the world's strife, they may have a clearer view of eternal right."

Of the daughters only Tabitha felt the futility of a life of fancy work. "I wish," she said to her mother, "I'd something of my own to do."

"Something of your own to do! For girls in our position it is impossible unless they are married. I suppose you would like to be married, and have a house of your own. If you would you should learn betimes to submit and be cheerful, even when you do not feel pleased.

No man would be happy with a wife who inquired into the whys and wherefores of everything he asked her to do."

Tabitha exclaimed, 'I'm sure I don't want to be married, mamma!' Of the ways of husbands she had but a single experience; and, for all she knew to the contrary, all husbands might be built on the same pattern. 'That's not it at all. But you tell us that there's no money, and that there's scarcely enough for us now we are all at home. I want to know what's going to become of us all when we're old, forty or fifty or so. Tom'll come to live here, and it isn't likely he'd want us all.'

'When your father and I are dead,' said Mrs. Vassie, her voice trembling with emotion, 'when we are gone you will have your own money, and can go your own way, and can please yourself. But if you look forward to our death, if you have such wicked thoughts, you might keep them to yourself.' 'I don't, mamma,' said Tabitha, on the point of tears. 'You know I don't. But why can't some of us earn something now? If I wait, I shall be too old to begin.'

And so the contest works itself out to the "happy ending"—so the author calls it—which is as sad as it is inevitable. And this is, perhaps, the most praiseworthy feature in an admirable book, that we recognise at once the inevitable consequences when everyone is striving whole-heartedly to fulfil a duty which is only half-understood. The story claims on its title-page to be a "true record." It is true in a wider sense than that. It is not a tract from the Pioneer Club, but a study in reality.

* * * *

Meg of the Scarlet Foot. By W. Edwards Tirebuck.
(Harpers.)

THIS is a somewhat incoherent book, and irritates by the extraordinary prickly staccato style which Mr. Tirebuck, who really can write lucidly when he chooses, has preferred to adopt. Like several others of the younger writers of fiction, he appears to be suffering from a temporary indigestion of Mr. Meredith. His characters are working folk, but they all rejoice in a shorthand method of conversation, a kind of tongue-gymnastics which they practise from morning to night, until you are fairly dazed. The course of the story itself is hard to trace through the froth of words. The scene is on the borders of the Welsh coalfields, where the heroine, Meg, is picked out of a stream and brought up by the mother of a dwarf watchmaker. Margit Millgate is a queer compound of cranky superstition and native human kindness, and this is her dailly manner of speech:

"'N—o,' she murmured, more deeply mystified. 'Seemi'ly young life knows nothing about death. Seemi'ly young death knows nothing about life—only in dreaming. Seemi'ly; seemi'ly. And yet, dear lad, I half believe there's a glimmer of a change of look in thee. What it reads is beyond me—more's the pity! And now you seem to look straight through at me, lad, but without eyes. I wonder! I do wonder if—hey, Margit Millgate! but I've a mind to make you connily lift up the lap of his eye. If he were in life, you'd think nought of it. Just to see. Maybe there'd be a sign inside there? And may be not. Not. No. It's of no use. Rest, lad, rest. I won't trouble thee more. Come you down to the cot again, more-nor-ever strange missie,' said Margit, descending. 'I was mistaken, as far as I can tell. The feeling was wrong—but one never knows for sure. Come you down, babs, from my Noah's heaven, to my own earth again, and let me get on. Hullo! there's Ark, drumming like a somebody-come-to-life-again thumping on a coffin-lid. Aye, aye, one never knows; one hears o' such things. But I suppose I must finish food-making? Whether for Noah living or Noah dead, there'd be a feast.'"

As for the *Scarlet Foot*, it is a birthmark, and in some way mystically connected with the founding Meg's emotional experiences, which are many and intricate. She tries in vain to get rid of it by an exercise of faith at St. Winifred's Well, and finds her happiness only when it is cut off by the fall of timber in a pit-shaft. Pit accidents serve Mr. Tirebuck as a *doux ex machina*. There are two, which between them sweep off two of Meg's persistent lovers and leave her barely saved in the arms of a third. The book is not without a certain quaint originality and some clever turns of thought, but considering what Mr. Tirebuck has done, we can only regard it on the whole as a somewhat eccentric and unsatisfactory experiment.

THE SOCIETY OF DILETTANTI.

Ap[ro]pos of the History of the Society of Dilettanti, which has been compiled by Mr. Lionel Cust, and edited by Mr. Sidney Colvin, the current *Edinburgh Review* contains a most interesting article on "The Dining Societies of London." Concerning that famous Society we read:

"Horace Walpole, in one of his letters to Mann, says of the Dilettanti that the nominal qualification is having been in Italy, and the real one being drunk; and it must be confessed that the original meetings of the Society were characterised by a great deal of hilarity. Some traces of its hilarious habits may perhaps be gathered from some of the customs which are still followed by the Society. For example, when a ballot takes place for a new member, it is ordered that the chairman of the evening, preceded by the arch-master of the ceremonies, walk round the table, followed by all the members present, and that each, on completing the entire circuit, place his ballot ball in the box. And it is a reasonable conjecture that this rule had its origin in a time when it was not easy for gentlemen to walk round dinner-tables after dinner. Perhaps, too, this was specially the case in a Society which formally ordered, in 1778, that every member who shall produce on the table a dish of tea or coffee do pay to the general fund one guinea for every such drink.

Whether, however, Horace Walpole was or was not right in thinking that drunkenness was the real qualification for membership, there can be no doubt that foreign travel and travel in Italy were held to be essential. The original regulation was this: 'No person can be proposed to be admitted of this Society but by a member who has been personally acquainted with him or her in Italy' (ladies were, therefore, apparently eligible), 'and at their request.' But in 1748 this rule was enlarged by a resolution 'That it is the opinion of the Society that Avignon is in Italy, and that no other town in France is in Italy.' This remarkable resolution, which proved the Society stronger than congresses and cartographers, remained in force till 1757, when all persons who could prove that they had been ever out of the King's dominions were declared eligible for the Society. Finally, in 1764, an amended version of the original rule was adopted, and it was resolved 'That no person can be proposed to be admitted of this Society who cannot bring sufficient proof of his having been in Italy, or upon some other classic ground out of the King's dominions, and at his own request.'

We believe that this rule is still in force, but in these days of travel it has naturally lost its meaning, as it would probably be difficult to find anyone otherwise eligible who had not been upon some classic ground out of the Queen's dominions. As soon as dinner, in the ordinary sense of the term, is finished, the business or fun of the evening commences. In accordance with the resolution passed in 1741, the president puts on 'his Roman dress,' which was at the same time ordered to be of scarlet, and takes his seat at the head of the table, exchanging his previous chair for a rather uncomfortable 'sella curulis,' which was provided in 1739 for the use and dignity of the office. At the same time the secretary, provided with a seat at the president's left, arrays himself in the costume which is preserved in Sir F. Leighton's picture of Sir Edward Ryan; for, in these degenerate days, he no longer wears the dress of 'Machiavelli, the celebrated Florentine secretary,' which was prescribed for him in the eighteenth century. If there are any new members to introduce, the arch-master of the ceremonies is also arrayed in the dress peculiar to his order. The Society, with a discretion which seems a little unnecessary, has refrained from giving any account of the ceremonial on the introduction of new members. If rumour may be trusted the new member, preceded by the arch-master of the ceremonies, and supported by his proposer and seconder, is led to the foot of the table, amidst profound silence, and required to make the lowest of obeisances to the chair. He is then brought up to the president, congratulated on the distinguished honour which his admission to the Society has conferred on him, and his health is drunk in bumpers by the members present.

The health of the newly elected member is only one of the toasts drunk by the Society at each of its meetings. Besides the usual loyal toasts, the other are: 'Esto proclara, Esto perpetua,' 'Seria ludo,' 'Absent members,' 'Viva la vertu,' and 'Grecian taste and Roman spirit.' These toasts are given by the president

without remark. But there is a tradition that Lord Leighton on one occasion, when the late Sir Charles Newton was present, transgressed the rule by giving 'Grecian taste and Roman spirit,' and adding, 'I should like to combine the two, and say Sir Charles Newton.'

In the course of its long career the Society has had a singular financial history. Its income was originally derived from subscriptions, face money, and fines. We believe that to this day anyone venturing to speak of the Society as a club is liable to be fined. In the beginning of 1744, however, the Society passed a resolution, which is still read at each of its dinners:

'That after the 1st of March, 1744, every member who has any increase of income, either by inheritance, legacy, marriage, or preferment, do pay half of one per cent. of the first year of the additional income to the general fund; but that every member, upon payment of £10, shall be released from such obligation.'

Very many men—some of great distinction in history—have contributed to the Society's funds under the terms of this resolution. But even with this assistance the Society probably would have only been able to pay its way. In the middle of the last century, however, it was induced to purchase several tickets in the various lotteries for building Westminster Bridge, and it seems—though the account in its History is far from clear—to have won several prizes in these lotteries. Its consequently increasing wealth induced it to contemplate the erection of special premises for its meetings, and a plot of ground was purchased for the purpose on the north side of Cavendish-square. The idea of building was after many years abandoned, but the ground acquired for the purpose was sold at a considerable profit, and the Society found itself with £3,000 or £4,000 in its pocket.

This wealth enabled the Society to embark on a course which forms its chief claim to recognition from the general public. It devoted its means to exploring, measuring, recovering, and illustrating the great works of ancient art, and its members liberally added their own contributions to the general fund for the purpose. There can be no doubt that the Society in this way performed a very great service to the cause of art. We are not going to dwell upon this service here, since we discussed it fully forty years ago in an article to which we have already referred. So remarkable, however, was it that a German author, Prof. Kruse, in writing on the antiquities of Greece, divides the information which the world has gained upon the subject into five periods: the first, that in which Greece tells her own story through her poets, historians, and geographers; the second, that of the Roman dominion; the third, that of the Byzantine Empire; the fourth, extending from the fall of Constantinople to the foundation of the Society of Dilettanti; and the fifth, from this period to the present time. He adds:

'With the foundation of the Society of Dilettanti begins a new period of the discovery of Greece, in which the greatest geographical and topographical accuracy was combined with the most accurate measurements of the ancient buildings. All the celebrated Englishmen to whom we are strictly indebted for the more intimate knowledge of Greece were members of this Society, and some were completely fitted out for their travels by the Society itself.'

THE NEW PRINTING.

THE MANTLE OF MORRIS.

THE mantle of Morris (says Mr. Albert Louis Cotton in an interesting article in the new *Contemporary*) has fallen upon many shoulders. Among his successes, that of influencing the work of others in everything he undertook was not the least conspicuous. The Vale Press of

MESSRS. HACON & RICKETTS

especially has carried on his typographical traditions. Marred as its efforts are by needless affectation and excess, it necessarily demands a word of honourable mention.

Inspired by Morris though it obviously is, the Vale Press is in no sense merely imitative, and holds, perhaps, the chief place among the semi-private printing firms which are at present in existence. It was in the spring of 1896 that the first of the books

printed in Mr. Ricketts's type appeared, *The Early Poems of John Milton*, with a frontispiece, border, and initial letters. In this, as in following publications, the decorations and woodcuts were designed and engraved throughout by Mr. Ricketts, in addition to the type. A harmony of effect is thus obtained which stamps the volumes with distinction. . . .

Mr. Ricketts, on the other hand, has abandoned the old tradition, and has conceived his forms as cut in metal, just as a wood-engraver or a designer of stained-glass, in making his drawing, conceives it as in the material for which it is intended. His type, perhaps, resembles rather that of Spira than that of Jenson. There is a hardness about it which contrasts unfavourably with the superior delicacy developed by Morris from his study of handwriting. Nor are the minor features always in good taste. The interrogation-mark, the contraction for "and," the paragraph-signs, in particular, possess an eccentricity of form which at every turn annoys the reader. In his constant striving after modernity Mr. Ricketts, indeed, occasionally outsteps the bounds of art. Even in his disposition of the printed page there are not infrequent lapses into affectations of this nature. The Vale edition of *The Passionate Pilgrim*, to select one instance among many, opens with a leaf printed entirely in capitals, after the manner of the Kelmscott books; the single word "young," however, figures among its brethren in lower-case letters, owing to considerations of spacing, which might easily have been avoided. The eye, looking at the page, is at once arrested by this incongruity, and unnecessary emphasis imparted to an unimportant word. In the opening page of *The Poems of Blake*, a similar blemish is to be found of a more glaring character, the first line running thus: "THE DAUGHTERS OF THE SERAPHIM led ROUND THEIR SUNNY FLOCKS." It is not altogether obvious why the word "led" should not have been printed in higher-case letters with the others.

These details, insignificant when taken singly, but, massed together, of considerable importance, prevent Mr. Ricketts's efforts from taking the place in artistic typography which would otherwise be due to them. It is in his borders and decorations that he really reveals his true claim to be considered the first among Morris's successors. There is nothing new in the best of the Kelmscott borders; like the types, they are modelled on old patterns, and in themselves are purely conventional in treatment. Mr. Ricketts has opened up a fresh path in this direction, and gives his originality the fullest play. "His borders exhibit an extraordinary skill in the adaptation of foliage and flower; instead of forcing living growths into dully conventional forms, to fit certain spaces, the delicate curves of stalk and petal are kept as sensitively as the most naturalistic treatment might keep them, yet all in a harmonious decorative style." Such is the opinion of a critic of the Vale productions. . . .

The name of the

REV. C. H. DANIEL,

of Worcester College, Oxford, is not less worthy of a record. Mr. Daniel's efforts have been appreciated by the select minority for many years, the foundation of his private printing press having been long anterior to the opening of the works at Hammersmith. But the limited issue of his books, and their restricted circulation, have prevented him from exercising any generally perceptive influence upon bookmaking. Nevertheless, the soundness of his judgment, despite the limited means at his disposal, renders him a formidable competitor. His volumes are distinguished by their dainty simplicity and elegance, without suspicion of weakness. His edition (limited to 100 copies) of Mr. Bridge's *Growth of Love*, printed in Fell's old English type, is, in particular, a treasureable possession. Or, again, the little volume of anonymous poems, entitled *Fancy's Following*, issued in 1896, at once arrests attention by its beauty. In character and appearance it bears no relation to the Vale or Kelmscott books: the paper is of a faint rose-yellowish tinge, eminently restful to the eye; the type, though thin and disfigured by the long shape of the letter "s," is clear and sharply defined, with a certain quaintness of its own; the margins and the spacing are properly proportioned; there are no decorations beyond an unassuming border on the title-page and a tail-piece here and there. While guided by the correct principles of typographical art, Mr. Daniel works on independent methods; the result may best be summed up in the expression, grace and daintiness, unmarred by lack of strength. He stands, probably, an easy first

among the purely private printers of the day; long study, aided by an artist's perception, has given an impress to his books which is individual and unique. From the very nature of the case, unfortunately, his achievements can never hope to win for themselves any widespread appreciation or acknowledgment.

MR. SELWYN IMAGE,

again, although not strictly speaking a printer, has earned the commendation of every bibliophile by his attempts at improvement in bookmaking. It will be remembered that the Kelmscott edition of *Atalanta in Calydon* was more especially marked by the two pages of Greek type at its beginning. This type was borrowed by Morris for the occasion, having been designed by Mr. Image for the new issue of the *Phædo*, published by Messrs. Macmillan in 1894. To those accustomed to the debased Greek characters in ordinary use, Mr. Image's fount may seem at first bewildering. But, with increasing acquaintance, its surpassing merit cannot fail to be perceived. Like Morris, Mr. Image, we are told, has made a thorough study of handwriting, and his type is a creation worthy of the finest models. His artistic instinct, indeed, is rarely at fault, whether he is designing type, initial letters, or a title-page. Mr. Andrew Lang's translation of *The Miracles of Madame Saint Katherine of Fierbois*, published in 1897 by Messrs. Way & Williams, of Chicago, illustrates his fitness in these last respects. The lettering of the title-page, the initials, and the head-pieces are singularly harmonious and delicate, besides being conceived in a quite original manner. Were it not for the type, which is American, the volume would be an exceptionally beautiful specimen of press-work.

To particularise all those artistic spirits who have of late turned their attention to the printed book would be, at best, but an invidious task. The latest development, however, may be lightly touched on by way of fit conclusion. When one considers the present demand for black and white in art, it may seem like temerity to own to a love for colour; but when we remember that in nature everything possesses colour, it may not, after all, appear unfitting that what we look at in our books should hold the mirror up to nature. The books of the first printers were frequently painted by the hand of the illuminator in the manner of the MS.—a practice which circumstances quickly drove to be abandoned. Colour printing is rarely satisfactory, and modern books have learned to be content with black and white. Morris, it is true, printed two of the volumes of his press in red and black and blue with unequivocal success, but he presumably did not care to reintroduce hand-painted borders and initial letters. In

MISS GLORIA CARDEW,

a young art student, a colourist has recently appeared who is capable of doing charming work in this direction. Years ago Mr. Ruskin taught that "we ought to love colour and to think nothing quite beautiful or perfect without it." Miss Cardew's efforts form one more attempt to revert to good individualistic handwork as opposed to the mechanical methods of a time in which sixpenny magazines, crowded with process blocks, furnish the mental pabulum of millions. It is difficult to realise the effect of, say, one of the Vale books, with its initials and borders embellished with delicate tints, after the fashion of the ancient miniaturists. Among Miss Cardew's triumphs must especially be noted Mr. F. S. Ellis's *History of Reynard the Fox*, a metrical version of the old English translation, with its fifty woodcut engravings after Mr. Walter Crane. These last, when decorated in gold and colours, in the mediæval style, almost place the volume on a level with the illuminated MSS. which were the glory of the monks of old.

To rival these with our nineteenth-century printed books is hardly possible, perhaps. But that a great revival in the art of typography and book decoration is not too much to hope for is apparent from the tendency to-day. Thirty years ago the productions of Messrs. Dent would hardly have been practicable; as it is, we barely notice, in our new familiarity, the revolution in book-making which is being enacted in our midst. Beautiful books may not be common, even now; at least it has been proved that they are possible. Not, let it be remembered, that Morris would have applied his rules to text-books or to ordinary works, or books of reference. The artist-printer is concerned only with producing works of art or literature in which everything is subservient to the perfect whole. "L'art est-il utile?" wrote the poet Baudelaire. "Oui. Pourquoi? Parce qu'il est l'art."

SATURDAY, AUGUST 6, 1898.

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NOTES AND NEWS.

A LONG article on artistic printing will be found in our Supplement; meanwhile the authorities of the Guild of Handicraft have purchased from the trustees of the late Mr. William Morris the plant and presses of the Kelmscott Press, and have made arrangements with different members of Mr. Morris's staff for permanent employment at Essex House with a view to their ultimate election into the Guild. It is the hope of the Guild by this means to continue in some measure the tradition of good printing and fine workmanship which William Morris revived.

THE Kelmscott Press blocks being deposited at the British Museum, and the types not for sale, the books to be issued from the Essex House Press will be in a new type to be designed by Mr. C. R. Ashbee. As this type will not be ready for some months, one of the best of the eighteenth century Caslon founts has been purchased, and in this the first two or three books will be produced. Of these the first issue will be Mr. Ashbee's translation of the *Treatises of Benvenuto Cellini on Metal Work and Sculpture*, which is now nearly completed. This book has never before been translated into English.

IN their programme of future work the Guild of Handicraft announce editions of *The Pilgrim's Progress*, Hoby's translation of Castiglione's *Courtier*, Froissart's *Chronicles*, Burns' *Poems*, and other volumes. Burns sounds an odd choice.

A WRITER in the *Glasgow Evening News* has been giving his readers some interesting particulars of the literary taste of the islanders of the Hebrides. In Dr. Johnson's time they preferred illiteracy, but to-day

they are all for "popular" reading, which is, we suppose, the next thing to it. The writer describes the contents of Miss MacTavish's shop. "You can get," he says, "all the sixpenny magazines in Miss MacTavish's; that is, if you order them beforehand. She never sells the shilling magazines; she never heard, I fear, of the half-crown monthlies. One day when I visited her 'emporium,' as her humble little shop is grandiloquently called, there was a pile of the *Strand Magazine* on the counter, newly come by the "Claymore" or the "Clansman." They disappeared like snowflakes, the most unlikely-looking men and women came in and helped themselves to them, going out with their noses glued to the pages. *Pearson's* and *The Windsor*, I learn, are second and third favourites. There is no question of discount in these parts—sixpence nett is the price of every sixpenny magazine, and no one thinks of offering less."

AFTER humorous Highland books, of which Londoners know nothing, Mr. Black (whose *Daughter of Heth* in a sixpenny edition lies before us) is the favourite. Having heard that in England Mr. Black's popularity is waning, the writer made some inquiries at Oban and elsewhere, and found that in Scotland the reverse is emphatically the case. In Miss MacTavish's circulating library the principal demand is for Miss Braddon, Mr. W. E. Norris, "John Strange Winter," Mr. Kipling, Lord Lytton, Anthony Trollope, and Mr. Barrie. Miss MacTavish had never heard of the Celtic renaissance and the works of Miss Fiona Macleod.

MR. WILLIAM BLACK's new romance, *Wild Eileen*, is announced by Messrs. Sampson Low & Co. for the first of September.

POINTS from Mr. Gelett Burgess's interview with Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson in the *Bookman*:

Mr. Sidney Colvin, Mr. Henley, Mr. Edmund Gosse, and Mr. Henry James have been very kind to the Samoan pilgrims.

The Samoan pilgrims have not yet seen another old friend, Mr. William Archer.

Mrs. Strong likes *Wair of Hermitston* best.

Mrs. Stevenson thinks the St. Gaudens medallion the best portrait.

"Providence and the Guitar" was a true story, and R. L. S. sent the money for it to the musician-hero.

The whole family is glad that the *Bookman* did not give their portraits.

They also deprecate accounts of R. L. S. by "outsiders."

Mrs. Stevenson is giving the Davos Platz wood blocks to the Boston Public Library.

The Osbourne baby is being taught to say "Cuba Libre."

Blackwood's has some letters from that most sensible of writers, Robert Southey, to his friend Thomas May, which Mr. E. Baumer Williams has edited. The world has seen no harder worker in his own domain than Southey, and in this correspondence, which is serious enough in character, we are taken by that indefatigable craftsman a little

behind the scenes. Here are a few scraps chosen here and there. In 1800 he wrote: "You remember the old doggerel that 'learning is better than house or land.' 'Tis a lying proverb! A good lifehold estate is worth all the fame of the world in perpetuity, and a comfortable house rather more desirable than a monument in Westminster Abbey."

AGAIN, in 1800, we find this interesting confession:

"There are three classes of people in whose society I find pleasure—those in whom I meet with similarity of opinion; those who, from a similarity of feeling, tolerate differences of opinion; and those to whom long acquaintance has attached me, who neither think nor feel with me, but who have the same recollections, and can talk of other times and other scenes. Accustomed to seclusion, or to the company of those who know me, and to whom I can let out every thought as it rises, without the danger of being judged by a solitary expression, I am uncomfortable among strangers. A man loses many privileges when he is known to the world. Go where I will, my name has gone before me, and strangers either receive me with expectations that I cannot gratify, or with evil prepossessions that I cannot remove. It is only in a stage-coach that I am on an equal footing with my companions, and it is there that I talk the most, and leave them in the best humour with me."

AND in a letter of 1807 is another personal fact of note: "It is my nature to do two things at a time better than one. Or rather it is my belief that time is saved by doing it; because a train of thoughts may be ready for one when it would be necessary to wait for them before the other could proceed. I am therefore planning another heroic poem, to be begun forthwith, and prosecuted on these mornings when I am not ready with the immediate matter for *Kehama*."

THERE has just been hung in the Scottish National Gallery, Edinburgh, a fine study by A. Geddes, A.R.A., of the head of Sir Walter Scott. It was done by Geddes for his historical picture, "The Finding of the Regalia," the only relic of which is a pencil drawing in the Scottish National Portrait Gallery, the picture itself having been destroyed. At the time the study was executed Scott was probably about forty-seven or forty-eight years of age. Geddes, who died in 1844, in a letter dated the previous year, says in reference to the work: "I fear I cannot name to a certainty the year I painted the study of Sir Walter's head. It was done at the same time as the heads of the other Commissioners, to be inserted in the large picture I painted of the finding of the Regalia of Scotland." The head is an excellent example of the strong virile art of Geddes. It, and a portrait of Sir David Wilkie, supposed to be by the artist himself, were the property of the late Mr. Robert Rankine, Liverpool, who had expressed his intention of presenting them to the Scottish National Portrait Gallery, but died without carrying his purpose into effect. His brother, however, purchased the two pictures and has presented them to the Portrait Gallery. The Scott head is so

admirable as a work of art that it has been lent to the Scottish National Gallery for a time.

In its Summer Number the new *Idler* is at last itself. The poster designed by Mr. Forrest has been adapted for a cover to the magazine, and the new page is spacious and very clearly printed. Among the contents is the beginning of a story by Mr. Anstey, whose name is too rarely seen in these days.

FROM a paper in the *Idler* on Thomas Atkins's opinions of Mr. Kipling, by Captain Philip Trevor, we make an extract. Tommy, whose real name was Rudd, was discovered to be the possessor of *Soldier Tales*. He admired the book to a point of blasphemy, but he had doubts here and there. Thus:

"'But there's just one or two bits that I don't get at no'ow.' He turned over the pages slowly till he came to a place where the margin of the letterpress was heavily scored with the blacklead pencil. I looked over his shoulder, and saw that he had pulled up about half-way through that infinitely pathetic story, 'The Drums of the Fore and Aft.' He read from the page in front of him with the emotionless stolidity of a drill sergeant: 'And gave orders that the bandmaster should keep the drums in better discipline.' Wot's the bandmaster got to do with the drums, sir?' he asked querulously. I had come to ask questions, not to answer them—to hear, not to speak—so I replied, a bit testily perhaps, 'Oh, I suppose that—' But he didn't wait.

'And 'ere again, sir, 'If either of you comes to practice again with so much as a scratch on your two ugly little faces, I'll tell the drum-major to take the skin off your backs.' Now I wants to know, was that Jakin and that there Lew in the 'band' or the 'drums'?"

'Why, really I've never—'
He travelled on again, without waiting for an answer, till he was pulled up by another danger signal.

"Jakin and Lew were attached to the band as supernumeraries, though they would much have preferred being company huggers."

'Looks as if they 'ad bin in the drums afore, don't it?'

'Well, perhaps if—'

'Arf a mo'. Why was the Gurkhas pouring over the 'ights at the double to the invitation of the regimental quickstep?'"

The end of the matter is this: "Then I'll just tell you what it is, sir. This 'ere Kiplin' 'as just been coddin' you—it's a fair kid. You've been coddled by a civilian, sir, and, wus still, the feller's coddled me too."

ANOTHER change in an American literary periodical. A week or so ago we stated that the *Critic* henceforward would appear as a monthly. Now it is announced that the proprietors of *The Dial*, of Chicago, have acquired *The Chap Book*, and the two papers will be amalgamated in the future.

THE history of *The Chap Book* is brief and interesting. It was founded by Mr. H. S. Stone and Mr. Kimball as a circular for the advertisements of books published by them. Both gentlemen were then undergraduates of Harvard, and the first number was published on May 15, 1894. In October of the same year the periodical was moved to Chicago and issued,

as an independent magazine and review, on the first and fifteenth of each month. Then it became the property of Messrs. H. S. Stone & Co., and in January, 1897, began a new career as a quarto. Since then another change has introduced illustrations. Mr. H. S. Stone, who has had a hand in the editing from the beginning, has been helped by Mr. Kimball, by Mr. Bliss Carman, and by Mr. Harrison Garfield Rhodes. *The Chap Book* has always been interesting, right-minded, and courageous. We wish it well in its new career.

THE dramatisation of *Rupert of Hentzau* is already arranged for. Among other successful novels which are to be seen in a stage version is Mrs. Voynich's story, *The Gadfly*.

THE late Mr. Richard Dowling practised with more than common success two very different forms of literary art. He wrote excellent and exciting stories of sensationalism and mystery, and his *Indolent Essays* contain good thoughts and good expression. He did a vast deal of other writing, but these two walks embrace, we think, his best work. Mr. Dowling, who was of Irish birth, died in his fifty-third year.

As a postscript to last week's article on "Corydon's Book-Case," we might quote the following remarks by Mr. W. P. James in the *St. James's Gazette*: "There are actually people who ask advice about holiday reading. Stevenson, for his walking tours, would slip in his knapsack *Tristram Shandy* and Heine's Songs. But the people who ask advice about reading are no Stevensons. Hazlitt, whose own essays Stevenson recommended for holiday reading, said that for himself, when he went into the country, he loved to vegetate like the country. He wanted to see his vague notions float like the down of the thistle before the breeze; and for books he preferred to take the chance literature of the country inn, and to trust to books that took their character from the time and place. Dr. Johnson's advice about reading was to read what you liked, and this is certainly the soundest advice for holiday reading. If a man does not know what he likes, he had best leave reading alone; for him advice is useless. There is always the latest novel and the Badminton Library—the one wholly admirable, the other not to be despised. One piece of advice, however, may certainly be risked. Don't take good books of your own about with you on your travels. You will certainly spoil the books, you will very probably be surcharged for luggage, and most likely you will not read a line of them."

MR. RIDER HAGGARD is making a departure in writing. In his forthcoming work he will adhere to fact, to Norfolk, and to the present day. The book will be called *The Farmer's Year*, and will embody the novelist's experiences as an agriculturalist.

ACCORDING to the *Bookman*, in one French library in London ten thousand copies of *Cyrano de Bergerac* have been sold.

AN occasional correspondent writes from Melbourne:

"Melbourne seems hardly the place where a revival of the Greek drama might be expected; but on June 22 the 'Alcestis of Euripides' was given in the Melbourne Town Hall with great *éclat* by the students of Trinity College in the Melbourne University. The men of this college have distinguished themselves in past years by the acting of the comedies of Plautus; but the representation of a Greek tragedy in a manner which should be acceptable to a large audience was a harder matter. Music was summoned in aid, and rendered striking help. Prof. Marshall Hall, of the University Conservatorium, composed the music for the chorus, and one solo for Alcestis. In the Melbourne University women are admitted on equal terms with men, and in the Conservatorium they form the majority. The best acting in the play was that of the two students representing Alcestis and Therapaina. First honours fell to the ladies, but the men were good."

THE success of Captain Mahan's *Life of Nelson* having caused inquiry for a *Life of Wellington* as a companion volume, Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston & Co. have arranged with the Right Hon. Sir Herbert Maxwell, M.P., to write a new life, somewhat on the lines of Captain Mahan's work, and more complete both as regards matter and illustration than any previous biography of the Iron Duke. Sir Herbert Maxwell has received most kindly promises of assistance from the present Duke and others, and will be glad to obtain, through the publishers, written particulars of unpublished or little known records likely to be of use in the preparation of the *Life*. In addition to other illustrations, battle plans, &c., there will be full-page photogravure portraits of the Duke and distinguished soldiers who fought with him, or against him, including Napoleon, Soult, Ney, and Blücher.

WITH the volume just ready Mr. Nimmo brings to a close his excellent eight-volume edition of the *Spectator* under Mr. G. A. Aitken's editorship. Only one thousand copies of the edition have been printed, and the type is now distributed. Mr. Nimmo has concluded also in the same week his sixteen-volume edition of the *Lives of the Saints*, written by Mr. Baring-Gould.

THE Art Union of London is issuing, as its Presentation Plate for the year 1898-9, an etching, by Mr. C. O. Murray, of Mr. Briton Riviere's painting, "In Manus Tuas, Domine." Those who have seen this picture will remember that it represents a Christian knight, in armour, riding his frightened horse into the entrance of a gloomy cavern, while his dogs crouch fearfully behind. Mr. Murray's etching strikes us as very satisfactory work.

MESSRS. WARD, LOCK & Co. continue to pour their excellent shilling Guide Books on our table. We now acknowledge *The Highlands and Islands, Penzance &c.*, *Scarborough, Belgium and Holland*, and *Bournemouth and the New Forest*.

OLD AND NEW ESSAYISTS.

It is a truism to say that essay-writing as an art is dying out; yet as a means of propagating opinion it is as popular as ever it was. The political essay, if we include all that class of writing which goes under the name of leader, is still in request. One of the younger journals has, it is true, successfully tried the experiment of dispensing with it, but the other morning and evening papers give no sign of intending to follow the example. Unfortunately, the work done for political journals affords no training of the right sort for the literary essayist. The leader-writer has every inducement to neglect the graces which we admire in an Addison or a Steele. To take up a clear, decided position, to be emphatic to the point of violence, to dispense with suggestive and delicate charm, are essentials to his success. His business is not to cater for cultivated taste, but to manufacture or propagate opinion. Moreover, he is compelled to work in a hurry, and he very well knows that he will be read in a hurry. It is, we fancy, a popular superstition that he lacks conscience. The journalist naturally takes the side favoured by his own convictions, and fights for it with at least as much honesty as the average Member of Parliament who gives a steady support to his leaders. But the habits of mind engendered are fatal to the mental freedom, the "viewishness," the observation of whim and oddity, the humour, the moods, and the melancholy which constitute the charm of those who write from no other cause than their own inclination. Yet the political writers shape public taste. Those who read many leaders lose the habit of looking for fine shades of expression, they have not patience with the old-fashioned essayist. And so it would appear that true essay-writing is falling into desuetude. The talent that went to produce it is engulfed in that tomb of genius—the modern novel.

Nevertheless, it is noteworthy that some of the keenest intellects of our day hold that neglect of the essay is but a passing fashion. They contend that sooner or later people will have a surfeit of gossip, biography, and novels, and will turn with relish to a more tranquil kind of reading. As an example we might instance M. Maeterlinck. After obtaining the success, to put it in its lowest terms, of a very wide fame for his plays—perhaps dramatic poems were the better title—he has deliberately, though temporarily only, forsaken stage work to attempt the essay. Yet it will be noticed that even he does not venture upon the experiment of writing "delightful articles upon nothing," in the manner of which Charles Lamb was the greatest master. On the contrary, he is inclined toward "the large leading article," only it is glorified as well as magnified. In other words, he has chosen the rôle of teaching or prophetic essayist. Emerson was his more direct model, but in his own way he is playing the same part that Ruskin and Carlyle played: he is using the essay not as a form of art, but as a means of propagating opinion. Probably he would object that this is an inadequate and too positive description of his self-

imposed mission. Yet, after all, the somewhat obscure transcendentalism which he endeavours to inculcate is as much a matter of opinion as a view of Home Rule or a belief in anti-vaccination. Further, it is doubtful if his conclusions are of much importance, except in so far as they have been the thread upon which his fancies are strung. For the charm exercised by M. Maeterlinck is not due to what we generally call greatness of mind. You do not find in his work any wealth of invention, or deep and clear insight into life. Never was title more absurdly bestowed than that of the Belgian Shakespeare. We do not say this to belittle him, but to show that it is his own individuality that is so attractive. Often it is expressed purely and simply by the sound of the language—change the words into English and, though the meaning seems to be kept, the effect is gone. There is in the cadence a something wistful and mystic: melancholy, yet touched with a grace that belongs to the man. And because this is a personal gift it is better for M. Maeterlinck to speak with one voice than with twenty—to address us in monologue and not in drama.

That is certainly a distinction of the great essayists. Let us read *Elia*, and Charles Lamb appears to be sitting in the chair opposite; read the *Letter to a Friend*, and we feel as if the dreamy yet observant eyes of Sir Thomas Browne were watching; turn to one of the initial chapters of *Tom Jones*, and you get to feel the character of the author, his learning, his genial irony, his perfect appreciation of life. So it is with Maeterlinck. Had he lived in the time of his favourite Sir Thomas Browne, we can well imagine how he would have shared alike in the beliefs and superstitions of the great Norfolk physician; and if this mediæval intellect had been re-born in the nineteenth century a study of M. Maeterlinck may at least suggest an idea of the possible result. Over the mind of both flew thoughts "like great white birds"; and, when M. Maeterlinck's next book is published, it will probably be found that he has gained in the power of expression from a study of the older master. Again, by confining himself to one theme, instead of as before presenting us with a dozen slightly connected essays, he gives himself a better opportunity; and the subject he has chosen, Destiny, is one to evoke all those great sentiments that dignify his plays—compassion and awe and wonder.

But M. Maeterlinck is drawing us away from the main subject, and, interesting as he is in himself, he is scarcely of that type of essayist we are in search of. The first and greatest of the order was Montaigne, after whom we may place the *Spectator* group of writers and the contributors to the *Tatler* and similar sheets. Following them came Dr. Johnson, who all unwittingly led his followers astray, no one daring to break his fetters till the time of Charles Lamb. The *Edinburgh Review* and the *Quarterly* were very able journals in their youth, but they did little towards the improvement of style. It was, indeed, most unlucky that they came to be looked upon as models, especially as a writer so mannered as Lord Macaulay had the most influential place among their contributors.

The tradition was not broken till the advent of writers who are either living still or dead only recently. Mr. Andrew Lang and the late R. L. Stevenson did more than anybody else to throw garishness into disrepute and implant a regard for the genuine merits of style. To a very large degree Mr. Lang has the personal charm that is a first essential of the essayist, and it is a quality entirely his own, resting on a sub-colour of profound melancholy which is never quite out of sight even amid the sparkle and play in which he delights. But he has listened to the sirens that tempt a man from his true path. At the bidding of journalism he has treated the passing theme, the topic of the hour, so frequently that much of his best is linked to ephemeral subjects that were half-way to oblivion before the printer's ink was dry. And if you take away his fiction, his poetry, his book-prefaces, how small the residue of best work! True, the second-best is not to be undervalued. His translation of the *Odyssey*, his *Custom, Ritual, and Myth* are books to be proud of, yet the real essence of Lang is to be found only in his casual essays, and one can only wish there had been more of them. Mr. Stevenson, too, was tempted away from essay-writing by fiction, and it is doubtful if he gained thereby in fame, unless it be calculated by noses, for he might have been first in the one field whereas he has many equals in the other. He is to be praised beyond all else for this, that amid all the bustle and hurry of modern life he could impart to his work every external mark of ease and leisure—just as if he had lived in those quiet old times when an author gave years to the making of a book and his friends gave months to the reading of it. And then the pick of the essays were done in those gallant early days when the man who seemed born for perpetual youth still was young and circled by romance. They are not so far wrong who esteem this part of Stevenson most.

Yet his influence was not altogether for good—whose is? He loved to go in fine array, and it sat well on him. There were others to whom homespun was natural, and they made themselves ridiculous when they put on Stevenson's trappings. The first essential of a charming style is a charming personality. But to fall foul of a writer who, lacking that requisite, produces a colourable imitation by aping its possessor would be absurd. If a plain woman uses paint and powder to rival the charms of a fairer sister, who shall blame her? Yet with all the rouge and belladonna she may use, she will come into no effective rivalry with natural grace and beauty. In writing, however, personal charm, though it counts for much, is not everything—is, indeed, naught, unless accompanied by skill in expression. "Know thyself" is the motto a young writer should print above his study door, and engrave on his heart. For in his callow days he sees no difference between admiration and possession. To appreciate the pensive rhythm of M. Maeterlinck's prose is no guarantee that it can be copied; on the contrary, it has been felt by those whose gift it is to write the sparkling, many-coloured, slang-

besprinkled style of the modern realist, aimed at the eye rather than the ear; or, to take a strongly-contrasted figure, who does not admire that singular compound of frank burliness and almost super-refined taste that we see in Mr. Henley? Yet to imitate the peculiar outcome would be to court artistic ruin, unless, indeed, the imitator were a re-incarnation of his model. Truisms, you object; but how little they are regarded? It would be invidious to mention more names, but let anyone think of the men who attempt essay-writing, and he will have a list of flagrant offenders. Some appear unable to write without getting on as much "side" as a cabinet minister rising to make a speech; others are constrained, formal, and awkward; many affect little gifts and graces that do not belong to them; not one in ten thousand dares to be simple and natural.

But thereby hangs another tale. If all writers took to heart this maxim, and each resolved to be himself and no other, to assume no virtue he does not actually possess, to let the real ego paint itself on his canvas, what would we have gained? A wholesome change, no doubt, but also the materials for a new *Dunciad* stripped bare of its clouts and wraps. It is all very well to say, Do not try to be Mr. Lang or Mr. Stevenson, M. Maeterlinck or Guy de Maupassant, Mr. Meredith or Mr. Swinburne; but what if there is no self greatly worth being? Simplicity is a high virtue in a highly gifted individual, because the more charming his personality is the more clearly would we see it, the less veil or curtain do we desire to hide him. For instance, I have no personal acquaintance with Mr. Blackmore, and yet I feel sure that it would be impossible to know too much of him; the charm of a rare personality redeems the worst of his books and glorifies the best. I am confident that his lightest prattle as he smokes beneath his own fruit trees must be delightful. But there are many more who are very popular and yet do not inspire the feeling. Take the author of —, well, the most widely sold book of its year, and you know very well you would rather see him in his "get-up" than in his ordinary clothes. *O sancta simplicitas*, not always are you Blessed! Be yourself, therefore, is a piece of heroic advice, a counsel of perfection for those who consider themselves born with the gifts and outfit to tread the path of genius—that thorny and difficult way. It is no maxim for those who are but lords of a naked land, and are afraid that its poverty will be spied upon.

Nevertheless, the revival of the essay, if it ever takes place, will be accomplished by someone daring to step out of the beaten path and to follow this road. But he has to be born with the natural gift and temperament before he is made an essayist. We have many writers who defy the conventional with more or less pleasing results, and yet do not succeed in adding to any except the most ephemeral of literature. There is a frankness that is merely brutal, and many young writers carry out half of the advice of Polonius, "Be thou familiar, but by no means"—what the new journalist is. Our essayist, when he comes, must

know how to be familiar without losing elegance, colloquial while maintaining the sweetness of finished prose, full of humour with a sadness of his own and a merriment of his own, wise with the wisdom of the vanished centuries, yet young and responsive to the sympathies ever renewed of a world whose springtime and harvest follow now even as they did in the twilight of the ages. He will come most probably in the time and manner least expected; but one would not be inclined to look for his advent from the ranks of professional writers. They are too feverish and eager, too keen to swim with the popular current. No, perhaps the next great book of essays is being now written in some quiet country house, whose owner is indifferent to current opinion, though alive to current tides of thought. It is from one who combines learning with leisure, a love of retirement with a knowledge of the world, one whose moods incline him as often to laughter as to tears that we expect the volume to come. For such a man is in the position of a spectator. He is not, like the active man of letters, himself engaged in the fray, but, occupying a point of vantage outside its dust and clamour, can note its strange commingling of gross and beautiful, of comedy and tragedy, of tears and laughter.

P.

DR. JOHNSON'S PEW.

DR. JOHNSON'S pew in St. Clement's Danes Church, in the Strand, is no longer a free spectacle. You must pay one shilling if you would climb to the north gallery, where the Doctor's seat is distinguished by an inscribed brass plate. The new tax is intended as a means of raising a fund to cover the cost of a stained glass window to the memory of Dr. Johnson. Whether the esteemed Rector of St. Clement's Danes has been happily inspired in taking this means to a laudable end is perhaps doubtful. It can be an auxiliary means at the most. Why not make a direct and wide appeal to lovers of Boswell's *Life*? An appeal—surely not direct or wide—has, we know, been made. The fund exists in embryo, and we gladly publish the fact that Lord Glenesk is its treasurer. To Lord Glenesk, then, all good Johnsonians should send their mites. We say their mites, because the total sum required is only £120. There can be no quarrel with the Rector's project: a Dr. Johnson window in St. Clement's Church seems the fitting thing; it would add another glory to Fleet-street, and another honour to literature, and both would be genuine.

How frequent Dr. Johnson's attendances at St. Clement's Danes were is known to every reader of his *Prayers and Meditations*, that amazing, that touching, diary of his inmost life. No more interesting and typical account of his church-going has come down to us than that which he himself furnishes for Easter, 1764. This year, one remembers, was a good one in Johnson's life: he had been in the

enjoyment of his pension for about twenty months; and in February he had returned from a visit, at once pleasant and useful, to his friend Bennet Langton, at the seat of the Langtons in Lincolnshire. The visit was useful to him because during his stay in the Fens he was finally convinced that he never could have settled down as a country parson. Thus he came back with a new relish for London and literature. Scarcely had he done so than Sir Joshua Reynolds proposed the formation of the Literary Club, the business of which must have been pleasant and engrossing. Yet at Easter Johnson fell into one of his moods of searching and wretched self-examination. Boswell says that with his pension had come an increase of his indolence. And Johnson writes: "Good Friday, April 20, 1764. I have made no reformation; I have lived totally useless, more sensual in thought and more addicted to wine and meat." Next day he enters in his diary the confession: "My indolence since my last reception of the Sacrament [probably on Easter Sunday of 1763] has sunk into grosser sluggishness. . . . I purpose to approach the altar again to-morrow."

On the morrow Johnson wound his way along that quiet, cobbled Fleet-street which we can now hardly visualise. As usual he was late.

"I went to church, came in at the first of the Psalms, and endeavoured to attend the service which I went through without perturbation. . . . I received soon; the communicants were many. At the altar it occurred to me that I ought to form some resolutions. I resolved, in the presence of God, but without a vow, to repel sinful thoughts, to study eight hours daily, and, I think, to go to church every Sunday, and read the Scriptures. I gave a shilling; and seeing a poor girl at the Sacrament in a bedgown, gave her privately a crown, though I saw Hart's hymns in her hand. [Dr. Birkbeck Hill has an interesting note on this *though*.] I prayed earnestly for amendment, and repeated my prayer at home. Dined with Miss W. [Miss Williams, with whom he did not regularly dine]. Went to prayers at church; went to Davies's, spent the evening not pleasantly. Avoided wine and tempered a very few glasses with sherbet. Came home and prayed."

I saw at the Sacrament a man meanly dressed whom I have always seen there at Easter."

At the next Eastertide, 1765, with pitiful re-iteration, Johnson deploras his uncorrected indolence. "My memory grows confused, and I know not how the days pass over me." Again, he hies to church, again he comes in at the Psalms, and there, near him, he sees the "man meanly dressed" of the last and previous years. And we read:

"I invited home the man whose pious behaviour I had for several years observed on this day, and found him a kind of Methodist, full of texts, but ill-instructed. I talked to him with temper, and offered him twice wine, which he refused. I suffered him to go without the dinner which I had purposed to give him. I thought this day that there was something irregular and particular in his look and gesture, but having intended to invite him to acquaintance, and having a fit opportunity by finding him near my own seat after I had missed him, I did what I at first designed, and am sorry to have been so much disappointed."

Let me not be prejudiced hereafter against the appearance of piety in mean persons, who, with indeterminate notions, and perverse or inelegant conversation, perhaps are doing all they can."

On this same Easter Sunday Johnson says he could not well hear the sermon, and thereafter he often makes the same note. Two years later he writes: "Went through the prayers with fixed attention: could not hear the sermon." As time went on he would often leave his pew and go near to the altar, presumably without coming down stairs, that he might hear the sermon or some portion of the service, then returning to his own seat. To-day, anyone standing in Johnson's pew can see exactly why and how he would approach the altar. The pew is situated just where the gallery widens, by a curve, to a width which brings its eastern end flush with the apse in which the communion table stands. When Johnson moved to this part of the gallery he must have been prominently visible to almost the entire congregation as he looked down from his perpendicular height into the sanctuary. The pulpit, too, it is believed, formerly stood on the side of the church remote from his pew, instead of, as now, immediately under it.

The Doctor was not often punctual at church. Again and again he confesses a late arrival. April 22, 1764: "I went to church, came in at the first of the Psalms." . . . April 7, 1765: "I came in at the Psalms." . . . Sept. 23, 1771: "I went to church in the morning, but came in to the Litany." . . . April 17, 1778: "Boswell came in to go to church; we had tea, but I did not eat. Talk lost our time, and we came to church late, at the second lesson." Once he explains his non-attendance. March 29, 1777: "I neither read nor went to church, yet can scarcely tell how I have been hindered. I treated with booksellers on a bargain, but the time was not long." On the other hand, we find Johnson resolving, in 1765, to "come in before service, and compose my mind by meditation." Nor did he altogether fail to keep to this. The *Prayers and Meditations* are full of natural touches that bring Johnson's figure before us as he stood or knelt under St. Clement's roof. April 15, 1770: "Some vain thoughts stole upon me while I stood near the Table. I hope I ejected them effectually so as not to be hurt by them." On Easter Sunday, 1773, again, he took to church with him a special prayer which he had written shortly before midnight; "after sermon," he says, "I perused my prayer in the pew, then went near the altar, and being introduced into another pew, used my prayer again, and recommended my relations with Bathurst and Boothby [Miss Hill Boothby, who had died in 1756], then my Wife again by herself. Then I went near the altar, and read the collects chosen for meditation. I prayed for Salusbury, and I think the Thrales."

Johnson's walks to and from St. Clement's are not wholly obscure to us. It was in one of them that he met his old college friend Edwards, from whom he had been separated for forty years.

"In my return from church, I was accosted by Edwards, an old fellow collegian, who had not seen me since — 29. He knew me, and asked me if I remembered one Edwards. I did not at first recollect the name, but gradually as we walked along recovered it, and told him a conversation that had passed at an alehouse between us. My purpose is to continue the acquaintance."

Johnson did continue the acquaintance, Boswell being at hand to fan it into a flame. The three walked on to Bolt Court, Johnson and Edwards still making plunges into the past. When they reached Bolt Court Edwards was saying: "Sir, I remember you would not let us say *prodigious* at college"; and it was on this occasion that Edwards made that speech which Burke and Reynolds thought so exquisite. "You are a philosopher, Dr. Johnson. I have tried, too, in my time to be a philosopher; but, I don't know how, cheerfulness was always breaking in." Altogether, this was one of the Doctor's pleasantest church-goings. "It was a delightful day," says Boswell, who had accompanied him to St. Clement's. "Fleet-street would be beautiful; more delightful than Tempé," Boswell had hinted, and Johnson's emendation is historic, "Ay, sir, but let it be compared with Mull." Altogether, the records of Dr. Johnson which centre in St. Clement's Danes Church are many; and we shall be glad if their interest is accentuated by the proposed window.

PARIS LETTER.

(From our French Correspondent.)

BRADA has published a volume of exceedingly pretty tales—rather, little pictures, tenderly touched, pictures of childhood, of the French home, of fashionable life from the opposite point of view of Lavedan's, of Gyp's, and of all the other fast and cruel romancers of the day. There is no reason why the view of Brada, herself a woman of fashion and of the world, should be less true and accurate than the others, because she is tender, slightly sentimental, and pure. Her talent is not robust, not remarkable, but it is extremely sympathetic and delicate—feminine in the best sense of the word, as we understand femininity when we read Mrs. Richmond Ritchie. After the vulgar glare of Gyp, who seems to charge through social fiction with a horsewhip in her hand and a laugh of strident mockery on her lips, it is a relief to find a French woman writing peacefully under the soft shade of the domestic lamp, all glamour and romance and love of little children, breathing the witchery of perfumed happiness, without a word of cynicism, a vulgar tone, a harsh gesture. After the terrorising exerted by MM. Hervieu and Prevost, what an unaccustomed note this in latter-day French fiction, when Brada writes most lovingly and religiously of the mystery of maternity, painting the young wife with a husband who is still a lover, folding and unfolding in rapture all the little garments of the

coming child. "Is there anything on earth to equal the hidden joys of this last waiting, this *advent* of the woman, when all are so valiant before suffering and perhaps death! The youngest, the most beloved, have all felt full into their heart that thought, 'If I should die, as so many others!' and not one of them is afraid. The chapters on the little children are delightful, so unaffected, so natural, and so loving. Open *Petits et Grandes* at the reading lesson. Charm lies in its very artlessness: Loto won't read. "I'm tired. It bothers me." 'Come, Loto, for mamma's sake.' 'No.' 'Take care, Loto, I'm coming,' cries the father. Loto is not frightened; he frowns and closes his fists. 'It bothers me!' Mamma is distressed: to punish, to bring tears to those dear limpid little eyes, to see the sobs lift the little oppressed breast! What would she not prefer to that! She leans down and whispers into the little rebel's ear. He sticks his finger into his mouth, keeps back a tear, and glances at her out of the corner of his eyes; he hesitates, and then at last, sure and certain? Quite sure. Papa, without appearing to do so, has followed the dialogue most anxiously: he does not like to punish, but, nevertheless, he knows that he is justice. Loto goes over to him, still a little sulky and full-eyed; the mother pushes him slightly. 'I will read, papa.' 'What a good boy. Come and kiss me. Where's the little fellow that was howling a moment ago? Gone away! He'll never come back again? No, the policeman took him off.'" This easy, cheerful, and pretty sort of writing always makes pleasant reading, and Brada has the modesty and discretion to keep well within her limits in *Petits et Grandes*.

A very different study of modern Parisian life is M. François de Nion's ferocious and inhuman *Façades*. He paints the aristocracy as without a redeeming feature, though it is true the most infamous character of the book is an American princess. The writer has rather taken Balzac than Zola for his model, but the effect is, nevertheless, utterly gloomy, utterly brutal and unconvincing. It is a striking novel, absorbingly interesting, but hard to digest, without charm or passion, admirably constructed, with fulness of perception and observation, and a large design and presentment that promises much for M. de Nion's future. But we are too near the tragedy of the Charity Bazaar, too many hearts about us are still in mourning through it, for a novelist to make use of that catastrophe as a sensational episode. This actuality spoils the effect of a repulsive study of modern Paris. With its aristocracy in fiction (and note its most ruthless biographers are persons of society or fashion), and such Republicans in politics, where is France going? What will be her next development?

M. Henri Lavedan's new volume, *Les Beaux Dimanches*, is in every way inferior to that burst of ferocious cynicism, *Les Jeunes*. It is, on the whole, very thin, and passably dull. Like Gyp, M. Lavedan threatens to write himself out by a monotonous twanging of a single chord. He forces the note of cynicism, and, from dint of dwelling on the

void of modern society, his own interpretation, in the emulation of affinity, grows just as empty and vapid and stupid. *Les Jeunes*, like his amusing play, *Nouveau Jeu*, was aboundingly clever, full of wit, and provocative of laughter. It is impossible to call forth as much as a dreary smile over *Les Beaux Dimanches*. From constant study of the *suaire*, the author has lost both wit and cunning, and the *suaire*s themselves may claim him as one of the family. M. Lavedan's patriotism leads him into curious and bewildering inaccuracies of observation. A Frenchman is not expected to love the Germans, but even from the pen of a patriotic Frenchman such obliquities of judgment as the following are inexcusable. The German army appears before the grieved regard of a French officer and his son twenty-seven years after the war. Says the accurate M. Lavedan, "*one distinguished already the bestial faces, the bulldog Jews.*" Now the first thing I remarked on crossing the frontier, after a prolonged residence in France, where the men are anything on earth but handsome, was the general good looks, the splendid presence, the grave refinement and clear glance of the Germans, especially the officers.

H. L.

THE BOOK MARKET.

A HOXTON LIBRARY.

WE have so often in this column endeavoured to furnish criterions of popular taste in books, that we may be pardoned for quoting an interesting article in the current *Author*, in which such a criterion is put forward. Mr. Arthur Paterson, the writer of the article, describes a library for working men and women in Hoxton which was established in 1886. After flourishing for eight years it died, "simply because a large rate-supported free library took its place."

Those who joined it (writes Mr. Paterson), and paid their subscriptions to its treasurer, did so, firstly, because they wanted to read; secondly, because they found that, if they desired to read a particular book, that work, if not already in the library, would be procured for them at short notice. This is the point upon which I wish to lay most stress. Out of the eight hundred volumes which the library gradually acquired, all but a very small number were chosen by the members without suggestion or hint from anyone as to what they ought to read.

Of course the library had generous friends, to whose kindness, and faith in working men its success was largely due. Through these gentlemen, as the number of the members increased, consignments of all works named by any member of the library came into its possession. Lists were handed to the librarian from time to time, were examined by the committee, and passed on to the donors. Now and then some book was mentioned that could only be of very slight interest, and this was expunged from the list; but, during the whole eight years of the library's existence,

there were not a score of these. Thus, month by month and year by year, was collected a library of a class which its members, if they could have afforded it, would have had in their own homes. I hold a catalogue of these works. All of them have been read, and well read. Many had to be renewed a number of times, so eagerly were they sought for. I will write down these favoured volumes in the order of their popularity: *Adam Bede*, *Westward Ho!* *The Golden Butterfly*, *Lorna Doone*, *Green's History of England*, *David Copperfield*, *Ready Money Mortiboy*, *Jane Eyre*, *Wives and Daughters*.

In fiction, the favourite authors were: Dickens, Scott, Besant, Dumas, Miss Bradton, Wilkie Collins, Mrs. Henry Wood, Bulwer Lytton, Ouida, Mrs. Gaskell, Charlotte Brontë, Edna Lyall. [It is odd, considering the foregoing list, that George Eliot, Kingsley, and Mr. Blackmore are not named.]

In history, Green and Macaulay naturally came first; but Stubbs' *Constitutional History* was chosen by a cabinet-maker, and read by many others. Carlyle was represented by the *Cromwell Letters* and *The French Revolution*.

In science, interest centred round Darwin. *The Origin of Species* and *Descent of Man* were chosen early in the day, and much read. The political economists studied Mill and Jevons, and Spencer and Ruskin were frequently out. There were biographies by Ainger, Morley, Leslie Stephen, Disraeli, and Saintsbury. Travels by Livingstone, Ballantyne, Sir Samuel Baker, Miss Bird, and Stanley. Prescott's *Conquests of Mexico and Peru* were very popular. Motley's *Dutch Republic*, Lord Beaconsfield's *Letters*, and *Progress and Poverty*, all were there, with more "standard works" than I have space to name.

And what of the members? There was a rule that no one might belong whose income exceeded two pounds a week. Few of the people reached such luxury. The elder men, our committeemen and their friends, were mostly compositors, cabinet-makers, painters, packers, warehouse-men and porters. The younger ones, apprentices to cabinet work, upholstery, or piano-makers, printers' layers-on, and labourers of all kinds. There were a few shop assistants—but not many of these. The women were mostly work-girls of the average Hoxton type, who, to the number of seventy, greeted the author of *The Children of Gibson*—one concert night—with a shrill "Melenda" cheer!—tie-makers, feather-curlers, box-makers, dressmakers, tailoresses—pale anæmic lasses, earning, on an average, 10s. to 12s. per week. One of them, representative of many, told me when she first came that Miss Bradton was the only author she had ever heard of. I gave her Miss Bradton until she tired of that food—and then, as an experiment, presented *Adam Bede*. The result was astonishing. She was back in less than a week, all smiles. "I say, let's 'ave another of his books. I ain't ever read as good a tale before!" In the end, she said that *The Mill on the Floss* was her favourite. Another girl told me that, until she joined the "Lib'ry," she always bought a penny novelette every week. She had never done so since.

It may be said that the library was, after all, a very small affair. Undoubtedly. But I hold that in view of its quiet natural growth, the absence of artificial stimulus, and, above all, the entire freedom of its members to fill its shelves with almost any kind of literature they chose—the record I have given has a very important bearing on the future of the distribution of literature in a cheap form. Depend upon it, the writers of the Penny Dreadful and the Shilling Shocker hold their own simply from the cheapness of their wares. Place good works within the reach of men and women who rarely have more than sixpence or a shilling to spare for a luxury, and the circulation of the works of those who write good English, who can depict real life, draw real characters, and who have thoughts and ideas worthy of expression, will utterly swamp and crowd out the noisome trash which flaunts in the little East End book-shop windows to-day. Their circulation will rise from thousands to hundreds of thousands: from hundreds of thousands to millions. Brother authors—take courage! the 'popular taste' is sound to the core.

BOOK REVIEWS REVIEWED.

"STUDIES OF A BIOGRAPHER."

MR. LESLIE STEPHEN's two volumes of essays under this title are made the basis of many interesting articles. Some general views on Mr. Stephen's method of criticism are forthcoming. In the *Saturday Review* Mr. Arthur Symonds writes:

"Mr. Stephen's criticism is of a peculiar, personal kind, and it is marked, above all, by an extreme sincerity, which has moulded his style, not inelegantly, into simply the most direct of possible vessels for pouring fact and opinion from the mind to the paper. Among other qualities he has an intellectual mastery over fact, precisely such as he demands, in one of the pages before us, from the ideal biographer, whom he contrasts, very happily, with the 'dry antiquary,' to whom 'any and every fact is of the same importance.' And, through this peculiar mastery, he has the gift of always being interesting, no matter what he is writing about; for, in the first place, he never allows fact to stray from its logical place in an argument or an analysis, and, secondly, he humanises speculation while he intellectualises fact. At its best his criticism is philosophical criticism, and philosophical criticism which is kept close to life; even when, as in the article on 'The Evolution of Editors,' it is a kind of literary gossip, it is never mere gossip, it is always a clear, significant argument. And, with all his malicious wit, his criticism is always and conspicuously what so little criticism remains, when it becomes controversial, gentlemanly, in the most essential sense."

The *Athenæum* makes a somewhat closer, if narrower, definition of Mr. Stephen's critical faculty:

"Mr. Stephen is too individual to be spoken of as belonging to a school, yet his criticisms recall those of Walter Bagehot and his friend the late R. H. Hutton. Their method was in the main an application of Benthamism to the problems of literary art, and it cannot be said that the results were altogether satisfactory. Applied in the present instance to biography rather than criticism, the method is not so unfruitful. To

take a concrete example, it is rather a surprise to find Mr. Stephen paying very special attention to the question of Tennyson's income between 1831 and 1850. Yet it is obvious that these prosaic details were not without their serious influence upon the tone of Tennyson's poetry when it is remembered that the absence of an adequate income caused him ten years' separation from the lady destined to be his wife. So, too, in discussing Jowett: the financial needs of Balliol had doubtless an operative influence upon his peculiar attitude towards the ruling classes. But it is somewhat curious to find a discussion of this influence side by side with a serious attempt to value Jowett's contributions to the higher theology and thought of the mid-century."

Less profound is the *Times'* critic's remark that—

"No living man is more at home than he in the literature of the eighteenth century, and few, if any, have a better right to speak about the literary performances and influences of the nineteenth. Very few again can present the solid results of learning and meditation in so attractive a form; for Mr. Stephen's touch is light, and he writes even of his friends, the philosophers, with a pleasant humour."

Lastly, the *Westminster Gazette* declares that these volumes "argue much learning, plenty of dry humour, and very keen observation."

"SILENCE."

THREE reviews of Miss Wilkins's new volume of stories may be selected as typical. Several critics note Miss Wilkins's comparative desertion of her usual style in her first story, which deals with a raid on a New England village by the French and the Indians. "Here, however," says the *Spectator*—

"... we cannot help feeling that Miss Wilkins has done violence to her natural bent, and although there is rare pathos in the picture of the heroine, distraught by the loss of her lover, and unable to recognise him on his return from captivity, we infinitely prefer her delicate studies, at once romantic and homely, of the still life of rural New England. 'The Buckley Lady' and 'Evelina's Garden' are both in Miss Wilkins's happiest vein, in the cultivation of which she has no rival."

Mr. Henry James, writing in *Literature*, also points out that in her new book Miss Wilkins

"summons to her aid with much earnestness the predominant picturesqueness—as we are all so oddly committed to consider it—of the past. I cannot help thinking that, in spite of her good will, the past withholds from her that natural note which she extracts so happily from the present. The natural note is the touching, the stirring one; and thus it befalls that she really plays the trick, the trick the romancer tries for, much more effectually with the common objects about her than with the objects preserved, and sufficiently faded and dusty, in the cracked glass case of the rococo."

The *Daily News* critic finds in the volume nothing but Miss Wilkins's accustomed skill of presentation and charm of style.

"Her new volume, *Silence* (Harper), is a collection of six stories set in New England. It is marked by the vivid and subtle insight into certain types of character, the limpidity and precision of literary touch, the intimacy of appeal, the power of making her readers realise the atmosphere of the places described, that give so much charm and interest to this writer's

work. The style is a mingling of extreme grace and polish and of almost painful realism and force of descriptive power. There is a touch of sameness, perhaps, in the studies of the women who play the central parts in these dramas. They belong to one type. With their sweet formality of speech, their delicate decorousness of manner, their aloofness, their capacity of enduring love, they are the outcome of the fine disciplining and shaping power of Puritanism, and of its repressive and limiting influence upon life. The opening story, the name of whose heroine gives its title to the volume, is the most powerfully written tale in the book."

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Week ending Thursday, August 4.

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

THE MAN WHO FEARED GOD FOR NOUGHT: BEING A RHYTHMICAL VERSION OF THE BOOK OF JOB. By Otis Cary. Elliot Stock.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

THE LIVES OF THE SAINTS. New edition. Vol. XVI. By the Rev. S. Baring-Gould. John C. Nimmo.

POETRY, CRITICISM, BELLES LETTRES.

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CUBA: A SIX WEEKS' TOUR IN 1889. Simpkin Marshall. 1s.

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MESSRS. LAWRENCE & BULLEN, LTD., will issue in December *The Sportman's Year-Book*, under the editorship of C. S. Colman and A. H. Windsor. It is proposed to give a brief résumé of the incidents of the year in

all the chief branches of sport, and to include also reviews of the chief sporting books of the year. In addition, there will be the latest rules, laws, and records, with the statistical matter which will be required in a work of reference.

A NEW Anglo-Indian novel by George Dick, entitled *Fitch and His Fortunes*, will be published by Mr. Elliot Stock very shortly. The scene is laid in Central India, and the narrative centres round a notable fraud committed by a native of good position, which is detected by an English resident barrister.

UNDER the title *Imperial Africa*, Major Mockler-Ferryman is engaged upon an important work in three volumes, dealing with the British possessions in West, East, and South Africa. The first volume, subtitled *British West Africa*, will be issued in a few days by the Imperial Press, Limited. It will contain a large amount of hitherto unpublished information, much of it derived from the personal experience of the author in the dark continent.

MESSRS. W. THACKER & Co. are about to issue a new work on torpedoes and torpedo craft under the title of *The Torpedo in Peace and War*. The text treats upon all the conditions of torpedo service, with accounts from actual experience of the author of life on board these vessels. There will be about thirty full-page and a great many smaller illustrations, the greater part of which are reproductions of actual sketches made at sea on board torpedo craft by the author.

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REVIEWS.

THE GRAND MUJIK.

Leo Tolstoy: The Grand Mujik. A Study in Personal Evolution. By G. H. Perris. With a Prefatory Note by F. Volkovsky. Portrait and Bibliography. (Unwin.)

BIOGRAPHIES or biographical studies of living persons are things to be deplored, because they can neither be done with complete frankness or complete knowledge. It is true that a man like Tolstoy, who has not only utilised his personal experiences undisguisedly for the purposes of fiction, but has actually written his "Confession," courts this sort of comment. But the thing is not attractive, and even if done, it may be done better or worse, and, in our judgment, Mr. Perris has done it very indifferently. The work of a religious enthusiast, more than any other, requires to be seen in a dry light, and Mr. Perris, unfortunately, has the rhetorical turn of mind. His opening chapter upon Old and Young Russia is a declamatory harangue, such as makes one instantly think of Mr. Le Gallienne's Theophilus Londonderry, or any other Nonconformist orator of the new type, who preaches a seductive gospel of faith, art, and philanthropy, blended to taste, and is inspired by a touching faith that whatever is new must inevitably be true and right. Hazy views upon the part which the Slav is called to play in regenerating Europe are adumbrated in long vague sentences, not always even grammatical, and degenerating into the cheapest clap-trap. "What epical touch is there in the life of the consumptive mill-hand of Lancashire, or in the mind of the fleshy *bourgeoisie* or anæmic *dilettanti* of London?" The Russian peasant, the "simple toiler," is epical, it seems, because he is a fervent church-goer. Yet a little later on you will find Mr. Perris extolling the truth with which Tolstoy depicts the unspeakable squalor—mental, moral and physical—of these same peasants. Granted that there is an element of sublimity in the mujik's patient resignation—why not correlate these characteristics, the sublimity and the squalor, instead of setting one in false contrast with a false description of our own

people? Mr. Perris knows perfectly well that there are bourgeois in England who are anæmic, *dilettanti* who are consumptive, and even mill-hands who are fleshy—and robust too, as he would discover if he went to play football with them. This trick of throwing about meaningless adjectives indicates a mind which cannot be trusted to look facts in the face: it indisposes us to accept Mr. Perris's judgment upon anything, least of all upon a religious revival in a country where he has plainly not lived. Moreover, we have it against him that he writes badly; his pages are full of intolerable pedantries, words like "externalities," or "religious synthesis"; full also of foreign words dragged in needlessly, as, for instance, *mélange*, where "medley" would have served, and sometimes dragged in wrongly, sometimes ridiculously, as in this passage: "A score of labourers . . . ran up and down the gangway bearing huge bales and packages with indescribable *verve* and earnestness." After this trait of style one was prepared for anything; but even so it was a shock a few pages further on to find Tolstoy condescendingly spoken of as "the dear fellow." Mr. Perris's book, in short, is hysterical, and as the inevitable consequence it is incoherent. Yet one may try with its help to construct some brief sketch of the life which has produced this surprising latter-day saint.

Tolstoy was born in August, 1828. His father and mother both died when he was quite young; the mother was only a sweet memory, but of his father, an ex-colonel, devoted to cards and women, he has left a distinct and unsparing sketch in his first production. This was "Childhood," written at the age of twenty-two, when he was a lieutenant serving in the Caucasus. None but a man whose mind was almost morbidly introspective would have turned in the flush of youth to this minute record of the most intimate of infancy's sensations. Boyhood passed under the care of relations, and their polished life made the despair of this uncouth sensitive boy, who was to grow up into the Levine of *Anna Karenina*. Years at the University passed in a sort of lonely Byronic gloom, haunted with aspirations after the intangible ideal of woman. The army, as it would seem to us, made a man of him. He wrote *The Cossacks* among the wild Circassian tribesmen, and, despite all its queer undercurrent of self-disdain, the book is full of air and sunshine, full of that enjoyment of sheer physical life which inspired the famous description of Levine among his mowers. Severe exercise in the open air appears to have been the best anodyne for the spiritual uneasiness and searchings of heart which at all times beset Tolstoy; and this is a fact to be remembered in connexion with his doctrine of "breadwork," which enjoins upon every man as a duty to labour with his hands. From the Caucasus the young soldier went to the Crimea, and what he saw then he set down in his Sevastopol sketches, which made his literary fame. Mr. Perris rightly notes the affinity to Walt Whitman in these studies of war seen with no halo of romance, but simply

in its naked misery as it affects the private soldier—the conscript. But for several years after his return from service his career was very unlike Whitman's. He had reputation as well as money and position, and lived in the loose ways of a man about town. It was in 1862 that he married and settled down on his estate, happy in the family life, amusing himself with sport and endeavouring to benefit his peasants, while the main work of his pen was the colossal production *War and Peace*—not completed till 1869. In 1873 he set to work upon *Anna Karenina*, and told the story of his own courtship in the greatest of his novels. To Levine's speculations upon the best way of amending social misery in the peasant folk, one may fairly look for his ideal of duty at this period. It was the duty of the more gifted to the less gifted, of a superior to inferiors; yet it did not satisfy Levine. In perfect health, happy in his family, Levine was still haunted by the idea of suicide. A passage in *My Confession* states explicitly that Levine's was not the case of a fictitious character, but a bitter personal experience: "The mental state in which I was then seemed summed up thus: my life was a foolish and wicked joke played upon me by I knew not whom."

Endless speculation brought no comfort, but at length a new hope came into this troubled existence.

"Whether owing to my strange kind of instinctive affection for the labouring classes, which impelled me to understand them, and to see that they are not so stupid as we think, or thanks to the sincerity of my conviction that I could know nothing beyond the advisability of hanging myself, I felt that if I wished to live and understand the meaning of life I must seek it, not among those who have lost their grasp on it and wish to kill themselves, but among the millions of the living and the dead who have made our life what it is, and on whom now rests the burden of our life and their own."

So I watched the life common to such simple, unlearned, and poor, and found . . . that throughout mankind there is a sense of the meaning of life which I had neglected and despised. The knowledge based on reason, that of the learned and wise, denies a meaning in life; and the great mass of all the rest of mankind have an unreasoning consciousness of life which gives a meaning to it. This unreasoning knowledge is the faith which I could not but reject. . . . It seemed that, in order to understand the meaning of life, I must abandon the guide without which there can be no meaning in anything—my reason itself."

Drawn as he was to the peasant's life in itself, Tolstoy was inevitably drawn to the very soul of it—their childlike faith in Christianity. But the reason in him would not be smothered. He could not accept their creed, and his mind set to work to construct a fresh one. In his work the Gospels harmonised; he practically rewrote the New Testament, selecting and rejecting at will. The upshot of it all was a doctrine of quietism; a general precept to love all and offend no one, carried to the length of absolute refusal to resist injustice and oppression. The characteristic of the Russian peasant, his dumb patience, is elevated into the crowning virtue; and to it is added the injunction of breadwork. The division of labour is an accursed thing; we must all be

tillers of the ground, living literally by the sweat of our brows. It is a doctrine upon which the best comment seems to be Countess Tolstoy's, who refused to let her sons be turned into field labourers, saying that no one ploughs with racehorses. These two precepts of non-resistance and of breadwork, added to a wide charity, seem to sum up the practical side of Tolstoy's creed. The ideal life is that of the glorified mujik, so far as we gather his doctrine from Mr. Perris's laudable attempt to reconcile teachings as inconsistent with one another and as irreconcilable with logic as those of Mr. Ruskin.

It seems to a Western mind that Tolstoy has elevated into a general moral code the way of life which in his own case allayed the unhappiness of a strong physical nature united with an intelligence fundamentally diseased. For, let it be noted, the *Kreutzer Sonata* was written ten years after his conversion—after the new life had begun—and that work represents a morbidly exaggerated view of the part played in life by mere sexual appetite. He recommends to the civilised world a strong narcotic: he bids them drug themselves into a mental apathy, aided by stupefying toil. If that is Tolstoy's doctrine, all his practical beneficence, all the charm of his character, cannot make us accept it for other than a counsel of degradation. But so far as we understand Mr. Perris's account, it is at variance with that given by Mr. Jonas Stadling, who represents the action of Count Tolstoy not as an isolated thing, but as part of a movement. If Mr. Stadling is right, the case of Tolstoy has European celebrity because he is a great writer, not because his way of life is unprecedented. On the contrary, it seems that many of the Russian upper classes have adopted the peasant life, but not for their own sakes. Their object is not to sink to the peasant, but to raise the peasant towards them. We have no competence to decide between the two writers, but Mr. Stadling has studied Russia on the spot, and seems to us a genuine observer. Mr. Perris, as we have said, does not impress us with a sense of his perspicacity.

A LORD CHANCELLOR ON THE BIBLE.

Letters to his Son on Religion. By Roundell, First Earl of Selborne. (Macmillans.)

THOSE of us who can go back to the stirring times of 1868 will recall the consternation that fell upon the Liberal camp when the then Sir Roundell Palmer refused to follow Mr. Gladstone in his attack on the Irish Church. He was even then designed by the popular voice for the Chancellorship, had been Attorney General in the last Government of Lord John Russell, and enjoyed one of the most lucrative practices at the Chancery Bar at a time when the gleanings there were often richer than the harvest is now. Yet when long past middle-age, he gave up the ambitions of his life, and sank into the position of a private member rather than appear to countenance a wrong to the Church he loved. It was a great renunciation, but one which turned out in the end—as honesty

sometimes does—to be the best policy. His practice increased until he is said to have gathered in more fees in one year than have ever fallen to the lot of a single barrister before or since; while in the House of Commons and the country his reputation as a man who would denounce injustice even when committed in the sacred name of party rose to such a height that, when Mr. Gladstone's imperious nature led him to trample on the spirit, if not the letter, of Acts of Parliament—the Collier and Ewelme scandals rise before one as one writes—it was Roundell Palmer who was dragged from his retirement to make the best of what his followers confessed was a bad job. And when, in 1883, all ecclesiastical questions having been disposed of, and the Irish trouble not having yet risen, Roundell Palmer was given an earldom and the office of Lord Chancellor, the nation, instead of grumbling at the rather lavish bestowal of honours, only wondered that they had so long been deferred.

But, besides his proved integrity, Lord Selborne was popular for his piety. His religion was indeed just the decent, unemotional, undoubting devotion which the English middle-class—now, as always, Puritan—secretly love. Although seldom on his lips, it was always in his heart, and perhaps affected, to those who knew him, his gait and demeanour. *Vir pietate gravis* was indeed a phrase which seemed to have been written for him, and although during his life his only known contribution to theological literature was a hymn-book, none can doubt that, had he plunged into controversy, it would have been on some of the weightier points of the Christian faith. One would as soon think of a bishop dancing a jig as of the first Lord Selborne concerning himself about albs and asperges.

This little book, then, is exactly what might have been expected of the author. In the first of these letters, addressed to a son who must, apparently, have attained his majority a few years before, he uses language which savours more of the Solemn League and Covenant than of the Book of Sports. "I do not," he says, "grudge you these exercises, amusements, and pleasures, which are in themselves innocent, manly, and sociable, provided they are indulged in with moderation and in due subordination to intellectual and moral improvement"; but the main object of the letter is declared to be "the importance of a true knowledge of God, and the necessity of it as a foundation for such a life as it is my desire to see you lead." This forms a fitting prelude to the whole series, and he next proceeds to discuss in what manner this true knowledge can be obtained. It comes according to him both through the "Outward Light," or manifestation of God in Nature, and what he calls the "Inward Light of Reason and the Moral Sense." Even without revelation, he tells us, "there is, in the sensible universe around us, that which leads irresistibly to a knowledge of those attributes of God which we call Omnipotence, Omniscience or Supreme Wisdom, Omnipresence, Incomprehensibility, Infinity, and Eternity without beginning or end," and Pantheism, which would at any

rate furnish an explanation of this, he disposes of as contrary to "the common sense of mankind." As for the Inward Light or Moral Law, although he admits that it is itself a partial "revelation of God," and necessary to the understanding of Nature, yet when left to itself it is insufficient:

"The truths which the voice of Nature proclaim are inarticulate, and want definition and interpolation. The attempt to define, demonstrate, or analyse them by experimental or logical methods fails of success; and minds, which insist on experiment and logic as the only means of arriving at any true knowledge, are landed by these processes in perplexity, doubt, and disbelief."

Some further information must, therefore, be divinely given to save us, he says, from deterioration of the Will and Intellect, and can be looked for only in one place:

"The belief of Christians is that such further information has, in fact, been given, and is contained in the Holy Scriptures; and that Divine aid has also been, and is continually, given, in other ways, which the Scriptures disclose. This it is which makes the study of the Bible of so much more importance to us than any other study in the world."

Having thus laid, so to speak, the foundation of his case, the author goes to work to raise the superstructure. The Divine inspiration of Scripture he declares to be taught by the writings themselves:

"We saw that such a doctrine was generally freely and largely taught there [i.e., in the Scriptures], and as to some particular matter contained in the Scriptures, stated in terms very absolute and unqualified; but yet, that there was nothing said from which it would be a necessary inference, that those who were inspired to write those books were in all points small as well as great, and whether important or not to the spiritual purpose of the record, preserved from the possibility of error."

From this it seems that the reader is to be prepared for inconsistencies or positive misstatements in the Bible, but Lord Selborne will admit of none. The principle on which he proceeds is that if science is at variance with the facts detailed in the sacred narrative, it is so much the worse for science. Geology he declares to be substantially in accord with the first chapter of Genesis, and by interpreting the very clear words of verses 14-18 as meaning that the fog and clouds which had till then covered the earth cleared away and revealed the heavenly bodies, he does succeed in showing some agreement. But the evidence of the antiquity of man he cannot away with. "All that man *really knows* of man," he says, "comes within the limits of the received chronology [i.e., after 4000 B.C.], all known human history and literature, and all art higher than the modest stone-chipping." But surely in this Lord Selborne must have been, to use his own phrase, "improperly or insufficiently or wrongly instructed." At the time he wrote—viz., 1880—Sir Peter Renouf had already delivered his *Hibbert Lectures*, in which he stated the proofs obtained by Abbas Pacha of the existence of a high civilisation in Egypt at least 6,000 years before the date fixed by Usher for the Creation, and Prof. Sayce and others had made pre-

dictions, since abundantly verified, as to similar results attending the excavations in Mesopotamia. Hence it can really hardly be said that "the real weight of the argument rests more upon the chipped flints than upon anything else." But this question of the chronology is almost the only one in which Lord Selborne openly stumbles. In almost every other case he contents himself with suggesting what may be called reconciliatory theories. Is it suggested that the statement of Matthew that Judas after throwing down the pieces of silver and going out from the temple hanged himself, is inconsistent with that of Acts, that he bought a field with the money and "falling headlong he burst asunder in the midst, and all his bowels gushed out"? Nothing is easier to explain, says Lord Selborne in effect. The statement in Matthew may well be reconciled with that of Acts—

"if it be taken to relate summarily and by anticipation, what happened not on the instant of Judas leaving the priests and elders, but after the purchase of the potter's field with 'the reward of iniquity.' The words in Acts . . . are not inapplicable to such an involuntary acquisition. . . . Of this purchase he heard; to that spot he resorted for self-destruction. There, in a precipitous place, he (not 'hanged' but) 'strangled himself'; and having done so, his body might easily be found in the state described."

This very forensic reasoning reminds us of the advocate who accounted for the presence of a fatal dose of prussic acid in a corpse by suggesting that it was also found in apples, and that the deceased might have been eating apples.

We protest we see no useful purpose likely to be served by the publication of such a book as this. Lord Selborne's reputation for piety rests on too solid a basis to require vindication, and letters from a father to a son who is assumed in them to be already possessed of all the tenets of the Christian faith are not likely to convince those who reject any of them. To those who are abreast of current Biblical criticism the arguments contained in them appear but as the dry bones of a theology long since exploded. While to the scoffer, the fact that so shrewd an apologist for bad causes uses such arguments as we have quoted will seem but another nail in the coffin of verbal inspiration.

A SURVEY OF THE FRENCH STAGE.

The Modern French Drama. Seven Essays by Augustin Filon. Translated by Janet E. Hogarth. With an Introduction by W. L. Courtney. (Chapman & Hall.)

M. FILON has reprinted in book form the essays upon the French drama which he has contributed from time to time within the last year to the *Fortnightly Review*. The result is, perhaps, not quite a book; but it is a very agreeable miscellany of criticism upon modern French plays, actors, and critics. He shall define his own subject:

"The Romanticism of 1825-1845 gave France a school of poets and tried vainly to give it a

theatre. From 1875 to 1890 Naturalism, which had created a new form of novel, sought to establish itself on the stage; it failed, as Romanticism had failed before it. The thirty or forty years which intervened between these two unsuccessful attempts belong to Augier and Dumas, their contemporaries and their disciples."

We begin, then, with the French drama as it left the hands of Scribe. Poetry was a thing of the past, drowned in the reaction against romanticism. In the accepted form of Scribe's drama, with its exposition, its complication, its logical, ingenious, and smooth running *dénouement*, the most expert and successful playwright was Victorien Sardou—whom, nevertheless, M. Filon dismisses abruptly:

"The theatre only interests me in so far as it is related to the history of ideas and sentiments. I have nothing to learn from M. Victorien Sardou, nor will my grandchildren have much, as to the thoughts and feelings of the men and women of our time. He is not a representative writer."

But Augier, and still more Dumas, accepting the conventional form, poured into it their own thoughts, their anger or their sympathy; they were moralists and "philosophers" after the manner of France; that is to say, keen social observers who concentrated into aphorisms their judgments on life.

This, however, is, comparatively speaking, ancient history. We are all familiar with the sort of chorus-personage—say, Thouvenin in *Denise*—in whom Dumas used to incarnate his own clear-seeing intellect and who uttered the author's comment, standing a little aloof from the action. M. Filon becomes more interesting—though he is always interesting—when he comes to treat of the advent of naturalism. The school of Flaubert and Zola's Médan group conquered first in the novel. It was the slow and laborious task of M. Henry Becque to obtain for it a footing on the stage. Obviously the first principle of naturalism was that things must happen just as they did in real life. Characters could not be transformed in the space of twenty-four hours; events could not be neatly dovetailed into each other so as to produce complication and unfolding; in short, naturalism meant an end of "construction," and the conservative public of Paris hooted at M. Becque. But M. Becque went on, and in his effort to get dramatic situations out of real life he dabbled in the most unpleasant places, and so he became the parent of the *comédie rose*. M. Filon declines to hold M. Becque up to reprobation.

"Marriage, as we see it nowadays, defaced and corrupted by modern life, seems to me almost as contemptible as adultery. Restore its sincerity, its pristine beauty and sublimity, and I shall be in the front rank of its defenders."

When, we wonder, does M. Filon put the golden age of matrimony? In what century might not the *comédie rose* have been defended with equal sincerity on the same grounds? "The *comédie rose*," he says, "is not only a comedy which gives the heroine a villainous part; *rosserie* extends to all the characters, and, in fact, consists in simple

lack of conscience." And M. Filon frankly admits that such popularity as it attained to sprang, not from any perception of the serious meaning hidden behind this strange compound, but from an interest in the risky passages. It gained a hearing by its kinship with pornography. Imagine Maupassant's detestable but unforgettable story, *L'Héritage*, dramatised, and you have a fair idea of the sort of thing that Antoine offered his public at the Théâtre Libre. The end was failure, "a bankruptcy of naturalism," said M. Brunetière. But men of serious talent worked in the effort to get away from old formulas, and one may accept M. Filon's epitaph on the Théâtre Libre.

"The brave little theatre has had its day and done its work. Its decisive experience has resulted in the *reductio ad absurdum* of certain theories which will never reappear, and it has sown seeds destined to spring up and flourish in the drama of to-day."

When we come to the "New Comedy" we reach something cleaner and fresher: people like M. Jules Lemaitre, who at least are not afraid to be witty, and have no desire to be as dull, heavy, and brutal as, let us say, *La Terre*. The French genius reasserts its passion for social comment; you even find M. Brieux, who began as one of the naturalists, writing (like Mr. Bernard Shaw) plays with a moral—even with a purpose. It is no longer thought sufficient to present the audience with an action, and leave them vaguely to conjecture the motive of it. M. Henri Lavedan, M. Paul Hervieu, and M. Donnay give M. Filon grounds for hope. At least they have got rid of the ridiculous theories of the Théâtre Libre, and recognise that the drama, like any other art, cannot exist without conventions. Nature must be arranged in some kind of pattern. Still the conventions are minimised, and there is a real study of nature. Intrigue is not now the main object of the piece; the drama is designed, not to show an involved series of actions bearing on each other, but to illustrate psychological compilations.

"The new comedy is not in itself either moral or immoral; it lends itself to the Attic imagination of Montmartre. Perhaps to-morrow some Puritan may make it a vehicle for a sermon. Reactionary, bourgeois, anarchist, it is capable of anything. Even from a purely artistic point of view its tendencies are not yet clearly defined. It is only masterpieces that fix a style and make it definite. Then, but only then, the form will be perfect, and nothing more can be done but break it up to make new ones, and so deliver the masterpieces from that fate, at once the cruellest degradation and the height of glory—cheap and unlimited reproductions."

Are we, then, to shatter the mould of "Cyrano"? For M. Rostand's play is unquestionably accepted (in some quarters) as a masterpiece. "Cyrano" and M. Jean Richepin's "Le Chemineau" have not only restored verse to its place on the French stage—where it had scarcely appeared since the days of Ponsard—but have put a new hope and a new heart into the drama. M. Richepin's play rests on a theatrical convention—the pathetic fallacy that poor people are *ipso facto* virtuous. "Cyrano" we have all seen, and

it is impossible not to smile when an author goes so far as this in laudation: "I do not shrink from saying that 'Cyrano' is France, France at her best, France at the culminating point of her genius."

This is sheer ecstasy. "Cyrano" is a piece devoid of any human probability. The central idea, which culminates in improbability at the balcony scene, is essentially fantastic. Even the absurdities of Roxane, which are defensible artistically as being in the same key with Cyrano's extravagances, shake one's faith in the whole. Doubtless there were such people as the *Précieuses*; doubtless Cyrano, with all his attributes, existed historically; but they were personages so abnormal as to be scarcely appropriate for drama. Fiction cannot afford to be as strange as fact. Let characters by all means wear a ruff or any other travesty; but "thinkest thou that I have a doublet and hose in my disposition?" asks Rosalind. Cyrano has a ruff, double starched, somewhere in the recesses of his anatomy; his point of honour is more than Castilian. M. Filon may say: "Yes, this is all true; but M. Rostand is a poet, and a poet's first business is to make poetry, and he has made it. That is enough." Has he? "Je t'aime," says Christian. "C'est très bien," replies Roxane, "brodez, brodez." That is what M. Rostand can do. On any occasion, in any tone he can broder beyond praise. He can be witty, farcical, eloquent, tender, and even, at times, genuinely lyrical. But of the higher imagination, which fixes on the essence of a situation and writes it in a flash—like Webster's

"Cover her face; mine eyes dazzle; she died young"—

he has no trace in the judgment of a foreigner. M. Rostand has written an admirable acting play, but one too little rooted in human nature to hold the stage permanently. If it be claimed as a work of genius, one need only set it beside the great monologue of Don Carlos in *Hernani* to see its true value. Yet there is no doubt that a man who has done this may do infinitely more. How much had Shakespeare written when he was twenty-nine? M. Rostand will never write a *Lear*; but he might produce a delightful "Much Ado about Nothing," and we sympathise profoundly with M. Filon's rejoicing in the return of gaiety and imagination to the French stage.

A MODERN STUDY OF SANCTITY.

The Psychology of the Saints. By Henri Joly. Translated by E. Holt. Preface and Notes by G. Tyrrell, S.J. (Duckworth & Co.)

HERE is a very ably-written little book from the French; a prefatory study of sanctity in general, designed to introduce a series of biographies of the Saints which shall correspond to modern needs and methods. However you may dissent from it as to this or that conclusion, this or that argument, it

is a clever and valuable attempt to apply modern methods to ancient problems; from which men of goodwill may derive much profit, whether they agree with or contravene its author.

The regulation hagiography has been a compost of tedious moralities and platitudinous reflections, served up in miraculous jam to get it down the light and worldly reader's recalcitrant throat. Our ancestors, like children, enjoyed the miracles (as a kind of religious *Arabian Nights*), and, it is to be feared, skipped the moral reflections. Then came the reaction. The Saint was treated as a very great man, of most excellent moral attributes; with regard to whom there were certain legends not necessary to be forced on the reader's attention—like the legends of Egeria, &c., in the history of the early Roman kings. It was a very useful reaction, unless the Saints were to be on a par with the Enchanter This and the Magician That. But hypnotism arose, and the Psychological Society, and that eminent mystic, William Thomas Stead. The other-worldly side of the Saints was revived by the world itself. M. Joly's book endeavours to steer between both these modern attitudes, and to utilise both. It does not burke the thaumaturgic side of the Saints. On the contrary, M. Joly examines this at length, using the latest modern experiments for the purpose. But he strives to make it clear that—in the view of the Church to which the Saints belonged—such phenomena were but accessories of the sanctity; that the essential matter was the Saints' virtue. Nay, mysticism itself was not the science of wonder-working, but the science of divine love.

M. Joly comes to his difficult task unusually well-equipped. He has published previous books on the psychology of animals, geniuses, and criminals. It is this *rapproch* with science that makes his book interesting. Not many writers on such a topic carry a like weight of metal; religion, like politics, is a field in which every man thinks himself competent, needing no arms but opinion. He is of the "cross-bench mind," and is therefore likely to displease many. He will have no hard and fast line between the animal and the man, or between the various grades of human minds. Neither will he allow that everything may be traced to the mere development of our lower instincts. Mr. Leslie Stephen, in his new book, *Studies of a Biographer*, records a saying of Hawkins (Johnson's Hawkins) to the effect that Fielding had invented a new virtue, "goodness of heart," which was little more than the virtue of a cow. It delights not Mr. Stephen, as he shows by his ironical gloss upon it. Yet we agree with Hawkins—perhaps the only point in which we agree with that eminently disagreeable person. He meant the pet virtue which Fielding ascribes to all his characters designed for sympathy, to Tom Jones no less than to Parson Adams; and which in Tom Jones and his kind is supposed to cover a multitude of sins. This "goodness of heart" it is which Hawkins insinuates to be a mere animal good-nature, such as may be found in any dog worth one's intimacy. He might have gone further. There are much finer virtues

than this in any dog of really elevated character, the kind of dog with whom none but a man of truly superior nature can have understanding companionship. One does sometimes see such a dog yoked in fellowship with a Tom Jones; but it is always a painful sight; there can be no real equality in such a friendship, and the dog must probably undergo a subtle, if unnoticed, deterioration. Against this animal view of virtue, the idea of sanctity, as put forth by M. Joly, is a protest. He will not have it that sanctity is evolved from protoplasm; nor yet that it is a "sport," a "freak," as the Americans say, a special variety of the angel. His object is to show that the saint, in his most personal developments, never parts company with man. His contact with man, his charity, his zeal for his fellow-creatures, his wisdom and prudence, are easily established. It is less easy to show that his extraordinary experiences are based upon qualities existing in that humanity which does not pretend to the peculiar gifts of the saint. Yet this M. Joly attempts. He is helped by science, he is helped, also, by his study of the psychology of genius. This latter is a peculiar advantage for his task, which he shares with no previous student of the subject that we can recollect. The psychology of the poet, above all (or of the musician, or, less strikingly, the artist), affords the closest natural parallel to the special psychology of the saint. If M. Joly does not make quite what he might of it, this is doubtless because he is a Frenchman. A nation whose greatest poet is Victor Hugo cannot supply for study the highest and austere type of poetic psychology. A German with Goethe, a Spaniard with Calderon, would have better chance; still more the countrymen of Dante, the countrymen of Milton and Wordsworth. Nor can the mind of Dante, for example, readily be followed by a mind of ungenial national type. Englishmen have a special advantage in this way; since, as a Spanish critic has said, the authority of England in poetry can only be paralleled by the authority of ancient Greece in sculpture. Especially valuable is the comparison between the saint and the genius in regard to mysticism, and that contemplation which is one of the features of mysticism. And here, also, M. Joly makes too little use—we might almost say no use—of the comparison. Let us use the advantage of our nationality to consider the point a little.

Mysticism, M. Joly defines, following a French Abbé, as being the love of God. So also an English writer (Coventry Patmore) has defined it as the science of Love. The difference is characteristic. The Frenchman is the more rigid, the Englishman the wider. The Englishman regards all love as a ladder leading to the Divine Love. But in respect to the Saints, we may fairly accept the Abbé's definition, and call mysticism the science of Divine Love. This wide definition at once does away with the notion that a mystic is a man shut up in a cave or a monastery. But then comes in the bugbear of contemplation. Does not contemplation strike at the root of all external energy, nay, of reason itself? Is not the mystic

therefore, as Victor Cousin would have him to be, a man withdrawn from all modes of activity; yea, a contemner of reason? The idea is, that contemplation is something non-natural, having no root in the natural faculties. The answer is, that the poet employs a mode of contemplation. Most contemplative of poets was Dante; yet was the sometime ruler of Florence unfitted for external activities? Was the subtle logician of the *Paradiso* maimed in his reason? It is the old quarrel between reason and intuition. The weapon of poet or saint is intuition, and contemplation is the state, the attitude, which disposes the mind to receive intuitions. The supposition is that intuition is contrary to reason. But this is narrowing the term "reason" to a single faculty—the discursive reason, the dialectic faculty; as we say, the faculty of putting two and two together. This is quite arbitrary. Intuition is reason. It is a higher, a subtler, a nimbler mode of reason; it flies where the discursive reason crawls. The average man will not away with this idea, because it would be an admission that his own reason was but elementary. He has the true democratic hatred of distinction: he would clip the hedges of the human mind lest one spray shoot beyond another. "To have all men like me" is his unconscious aim. *L'homme rationnel, c'est moi*, is his dogma. Yet the thing is true; and it is only in modern times that the word "reason" has acquired its contracted and degenerated meaning. The insight of the poet springs from intuition, which is the highest reason, and is acquired through contemplation, which is the highest effort. For contemplation implies a concentration far greater than is needed for ordinary thought. We need not quote Wordsworth to show that such was the method used by him. So far we have been fighting the battle of the poet. But it is also the battle of the saint. These faculties native in the poet are the natural basis of what is called contemplation in the saint. The foundation is the same, the edifice more marvellous. The gap which appears non-natural between the saint and ourselves becomes apprehensible when it is bridged over by the poet, the man of genius. And so far from this mystic contemplation being inert and irrational, it is perceived to be the culmination of energy and reason. Let it be added, in fairness, that the poet does sometimes show a defect of external activity; but no such result is perceptible in the saint. On the contrary, most of them have been monsters of energy.

This is a case in which M. Joly might have used the comparative method to more advantage than he has done; but, for the most part, he uses it with excellent results. It is impossible to follow at large his very curious and interesting examination. But to any reader with a taste for the subject we can recommend his book as stimulant and suggestive, whether you accept his conclusions or not.

KALEIDOSCOPIC LONDON.

History of London Street Improvements, 1855-1897. By Percy J. Edwards. (P. S. King & Son.)

Illustrated Topographical Record. First Series. Edited by T. Fairman Ordish. (The London Topographical Society.)

THE first of these volumes, issued under the authority of the London County Council, is the most important record of its kind ever published. In it the manner of London's growth, the endless changes and renewals of her streets and houses, may be exactly studied. The period covered is certainly limited; but it is the vital period in which the Metropolitan Board of Works, and its successor, the London County Council, have exercised their powers. Each street improvement is described in a section by itself, with an illustrative plan attached, the plan being, in nearly every case, a copy of the one which was deposited in Parliament when the necessary powers were applied for. In all, fifty-four improvements are separately dealt with. An excellent feature is the insertion of two large maps of the whole of London—the first dated 1855, the other 1897. By comparing these maps the reader may study the general and special growth of London in forty-two years. Besides these contents, there are chapters detailing the methods of procedure and financial policy of the Board of Works and of the County Council, and schedules of the moneys expended by these bodies on improvements. In its entirety, the volume, with its maps and plans, forms a complete, if abstruse, record of the London street improvements of the last forty years. It might have been much more abstruse; but Mr. Edwards has wisely neglected the thousand legal points, settled in cases at the Courts, which have arisen out of the operation of the various Acts. The difficulties and incidents of getting the Acts themselves passed are, however, noticed.

Despite its intricacy and eye-vexing detail, this bulky work has an appreciable leaning towards popularity. With its two large maps spread out, or, better still, carefully removed and pinned to a wall, and with the book on his knees, a keen Londoner will find himself enthralled by the tasks which he will be too glad to set himself, of tracing and understanding such street-building schemes as gave us Garrick-street in 1861, threw Queen Victoria-street open from end to end in 1871, made Park-lane an artery, created Northumberland-avenue, and connected Shoreditch with Bloomsbury. Far excelling these improvements in magnitude we have the Victoria Embankment, which cost considerably over a million pounds, net: the story of this and its sister undertakings is exactly told, and we are even given the amounts of granite, concrete, earth-filling, and York paving which went to the making of the Victoria Embankment. The three embankments—the Victoria, Albert, and Chelsea—measure $3\frac{1}{4}$ miles in length, and the net cost of their construction approached two and a-half millions sterling.

Nearly every London street improvement presents some feature of its own. Northumberland-avenue, as everyone knows, meant the demolition, after a long struggle with hereditary pride, of the last of the line of Strand palaces; Shaftesbury-avenue was eight years a-building because the conditions imposed on the Board as to the rehousing of the displaced families were too stringent to be practicable; Hyde Park Corner was widened and improved by the co-operation of the Crown, and straightway became the field of a battle of boards and vestries as to its maintenance; Queen Victoria-street was driven to the Bank through disconcerting cross gradients, and the excavations were fruitful in Roman relics. The book yields its surprises and reminders to Londoners who are young and modest. How many of us bethink ourselves that the little curve on the south side of Holborn, close to Staple-inn, is the matrix, so to speak, of Middle-row, that island of unsightly property which stood in this part of the street as late as 1867, leaving but a narrow passage between itself and the present south frontage of Holborn? To sum up: Mr. Edwards' voluminous records are indispensable to every student of external London.

The *Illustrated Topographical Record*, of which the "first series" has just been issued, covers the years 1880-1887. Within that short period it forms an admirable companion to Mr. Edwards' official volume. It is a series of drawings, with notes, of the buildings demolished by the Board of Works during the years named. The artist, Mr. J. P. Emslie, has endeavoured to furnish accurate rather than picturesque records. His subjects include remains of Leadenhall and the old Guildhall, the houses of Lincoln's-inn which stood north of the gateway in Chancery-lane, Monmouth-street (now lost in Shaftesbury-avenue), Regent (now Piccadilly) Circus, and delightful nooks of Hampstead, Westminster, and Bermondsey. One could weep for the houses on the west side of High-street, Hampstead, which have perished for the sake of Fitzjohn's-avenue. It was well to sketch the timber houses which many of us remember at the corner of Milton-street, Cripplegate. In them the scribbling victims of the *Dunciad* may have lived, for Milton-street is but Grub-street disguised. Gray's Inn-road had some good old houses left in it in 1880, when it ceased to be Gray's Inn-lane; and three of these are delineated. John Aubrey passed under them in his time; and Langhorne, the translator of Plutarch, on his way to the "Peacock" to drink. Mr. Emslie's drawing, "Corner of Great St. Andrew-street and Monmouth-street," rather misses its mark; for it gives a view of the latter street, which—since it remains—we hardly need, while it scarcely touches Monmouth-street, which—since it is gone—we do need. Monmouth-street's character as an old clothes emporium has been supported by half our best writers, from Ben Jonson to Carlyle. We are glad to note that the London Topographical Society, which has recently been revived and strengthened, has another volume of Mr. Emslie's sketches in preparation. Indeed, we trust that the series will be well kept up; already the imminence of

the new street between Holborn and the Strand is a reminder that the time is short and the subjects for illustration many. Still down the years comes the voice of Bramston, crooning his couplets :

" All sublunary things of death partake !
What alteration does a cent'ry make !
What's not destroy'd by Time's devouring hand ?
Where's Troy, and where's the May-pole in the Strand ?
Pease, cabbages, and turnips once grew where
Now stands new Bond-street and a newer square ;
Such piles of buildings now rise up and down,
London itself seems going out of town."

BRIEFER MENTION.

History of Dogma. By Dr. Adolph Harnack. Translated by E. B. Spiers and James Millar. Vol. IV. (Williams & Norgate.)

THIS volume of the "Theological Translation Library" represents the second of Prof. Harnack's great work, from chap. vii. to the end. It comprises the history, therefore, of the elimination of the hypotheses which sprouted fungus-like upon the central doctrine of the Incarnation and its corollary, the doctrine of the Trinity—the heresies of Arius, of Nestorius, of Eutyches. To the men of our generation the question whether the Godhead of Christ was of the same substance as the Godhead of the Father (*homoousios*) or of a like substance (*homoi-ousios*) is no longer a burning one. We take these things for granted, or we set them aside altogether as idle. But, at the lowest, as affording matter for extremely nice intellectual exercise, they had an educative value that men of Prof. Harnack's school freely recognise. The decisions of councils, the concise propositions of the *credo*, may or may not represent objective truth ; the yare, at any rate, as appears from the extinction of the contradictory propositions which challenged them, valid conclusions from exceedingly obscure premises. And the process by which, as Prof. Harnack summarises it, "Men pass from religious thought to the philosophical and theological doctrinal proposition, and from the doctrinal proposition which requires knowledge to the legal proposition which demands obedience"—every science passes through an analogous process—was never pursued on a loftier plane than by the earnest, clever, ill-equipped Churchmen of the first four ecumenical councils. St. Augustine, the most brilliant figure of his age, is well described by Prof. Harnack as "a man whose mind was as sceptical as it was intellectually powerful, who revelled in the incomprehensible, driven about between the poles of a *docta ignorantia* and a knowledge which was replete with contradictions." The translators have done their work admirably ; and the pages are jewelled with Greek characters from a beautiful font.

A Text-Book of Botany. By Dr. E. Strasburger, Dr. F. Noll, Dr. H. Schenck, and Dr. A. F. W. Schimper. Translated by H. C. Porter, Ph.D. (Macmillan & Co.)

EXCELLENT text-books of botany are already numerous ; and yet we are grateful to the four distinguished botanists whose names appear on this title-page (and to their English translator) for the present addition to their number. Each of the four is a specialist in some one department of physiology or morphology ; and, as the result of their united labours, we have a work that must necessarily find a place on the shelves of every botanist who desires to keep *au courant* with the progress of his science. It is very interesting to contrast a botanical text-book of 1898 with one of (we will say) 1868. The use of the highest microscopical powers, the application to microscopical preparations of innumerable "staining reagents," have turned the attention of botanists, during the last quarter of a century, to a study of the minute structure of the vegetable cell, and to the complicated and recondite processes, physical and chemical, which mark its active vitality. In these researches Prof. Strasburger has taken a leading part ; and this volume may therefore be taken as an authoritative statement of the present state of our knowledge on the histology of the cell and on the phenomena attending the division of the nucleus and of the cell.

The various departments of morphology and physiology are treated with clearness and precision ; but the space given to the phenomena of reproduction in flowering plants seems to us altogether inadequate to its importance. And here we notice a serious omission. The date on the title-page is 1898, and the prefatory note by the publishers is dated September, 1897. On p. 66 it is stated that "motile male sexual cells occur only in the cryptogams." And yet in January, 1897, the botanical world was startled by the announcement of the discovery by the Japanese botanist Ikeno (since amply confirmed) of the existence of motile antherozoids in the gymnosperms, one of the most important botanical discoveries of modern times.

The systematic portion of the work does not seem to us so satisfactory as the structural. But it possesses two excellent features. The colour-printing of some of the illustrations in this section adds greatly to their lifelikeness, and is admirably done. Under each order there is a very useful list of the poisonous and officinal species.

William Dunbar. By Oliphant Smeaton. "Famous Scots" Series. (Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier.)

In the margin of the title-page there is the cunningest little red king, sitting cross-legged on a large crown, with a big head and hardly any body, bearing in one hand a squat little caricature of a sword, and in the other a policeman's truncheon ; on his head another crown. This is James the Fourth, friend and patron (to the measure of twenty—or at last eighty—pounds Scots per annum) to the author of "The Lament for the Makars," William Dunbar—friar, courtier, satirist, pimp, moralist, elegist, and as

many other things as may be squeezed into the skin of a single man of genius. Mr. Smeaton is just consumed with zeal for the memory of his brilliant countryman, and this "attempt to place before the reader in a popular form the facts in the life of one of Scotland's greatest sons" is manifestly a labour of love. He strives even to whitewash his moral character, and so far as concerns that "sweet assured foe" of his, Mrs. Musgrave, the duenna of the young queen, with probable success. These lines are hardly from the pen of a prevailing lover :

" White Dove, where is your sober humbleness ?
Sweet, gentle Turtle, where is your pity went ?
Where is your ruth ? the fruit of nobleness,
Of womanhood the treasure and the rent :
Vertue is never put out of meek intent,
Nor out of gentle heart is fund in pity,
Since merciless no noble wight might be."

But at this time of day we should probably be ready to condone any frailties that might be alleged against the "makar" of "The Thistle and the Rose," "The Golden Targe"—the man whose genius could imagine the weird horrors of the "Dance of the Seven Deadly Sins," and yet could sound an elegiac strain of such unmingled pathos as the "Lament for the Makars." Mr. Smeaton's little monograph will be of worth alike to those to whom Dunbar is dear and to those others who by it shall be guided into the garden of his beauties.

The Music Dramas of Richard Wagner, and his Festival Theatre in Bayreuth. By Albert Lavignac. Translated by Esther Singleton. (Service & Paton.)

THE object avowed by Prof. Lavignac in his preface is to provide for his countrymen "a real practical guide to Bayreuth" (including the times of the trains), and "to present the Wagnerian style in its own proper light, by dissipating the clouds with which it has been enveloped by certain of its commentators." In fact M. Lavignac has refrained from making his subject an occasion of literature ; he has confined himself, with a self-command as admirable as it is rare, to elucidating the text. There is a large class of musical amateurs, in this country no less than in France, by whom a work of the character of M. Lavignac's was the one thing desired. They are persons with a natural taste for music, and with a ready spring of responsive emotions ; they are vaguely stirred by Wagner ; they are even profoundly stirred, but unintelligently, and the consciousness of something missing is a vague vexation. The author's straightforward account of each drama, accompanied by transcriptions of the *leit-motifs* and by diagrams showing their recurrences and combinations, will furnish these with just the key they want. We may expect before the end of the expiring century to hear of the "Ring" performed to intelligent and appreciative audiences in Brixton and Camberwell. The bill-broker will pass along humming the "adoration of the gold" *motiv*, and the lodging-house general will twitter "the flames spell," as she kindles the comfortable coal. But what a new world it would be !

THE ACADEMY SUPPLEMENT.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1898.

THE NEWEST FICTION.

A GUIDE FOR NOVEL READERS.

IN THE CAGE.

BY HENRY JAMES.

The cage was the barrier that divided the little post and telegraph counter from the grocery department. They economised space in that shop. Shop! Cheese! Soap! Stamps! And this a novel by Mr. Henry James! Is it possible? We hazard an explanation. One day, no doubt, when Mr. James was buying postage stamps (perhaps in this very shop, for it is situated on the confines of an aristocratic neighbourhood), he must have thought, as a small white hand gave him his change—"All day this little shop assistant sits here receiving telegrams. She knows the telegraphic plots and plans, follies and fancies of half Mayfair. I will play with the idea. I will —." So, after all, the subject is quite akin to Mr. James's genius. (Duckworth & Co. 187 pp. 3s. 6d.)

DICKY MONTEITH.

BY TOM GALLON.

This story has the Dickensian flavour which gave joy to the readers of *Tatterley*. The hero is not very heroic, but he is a pleasant fellow; and his story is suffused in sentiment of a welcome bygone sort. There is a delightful old man who writes penny "bloods" for boys, named Pycraft. He exclaims: "You see, Mr. Hepburn, I'm purely a hackworker—a humble follower in the wake of some of the big ones who have gone in front. And my literary legs are so weak, and so short, that I find it very difficult indeed to keep anywhere near their footsteps. Now, Stevenson, for instance — He bowed his head, and closed his eyes, as though he had been to church." (Hutchinson & Co. 339 pp. 6s.)

TAMMERS' DUEL.

BY E. AND H. HERON.

An entertaining story. Tammers is a splendid Big Englander from South Africa, and in a Jersey hotel he speaks his mind so bluffly that he is challenged to a duel by a Polish Count, a deadly fencer. But Tammers has the choice of weapons, and he chooses—well, the last weapon in the world that you would guess. The duel is a great success—for Tammers. Here is Tammers's political creed:

"'What is an Imperialist?' I inquired with interest.

'An Imperialist,' replied Tammers, thinking out his answer as he spoke—'an Imperialist is a man who takes his hat off when the band plays "God save the Queen."'

'And a Little Englander?'

'That's the other thing—he's the man who gets his hat knocked off for him!'

A second, but much shorter story, entitled "Scanderson," is included in the volume. (C. Arthur Pearson, Limited. 215 pp. 2s. 6d.)

AN ELUSIVE LOVER.

BY VIRNA WOODS.

He is elusive because he has a double personality. That is to say, he is sometimes Gottfried Yäger, artist, and sometimes Geoffrey Carrington, drunkard. Thus endowed, he becomes his own rival in love, and murders himself. He is tried and acquitted. Finally his two personalities merge into one, and the story ends sanely. (Constable & Co. 208 pp. 3s. 6d.)

A STATESMAN'S CHANCE.

BY JOSEPH F. CHARLES.

A clever story, flecked with satire and pathos. A peer and a vicar are the chief characters, and the author loves his peer best—with justice. (Constable & Co. 314 pp. 6s.)

THE MODERN GOSPEL.

BY MRS. H. H. PENROSE.

A plea for simplicity and nature against modern *isms* and "smartness." A good deal of scorn is levelled at these, especially in the chapters dealing with the *Guiding Light*, an organ of advanced opinion. The editress is better than her paper and one day wearily

asks her sub-editor, who is examining contributions: "Have you come on nothing, absolutely nothing that expresses a generous sentiment, or a tenderness for humanity? I want a cushion; I am tired of paving-stones." (Constable & Co. 313 pp. 6s.)

A GIRL OF GRIT.

BY MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.

Tells how Captain Ward of the War Office came into a fortune, and was dogged by enemies, and guarded by detectives, and loved by Frida Fairholme. (John Milne. 217 pp. 2s. 6d.)

THE STORY OF AN UNTOLD LOVE.

BY PAUL LEICESTER FORD.

A love-story, told in the form of a diary, by the author of *The Honourable Peter Sterling*. As in so many novels of to-day, the literary life enters largely into the plot. (Constable & Co. 258 pp. 6s.)

DINKINBAR.

BY HERBERT C. MACILLWAIN.

There is good stuff in this story of Australian bush-life. But the author mars his pages by an extraordinary redundancy of trivial observation. "He tipped his cigarette ash delicately into the slop-basin with his right hand, folded the fingers of his left, and frowned judicially at his nails. Then he looked at the ceiling, inhaled a mouthful of smoke, and sent it thoughtfully and luxuriously in an upward blast. A pellet of bread his sister had aimed at a fly in the centre of his table struck him on the neck." Then he spoke his mind. Whereupon Susie "clenched her fist, as women and other non-boxers do, with the thumb imprisoned, and thumped it three times smartly on the table, making the breakfast things jump." (Constable & Co. 310 pp. 6s.)

FIONA M'IVER.

BY ARTHUR JENKINSON and EMILY J. JENKINSON.

A romance of the Western isles of Scotland. Secluded glens, boats, lairds, hot blood, a whiff of finance from London, some villainy, and Fiona M'iver. What pervades and remains is "the long low wail of the waves on the iron shore below, and the full moon, serene and beautiful, above." (Hutchinson & Co. 376 pp. 6s.)

IN THE SHADOW OF THE THREE.

BY BLANCHE LOFTUS.

Love and politics are closely interwoven in this story, which is laid in Venice and Verona, in the time of the Napoleonic wars. (Hutchinson & Co. 366 pp. 6s.)

REVIEWS.

The Story of a Play. By W. D. Howells.
(Harpers.)

MAXWELL was a journalist who was writing a play, and had married a trifle—just a trifle—above his station.

"The young actor, who thought he saw his part in Maxwell's play, had so far made his way upward on the Pacific Coast that he felt justified in taking the lead with a combination of his own. He met the author at a dinner of the Papyrus Club in Boston, where they were introduced, with a facile flourish of praise from the journalist who brought them together, as the very men who were looking for each other, and who ought to be able to give the American public a real American drama."

So begins the story of the play. Now, there are at least two ways of writing a good story. There may be nine and forty, and every single one of them right. But for present purposes we may distinguish between stories which deal with ordinary people and extraordinary situations, and stories which deal with ordinary situations and people which are only extraordinary because their situations show them up so clearly. The latter, perhaps, is the more difficult to write; for it is easier to imagine incidents than to know people. Excellent examples of either class are *Rupert of Hentzau* and *The Story of a Play*. Of the former we

wrote last week. In the latter Mr. Howells's method finds its most triumphant expression; for the story of the play, which is quite subservient to the story of the author and the players, and in no way out of the ordinary, is made to contain the story of several lives. In the writing and production of the play we have three planes of existence, as it were. We have Louise, the author's wife, who wants her husband to write a great play, and has given the most sacred bit of herself to the writing; we have Maxwell, who hovers between the ideal and the necessity of getting the play produced; and finally we have Godolphin and the other players who only want a part for themselves. Yet throughout the play—for the reader—is not the thing. It is the people you laugh at and sympathise with.

Take this piece of dialogue between Maxwell and his wife, when the play has reached the possibility of production:

"She pulled off his hat, and rubbed his hair round on his skull in exultation at having arrived at some clear understanding. 'I wouldn't have hair like silk,' she jeered.

'And I wouldn't have hair like corn-silk,' he returned. 'At least not on my own head.'

'Yes, it is coarse. And it's your's quite as much as mine,' she said, thoughtfully. 'We do belong to each other utterly, don't we? I never thought of it in that light before. And now our life has gone into your work, already! I can't tell you, Brice, how sweet it is to think of that love-business being our own! I shall be so proud of it on the stage! But as long as we live no one but ourselves must know anything about it. Do you suppose they will?' she added, in sudden dismay.

He smiled. 'Should you care?'

She reflected a moment. 'No!' she shouted boldly. 'What difference?'

'Godolphin would pay any sum for the privilege of using the fact as an advertisement. If he could put it into Pinney's hands, and give him *carte blanche* to work in all the romance he liked—'

'Brice!' she shrieked.

'Well, we needn't give it away, and if we don't, nobody else will.'

'No, and we must always keep it sacredly secret. Promise me one thing!'

'Twenty!'

'That you will let me hold your hand all through the first performance of that part. Will you?'

'Why, we shall be set up like two brazen images in a box for all the first-nighters to stare at and the society reporters to describe. What would society journalism say to your holding my hand throughout the tender passages? It would be onto something personal in them in an instant.'

'No; now I will show you how we will do.' They were sitting in a nook of the rocks, in the pallor of the late September sunshine, with their backs against a warm boulder. 'Now give me your hand.'

'Why, you've got hold of it already.'

'Oh yes, so I have! Well, I'll just grasp it in mine firmly, and let them both rest on your knee, so; and fling the edge of whatever I'm wearing on my shoulders over them, or my mantle, if it's hanging on the back of the chair, so—she flung the edge of her shawl over their clasped hands to illustrate—and nobody will suspect the least thing. Suppose the sea was the audience—a sea of faces, you know; would anyone dream down there that I was squeezing your hand at all the important moments, or you squeezing mine?'

'I hope they wouldn't think me capable of doing anything so indelicate as squeezing a lady's hand,' said Maxwell. 'I don't know what they might think of you, though, if there was any such elaborate display of concealment as you've got up here.'

'Oh, this is merely rehearsing. Of course, I shall be more adroit, more careless, when I really come to it. But what I mean is that when we first see it together, the love-business, I shall want to feel that you are feeling every instant just as I do. Will you?'

'I don't see any great objection to that. We shall both be feeling very anxious about the play, if that's what you mean.'

'That's what I mean in one sense,' Louise allowed. 'Sha'n't you be very anxious to see how they have imagined Salome and Atland?'

'Not so anxious as about how Godolphin has "created" Hazard.'

'I care nothing about that. But if the woman who does me is vulgar, or underbred, or the least bit coarse, and doesn't keep the character just as sweet and delicate as you imagined it, I don't know what I shall do to her.'

There are people—professors of psychometry—who claim to be able to delineate character from a wisp of hair or the paring of the nail. There are story tellers—they may be termed literary psychometrists—who can give a life in the description of an incident. The name of Mr. Henry James occurs at once; for Mr. James appears to go out of his way to find the most meagre of plots—as in *The Spoils of Poynton*—for the pure pleasure of showing that no man can lift his hand without giving himself away to

the observant writer. One cannot help comparing Mr. James with Mr. Howells, for the aim of the two is so similar, and *The Story of a Play* is a plot which Mr. James might be imagined to seize on with delight. He would probe his characters deeper than Mr. Howells. Indeed, he would be inside them all the time. But Mr. Howells is more dramatic, and not even to the most flippant reader is he tedious. To give more of the plot would be unfair, even if there were more. You must read the story for the pleasure of seeing ordinary human beings going about their ordinary business under a microscope.

* * * * *
Via Lucis. By Kassandra Vivaria.
(Heinemann.)

THIS is the cumbrous but not altogether futile study of a character. Arduina is not merely the centre of interest, she comprises in her complicated little soul the whole story of these 350 crowded pages; and though the reading of them is laborious—there is neither incident nor humour to lighten the way—the reward, such as it is, of knowing the young woman to her minutest thought awaits the conscientious at the end.

Arduina was the daughter of an Italian count and an Anglo-American mother. You see her first as a child, and the little scene in which she is introduced sounds the keynote of her story. At Cagiato's, the big shop in the Corso, after much search she had discovered the doll she wanted. Alas! before she left the shop it was smashed.

"The mother slipped her arm round the little girl's shoulders, and drew her fondly to her. 'You don't mind very much, darling, do you? You shall come to-morrow and choose another.'

'I don't want another,' moaned the child. . . . I didn't want any doll. . . . I wanted a doll like the one in my head, Theodora—she was Theodora; and . . . there isn't another Theodora in the world!'"

Arduina was always in pursuit of Theodora, and Theodora always came to grief in the moment of possession. After the death of her mother Arduina passed a stormy childhood in her black-guard father's house. She was prepared to make a Theodora of him, but he smashed her illusions with a fist. She read omnivorously, lying generally upon her back on the floor; but books became irrelevant; and presently, being sent to a convent school, the Theodora of the moment showed the features of a new world-wide religious order for women—an order of delightful comprehensiveness and all-embracing purpose. She wrote out the constitutions in a black book; you may read them in chapter xxv., and they are rather amusing.

About this time she fell deeply in love with a doll named Prospero, who commanded Torpedo Boat 113, and seriously proposed to herself to take stock in him. However, a subtle monsignore, her director, warned her against the danger of throwing over her vocation, and incidentally assured her that the sailor doll was intended for her friend Gabriella. So she entered upon the noviciate of the order of Santa Marta and a course of galloping consumption. Before she had pronounced her vows she was sent, for her health's sake, to the home of Prospero's people, where he still dwelt, united to Gabriella. The glamour of the ascetic life, and her faith in the unseen, had by this time gone the way of her other illusions; and her position, therefore, under this roof (for Prospero loved her, and cared not a centesime for Gabriella) was precarious. She was pretty reckless about things, and when Gabriella insisted on dressing her in a blood-red dress of her own, she gave herself over to her whim. In the centre of the crowd of women, as she stood,

"carrying her cowl and veil crushed in her left hand, while her right held the only candle so high that its flame leaped like a tongue of fire above her radiant head, the figure of the disrobed nun stood out like a vision more infernal than celestial, I am afraid; more terrifyingly human, perhaps, than either. She was strange, indeed, to look at, with her glean-catching crop of wild hair, her eyes that appeared consumed from within, and the peculiarly pathetic lines of sharpened chin and suffering cheek-bones.

Did she feel at that moment, I wonder, that she might have sat for a symbolic picture as the new archetype of an old rebellion, with that vestige of her monastic raiment held down, despised, by her thin fingers; the keen, real humanity in her face; and her Satanic livery triumphant all over her lithe limbs? . . . "

Before she left the house to return to the convent she had justified

the colour of her borrowed robe. For three years she hid at Assisi with an old nurse, and beat down the demon tuberculosis. Then Prospero came to her, being now free, and she married him. But this was not the end. This last doll wearied of her and was unfaithful; then he repented; and then she found that she was weary of the doll:

"At last, at last she started into full comprehension of the deep-seated egoism, never-to-be-satisfied, that was the only legitimate child of her self-taught soul, the only true passion of her maturer being. There it was, the sterile predominance of intellect, the hopeless perpetual need of conscious abstraction that had met her so often, greeted her in so many forms, and that she had never recognised."

This was the "light" to which she had at last come, at the age of five-and-twenty. And in the creature herself there is so much that is true and vivid, one realises her so completely, that, giving oneself up to the fancy, one could condole with her upon having been less happy than she deserved to be in her biographer. For the writer lacks so much—humour, tact, technique—of which her subject was worthy. The style is wordy and tiresome; commonplace alternates with a dull extravagance, and split infinitives straddle across every page. Yet, even though narrative explores no thoroughfares and backwaters with a persistent irrelevancy, from chapter to chapter the interest grows; and we have faith that the lady with the operative pseudonym, if only she would consent to learn and practise the elementary details of her business, might at last give us work as high above this maiden effort as *Via Lucis* is superior to the common brand of literary green-sickness.

* * *

A Romance of the First Consul. By Matilda Malling. Translated by Anna Molboe. (W. Heinemann.)

THIS voluptuous story comes to England stamped with the enthusiastic approval of Dr. Brandes. While we are unable to go so far as that illustrious critic in praise of the book, we can place to its credit a most entertaining afternoon. It moves, it beguiles, it pleads—but it never convinces. Napoleon was not like that, Edmée was not like that, Duroc was not like that: such is the reader's verdict. Yet all are excellent company, and much good writing has gone to the novel.

The story is this. Edmée de la Feuillade is a winning and beautiful damsel of Royal blood. We meet her first in the year 1800, when things were so gloomy for Royalists, and Napoleon was the adamant head of affairs. In the first chapter we accompany Edmée to Paris, to stay in the house of her fiancé, Louis de Chateauneuf, and endeavour to recover possession of her confiscated estates. Black hatred of the First Consul is in her heart. The Paris of that day is adroitly brought before the reader (indeed, the book is notable for adroitness throughout), and we are taken quickly into the best society. After some delay Edmée has audience of the terrible Corsican, and no sooner do their eyes meet than their fate is sealed—they are Affinities. Henceforward Napoleon is to be all in all to Edmée, and Edmée to be as much to Napoleon as any woman could be. Proud and refined though she is, Edmée hesitates at nothing. Napoleon's wish is her law. Until the last chapter the two lovers clandestinely love, and then comes the tragedy. Edmée drowns herself because, in the words of Dr. Brandes, "she could not survive the shame that would result when the halo which in her eyes surrounded her relations with Bonaparte should be extinguished, and when from a queen she should become a mistress like the rest."

Here is a passage. Edmée one night stays longer than usual, Napoleon being in a talkative mood:

"'You are a queen, as I tell you,' he cried enthusiastically, transported by her flashing eyes and proud expression. 'I once heard a story about a de la Feuillade, who, as a reward for his daring, was for one night the lover of Anne of Austria, and who was murdered next day by the servants of the Cardinal and the King. You have his blood in your veins. Oh!—his voice became almost harsh—a great name is a glorious thing—a splendid support.'

'As if any name were greater than yours!'

'It will perhaps some time become the greatest—perhaps.'

She removed his hand softly, and looked with a smile into his radiant eyes.

'Good night!—good morning! Oh! I no longer know when it is day and when it is night. I do not reckon my time by the sun any more; I count it from when I see you. . . .'

'In sixteen hours it will then again be day.'

She went to the door, but, with her hand on the knob, she turned and bent slightly back, while with one hand she raised her veil from her forehead, and looked lingeringly at him with her tender eyes.

'Napoleon,' she whispered softly, almost inaudibly. It was very seldom she dared to pronounce his Christian name, by which nobody called him any longer, not even his mother, but the peculiar sound of which she adored in the depths of her heart.

The next moment she was gone. Bonaparte seated himself smilingly at his writing-table, and immediately opened his large portfolio."

Dr. Brandes puts his finger on the special strength of this romance when he says, "Certainly, Bonaparte was never loved in real life as . . . he is loved by Edmée (and by the authoress)." The authoress's love for Napoleon is the making of the book. She has so thoroughly persuaded herself into an attachment for him, that the reader is bound to go on and on. This is the lover she would have a lover to be; and as the description of every woman's ideal lover is interesting, the book is interesting. Again Edmée possesses the authoress's ideal attitude towards the ideal lover, hence Edmée, being a genuine (although imaginary) creation, is interesting too. But it is not an honestly good book. The glamour soon wears off, and then weakness after weakness is detected, to say nothing of the unreality of the whole. But entertaining and voluptuous—yes!

A GREAT "COACH."

By the death of Mr. Walter Wren, India and aspirants to the Indian Civil Service have suffered a loss which, for some time at least, will be irreparable. Mr. Wren, who died on Friday last, was an instance of a man sorely handicapped in the race for success, yet acquitting himself with real distinction. Soon after completing his university course Mr. Wren was attacked by spinal disease as the result of a kick. "Such a misfortune" [says a writer in the *Daily News*] "would have overcome most men, but it did not master Mr. Wren. Though debarred from all activity of body, and compelled to maintain a horizontal position, he devoted himself to preparing pupils for the Indian Civil Service and other public examinations, and with such signal success that for several years 50 per cent. of his pupils passed the examinations, and in the last year of the old regulations he passed 9 candidates out of 13. In preparing candidates for the Army and the Home Civil Service he was hardly less successful, and for many years 'Wren's' has enjoyed an extraordinary prestige as the only sure portal to the Services."

Naturally this unique success caused many heartburnings in other quarters, and Mr. Wren, as we have seen, was called every sort of disparaging name. As a matter of fact, however, he was not at all a "crammer." His system was not in the slightest that of giving a smattering in many subjects. On the contrary, *non multa sed multum* was his motto; a minimum of subjects and thorough knowledge of these were what he urged upon his pupils.

"The popular idea of a crammer [said Wren, on one occasion] is that of a man who stuffs his pupil with knowledge as they fatten chickens, by means of a tube through which prepared food is forced into their gullets. But there is a difference between crammers and chicken fatteners, for the pupil of the crammer, instead of growing fat like the chicken, is expected to be able to secrete, or rather to exude on examination day, the material with which he has been previously gorged. Anything more utterly opposed to true education could hardly be imagined, unless, indeed, it be the system—inefficient, slovenly, and contemptible—which prevails at most of our public schools."

He was naturally proud of beating the public schools, and his success was certainly an extraordinary triumph for individual energy.

What, it may be asked, was the secret of Mr. Wren's success? Individual attention was part of it. He had a remarkable aptitude for discerning a boy's tastes and capacity, and he made each pupil concentrate on those studies for which he was most fitted. Secondly, he was a thorough business man and a relentless disciplinarian. There was great strength of will in his fragile frame, and he had the art of impressing it upon his pupils.

He said on another occasion :

"The moment I find any pupil weakening or impairing his chances of success at the examination—and every failure at an examination, be it remembered, brings discredit upon my teaching—I am down upon him. I don't preach to him and discourse solemnly upon his fate in the next world if he continues to indulge his passions in this. I say to him there and then, short and sharp, 'Look here, my boy; you stop that or you go. Your father has paid me to put you through, and if you do as I tell you I will put you through; but if you won't I keep your money and send you about your business.'"

Next to his scholastic work, Mr. Wren's interest was in politics. Ever an ardent Radical, he was one of the six founders of the National Liberal Club, and he contested several constituencies, though without success. For the London County Council, however, he was more successful, being elected to the first Council "solely upon public grounds, without canvassing, or being personally known to the constituency"—that constituency being North-east Bethnal Green. During his worst days, he lived, as we have seen, on his couch; during his best, he walked with the aid of two sticks. For some time past, a combination of maladies, brought on by the spinal disease, had gradually undermined his strength. "I should like," he once said, "to have inscribed on my tombstone :

"Here lies Walter Wren, the greatest friend of the British father who sends his sons to the public schools that ever lived. His exertions forced the headmasters to give parents at least something for the money they pay them."

But an even more fitting epitaph would be one referring to the superiority of spirit over matter, and to the triumph which his tenacity of purpose and strength of character achieved over physical infirmity.

A NOVELIST OF LONDON.

In the *Weekly Sun* Miss Ethel Wheeler is writing an interesting series of articles on "London of the Novelists." Her second article deals with Mr. Justin McCarthy, to whom the interest of London (writes Miss Wheeler) is mainly the interest of the past. It is the ghosts that walk her streets that make her chiefly so delightful and dear to him.

"London was to me, first of all, the London of Shakespeare, of Addison, and Steele, of Johnson and Goldsmith, of Dickens and Thackeray," says Justin McCarthy in a recently published bit of autobiography; and he tells how he used to haunt Eastcheap, and the Temple, and Wapping Old Stairs, and Southwark Churchyard for the sake of their historic memories. "I walk miles along the streets; every name brings such associations with it," exclaims Christmas in *Dear Lady Disdain*. The Dictator, as he looks out from the window of Paulo's Hotel, near Kensington Palace, on the public-house "which bore the name and stood upon the site of the hostelry where the Pretender's friends gathered, recalls the evil fortunes of the House of Stuart. Sometimes the ghosts, not of men but of buildings, hover about the place where they once stood." Here are some ghosts of Chelsea :

"I would rather have the old tumbledown lanes, and the wooden houses hanging rickety over the water, and the old shipyards with the painted figure-heads projecting their staring eyes over the walls, and the ancient, lop-sided public-houses rotting themselves in ease on Lethe's wharf."—*Camiola*.

But what street, think you, is the most haunted in London? What place, think you, is the most haunted in the world? More haunted than lonely Karnac, than the ruin-crowned Acropolis, than the Coliseum? It is St. James's-street, by all that's wonderful!

"St. James's-street is, to the true visionary, as ghostly a spot as any ruined temple that Egypt, Greece, or Italy can offer."

Here is a procession of the ghosts that troop by :

"St. John and Swift, Harley and Harvey, Johnson and Goldsmith and wild Richard Savage, the greater Fox and the lesser Pitt, and the Walpole who wrote letters, and evil 'Q,' and good Richardson, great Burke, and Beau Brummel and D'Orsay and Byron—what a company, what ghosts, what memories!"—*Red Diamonds*.

London is interesting by reason of its ghosts: it is beautiful by reason of their handiwork that survives them. The sordid West Central district, which figures so largely in fiction, seems to owe its charm solely to the fact of such survivals. "Here," says Justin

McCarthy, "many elements of the picturesque still abide," and he instances, among other "bits,"

"a queer red-tiled cottage, with a positive fruit garden behind it, and with latticed windows in its roof."—*A Fair Saxon*.

A sight sufficiently unexpected to fill "our West Centralist with amazement."

McCarthy's enthusiasm for London's beauty is not, however, confined to London of the past. The accusation of ugliness against modern London is, he says, singularly unjust :

"The new Chelsea that has risen on the ashes of the old might well arouse the admiration of the most exasperated foreigner. There are recently created regions in that great tract of the earth's surface known as South Kensington which in their quaintness of architectural form and braveness of red brick can defy the gloom of a Civic March or November."—*The Dictator*.

The newer school of writers, however, have taught us that the real beauty of London is not to be found in its buildings, ancient or modern, but in its unique atmospheric effects, the hurdling of London clouds, the mists on the Thames, the sunshine on tram line or telegraph wire. Justin McCarthy feels this in a dim, groping way: "It is June, and London is delicious," he says; and, again, "It was a beautiful autumn day. London looks to great advantage on one of these rare days." Indeed, this writer has a considerable feeling for London colour, and some susceptibility to the charm of London haze, and in *Miss Misanthrope* he attempts a long description of "a curious and very lovely sight," a fog over Regent's Canal at moonrise, in which he contrasts "the murky line of the water in the fog, the blackish grey of the spectral trees seen dimly through it, and then shades of softening grey," which melt imperceptibly into pale blue and the "glittering effulgent yellow in which the moon was circled." The description suffers from extreme prolixity; if he had but concentrated "his nebulous vapour into a star"!

Yet, despite this prolixity, these passages descriptive of the country in London are, perhaps, the most successful in his books. Indeed, there are several London trees that he has endowed with actual individuality. Chiefly, however, the Lebanon cedar remains in memory—the Lebanon cedar that lifts one into "a realm of beauty, and imagination, and memory, and brings thoughts and fancies of far-off lands, and Eastern skies, and Arabian Nights, and Sacred waters." This cedar stands in the Physic Garden of Chelsea—another of those London backwaters—which the Society of Apothecaries have just intimated that they are unable any longer to maintain. The beauty of this cedar, you notice, is the beauty of association; so the trees and fields of London are beautiful because they shadowily recall the trees and fields that lie remote beyond it. They are, as it were, the mirage of the desert of London, offering a divine freshness, a primeval vigour, which vanishes as we approach :

"Few sensations can be more sweet and tantalising than the sudden illusion of the country in the midst of London. It is like the breath of the west wind, that on a soft, mild winter day deludes and delights one for a moment with the thought that spring has come."—*Donna Quixote*.

In *Dear Lady Disdain* Justin McCarthy laments that we are not able periodically to watch "the edifying spectacle of the deserving and the undeserving persons passing each other as in an ascending and descending bucket, the one mounting heavenwards to Belgravia, the other going mournfully down for his sins to New Cross." Like Thackeray, he is always pondering on the moral cause of the decline and fall, and the elevation of districts. What were the virtues "that earned for South Kensington the title to go up?" he asks. But Belgravia and South Kensington are, he realises, Paradises not to the tastes of all. He wonders how people can prefer certain "shabby stifling little dens of gentility" in Mayfair, to "a mansion and grounds at Denmark Hill or Highgate." He himself has an affection for the lower planes of Chelsea; but his heart is given to Hampstead. Perhaps he does not take Hampstead quite so seriously as Dr. Robertson Nicoll and the Hampstead young men would desire. It is "a peaceful, a sleepy hollow, an amiable, elevated lubberland, affording to London the example of a kind of suburban Nirvana"; and with its "quaintly gabled, much verandahed, pointed, brilliant" red houses, it looks "like the Merrie England of a comic opera." And so we will leave this kindly and genial personality, standing on his beloved Heath, and looking out over the "vast agglomeration of buildings," "the countless spires" of the great city, to which, Irishman as he is, he has given so much of his love.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1898.

No. 1371, New Series.

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NOTES AND NEWS.

MR. G. N. CURZON, the new Viceroy of India, is the author of three important books—*Russia in Central Asia*, 1889; *Persia and the Persian Question*, 1892; and *Problems of the Far East*. The first edition of *Problems of the Far East*, which bears as sub-title "Japan—Korea—China," appeared in August, 1894, within a few weeks of the firing of the first shot in the Far Eastern war, with this dedication, which has a peculiar interest at this time:

"TO THOSE

WHO BELIEVE THAT THE BRITISH EMPIRE IS, UNDER PROVIDENCE, THE GREATEST INSTRUMENT FOR GOOD

THAT THE WORLD HAS SEEN,

AND WHO HOLD, WITH THE WRITER, THAT ITS WORK, IN THE FAR EAST, IS NOT YET ACCOMPLISHED,

THIS BOOK IS INSCRIBED."

A fourth edition of *Problems of the Far East* was published in 1896.

THE new Viceroy has a fine and catholic taste in letters. Each chapter-head of *Problems of the Far East* has its quotation from Wordsworth, or Horace, or Clough, or Cicero, or Virgil, or Tennyson; and the title-page bears this curious passage from *Purshas, His Pilgrimes*:

"And first we must begin with Asia, to which the first place is due, as being the place of the first Men, first Religion, first Cities, Empires, Arts; where the most things mentioned in Scripture were done; the place where Paradise was seated, the Arke rested, the Law was given, and whence the Gospell proceeded; the place which did beare Him in His flesh, that by His Word beareth up all things."

At Oxford Mr. Curzon won the Lothian Essay Prize, 1893, the Arnold Essay Prize, 1894; and his Balliol rhymes are not forgotten. Mr. Curzon's uncle was the author of *The Monasteries of the Levant*.

It was mentioned by one of our contributors last week that M. Maeterlinck's new book will be one of the publications of the autumn. Messrs. George Allen & Co. have, as a matter of fact, announced it for October, though we believe the intention was originally to produce it in September. It will be published simultaneously here and in Paris, Mr. Alfred Sutro, who was so successful in his version of the *Treasure of the Humble*, being again responsible for the English rendering. As it is evident to every student of M. Maeterlinck's career that his is a growing and developing mind, we may assume that alike in style and thought *Wisdom and Destiny* will be a very distinct advance on its predecessor. The hearty welcome accorded to the *Treasure* afforded proof that, in skilful hands, the essay, despite the preponderance of fiction, is still able to command a large number of readers. For the other, Gabriel Rossetti used to say that after passing a particular point a man's reputation grows of itself. This crisis, we believe, has long been passed by M. Maeterlinck, and it is a safe prophecy that his new venture will multiply the number of his readers.

THE arrangement of the discount question which the publishers and booksellers are now pondering is, of course, a compromise. To be accurate, it is the publishers who are pondering over it, for the booksellers and authors have made up their minds. The proposal is: (1) To retain the 3d. discount on all books published at six shillings and under; (2) to reduce the discount on all books published at more than six shillings to 2d. It is considered that this will greatly relieve the situation. The man who can afford to give more than six shillings for a book can afford (it is presumed) to pay a fuller price. From him that hath shall be taken away a penny of that which he hath: such is the new rule.

THE difficulty of enforcing the new regulation among the booksellers themselves has, of course, been considered. And an ingeniously simple plan, devised, we believe, by Mr. Thomas Burleigh, Secretary of the Booksellers' Association, is likely to be adopted. It can be illustrated thus. A book is published at 10s. It is not a net book, and therefore its selling price will be 10s. less 2d. in the shilling discount, i.e. less $10 \times 2d = 1s. 8d.$ This book, therefore, will sell at 8s. 4d. Now, under the new scheme, the book will be *invoiced to the bookseller at 8s. 4d.* That is to say, the bookseller will be charged precisely the sum he will himself charge for the book, but with a discount of 20 per cent. allowed *conditionally on his selling the book at 8s. 4d.* The invoice, therefore, translated into epistolary form, amounts to this:

I, — (publisher), herewith supply you, — (bookseller), with a copy of — at the price of 8s. 4d., payable in one month. Conditionally on your retailing the book at the same price, I will allow you a discount of 20 per cent. for your working expenses and profit. But if you sell the book for a less sum than 8s. 4d. I will allow you no discount whatever.

Thus the bookseller's mere acceptance of the book, and its accompanying invoice, is virtually a contract to sell the book at the regulation price. He may take the contract, or refuse it; but if he takes it he must keep it.

AMONG the lesser gods of fiction Mr. Anstey holds high place. His workmanship is deft, his characterisation sure, and his humour is his own. One grave fault he has, he does not write often enough. To be sure, an artist so punctilious about the central motive of his narrative (no motive, no story might be his motto) must produce slowly, and must totter in his walks when he thinks of the output of the machinists of fiction.

THEREFORE, we were really glad to hear, a few weeks ago, that Mr. Anstey was finishing a new novel, called *Love Among the Lions*. The first part is printed in the August number of the *Idler*, but, alas! *Love Among the Lions* is not a novel. It is only a little story in two parts, a jolly little story, but only a little one. If you want to be reminded how a "motive" should be handled, and how delightful quite simple humour can be when it is spontaneous, read *Love Among the Lions*. Mr. Anstey's humour is akin to Mr. Andrew Lang's.

MR. WILLIAM ARCHER is engaged upon a critical work upon our living poets. The book is not, as might be supposed, an expansion of the lecture which Mr. Archer delivered to the Society of Women Journalists last year. On the contrary, the lecture was an offshoot of the book, which was conceived at a much earlier date.

PRINCE BISMARCK's autobiography is the book of the near future. According to the Berlin correspondent of the *Daily News*, the book was secured by the firm of Cotta, of Leipzig and Stuttgart, in 1891. In that year Herr Kröner, a partner, visited Bismarck at Friedrichsruh. The aged statesman told him that he had been offered astounding sums of money by foreign publishing houses for his memoirs, but that as a German he wished them to be published in Germany. The correspondent says:

"The outcome was a contract with Herr Kröner. The publishers bound themselves not to break the seal of the packet containing the MS. until eight or fourteen days after the death of the Iron Chancellor. The sheets are for the most part in the Prince's own handwriting, and only the addenda are written by Dr. Chrysander, his secretary. The memoirs have not, as certain papers have asserted, yet been set in type, and though the work of getting them ready for print will be begun in a few days, it will be some little time before it is possible to publish them, since it is intended that the book shall appear in English, French, and Italian simultaneously with the German editions, and translations invariably occupy a considerable time. It is also intended to copyright the memoirs in America, and this will also take time."

Despite obstacles, it is hoped that the book will appear before Christmas.

OTHER and less likely reports concerning Prince Bismarck's *Memoirs* have been circulated. According to one, the MS. was long ago deposited in the Bank of England for safety. With regard to the handsome offers which Prince Bismarck received from foreign publishers, there is no doubt that some of these came from England. Indeed, it has been stated that one of the most enterprising publishers in London went to Berlin some years ago and made an offer of £20,000 for the English and American copyright.

"T. P." has discovered, or at least developed, the "Poet in Bismarck." Certainly, this quotation from one of Bismarck's letters to his wife is well found:

"I took a boat, went out on the Rhine, and swam in the moonlight, eyes and nose only above the tepid water, to the Rat Tower, near Bingen. There is something strangely dreamy to lie in the water on a still night, slowly driven by the stream, seeing the heavens, with moon and stars above, and on either hand the wood-capped mountains, and the city spires in the moonlight, without hearing anything but one's own gentle splashing. I should like a swim like that every night. I then drank some very good wine, and sat for a long time smoking on the balcony, the Rhine below us."

THE new list of literary and other pensions, issued last Friday night as a Parliamentary paper, shows that pensions amounting to £1,200 have been charged to the Civil List. The following are among the recipients:

Mr. William Ernest Henley (in recognition of his literary merits and of his inadequate means of support) ...	£225
The Rev. Canon John Christopher Atkinson (in recognition of the value of his philological writings and researches) ...	100
The Rev. Canon Daniel Silvan Evans (in recognition of his labours on the Welsh Dictionary and of his services to Welsh literature generally) ...	100
Miss Janet Mary Oliphant (in consideration of the literary eminence of the late Mrs. Oliphant) ...	75
The Rev. Dr. John Cunningham Geikie (in recognition of his services to theological literature) ...	50
Dr. John Beattie Crozier (in addition to the pension of £50 granted to him in 1894, in consideration of his philosophical writings and researches) ...	50
Miss Mary Whymper Isabella Shilleto (in consideration of the eminence of her late father, the Rev. R. Shilleto, as a classical scholar and teacher, and of her inadequate means of support) ...	50
Dr. William Chatterton Coupland (in consideration of his labours as a writer upon philosophical subjects) ...	50
Mr. Joseph Robinson (in consideration of his services to music in Ireland) ...	50

The official document rendered Mr. Henley's name as William Ernest Hanley.

HERE is balm for the Scot, whose dialect is rather under a cloud. A German philologist has discovered that a bargain can be driven in a certain Scottish dialect without the use of a single consonant. Take the conversation first in our barbarous English:

"Wool?"

"Yes, wool."

"All wool?"

"Yes, all wool."

"All one wool?"

"Oh, yes, all one wool."

Now if the wool-dealers were Scots they could carry on the same conversation as follows:

"U?"

"Ei u."

"Ae u?"

"Ei a u."

"Ae e u?"

"U ei, a e u."

THE passage of arms between Mr. Hall Caine and Archdeacon Sinclair is agreeable reading even to Churchmen. So far, the novelist has had the last word. The Archdeacon fired the first shot, and, being a bold man, he fired it in the very citadel of Hallcainism—at the Manx Agricultural Society's dinner, when he described *The Christian* as

"A pure and unadulterated work of imagination. There was no monastery in his archdeaconry. No such scene was possible as the quarrel about the prayer before the philanthropic meeting, and no such worldly and vulgar-minded archdeacon as Archdeacon Wealthy existed or could exist in London."

To this Mr. Hall Caine replied that there are two monasteries in London, and that the scene of the quarrel about the prayer actually occurred in a fashionable drawing-room at a meeting of a well-known philanthropic society, and the facts were reported to him by the chief victim and actor in it. The director of the society is a friend of Mr. Hall Caine's, and the presiding clergyman (he feared) a friend of Archdeacon Sinclair's. The author of *The Christian* remarked further that there were few words put into Archdeacon Wealthy's mouth which report had not already put into the mouth of some one or other living ecclesiastic of yet more exalted rank than that of the archdeacon. But he could tell Archdeacon Sinclair what ought to amuse him exceedingly, that perhaps the most disagreeable task which the publication of *The Christian* imposed upon him was that of preventing a writer on a prominent London newspaper from publicly—and, of course, erroneously—asserting that Archdeacon Wealthy was a portrait of Archdeacon Sinclair himself.

A FRENCH newspaper, the *Quinzaine*, has collected the views of the eminent as to what qualities, in their opinion, go to the making of a good writer. A number of replies were received, of which we quote two. Here is M. Maurice Barrès' reply:

"One who has something to tell me, and his chief effort should be one of attention, namely, to keep his mind closely enough fixed upon his thought to succeed in disencumbering the expression of it which he offers me. August Comte is, in my view, a good writer. . . . And for the same reasons I consider Stendhal and Balzac for the most part good writers."

And here is M. Marcel Prévost's:

"The good writer appears to me to be he whose style and thought mutually balance as the two members of an equation. Or, if a less geometrical formula be desired, he whose style is, for his thought, a perfectly adjusted and transparent garment."

THE convulsion among American literary papers, as a consequence, apparently, of the war with Spain, is somewhat extraordinary. It is impossible, indeed, not to suspect that literary journalism in America had been overdone, and that the war has been the excuse for withdrawal rather than the direct cause of it. The *Chap-Book*, as we have already noted, has merged itself in the *Dial*. We are now in receipt of the first monthly number of the *Critic*, this excellent organ having abandoned its weekly issues. We are rather alarmed to find the diminished *Critic* and the swollen *Dial* emitting cock-crows as follows:

"The *Dial* says that now, since the *Critic* has become a monthly, it has the literary field all to itself. Don't be so sure of that, my dear Mr. Browne. The *Critic* still is, and will continue to be, in the words of the London ACADEMY, the first literary journal in America." Clearly, we must be careful.

MEANWHILE, we sadly acknowledge that these changes are our loss. We liked our fortnightly *Chap-Book* and we liked our weekly *Critic*. The last-named paper—henceforth to be considered a magazine—has not changed its character except in the particular noted; and the "Lounger's" notes run to 32 goodly pages. The "Author at Home" is Mrs. Deland.

As the Mrs. Deland article was much paragraphed in advance, we are not surprised to find that it is a budget of personal traits and tattle, and a ratification of the sacred alliance between literature and upholstery:

"The maid-servant in attendance disappears in search of her mistress, passing up the carved white staircase with crimson carpeting, placed to the left, and treated with due regard to decorative effect."

"An india-rubber plant that is fast assuming proportions which threaten its banishment spreads its glossy leaves in the middle of the library, and, overlaid as it is, one cannot fail to observe," &c.

"In presiding at her table . . . it is simply astonishing how she [Mrs. Deland] continues to hold her place in the general conversation, while quietly mixing and adding the ingredients out of which some particularly delicious *plat* [Mrs. Deland is using a chafing-dish] is to evolve. . . . It is the very poetry of cooking."

THE magazine war has reached a curious stage. Messrs. Harmsworth announce that newsagents will be entitled to charge 3½d. for No. 2! The announcement of this concession is headed with the rather cryptic words:

"AT LAST."

"All the orders for No. 1 of the *Harmsworth Magazine* (amounting to 867,000 copies) have been executed, and your newsagent can now get as many copies as he requires. No. 2 will be published on August 22, and, in order that newsagents may be enabled to defray the heavy carriage on so bulky a production, they will be entitled to charge 3½d. for it."

THE series of articles which we published last autumn, and early in this year, on

"The London of the Writers" has a counterpart in a similar series, confined to novelists, which Miss Ethel Wheeler is contributing to the *Weekly Sun*. Miss Wheeler began with Mr. Zangwill a fortnight ago, and last Sunday she presented Mr. Justin McCarthy as a London novelist. Extracts from this article will be found in our Supplement.

MESSRS. LONGMANS are following their re-issue of the works of Lord Macaulay by many of the other volumes in their "Silver Library." It is impossible not to remark, however, that by using gold-lettering for the covers of their books instead of silver, as hitherto, the name loses its appropriateness. However, we would rather the word were retained than the metal—the coldness of which never pleased our eyes.

MR. JOHN LANE's many friends will rejoice to hear of his complete restoration to health. His marriage to Mrs. Eichberg King takes place to-day (Saturday), and the bride and bridegroom sail for America on Tuesday.

WE review this week in our Supplement a new Napoleonic novel, entitled *A Romance of the First Consul*, by Mrs. Malling. This lady is a Swede, and resides in Copenhagen. Her book was published four years ago, and ran through several editions. Mrs. Malling has written other books, including a romance based on the life of Rousseau.

QUOTING the new Southey letters from *Blackwood*, we gave an extract from a letter in which Southey declared he could do two things better than one; hence he was planning another heroic poem on which to work whenever *Kehama* dragged. It would be interesting to learn how far modern authors act on this principle. One supposes that Mr. Baring-Gould wrote some of his stories and some of his *Lives of the Saints* together, like Southey. It is said that a lady once asked him whether he was the author of "those beautiful lives of the saints," or "those atrocious novels." We note that Lord Ronald Gower has suspended his work in connexion with the *History of the Tower of London*, which he undertook not long ago, in order that he may proceed without embarrassment with his *Life of Sir Thomas Lawrence*. Every man decides for himself how he will work.

THIS self-conscious little passage is also from the Southey letters:

"A man loses many privileges when he is known to the world. Go where I will my name has gone before me, and strangers either receive me with expectations that I cannot gratify, or with evil prepossessions that I cannot remove. It is only in a stage-coach that I am on an equal footing with my companions, and it is there that I talk the most and leave them in the best humour with me."

MAJOR J. B. POND, the well-known director of various literary and lecture bureaus in America, has just received a medal of

honour for an act of gallantry he performed thirty-five years ago. It is given under the Act of Congress providing for "the presentation of medals of honour to such officers, non-commissioned officers, and privates as have most distinguished themselves in action." The letter from the Secretary of War notifying the award is dated, "Washington, March 22, 1898." The following is a statement of the particular service:

"At Baxter Springs, Kansas, October 5, 1863, this officer, then First Lieutenant, 3rd Wisconsin Cavalry Volunteers, and commanding two companies of cavalry, was attacked by several times his own number of the enemy's guerillas, whom he successfully resisted. The only field-piece was a howitzer, outside the breastwork. Calling upon his men to follow, he went outside the protection of his works, but finding himself alone he loaded and fired the gun three times unaided. All the prisoners who fell into the enemy's hands were murdered."

IN our Supplement we quote an interesting obituary account of the late Mr. Walter Wren. Among personal tributes to his worth none is more emphatic than that which Sir Walter Besant has sent to the *Times*. Sir Walter speaks of Mr. Wren with the authority of a life-long friendship. He knew Mr. Wren when his prospects were first blighted by his terrible spinal affection. This disease, says Sir Walter, was accompanied by the most cruel sufferings. It was eight years before he could take his degree; and then, afflicted and handicapped, Mr. Wren "deliberately chose a career which demands the greatest possible energy and the greatest possible power of work . . . he resolved to become a coach for the various competitive examinations which were then one after the other offering a career to young men, and especially for the Indian Civil Service." Sir Walter's tribute becomes warmer as it proceeds:

"I have never known in man a spirit so indomitable and a resolution so unconquerable. I do not know of any instance in which so much has been done against odds so fearful, under conditions so grievous. It was Prometheus bound, but at work, as well as the eagle. As regards his work, it was for a long time the fashion to call Wren a crammer. He was in no sense a crammer. He was a great teacher; he was also a great administrator. He perceived that the requirements of the higher branches of the Civil Service involved a more careful individual training than the public schools can generally give. He supplied that training. . . . He sent up his men for examination notoriously best prepared in those subjects which do not admit of cramming, such as languages and mathematics. His whole secret was to teach well and only to teach those lads who will work; those who refused to work he sent away. He made them understand that if they were to get what they wanted—the highest places in the successful list—they must put work before every other consideration. 'Madame,' he wrote to a lady who complained that her son did not go to church, 'my business is to fit your boy for the Indian Civil Service, not for the Kingdom of Heaven.' He took for many years his own share in the work, and in the teaching of history he had, it was said, no equal. Of literary work he did but little. I only remember a single paper from his pen; it was on 'Warwick the King Maker,' and it appeared some years ago in the *Quarterly Review*. He

contemplated at one time an essay on education and the public schools, but I think it was never written."

The Greyfriar contains a remarkable drawing, by Mr. Gülich, of Mr. Forbes Robertson. Artist and actor are both Old Carthusians.

"BORN IN THE PURPLE" is the title of Mr. Anthony Hope's next story. It will appear serially in *The Queen*.

THE following good story is quoted by "A Man of Kent" in the *British Weekly*:

"An American editor was told by a friend that a novel had been written by a brilliant young lady of New York, an heiress, of course, and everything besides. The story was well spoken of, and the editor expressed his willingness to read it. The young lady, however, said she would prefer to read the tale to him, so that she might profit by his suggestions. An evening was accordingly arranged. Unfortunately, the previous night the editor celebrated the birthday of a popular American poet till four o'clock in the morning. After this and a hard day at his office, he was not precisely in the mood to go to hear a story, but duty is duty, especially with editors. He arrived at the novelist's house, and was received with great ceremony, and ushered into the library, where his hostess, in an elaborate evening frock, was waiting for him. She soon began to read in a delightful musical contralto, which soothed the rasped nerves of the editor to such an extent that every few moments he had to sit up quickly to keep his head from falling forward. At last, however, he succumbed. His head nodded, then drooped, and then rested peacefully on his right shoulder. When he woke up he found himself alone in the room. An electric light was burning in the hall, and he hurried out to look at his watch. It was half-past twelve. He had been sleeping three hours and a half. Not a sound could be heard but the ticking of a clock. The editor walked softly and humbly down the stairs. In the hall he met the solemn butler, who, without even the suggestion of a smile, helped him on with his coat and opened the door, and closed it noiselessly behind him. Since that time, although the editor wrote a letter of apology to the authoress, he has received no communication from her."

By the death of Prof. Georg Ebers, at the age of sixty-one, the world has lost a great Egyptologist and a novelist of considerable power. Georg Maurice Ebers was born in Berlin in the year of Queen Victoria's accession. Educated, in the first instance, at Fröbel's School, and afterwards at the Universities of Berlin and Göttingen, Ebers quickly developed into an archaeologist of the highest promise. In 1865 he settled at Jena, where he became Extraordinary Professor of Egyptology in 1868. In 1869 he travelled in Africa and Egypt, returning to take up the Professorship of Egyptology at Leipzig. The years 1872 and 1873 saw Prof. Ebers again in Egypt, when he discovered the famous papyrus which bears his name, and contracted the spinal disease which crippled him until his death. Prof. Ebers' researches are perhaps hardly now abreast of scholarship. On another page we print a study of his art as a novelist.

THE ART OF GEORG EBERS.

IT is little more than a year ago that the ACADEMY helped to swell the chorus of congratulation which greeted Georg Ebers on the occasion of his sixtieth birthday. To-day it is our sad task to review the completed work of his long and crowded life, to pay our last homage to the skilled weaver of historical romances, who, full of honours and of years, has passed away this week. For, though a German born and bred, and though he always wrote for his fellow-countrymen, the memory of Georg Ebers will be held in honour by the civilised world at large, and nowhere in higher honour than in this country. For by the merit of his art the author of *An Egyptian Princess*, for all that he wrote in an alien tongue and looked on life, in many ways, with other eyes, won an English audience to whose taste and sympathies he never appealed in vain. The bare fact that there is not one of his historical romances which has not been translated into our language almost as soon as it had appeared in Germany is evidence of his popularity with English readers that speaks for itself. And with the exception, perhaps, of Gustav Freytag, Ebers was the only German novelist of modern times who has made his name far sounded among men beyond the borders of his own country. That his name is far sounded there can be little room to doubt. His first work of fiction, *An Egyptian Princess*, published more than thirty years, had by the beginning of the present decade already been done into fourteen European languages. It is probably more widely read to-day, though by no means the finest example of his craft, than it was when it first appeared in 1864. His work has therefore stood the test of time for more than one generation, and there are no signs that its popularity is declining. In the face of these facts it is, therefore, hardly an exaggeration to say that the death of Georg Ebers is a loss to the reading world. Certainly few English readers, who can appreciate what is best and loftiest in the literature of fiction, will grudge the tribute of a kindly thought to the great novelist who has fallen asleep in a foreign land, on the shores of the Starnberger See.

Though we may well recognise in Georg Ebers a master who towers head and shoulders above the dreary level of literary mediocrity, it would be presumptuous now to attempt to decide the rank he is destined to hold in the Vahalla of literature. Whether his laurels are evergreen is a question to which only posterity can give the right answer. For all the great and striking merits of his work, it must be admitted that its defects are not a few. There is a sameness about many of his Egyptian romances, and its characters are at times contorted into anachronisms in the author's endeavour to force them into their Egyptian setting without offending the tastes and sympathies of his nineteenth century readers. Georg Ebers, it must be remembered, wrote in the first instance for a very definite circle of readers. In every German household his novels were looked up as desirable literature for the young person. His latest novel was almost invariably to be

found under every Christmas-tree in respectable middle-class houses. And a man who revolutionised the publishing trade of his country, for until the demand for his novels waxed clamorous at Christmas time, German publishers had been wont to treat the last months of the year as the deadest of the dead season, would, of necessity—after all, we live in a commercial world—keep his finger on the pulse of his public. Hence there is some truth in the charge often levelled against him by the critics of his own country that his Egyptian princesses were often rather the model young person of modern Germany than genuine daughters of the Pharaohs. To these strictures Ebers has his answer. Let the critics who denounce him for putting the idea of modern civilisation into the mouth of ancient Egypt read the old Alexandrine comedies. There is, undoubtedly, weight in this objection; but, at the same time, however high may be the standard of civilisation we may be prepared to attribute to men and women who lived and loved many centuries before the Christian era, it is with something of an effort we remember that the warm debate in the salon of Rhodopis on the subject of women's rights dates from the time of Pharaoh Amasis. So, too, the main motif of that very touching novel, *Homo Sum*, entirely upsets one's preconceived notions of progressive development of the human intellect. Some of the motives on which the action turns would be complex and subtle even at this end of the nineteenth century. Again, Ebers, at times, seems to allow the daughters of the royal house to express their emotions more frankly than would seem to be in accordance with the conventions of the times. We imagine, for example, that Bent-Anat's frank avowal, at a public banquet, of her love for Pentaur—a very pretty scene from, perhaps, the most pleasing of all his romances, *Uarda*—would have scandalised the decorous Egyptian Court—which was not wont to see its rulers make a public spectacle of their emotions—to its depths. Yet, compared with the moving human interest and the sympathetic and firm delineation of character which all his romances display, to cavil at these and similar defects is hypercriticism. It was his great achievement, as it was his first ambition, to present the actors of his dramas not as stage puppets moving stiffly in an Egyptian masque, but as men and women of flesh and blood, with like passions to ourselves. In a passage in *The Story of My Life*, describing the genesis of his first romance, Ebers himself confesses as much. "The story in Herodotus," he tells us, "of the false princess whom Pharaoh Amasis sent to wed Cambysis, and who was destined to become the cause of the war which cost the kingdom of the Pharaohs its independence, did not stand the test of criticism, but it certainly held pliable material for epic or dramatic fiction. And this story haunted me." With the glance of a true romancer, he then, as ever afterwards, was attracted by the human interests hidden away under the bald statements of history. For a certain school of German critics who dismiss his romances with a contemptuous sniff

for "Professorenromane" we have no tolerance. Provided a savant has it in him to try his hand at fiction, we see no reason why the mere fact of his being encumbered with a professorship should perforce rule him out of court. In the case of Ebers this obsession is singularly ludicrous. The great charm of his work as a novelist lies in the fact that in his romances the sterling knowledge of the scholar was so happily blended with the strong imaginative power of the artist—a rare union, indeed. For Ebers was by nature a poet, and by training, by stern self-discipline, a scholar. Research and scholarship formed the business of his life, romance its pleasure. For twelve long years, after he had tasted the sweets of success with the *Egyptian Princess*, despite the most tempting offers of honeyed-tongued publishers, he sternly declined, so he tells us in his autobiography, to write another line of fiction until he worked out his salvation as a scholar. Possibly the characteristic warning of his old master, Prof. Lepsius, made a deeper impression than he has admitted. "For heaven's sake," exclaimed the eminent professor, as he turned over the pages of his promising pupil's first published work, "don't compromise your reputation as a scholar by extravaganzas like that." It was only when failing health forced him to retire from the field of active research that Ebers allowed himself to be beguiled down the pleasant byways of romance. It is just this profound and exhaustive knowledge of the scholar that lends such a charm to these "Professorenromane." Ebers could take the dry bones of Egyptology, breathe on them the life-giving breath of his imagination, and, from the great store of his knowledge, build up and revive scenes of a dead and gone civilisation, stirring with life and glowing with colour. It was, too, this same full command of learning that enabled the artist to read the characters of the great historical figures whom he loved to depict aright. Take, for example, *The Emperor*, perhaps the finest, most life-like portrait of Hadrian ever painted.

"One of the most difficult tasks I ever set myself," Ebers confesses, "was to draw a human likeness of Hadrian, from the many sources of information, so contradictory in themselves, in the truth of which I could bring myself to believe."

And how admirably he succeeded in developing the mystic complex character of the great Emperor in the course of a most fascinating story. Amid the many groups of varied nationalities with whom he peoples his crowded stage, the great Emperor is always the figure that rivets attention. Where a half-knowledge would dismiss his character as capricious and irresponsible, a deeper insight shows the innate distinctiveness and sensitiveness of his temperament. Take, for example, the famous scene in which Keraunos, falsely accused by his enemy Gabinus, falls dead at the feet of the Emperor. While he meets the pre-tentious dignity of the steward with quiet irony, in the specious accusation of the slanderer his demeanour changes into righteous anger and withering scorn. But when Keraunos, terrified at his master's

anger, falls dead at his feet, he is instantly all compassion. Eagerly he does all that medical knowledge can suggest for his stricken servant, but, when every remedy proves vain, with cold and chilling dignity he convicts Gabinus, who calls on all the world to see in Keraunos' death the judgment of the gods, of bearing false witness against his neighbour. Every incident throws its light on the complexities of Hadrian's character until we are forced to agree to the final verdict which the prefect of Egypt, a type of the old-world Roman *virtus*, pronounces when the slave-master brings him news of the Emperor's death:

"A great prince has passed away. The littleness that deformed Hadrian the man posterity must forget, for Hadrian the ruler was one of those men whom the Fates put in the place for which only they are fitted, and who, faithful to their duty, struggle unceasingly until their end. With wise prudence he taught himself to curb his ambition and to scorn the blame and prejudice of every Roman. . . . The Empire he delimited he traversed, reckless of frost and heat, from the one end to the other, and sought to learn all its parts as if the realm had been his entailed estate. His duty as a monarch drove him on his travels, and his restlessness made his duty easy. He was consumed with the passion to understand everything and to learn everything. Even the infinite set no limit to his lust for knowledge, and, ever eager to gaze further and probe deeper than is allowed to the human mind, he employed a great part of his mighty strength to tear down the veil that covers Fate. No man ever busied himself with so many side issues as he, and yet no other Emperor has ever kept the main purpose of his life before his eyes more resolutely than he."

Joined to his masterly skill in delineating character, Ebers always displayed a keen sense of dramatic effect. Even in his latest novel, written last year, when the burden of his years and of increasing infirmities was heavy upon him, there are many scenes, though during these latter years his stories seemed to become more mechanical and vague than were his earlier romances, will show that his artist's eye was not dimmed. Take the scene from *Arachne*, in which Hermon, the Greek sculptor, so wrapped up in his art that in every woman he woos he tries only to win a model and not a mistress, finds the Egyptian whom he has betrayed praying before the shrine of Nemesis (we are quoting Miss Safford's rather perfunctory translation):

"A dim light glimmered through the intense darkness. It came from the temple of Nemesis. . . . Two lamps were burning at the side of the door leading into the little open cella, and at the back of the shrine the statue of the winged goddess was visible in the light of a small altar fire. In her right hand she held the bridle and the scourge, at her feet stood the wheel. . . . With stern severity that boded evil, she gazed down on her left forearm, bent from the elbow, which corresponds to the ell, the just measure. . . . In the little pro-naos, directly in front of the cella door, stood a slender figure, clad in a long floating robe, stretching its hands through the cella door toward the statue in fervent prayer. She was pressing against the left lintel of the door; but at her feet, to the right, cowered another figure, which could scarcely be recognised as that of a human being.

Hermon knew them both.

'Ledscha,' escaped his lips in muffled cry, and he involuntarily stretched out his hands towards her, as she was doing toward the goddess.

But she did not seem to hear him, and the other woman also remained as if hewn from stone. Then he called her name aloud. And now she turned, and the faint light of the lamp revealed the noble outline of her profile. 'Ledscha,' he exclaimed, 'severely as I have injured you, Ledscha—oh, say not, No! Will you have me? . . . 'Get your answer from the goddess,' she interrupted impatiently, pointing with a grand and queenly gesture, that at any other time would have delighted his artist eye, to the statue of Nemesis in the cella. . . .

Meanwhile Gula had also turned her face to Hermon, and he now addressed her, saying, with a faint tone of reproach in his voice: 'And did your hatred lead you, too, Gula, to this sanctuary at midnight to invoke the goddess to destroy me in her wrath?'

The young mother rose and pointed to Ledscha, crying, 'She desires it!'

'And I?' he asked gently. 'Have I really done so great evil?'

She raised her hand to her brow as if bewildered; her glance fell on the artist's troubled face. . . . Hermon saw how her slight figure was trembling, and, before he had time to say a soothing word, she sobbed aloud, crying out to Ledscha: 'You are not a mother! My child, he rescued it from the flames. I will not, and I cannot. I will pray no longer for his evil!'

She drew her veil over her pretty tear-stained face as she spoke, and darted lightly down the temple steps. Bitter scorn was depicted on Ledscha's face as she gazed after Gula. She did not seem to see Hermon. . . . So he went back to the road and mounted his horse. As he did so his eyes again rested on the stern face of Nemesis and the wheel at her feet, whose turning determines the destiny of men."

The scene, even apart from its context, is singularly impressive. The flicker of light in the little temple, the sad figures of the women, the stern face of the Goddess of Retribution, the whole atmosphere of impending doom—all denote a touch of an artist's hand. Effective, and characteristic of the author's veneration for the love of motherhood is Hermon's appeal to Gula. It lends a touch of human sympathy to the grim intensity of the scene. In *Arachne*, too, there is a good example of Ebers' skill—a skill that can only be the outcome of intimate knowledge—in depicting a striking incident of the time, introduced only to lend colour to the scene (again our acknowledgments are due to Miss Safford):

"He (Hermon) stood there dripping, when loud shouts and yells were heard in the road for Pelusium, . . . and upon the flooded dyke appeared a body of men rushing forward with marvellous speed. The nearer they came the fiercer and more bewildering sounded the loud and shrill medley of their frantic shouts, mingled with hoarse laughter. . . . Most of them seemed to be powerful men. Their complexion was as light as that of the Macedonians; their fair, red, and brown locks were thick, unkempt, and tangled. Most of the reckless, defiant faces were clean-shaven, with only a moustache on the upper lip. All bore arms, and a fleece covered the shoulders of many, while chains, ornamented with the teeth of animals, hung on their white, brawny chests.

'Galatians,' Hermon heard one man shout to another. 'They came to the fortress as auxiliaries. Philippus forbade to plunder on

the pain of death, and showed them—the gods be thanked!—that he was in earnest. Otherwise this place would look as though the plagues of locusts, floods, and fire had visited it all at once.'

And Hermon thought that he had indeed never seen any human beings so fierce and daring as these Gallic warriors. The tempest which swept them on and the water through which they waded seemed only to heighten the delight, for sheer joy rang out in their exulting shouts. . . . When they saw the eyes fixed on them, they brandished their weapons, threw out their chests in conscious vanity . . . and gloated with the delight of children on the terror of the gaping crowd. . . . Lust of rapine and greed of plunder shone in many a fiery longing look, but their leaders kept them in check with their swords. So they rushed on like a thundercloud, big with destruction, that wind drives over an affrighted village."

In all Ebers' stories there are these graphic touches, in which he gives a stirring and moving picture of life and happenings among the common people of the time, not only in his Egyptian romances, but in his novels dealing with Germany and the Netherlands in the Middle Ages, which, often enough, are veritable *Kulturbilder*. The many-sidedness and the wide range of Ebers' craft were only equalled by his amazing industry. It must be remembered that the greater part of his novels were written in the rare intervals of leisure snatched from the hard work of exacting academic duties, and of scientific research and study. To give some idea of the wealth of the legacy he has left us, I have compiled a rough bibliography of the works of fiction which flowed from his pen between the years 1864 and 1897. The dates, I am aware, are very possibly open to correction, and I experience some difficulty in determining them with any degree of accuracy. The editions refer to Germany.

- 1864. *An Egyptian Princess*. Twelve editions.
- 1877. *Uarda*.
- 1878. *Homo Sum*.
- 1879. *The Sisters*. Nine editions.
- 1880. *The Emperor*.
- 1881. *The Bürgermeister's Wife: A Tale of the Siege of Leyden*.
- A Question: An Idyll Suggested by the Picture of my Friend Alma Tadema*.
- 1882. *One Word*.
- 1885. *Serapis*. Six editions.
- 1887. *The Bride of the Nile*.
- 1888. *Elifên: A Dream of the Desert* (in verse).
- 1889. *Gred: A Romance of Old Nurnberg*. Three editions.
- 1890. *Josua: A Story of Biblical Times*.
- 1891. *Three Märchen*.
- 1892. *Per Aspera*. Four editions.
- 1894. *Cleopatra*.
- 1895. *Die Unersetzlichen: A Fairy Story*.
- At the Smithy Fire: A Story of Old Nurnberg*. Five editions.
- 1896. *At the Sign of the Blue Pike*. Eleven Editions.
- 1897. *Barbara Blomberg*.
- 1898. *Arachne*.

And all these long and carefully elaborated stories represent only a portion of his life-work. His scientific writings have been left out of account. O. W.

CRUSOE SANS DEFOE.

SIR GEORGE NEWNES has prepared a highly spiced dish for the readers of his *Wide World Magazine*. A certain Louis de Rougemont has turned up after thirty years of adventure as a castaway and as a chief over savages, and his story, as told by himself by word of mouth, is now being reproduced in print, M. de Rougemont's veracity being insisted upon with sufficient emphasis. We are told that geographical experts have checked his story, and Sir George Newnes declares himself satisfied with its accuracy "in every minute particular." For ourselves, we dispute nothing. We merely remark that M. de Rougemont starts his story under two disadvantages. The first of these is that Sir George Newnes has expressed the opinion that his story has a merit beyond that of *Robinson Crusoe*, because, forsooth, Defoe drew on his imagination, whereas M. de Rougemont recounts his actual experiences. Thus is literature weighed in Southampton-street! The second is that M. de Rougemont's illustrator imparts a certain comic unreality to the very adventures which in the text we are to consider "accurate in every particular."

M. de Rougemont tells us he was born in 1844. When about nineteen his mother encouraged him to travel, and he went to Cairo and thence on to Singapore. He was the possessor of 7,000 francs, and at Singapore a Mr. Shakespeare introduced M. de Rougemont, and his money, to a Dutch pearl fisher, named Peter Jensen. With Jensen and his Malay crew our hero went pearl fishing off the coast of New Guinea, and very interesting is M. de Rougemont's account of the diving work and its dangers. One of the dangers was octopuses; and we will at once proceed to give a sample of M. de Rougemont's matter and style:

"The greatest enemy the divers had to fear in these waters was the dreaded octopus, whose presence occasioned far greater panic than the appearance of a mere shark.

These loathsome monsters would sometimes come and throw their horrible tentacles over the side of the frail craft from which the divers were working, and actually fasten on to the men themselves, dragging them out into the water. At other times octopuses have been known to attack the divers down below, and hold them relentlessly under water until life was extinct. One of our own men had a terribly narrow escape from one of these fearful creatures. I must explain, however, that each evening, when the divers returned from pearl fishing, they roped all their little skiffs together and let them lie astern of the schooner. Well, one night the wind rose and rain fell heavily, with the result that next morning all the little boats were found more or less waterlogged. Some of the Malays were told off to go and bale them out. Whilst they were at work, one of the men saw a mysterious-looking black object in the sea, which so attracted his curiosity that he dived overboard to find out what it was. He had barely reached the water, however, when an immense octopus rose into view, and at once made for the terrified man, who instantly saw his danger, and, with great presence of mind, promptly turned and scrambled back into the boat.

The terrible creature was after him, however, and, to the horror of the onlookers, it extended its great flexible tentacles, enveloped the entire

boat, man and all, and then dragged the whole down under the crystal sea. The diver's horrified comrades rushed to his assistance, and an attempt was made to kill the octopus with a harpoon, but without success. Several of his more resourceful companions then dived into the water with a big net made of rope, which they took right underneath the octopus, entangling the creature and its still living prey. The next step was to drag up both man and octopus into the whale-boat, and this done, the unfortunate Malay was at length seized by his legs, and dragged by sheer force out of the frightful embrace, more dead than alive. However, we soon revived him by putting him in a very hot bath, the water being at such a temperature as actually to blister his skin. It is most remarkable that the man was not altogether drowned, as he had been held under water by the tentacles of the octopus for rather more than two minutes. But, like all the Malays of our party, this man carried a knife, which he used to very good purpose on the monster's body when first it dragged him under the water. These repeated stabs caused the creature to keep rolling about on the surface. The unhappy man was in this way enabled to get an occasional breath of air, otherwise he must infallibly have been drowned. The octopus had an oval body, and was provided with an extraordinary number of tentacles—six very large ones and many smaller ones of varying sizes. It was a horrible looking creature, with a flat, slimy body, yellowish-white in colour, with black spots, and a hideous cavity of a mouth, without teeth. It is the tentacles of the creature that are so dreaded, on account of the immense sucking power which they possess."

We wish we could reproduce the illustration accompanying this description. It is in the best manner of the penny adventure artist; the adjective "horrible" was coined for it.

A great storm came up. Jensen had been tempted, by the discovery of three black pearls, to prolong his fishing into the dangerous season of the monsoons. One day the entire pearl fishing party was carried out to sea, leaving de Rougemont and the dog, Bruno, alone on the ship. How the twain drifted for days, gliding close to island banks from which blacks hurled spears and boomerangs at the vessel, is told in graphic style. A storm more terrible than any previous one finally wrecked the ship on the reef of a lonely island, and man and dog surveyed the cruel waves and the repellent shore.

"Up and up came the inexorable water, and at last, signalling to Bruno to follow me, I leaped into the sea and commenced to swim towards the sandbank. Of course, all the boats had been lost when the pearly fleet disappeared. The sea was still very rough, and as the tide was against us, I found it extremely exhausting work. The dog seemed to understand that I was finding it a dreadful strain, for he swam immediately in front of me, and kept turning round again and again as though to see if I were following safely.

By dint of tremendous struggling I managed to get close up to the shore, but found it utterly impossible to climb up and land. Every time I essayed to plant my legs on the beach, the irresistible backwash swept me down, and in my exhausted condition this filled me with despair. On one occasion this backwash sent me rolling over into deep water again, and I am sure I should have been drowned had not my brave dog come to my rescue and grasped me by my hair, which, I should have explained, was very long, never having been cut since my

childhood. Well, my dog tugged and tugged at me until he had got me half-way through the breakers, and this exertion didn't seem to cause him much trouble in swimming.

I then exerted myself sufficiently to allow of his letting go my hair, whilst I took the end of his tail between my teeth, and let him help me ashore in this peculiar way. He was a remarkably strong and sagacious brute—an Australian dog—and he seemed to enjoy the task. At length I found myself on my legs upon the beach, though hardly able to move from exhaustion of mind and body. When at length I had recovered sufficiently to walk about, I made a hasty survey of the little island or sandbank upon which I found myself. Thank God, I did not realise at that moment that I should have to spend a soul-killing *two and a half years* on that desolate, microscopical strip of sand! Had I done so I must have gone raving mad. It was an appalling dreary-looking spot, without one single tree or bush growing upon it to relieve the terrible monotony. I tell you, words can never describe the horror of the agonising months as they crawled by. 'My island' was nothing but a little sand-pit, with here and there a few tufts of grass struggling through its parched surface.

Think of it, ye who have envied the fate of the castaway on a gorgeous and fertile tropical island miles in extent! It was *barely a hundred yards in length, ten yards wide, and only eight feet above sea-level at high water!* There was no sign of animal life upon it, but birds were plentiful enough, particularly pelicans. My tour of the island occupied perhaps ten minutes, and you may perhaps form some conception of my utter dismay on failing to come across any trace of fresh water."

The author's descriptions of his life on this scant foothold are certainly interesting, and his experiences repeat Robinson Crusoe's rather remarkably. Returning at intervals to his wrecked ship, he brought various stores to shore on a raft, including a bow and arrows—of all weapons—with which he proposed to kill birds and animals. He lit a fire by obtaining a spark from a tomahawk and a stone, and this fire he never allowed to go out during his stay on the island. He computed his time by a dial of pearl shells and an almanack similarly constructed. He raised crops of maize and cob-corn. He built a boat, and like Crusoe found he could not convey it to the sea. But whereas Crusoe bore disappointment philosophically, M. de Rougemont beat his head with his clenched fists when he realised his error. However, M. de Rougemont could sail his boat up and down a little lagoon, and when he was tired of this he would take a ride on the back of a turtle. The picture of M. de Rougemont doing this, and steering the turtle by gently guiding its head with his outstretched feet, is a thought too convincing. The turtle is as docile as a cab-horse. Among queer things M. de Rougemont did, he made a drum out of a barrel and accompanied his own singing with a vigorous tattoo, while his dog, Bruno, howled in alternate joy and distress. "I was ready," he says, "to do almost anything to drown that ceaseless *cr—ash, cr—ash* of the breakers on the beach, from whose melancholy and monotonous roar I could never escape for a single moment throughout the whole of the long day and oppressive night." M. de Rougemont's narrative is undeniably interesting. It will become not less, but,

we think, more interesting when it ceases to parody that of Defoe's hero. M. de Rougemont's adventures may be "accurate in every particular," but his desert island is notable chiefly as a coincidence. And Crusoe's adventures without Defoe's style are rather like palled punch.

THE SUGGESTION BOOK IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM READING ROOM.

It lies on a book-rest, nearly under the zenith of the Reading Room dome. You do not often see a reader making an entry, yet the entries multiply. All such books are interesting, and this book—the most significant register in all London of man's hunger for knowledge—is worth study in an interval of waiting. Its purpose is a simple one: to enable readers to notify to the Principal Librarian their desire that books which are not in the catalogue—or which they cannot find in the catalogue—may be obtained and made available. It is the practice of the authorities to enter a reply to each suggestion in the margin. The result is a revelation of the variety of men's minds; the entries being one long confirmation of the proverb, "Every bullet finds its billet." Every book finds its reader. Think of the books that appeal to you least. Exhaust a random and malicious ingenuity; forage in the most lonesome tract of learning that you can conceive. Postulate the most uninviting books: in the British Museum Suggestion Book you will find such books in earnest, not to say piercing, demand. Books whose very titles weigh down your eyelids are here objects of impatient seeking. The variety of quests is wonderful; politicians, merchants, technicians of all kinds, theologians, archaeologists, musicians, surgeons, soldiers, travellers, foreigners—all formulate their demands for books. And, be it remembered, that the fact of the British Museum not possessing a book argues its rarity. To this there are, of course, exceptions. The absence of a book frequently argues only its newness, or its worthlessness. New books must not be looked for in the Catalogue for some months after their publication. Many readers, forgetting this, use the Suggestion Book to ask for new books; their only reward is the reminder, written in the margin, "Recent books need not be entered in this Register." It is a mistake to suppose that the British Museum Library will acquire any book which it does not happen to possess. Not long ago a reader asked that someone's *Biography of Satan* might be obtained. In a day or two the answer appeared: "Purchase not thought necessary." Another reader, who desired that *L'Illustrazione Italiana*, "the best Italian illustrated paper," might be taken in, received the same answer. Sometimes a refusal is less definite. A reader wrote:

"The *Spectator*, Vol. VIII., 1715, 8vo. The Museum does not appear to have this first reprint of what is known as 'Addison's *Spectator*,' in which Steele did not help. It has Vols. I.-VII. of 1712, 1713."

The answer to this was "Not procurable." There are many degrees of assent. "This shall be done if possible" will satisfy a reader for some weeks; "Applied for" is much better; but the best reply is the briefest, "Ordered."

Here are a few typical requests:

"*Punch Pocket Books*. Of these admired little illustrated books only an imperfect set exists in the Library. They now begin to get valuable, and I think the set should be made perfect before they get more expensive to procure."

The gentleman who wrote this was, probably, a taxpayer. In any case his regard for the Museum's purse was admirable. He received the answer: "This shall be done if possible." Another reader who inspires our respect is the gentleman who signed the following entry in the Suggestion Book:

"Allow me to draw attention to the unfortunate condition of S. P. Tregelles's translation of Gesenius' *Hebrew and Chaldee Lexicon*. I believe I am chiefly responsible for the damage to the binding, having let it fall by accident, and I am willing to pay for its repair if the Principal Librarian thinks I should do so."

"The binding shall be repaired," was the forgiving reply.

Another entry:

"Best sixpenny *Cookery* by Josiah Oldfield does not appear in the Catalogue, but should, I think, be procured as it is a useful vegetarian work."

This vegetarian cookery manual (applied for on December 26!) was promptly ordered. Here is an interesting thing:

"If the *Little Londoner*, by Crone, is not in the Catalogue, I beg to suggest its purchase. It was recently published in Germany, and is by a German, in 12 mo, and about 100 or 200 pp., written in English; and it is minute directions to a German how to dress and conduct himself according to the popular usages of the English."

This book was ordered (feverishly, we imagine).

A cri du cœur:

"*Black Beetles in Amber*. By Ambrose Bierce, of San Francisco. Several of Mr. Bierce's books, written under the pseudonym of 'Dod Guile,' are in the Library. *Black Beetles in Amber* is not. Why not? It is a book that must live, because it stands for something, and that something the greatest the Almighty has given us. *Black Beetles in Amber* is published by —. It is, I believe, out of print, and if otherwise unobtainable, I shall be prepared to present my own copy to the Library."

We are sure that the reader who desired that this book should be possessed by the nation will thank us for calling attention to it. It has one merit at all events: its title remains in the memory. The book was ordered, and presumably it can now be seen.

An example of a well-informed request is this:

"The chief authority for the life of Suckling, the poet, is *Selections from the Works of Sir John Suckling*, with a Life of the Author and Critical Remarks on his Writings and Genius, by the Rev. Alfred Suckling, LL.B. London, 1836. (Longmans.) This work does not appear in the printed catalogue, though it is in the old catalogue (441 K, 8). If lost, may I suggest that it be replaced as soon as possible?"

This student of Suckling received the gracious answer: "Thanks; this shall be remedied."

One class of entries is concerned not with the addition of books to the Library, but with the better arrangement of books already possessed by it. Every reader knows that the open shelves in the Reading Room are stocked with such books of reference as are supposed to be most in demand; and every reader, sooner or later, wishes he might have had the selection of those books. The books which he wants to consult would then have been at his elbow, instead of being buried in the interior of the Library, and procurable only by ticket. We judge, however, that the Library authorities have decided which books shall rest on the open shelves on good grounds, and that they are not very disposed to make changes. A reader wrote in the Suggestion Book:

"I am much surprised not to find a copy of Lightfoot's *Apostolic Fathers* in the reference shelves in this room. It is surely in far greater demand than many of the works on the theological shelves."

This was not the right tone, and the margin of that entry bears no answer to this day.

Another reader, bent on a similar object, wrote:

"Three weeks ago I suggested that Fiske's Supplement to Lidderdale's *Catalogue of Icelandic Books* should be placed in the Reading Room, as Lidderdale's *Catalogue* is there, but have had no answer. It is invariably the rule that a supplement to a work is placed with it, and in this case the bibliographical importance of Fiske's work is such that it alone should suffice to have it placed within reach, even if it were not a supplement to one of the works already in the Reading Room."

One could have felt a little sorry for this reader when he returned to the book a few days later and read, slantwise, the reply: "The book is not of general interest. If any change were made it would be to remove Lidderdale's work."

Occasionally a reader's desire seems to be rather to impart information than to seek it. Take the following entry:

"? Mistake in Ordnance Survey Map, Wilts., XLII. In the road into Collingbourne Kingston from the N. a milestone is marked near South Grove Farm on the map as

M.S. { Marlborough 8
Salisbury 19

Should not this read

M.S. { Marlborough 8 1/2
Salisbury 13 1/2

This milestone is on the Andover, *not* on the Salisbury Road; the Salisbury Road joins this road at a fork, marked by a guide-post (*ride map*) about 1/2 mile to the north of the milestone."

This entry conveys the useful lesson that the smallest inaccuracy is an outrage in somebody's eyes.

A reader who wished that the various railway time-tables might be placed in the Reading Room was informed that they can always be seen in the Hall.

We might quote many more questions and answers; but it is enough to have shown that the Suggestion Book is a magazine of curious lore and a powerful factor in the building up of our national library.

MR. KIPLING'S "BLIND BUG."

ANGLO-INDIAN writes: "Yesterday afternoon I bought a copy of the thirteenth edition of Mr. Kipling's *Barrack-Room Ballads*. The first five stanzas of the fine dedicatory poem to Wolcott Balestier there printed seemed to me strangely familiar. The last four stanzas I read, I am sure, for the first time. Now where had I read the first five stanzas before? The answer was, probably in the *National Observer*, some seven or eight years ago, under Mr. Henley's editorship, and in the company of 'Evarra,' 'Tomlinson,' 'Cleared,' 'The English Flag,' and other masterpieces. I went to the British Museum Newspaper Room, and there, in the *National Observer*, I found the original poem. It is called 'The Blind Bug.' I say the original poem, because the Wolcott Balestier dedicatory poem consists of five stanzas of 'The Blind Bug,' with four new ones to the memory of Mr. Balestier. Of course, Mr. Kipling has a perfect right to alter his work as he thinks fit, and the affair is probably no news to you. It gives me, at any rate, the pleasure of copying out 'The Blind Bug' from the *National Observer*, and no doubt many of your readers, who keep commonplace books, will bless my labours.

'THE BLIND BUG.'

(COUNTY OF LONDON SESSIONS: 17 AND 18 DECEMBER, 1890.)

'Beyond the path of the outmost sun, through utter darkness hurled,
Further than ever comet flared, or vagrant star-dust swirled,
Live such as sailed and fought and ruled and loved and made our world.

They are purged of pride because they died,
they know the worth of their bays;
They sit at wine with the Maidens Nine and the Gods of the elder days;
It is their will to serve or be still as fitteth our Father's praise.

'Tis theirs to sweep through Azrael's keep,
where the clanging legions are,
To buffet a path through the Pit's red wrath when God goes forth to war,
Or hang with the reckless seraphim on the rein of a red-maned star.

They take their mirth in the joy of the Earth, they do not grieve for her pain;
They know of toil and the end of toil; they know God's law is plain;
So they whistle the Devil to make them sport, who know that sin is vain.

And oft-times cometh our wise Lord God, Master, of every trade,
And tells them tales of his daily toil, of Edens newly made,
And they rise to their feet as He passes by, gentlemen unafraid.

To those who are cleansed of black Desire, Sorrow, and Lust, and Shame—
Gods for they know the heart of men, men for they stooped to Fame—
To these, a peer 'mid his courtly peers, the Curate of Meudon came.

"I have fished for frogs in the stagnant dark, and here is my catch," quoth he,
The soul of a little Lawyer Clerk that whines like an angry bee.

"Brethren all"—and they saw it crawl in the open palm released—

"This bug hath flown from a New Sorbonne to call me a filthy priest.

"Yea, it must turn to a guild to learn the nature of right and wrong,
And wear its Soul at its button-hole and finger it all day long,
And lose its Soul if a gipsy troll the catch of a lewd old song."

He flipped the blind bug into the dark, and grinned Gargantua's grin:
The Great Gods heaved them back, and laughed till Heaven shook to the din—
And O, to have heard the Great Gods laugh, I had sinned the blind bug's sin.'

The two poems practically agree down to the end of the fifth stanza, except for such verbal alterations as:

'Tis theirs to sweep through the ringing deep when Azrael's outposts are,'
into

'Tis theirs to sweep through Azrael's keep, where the clanging legions are.'

In the dedicatory poem to Mr. Balestier the last four stanzas of 'The Blind Bug' are omitted, and the following substituted:

'To these who are cleansed of base Desire, Sorrow and Lust and Shame—
Gods for they knew the hearts of men, men for they stooped to Fame,
Borne on the breath that men call Death, my brother's spirit came.

He scarce had need to doff his pride or slough the dross of Earth—
E'en as he trod that day to God so walked he from his birth,
In simpleness and gentleness and honour and clean mirth.

So cup to lip in fellowship they gave him welcome high
And made him place at the banquet board—the Strong Men ranged thereby,
Who had done his work and held his peace and had no fear to die.

Beyond the loom of the last lone star, through open darkness hurled,
Further than rebel comet dared or hiving star-swarm swirled,
Sits he with those that praise our God for that they served His world.'

WHAT THE PEOPLE READ.

XVI.—A VILLAGE SHOPKEEPER.

HE stood resting an ample and well-filled apron on his counter, as a casual customer read out from the local paper that Fry had knocked up 50 in forty minutes. A moment of tense silence ensued.

"And then the rain came on," said the casual customer. "Then the rain came on."

Behind him and on either side of him and above him were bacon, and cheese, and butter, and boots, and lemon syrup and tobacco, and hats and leggings, and—yes—shuttlecocks. For being in the country, and pressed for amusement, we were minded to play badminton, and I was deputed to search for shuttlecocks.

"Then the rain came on," said the casual customer mournfully.

"It's rather difficult to get papers here," I remarked. "Is there a village reading-room?"

"There is, and there isn't," said the shopkeeper, with evident pride in his

paradox. "Meaning that it's only open in the winter. Squire he don't hold with folks reading when they ought to be working on the land; and Squire he give the reading-room to the village, and it ain't good manners to look a gift horse in the mouth."

"Ah, and they have papers there."

"Papers—and books, so they tell me."

"Don't you go and read there yourself?" I asked.

"No. There's not many goes. I've never been. Excepting"—and here his apron extended still further over the counter—"excepting when there's a parish meeting, and then I'm bound to be there. I'm overseer."

"The rain came on," murmured the casual customer.

"What sort of books are there?" I asked.

"Oh, good books, so I'm told. History, and geography, and so on."

"And novels, of course?"

"No, not novels. Squire he don't hold with novels, nor cards—least not for the village lads."

"But don't you want to read novels yourself?"

"Me!" He laughed. "I'm not a reading man. I like to get a bit of news now and then"—he nodded to the casual customer—"and there's good tales, too, in the *Horsham paper*, if you follow 'em up week after week. But novels!"

"Rain," said the casual customer, jerking his head up and down.

"What I think about novels," continued the shopkeeper, "they all seem to end the same. Read one and you've read 'em all. Now my wife, she's a regular novel reader, least she was when she was younger, before the children came. What's more, she beleft 'em all."

"She what?"

"Beleft 'em, every word. Used to cry over 'em."

"After all," I said, "I daresay you find plenty to do without books."

"Ah, you may say so. What with the shop, and the parish work, and the bit of land to look after—well, if there wasn't a book in the reading-room summer nor winter I shouldn't grumble. A game of cards of a winter evening, or bagatelle, that's all I want. I think you'll find they shuttlecocks about right."

C. R.

IN SEARCH OF THE APOCRYPHA.

I HAD been brought up to consider that there was something irreligious in the reading of the Apocrypha. Now that I had reached man's estate and could judge for myself, I determined to read it.

There was no copy in the house. I decided to buy one. The decision recurred to me about a week later when I was buying my evening papers, for my eye fell upon a row of Bibles, Prayer-books, and Hymn-books on the shelf behind the counter.

"*St. James's and Evening News*, please," I said, "and have you a copy of the Apocrypha?"

The young lady behind the counter handed me the evening papers, and looked doubtfully at the piles of literature around her.

"I don't think we have a copy left, sir," she said.

"Then can you order me one," I asked.

"Let me see, sir, is it a weekly?" she said. "There are so many of these —"

"No," I said, "it's a sort of book—been out for years; it's a part of the Bible, in fact."

The young lady blushed, and hedged.

"Oh, yes; of course, sir, I know; but I thought perhaps—perhaps it was coming out in weekly parts. They *do* bring out books that way, you know."

I put down my three-halfpence and had reached the door, when, with an evident wish to help me, she said:

"If it's an old book—it is an old book?"

I nodded.

"Well, there's a second-hand bookshop in the Brompton-road; I expect you could get one there."

I knew the shop well. But as I happened to pass a Free Library I looked in there first.

No. They had no copy. There was no demand for the Apocrypha. But there were one or two works on the Apocrypha under the head of "theology." They did not attract me. I had determined to get the Apocrypha itself. It was inconceivable that so famous a work should not exist.

My search lasted for several weeks, with intervals for other and more successful pursuits. One of Smith's bookstall-men told me—in a tone of apology—that it was out of print. The information threw me back on the second-hand bookshop, and there I got very close to my quarry. The proprietor, a man of slow speech and deliberate movement, had seen, in the course of a long life, several Bibles which contained the Apocrypha. One of them had been in his shop a week ago, but it had gone to a gentleman at Cricklewood. Yes, he had read the Apocrypha himself, and had found a deal of fine philosophy in it. But it wasn't asked for.

I was thinking of abandoning the search, and resigning myself to remaining in ignorance of Susannah, when I found myself one morning in the bookshop at the corner of Holywell-street, which persistently refuses to answer to its new name.

"By the way, have you the Apocrypha?" I asked.

The particular shopman of whom I inquired is never at a loss. His eyes assumed an inward look as though he were searching the recesses of his memory.

"We have no copy in stock," he said. "But there is an edition published by—by one of the University Presses at half-a-crown, or something like that. I'll look it up and order it for you."

I thanked him as soon as I could recover from my astonishment.

"It's the first time I've ever heard a customer ask for it," he said as I turned to go.

I am expecting it now by every post. I had begun to suspect that the Apocrypha itself was apocryphal.

CORRESPONDENCE.

HISTORICAL ACCURACY.

SIR,—In an article on Endymion Porter in the current number of *Temple Bar* the author refers to my life of Sir Walter Raleigh as his authority for the statement that in 1603, at the age of sixteen, the third Count de Olivares (Gaspar de Guzman) made an important speech which changed the policy of Spain towards the English succession.

In the interests of historical accuracy I am anxious to be allowed to record the fact that nothing I have written bears out this reference. The speech in question, of which a summary will appear in my forthcoming fourth volume of Spanish State Papers of Elizabeth, was made, not by the Conde Duque, but by his father, the second Count de Olivares, that haughty ambassador at Rome who, in 1586, cajoled and bullied Sixtus V. into promising vast sums to aid the Armada.—Yours, &c.,

MARTIN A. S. HUME.

August 6, 1898.

THE NEW PRINTING.

SIR,—The extracts which you gave last week from Mr. Albert Louis Cotton's article in the *Contemporary Review* on Mr. William Morris's influence on modern printing would please and interest those people who have persuaded themselves that the new styles of artistic printing are meritorious and important. For myself, these styles have little meaning and less charm. I have not bowed the knee in the house of Kelmscott, and I loathe borders, and I want initials plain. So as a counterblast to the *Contemporary*, please let me quote the following from the current *Blackwood*. The writer is reviewing Mr. James Fitzmaurice-Kelly's edition of the Spanish text of *Don Quixote*, printed by Constable, of Edinburgh. He says:

"Though the book was printed in Edinburgh with all taste and refinement possible, it is still distinguished by the splendid severity of the country which gave it birth. The strong headlines, the perfectly designed page, the strange capitals, just barbarous enough to suggest that their grandparents were cut in wood, suit their character to Spain, and produce no impression of an alien origin. Withal, the design is so simple as to convince the casual spectator that it was arrived at by a stern process of rejection. Much has been heard lately of 'artistic' printing, and many hapless experiments have been made. The faults of Caxton, faults which the master would have corrected himself, had not the means been lacking, have appeared virtues to the printing-presses of Hammersmith, and there has been a revival of the Gothic style in books, as costly and inapposite as the revival in architecture to which we owe the Houses of Parliament. The printer forgot that his books were intended to be held in the hand and deciphered by the eye; and forgetting this, he adorned their covers with troublesome ribbons, and defaced their pages with the heavy black type which afflicts the vision. Worse still, he

perplexed the text with repeated borders, and overlaid it with irrelevant designs, until the baffled reader could hardly distinguish between type and decoration. In fact, he produced not books, but bibelots, whose mannerisms were imitated from mediæval experiments, and whose costliness drove them from the library into the collector's cabinet. But the newest *Don Quixote* is free from parade and coxcombry: it is a book for the study, in spite of its elegance; and the first glance proves that it was designed not to illustrate a belated Gothicism, but to flatter the taste of all who admire fine literature appropriately set forth."

I have only to add that I have seen this noble volume (published by Mr. Nutt) and that I do not think the writer's praise of it is in the least overdone.—Yours, &c.,

H. J. S.

August 9, 1898.

BOOK REVIEWS REVIEWED.

"RUPERT OF HENTZAU."

THE merit of a sequel is one of those things about which no two people thrown together by Providence seem to agree. They do but exchange surprise for surprise, and increase each other's self-esteem. In critics sequels always make for sapience, and the darkening of counsel.

The *Daily Chronicle*.

The *New York Critic*.

"*Rupert of Hentzau* suffers from all the drawbacks incidental to sequels. *The Prisoner of Zenda* was a justly successful novel; and, although its interest lay mainly in its record of stirring scenes and exciting episodes, it contained some very meritorious characterisation. Its conclusion, too, was the artistic, the necessary, conclusion. But the present story has some drawbacks given it by the author himself. . . . The narrator of *Rupert of Hentzau* has to tell of events and dramatic scenes at the enacting of which he himself was not present, he has to give us second-hand information, and that is always hurtful to the realisation of a tale; it gives an air of unreality to the thing. A story told in the first person should contain nothing that does not come within the direct personal cognisance of the teller. To say all this amounts to saying that *Rupert of Hentzau* is not nearly so good a story as *The Prisoner of Zenda*; and that is the melancholy fact."

"Successful sequels are few. But he has succeeded, and succeeded beyond all expectation. In fact, we like this story even better than *The Prisoner of Zenda*, which we liked very well indeed; moreover, we do not believe that this is merely an individual preference. It is due, indeed, to the simple and incontestable fact that *Rupert of Hentzau* is a more brilliant, if perhaps a somewhat less spontaneous, achievement than its interesting predecessor."

The Pall Mall
Gazette.

"... We know that black care sits behind the sequel. Wonderland is not easily re-entered through the Looking-glass, and when our gay Muskeeter comes back in a captain's galloons he might ride beside the Master of Ravenswood, and each find the other heartsome company. For a curse is on the sequel to its hundredth thousand. . . . Our further familiarity with Mr. Rassendyl does not exactly breed contempt; yet it must be owned that our old sympathy does not grow. He goes about his new task sublimated to a less probable, less human figure. We miss the lightness, the delicacy, even the faults of the Rudolf we knew."

The Speaker.

"Among the many admirable qualities of that delightful story [*The Prisoner of Zenda*] its shortness and its completeness were not the least admirable."

The Daily Chronicle.

"In many stories, to see the end from the beginning detracts nothing from the interest; but in a story of this genre the end should have in it something of a surprise."

The Athenæum.

"The plots, stratagems, and intrigues, while always of the most ingenious character, never elude the reader's comprehension."

The Outlook.

"There is no disputing the fact that the characters are no mere clichés, but real human beings, and, what is more, the same human beings that we met in the earlier book."

The St. James's
Gazette.

"When it was first announced that Mr. Anthony Hope was to give us a sequel to *The Prisoner of Zenda*, certain critics disquieted themselves and him in vain. We had the usual talk about the deadliness of sequels, talk which usually ignores the good things we owe to sequels, the *Barataria* of the second Quixote, the *Marriage of Figaro*, the *Vicomte de Bragelonne*, *Alice Through the Looking-Glass*, or *Tartarin on the Alps*."

The Daily Telegraph.

"There were, if the truth must be told, a good many threads left loose at the end of *The Prisoner of Zenda*."

The Daily Telegraph.

"Mr. Hope has added to his earlier skill and good fortune in devising the scheme of *The Prisoner of Zenda* by tracing out certain consequences of the original plot, some of which his admirers had already imagined for themselves, and are, therefore, all the more pleased to find authoritatively settled according to their intuition."

The Daily Chronicle.

"Some of the intrigue, too, is so very intricate, that we find ourselves turning back the pages to discover exactly where we are."

The Spectator.

"Truly, the romantic land of Ruritania is here peopled merely by ghosts. Rudolf Rassendyl is merely a voice . . . and, oh! the pitiful difference between the present Queen and the former Princess Flavia."

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Week ending Thursday, August 11.

POETRY, CRITICISM, BELLES LETTRES.

FOREIGN CLASSICS: PETRARCH. By Henry Reeve. Wm. Blackwood & Sons. 1s.

SCIENCE.

RADIATION: AN ELEMENTARY TREATISE ON ELECTROMAGNETIC RADIATION AND ON RÖNTGEN AND CATHODE RAYS. By H. H. Francis Hyndman, B. Sc. With a Preface by Prof. Sylvanus P. Thompson, D.Sc. Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 6s.

THE SILVER LIBRARY: LIGHT SCIENCE FOR LEISURE HOURS. First Series. Fifth Edition. Longmans, Green & Co. 3s. 6d.

NEW EDITIONS OF FICTION.

SILVER LIBRARY: FLOTSAM. By Henry Seton Merriman. HEART OF THE WORLD. By H. Rider Haggard. Longmans, Green & Co. 3s. 6d. each.

EDUCATIONAL.

A GEOGRAPHY OF THE BRITISH ISLES. By Lionel W. Lyde. A. & C. Black. 1s.

SELECTIONS FROM TAINE. Edited by Francis Storr. With an Introduction by C. Sarré. Blackie & Son.

WORK AND PLAY IN GIRLS' SCHOOLS. By Three Head Mistresses. Longmans, Green & Co. 7s. 6d.

LE MASQUE DE FER: EPISODE FROM "LE VICOMTE DE BRAGELONNE." By Alexandre Dumas. Adapted for use in schools by R. L. A. Pontet, M.A. Edward Arnold.

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

THE SILVER LIBRARY: OCEANA; OR, ENGLAND AND HER COLONIES. By James Anthony Froude. Longmans, Green & Co.

BLACK'S GUIDE TO CANTERBURY AND THE WATERING PLACES OF KENT. Edited by E. D. Jordan. A. & C. Black. 1s.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

THE BISHOPS OF LINDISFARNE, HEXHAM, CHESTER-LE-STREET, AND DURHAM. A.D. 635—1020. By George Miles. Wells, Gardner, Darton & Co.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

We understand that a biography of Robert Louis Stevenson will be included in the "Famous Scots Series." It will be written Miss M. M. Black.

MESSRS. HURST & BLACKETT announce that owing to delay in the preparation of the American edition, Mr. Jerome K. Jerome's new work, entitled *The Second Thoughts of an Idle Fellow*, cannot be published till Wednesday next, August 17.

MESSRS. KEGAN PAUL & Co. will publish early in the coming autumn a reprint of one of the few books of travel which have endured for fifty years and still remain classics. This is the travels in Tartary, Thibet, and China of Messrs. Huc and Gabet in 1844 to 1846. This work has never been superseded, and it includes original observations upon the sciences of Comparative Religion, Ethnology, Geo-

graphy, and Natural History. The new edition will have some fifty engravings on wood, and will be in two volumes of about 700 pages in all.

THE fourth volume of Mr. Dalton's *English Army Lists and Commission Registers*, 1661-1714, published by Eyre & Spottiswoode, will appear early in October. Special features of this volume, which brings the series down to the death of William III., are complete lists of nearly all the British infantry regiments which took part in the famous siege of Namur.

MR. W. W. GREENER, the author of several books on guns and shooting, has added publishing to his business of gun-making. He will shortly issue a book on South Africa, from the pen of Mr. G. Nicholson, a veteran settler, trader, and sportsman, with other books on sport and technical matters. Arrangements have also been made to publish a new novel by Mr. Wirt Gervase early in the autumn.

MESSRS. JACKSON'S publishers, of Brigg, have just issued a *Dictionary of Bird Notes*, with a glossary of popular local and old-fashioned synonyms of British birds, by Mr. Charles Louis Hett, of Spring Field, Brigg, Lincolnshire.

IN September Messrs. Warne will publish *The Boys of Fairmead*, by Mary C. Rowsell, with illustrations by Chris Hammond. *Honour Bright*, a tale of the childhood of Charles II., also by Miss Rowsell, will be published next month by Mr. Ernest Nister.

MR. JOHN LONG will publish in the early autumn a collection of Australian bush stories, under the title of *When the Mopoke Calls*. The author is Mr. William S. Walker, an Australian by birth, and nephew of "Rolf Boldrewood." The book will be copiously illustrated by Mr. Vedder.

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THE CRITIC, of New York, AS A MAGAZINE.

WHEN it was announced that *The Critic*, of New York, was about to change its form to that of the leading magazines, and to appear once a month instead of once a week, there were many expressions of regret from the press and from old subscribers, who felt that they might lose a friend by the change. The editors of *The Critic* would have been disappointed if there had been no such expressions of regret. They would not have felt flattered if, after nearly eighteen years, their weekly visits had not been regretted. They have been more than pleased, however, to find that they have the confidence of the public and the press. Their old friends believe that the change would not have been made if it were not for the better, and they have tempered their words of regret with words of compliment and confidence, as the following extracts from the press will show. We expect next month to publish some compliments upon our performance as shown by the first number in the new form.

Advancing the Standard.

"We admire the courage of the editors, and we welcome them to our side in a race which must yield benefit to all in quickening the pace, heightening the zest, and generally advancing the standard of literary journalism."—*The Bookman*.

Hands Across Sea.

"I wish every success to the new magazine, which is sure to be very brightly and capably edited, but I shall miss my weekly and welcome visitor of many years."—Dr. W. ROBERTSON NICOLL, in *The British Weekly*.

No Fear for the Favourite.

"Being of the many who have read and prized *The Critic* during its thirty-two volumes of weekly existence, we have no fear that the change to monthly form will weaken appreciation of the 'favourite literary journal,' but will rather strengthen it."—*Cleveland Plaindealer*.

A Splendid Future.

"It has done splendid work in the past; it will not fail to do splendid work in the future."—*Toledo Blade*.

Old and Reliable.

"During nearly eighteen years of existence *The Critic* has maintained a high standard in the field of literary criticism, and its old friends will be glad to learn that its well-trying features are to be continued."
The New York Times.

Everything it Should Be.

"For years *The Critic* has maintained a high standard of excellence, and has proved itself pretty much everything that an American literary journal should be. In its new form it will make further advances."
Brooklyn Eagle.

A Good and Faithful Servant.

"We may expect it to give as good and profitable an account of itself in the future as in the past."
The Journalist, New York.

The Happy Mean.

"*The Critic* has been bright without being trivial, and learned without being dull. If it sustains its former standing it can hardly fail to be successful in its new venture."—*The Beacon, Boston*.

Swear Not at All.

"We shall expect to welcome *The Critic* most cordially in its new dress and form, albeit we dislike to lose its weekly visits. It is one of the few papers we have always been willing to swear by, but have never been tempted to swear at."—*Brooklyn Citizen*.

"Guide, Counsellor, and Friend."

"Now that it is going to enlarge its size and its scope and be of even greater usefulness in these days of universal printing, the readers of books will give it a warmer welcome than they have ever done before. It is their guide, counsellor, and friend."—*Baltimore American*.

A Pleasure Deferred.

"There is one objection to the new departure of *The Critic*. In becoming a monthly it deprives the public of the pleasure of reading it once a week."—*The New York Press*.

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REVIEWS.

TRANSATLANTIC CRITICISM.

Emerson, and other Essays. By John Jay Chapman. (Nutt.)

WE do not see that there is any *a priori* reason why America should not produce a great literary critic. That she has not as yet done so is, of course, nothing. So far American literature, viewed largely, has been merely a derivative thing, the reflection, slightly enough modified by the reflecting medium, of European modes of thought and European habits of expression. The authentic American voice has still to declare itself. Nor need we expect the new note in the choir of the peoples until the now dominant impulse of material progress receives its check. A nation must finish making itself before it can begin to make its literature. The first condition of play, the physiologists tell you, is a relaxation in the tension of the struggle for livelihood; and literature, viewed as a branch of mental activity generally, is, after all, of the nature of play. But when America, as we suppose will be the case some day, slacks off the machinery, and develops an imagination, we do not, as we have said, see why the literary result should not be in a large measure critical. In many ways the spiritual position of America is well placed for criticism. She is in a backwater of the main stream of human thought, but yet a backwater through which a sufficient current passes to prevent it from becoming altogether stagnant. A critic must have a certain measure of sympathy with the body of literature which he criticises, and again a certain measure of detachment from it. And this is precisely the natural relation of American writers to the whole of the European literature of a number of centuries. They are of it, if not by continuity of tradition, at least by kinship of blood; and yet they stand far enough aloof to enjoy the possibility of a perspective, to see the whole synoptically and escape the disturbing insistence of a part.

Therefore, while we watch all the developments of American literature with hope, we fix our eyes with especial interest on the

attempts in the direction of criticism which from time to time reach us across the Atlantic. This it is which leads us to speak at some length of the really rather notable essays of Mr. John Jay Chapman. Merely as a writer, Mr. Chapman does not attract us very much. We acknowledge in him many merits. He is vigorous, incisive, terse. He makes quite clear to himself what he means to say, and says it straight. And the total effect is, in our ears at least, a little *staccato*, a little smart, even a little flashy. Like certain writers of our own, Mr. Chapman is so anxious to put off the frippery of conventional literary diction, that he assumes with undue readiness the frippery of slang. For instance, it comes upon us with a jar, outside the columns of a newspaper, to be told, as Mr. Chapman does not hesitate to tell us, that this or that would "write up" into a monograph. Would "write up"; does not this smack somewhat of the "barbaric yawp"? But as for the matter of Mr. Chapman's disquisitions, it seems to us again and again uncommonly good. To begin with, it is his own. With a quite adequate equipment of scholarship, Mr. Chapman yet sees, and sees clearly, for himself. He is singularly free from that trick of gravely repeating commonplaces which seems inherent in the method of some even of the most eminent critics. He does not take up a subject unless he has something really to add, to elucidate. And, therefore, even where you disagree with him most, it is at least not waste of time to hear what he has to say. He may not be final, for all his attitude of finality; but certainly he will be suggestive, stimulating. Besides seeing for himself, Mr. Chapman has the determination, so characteristic of what is best in the distinctively modern attitude to things, to see precisely, to see the object as it is. Consequently his criticism is often, in appearance, destructive rather than constructive. Before you can get at what a thing is in literature, you have to blow away and dispel so many popular phantasies of what it is not. Every considerable literary reputation becomes the *point de repère* for a whole flood of inexact thinking, accumulates in time such a deposit of falsehoods and misconceptions, that the real outlines of the underlying personality often seem almost irretrievably lost. Instead of a man you have a lay-figure, the creation of a sentiment, surrounded with a halo of foolish praise and decked out with contradictory qualities of greatness. To attack such *idola fori*, to ruthlessly analyse and destroy such falsely idealised portraits, to get rid of all the sentimentality and fluff of popular criticism, is one of Mr. Chapman's favourite exercises.

You find him so occupied in two of the best essays in the book, those on Walt Whitman and Robert Louis Stevenson. Thus he tilts gaily at that conception of Walt Whitman, which has, perhaps, become conventional in English criticism, as being in some way representative of America as a whole, the type of a great crude continent from which he springs. As a matter of fact, says Mr. Chapman, Whitman is not representative of America at all. American

culture is a "secondary and tertiary" thing—a culture of "respectable mediocrity." Whittier and Longfellow, not Whitman, voice its ideals. Mrs. Meynell, by the way, makes much the same point, if we remember right, in an interesting essay, where she claims that the proper epithet for America is "decivilised" rather than "uncivilised." But let Mr. Chapman continue:

"It is ungrateful to note Whitman's limitations, his lack of human passion, the falseness of many of his notions about the American people. The man knew the world merely as an observer; he was never a living part of it, and no mere observer can understand the life about him. Even his work during the war was mainly the work of an observer, and his poems and notes upon the period are picturesque. As to his talk about comrades and Manhattan car-drivers, and brass-founders displaying their brawny arms round each other's brawny necks, all this gush and sentiment in Whitman's poetry is false to life. It has a lyrical value, as representing Whitman's personal feelings; but no one else in the country was ever found who felt or acted like this. In fact, in all that concerns the human relations Walt Whitman is as unreal as, let us say, William Morris; and the American mechanic would probably prefer Sigurd the Volsung, and understand it better than Whitman's poetry."

In place of the popular puppet of a Whitman thus knocked down, Mr. Chapman would set up a new image, based on deeper insight and finer analysis. Whitman is of cosmic rather than local import, a type, but in no way a distinctively American type. He is one of the tramps of nature; one of those for whom civilisation is a fetter and organisation a drudgery, and a life in the open air, by the roadside, the only tolerable existence. For such

"the great mystery of consciousness and effort is quietly dissolved into the vacant happiness of sensation—not base sensation, but the sensation of the dawn and the sunset, of the mart and the theatre, and the stars, the panorama of the universe."

By such a formula would Mr. Chapman explain the truth and beauty of Whitman's work as an expression of "the physical joy of mere living," side by side with its falseness and tawdriness as an expression of the manner of man's life in the human relationships, in multitudes and in cities.

Mr. Chapman's essay on Stevenson takes a line of deliberate, though by no means unqualified, depreciation. Stevenson's popularity has run, he tells us, "at times into hero-worship and at times into drawing-room fatuity." And then he goes on to show that Stevenson was not great, because he never wrote at first hand. He was always repeating with infinite versatility and grace the manner of some other man who had attracted him. He was "the most extraordinary mimic that has ever appeared in literature." Remorselessly Mr. Chapman tracks this clue through the tale of Stevenson's volumes, finding the root of the whole matter in the excessive self-consciousness of the writer's method, his fixed intention to be an artist. It is the view of things embodied in that famous parallel between the artist and the daughter of joy which "degrades and belittles" a writer in his own respect. For Stevenson the Alexandrine doctrine spelt failure; this,

and the fact that he had nothing to say, could only resay.

"The reason why Stevenson represents a backward movement in literature is that literature lives by the pouring into it of new words from speech and new thoughts from life, and Stevenson used all his powers to exclude both from his work: he lived and wrote in the past. That this Scotchman should appear at the end of what has been a very great period of English literature, and summarise the whole of it in his two hours' traffic on the stage, gives him a strange place in the history of that literature. He is the Improvisatore, and nothing more. It is impossible to assign him rank in any line of writing. If you shut your eyes to try and place him, you find that you cannot do it. The effect he produces while we are reading him vanishes as we lay down the book, and we can recall nothing but a succession of flavours. It is not to be expected that posterity will take much interest in him, for his point and meaning are impressional. He is ephemeral, a shadow, a reflection. He is the mistletoe of English literature, whose roots are not in the soil but in the tree."

It will be seen that Mr. Chapman is debatable. He trails many a coat. But he cannot be neglected. He compels either the revision of your conceptions, under the influence of his, or the confirmation of them, in conflict with his. And surely the power to do this is of the essence of that dynamic force in which the potency of veritable criticism consists.

The Whitman and the Stevenson are, we think, the most successful papers in the book. There is good stuff in the long essay on Emerson and the shorter study of Browning, but Emerson and Browning do not lend themselves to Mr. Chapman's method quite so well as the lesser men. Mr. Chapman is rather fond of summing his subjects up in formulas, and it is characteristic of the big natures, who touch life at many points and are never consistent, that they elude formulas. Certain soul-sides, therefore, of Emerson and Browning, their common interest, for instance, in the individual human personality, Mr. Chapman brings out crisply and well; others remain unplumbed. On the other hand the two essays devoted to literature of an earlier period than that with which Mr. Chapman chiefly occupies himself—*A Study of Romeo* and *Michael Angelo's Sonnets*—have something which is lacking in his work elsewhere, a note of reverence. His treatment of Shakespeare illustrates our contention at the beginning of this review, that the very aloofness of Americans from European literature might prove for them an effective critical weapon. Mr. Chapman is struck by the full-blooded humanity of the dramatist's characters in contrast with his own anæmic race:

"We in America, with our formal manners, our bloodless complexions, our perpetual decorum and self-repression, are about as much in sympathy with the real element of Shakespeare's plays as a Baptist parson is with a foxhunt. Our blood is stirred by the narration, but our constitution would never stand the reality. As read we translate all things into the dialect of our province; or, if we must mouth, let us say that we translate the dialect of the English province into the language of our empire, but we still translate. Mercutio, on inspection, would turn out to be not a gentleman—and,

indeed, he is not; Juliet, to be a most extraordinary young person; Tybalt, a brute and ruffian, a type from the plantation; and the only man with whom we should feel at all at ease would be the Count of Paris, in whom we should all recognise a perfectly bred man. 'What a man!' we should cry, 'Why, he's a man of wax!'"

We shall hope to come across Mr. Chapman again. Few living critics go so straight to the heart of their problem, or waste so little time in writing "about it and about."

AGREEABLE PERSONAL WRITING.

Personal Forces of the Period. By T. H. S. Escott. (Hurst & Blackett.)

MR. ESCOTT would have been well advised had he given a somewhat less ambitious title to his slight and sprightly volume. *Personal Forces of the Period* seems to promise something in the nature of a philosophical inquiry into the characteristic influences brought to bear upon the age by its men of light and leading in the various spheres of social activity. What Mr. Escott gives us, and that agreeably, is a parcel of haphazard sketches which suggest the best kind of "personal" writing in, let us say, *The World*. "Talk About Some Prominent Living Persons" adequately and not unkindly describes his book; and, so regarded, it is often amusing, incisive, and bright. It discusses a wide variety of persons, from the Bishop of Oxford to Miss Corelli, from Mr. Meredith to the Poet Laureate; it says its say about Mr. Rhodes, Canon Gore, the Lord Chief Justice, Mr. Astor, the Prince of Wales, and all the most notable politicians. But it is wondrously inconsequent, and not always accurate. In a chapter entitled "An Academical Group," Mr. Escott blunders amusingly over the venerable Warden of New College, Dr. Sewell. No one can have greater respect for the Warden than the present writer, himself of Winchester and New College; but he was not prepared to learn that "Dr. Sewell's particular work was to prepare the way for Mr. Jowett's labours on Plato; and long before the famous Master of Balliol had become a power to perform a memorable part in promoting the Platonic revival on the Isis." Mr. Escott is, of course, thinking of the Warden's able and eccentric brother, William Sewell, of Exeter—a conspicuous figure among the early Tractarians. He it was who publicly burned Froude's *Nemesis of Faith* in the fireplace of his—and Froude's—college hall; and, as the author of *Hawkstone*, he divides with Mr. Johnstone, of Ballykilbeg, author of *Nightshade*, the fame of having written the most anti-Popish novel in existence. His best title to remembrance is the foundation of that flourishing public school—Radley. But assuredly the revered and aged Warden of New College did none of these things. Again, Mr. Mahaffy is not, as Mr. Escott clearly implies that he is, a Cambridge professor. Mr. Mahaffy's transportation from the malodorous Liffey to the insignificant Cam would make "the silent

sister," T.C.D., considerably more silent than she is. Again, Mr. Escott confuses Lady Russell of Killowen with her lately widowed sister—Lady Gilbert—better known in literature as Miss Rosa Mulholland. In fact, though the book contains happy and almost striking things, such as the portrait of the erudite and humorous Bishop Stubbs, it is far too full of trivial gossip and hasty writing. So sound a constitutionalist as Mr. Escott should know that London is no more the Prince of Wales's capital than it is his own. We have little taste for such intelligence as that "in his childhood Sir R. Morier had been patted on the head by duchesses; he remembered the attention proudly in his manhood." We trust that Sir Robert did no such thing. In a chapter upon "Canon Gore and the *Lux Mundi* School," Mr. Escott permits himself to say that "the Canon and his friends invented or manipulated for their own purpose the doctrine of the Kenosis." Now, to say "invented" is to show ignorance; to say "manipulated" is to show something less than courtesy. Thackeray is twice quoted—twice inaccurately; and there is nothing to be said for such spellings as "Sandro" Belloni and "Pontricina." The writer is not up to his own usual standard of performance in these pages. So practised and accomplished a journalist should not write such sentences as:

"Not at Wadham was trained Sir Edwin Arnold of the severe presence, and, at his choice, master of the classic or romantic muse, who in his Oxford days was a scholar, like his friend of the philosopher's mind and guardsman's presence, Mr. W. L. Courtney, of the reputed foundation of Alfred the Great."

Surely, with its clustering "of's" and awkward structure, this is a terrible sentence; nor is this, from a curious article upon Mr. Meredith, much better:

"As befits a dweller in Tennyson's country, Meredith is much impressed by, and communicates to the innumerable writers who unconsciously perhaps are influenced by him, the 'larger hope' in all its applications by the great Laureate."

This article is remarkable for beginning with four pages entirely unconnected with Mr. Meredith; and for the astonishing assertion that "there is only one other with whom his breezy, buoyant pictures of budding womanhood, full of poetry and flavoured with sauciness, can be compared. That is William Black, who has reached thousands not touched by Meredith." This distinctly states that Mr. Black, *propria persona*, resembles the "breezy, buoyant," &c., and what it means to state is hardly less absurd. Indeed, Mr. Escott's literary criticisms are the weakest part of his book, though he shows a fine discrimination in praising the present Laureate's journalism quite as warmly as his versifying. But "personal forces of the period," which profess to include writers and which pass over Mr. Ruskin, Mr. Swinburne, Mr. Hardy, Mr. Spencer, Mr. Lecky, with a word or with none, seem to us singularly eclectic.

For the most part, Mr. Escott is at his best when he is speaking of politicians, civil servants, diplomatists, and journalists: these chapters have a strong flavour

certain clubs and editorial offices, the haunts of "those who know," and whose retentive minds are full of reminiscences. Mr. Escott, we need not say, writes with urbanity and tact, making no indiscreet nor unseemly revelations: but he writes as one conversant with men of affairs, of the world, who could, "an' he would" say more than he does. *Longo intervallo*, his ablest work, reminds us of Mr. Greenwood's: no mean praise. He is without that dexterity of touch, that vivacity of apprehension, which can transform current topics from subjects for dull or trivial handling into opportunities for strong artistic composition; but he can discuss Lord Salisbury or "The Brothers Balfour" in a discerning fashion, with an eye to both salient and subtle features. His book is faulty, yet pleasant: unimportant, and most unequal, but with not a few pages of sterling merit. He has no cause to be ashamed of it, though it is not quite worthy of his abilities.

MR. KELLY'S "DON QUIXOTE."

Don Quixote de la Mancha. Primera Edición del texto restituído con Notas y una Introduccion por Jaime Fitzmaurice-Kelly c. de la Real Academia Española y Juan Ormsby. I. Edimburgo impreso por T. Y. A. Constable. (Londres: David Nutt.)

THIS is not the first notable Spanish edition of *Don Quixote* that has been put forth in Great Britain. In 1737-38 Lord Carteret printed for the use of Queen Caroline a sumptuous edition in four volumes quarto, with Don Gregorio Mayans i Siscar as editor. In 1781 the Rev. John Bowle gave us his six quarto volumes, from the notes to which most subsequent editors have largely borrowed. Of translations we have no room to speak fully: those by Duffield (1881), by the late John Ormsby, whose name appears on the title-page of the present work (1885), by H. E. Watts (1888 and 1895), show a perennial interest in this masterpiece of Spanish literature. But though translations of the *Quixote* abound in nearly all European languages, though printers and their patrons and the Royal Academy of Spain have been prodigal of care and expense in the reproduction of the work, the editing of the text has by no means kept pace with the beauty of the material adornment. This has been partly inevitable. It is only comparatively recently that the learned world has conceded that the text of a modern classic demands and deserves the like amount of care and attention as does that of a Greek or Latin author.

The problems connected with the text of Cervantes' *Don Quixote* are as puzzling and difficult to resolve as those which beset the text of any ancient classic, and they require an equal amount of study and acumen in the editor. There are no MSS. extant of the work; we do not know, and never can know exactly, what Cervantes wrote, nor how he composed it. But though we possess no MSS., yet we have two notices of the work written some months before its

publication. The *privilegio* of the *Quixote* is dated September 26, 1604; on August 4, 1604, Lope de Vega wrote to the Duke of Sessa, giving him the latest literary news of the day: "Of poets I speak not. Many are in the bud for next year, but there are none so bad as Cervantes, or so foolish as to praise Don Quixote." In the *Picara Justina* of Andres Perez, the *privilegio* of which is dated August 22, 1604, we have some truncated verses which speak of:

"Don Quixote y Lazari
Que Alfarach y Celesti."

Thus we have *Don Quixote* familiarly known in literary circles, and spoken of as on a par with the most popular novels of the century, two months before the license, and five or more before the actual publication of the first known edition. How can we account for this? An examination of the *Quixote* itself suggests a partial explanation. The whole structure of the book indicates that it was written piecemeal. We know that the writing of the second part was an afterthought provoked by the forgery of Avellanada. The four stories of Chrysostom and Marcella, of Cardenio and Dorothea, the Curioso Impertinente, and the Captive's story are really interpolations, and have little to do with the main narrative. They may well have been written separately, and inserted in the *Quixote* as excellent padding. Even the criticism of the Books of Chivalry at the commencement hardly leads one to expect the story which follows. It might almost stand by itself, like the verse criticism on the poets in the *Viaje del Parnaso*, published some twelve years later. The original division of the first part into 1, 2, 3 and 4 portions, the occasional omission, and more frequent misplacement of the headings to the chapters, the contradictions, the confused arrangement, and the references to events which have never occurred, all these point to a piecemeal production, the MSS. of the several portions of which had been handed about in Valladolid, in a more or less complete state some time before the whole was collected together, and sent for publication to the printers in Madrid in 1604 or 1605. The previous notoriety to which Lope de Vega and Andres Perez bear witness can have been attained only by the existence of several MS. copies. Until much later it was a habit in Spain to copy works lent or borrowed, even when printed texts were already in existence. Of the copies thus made, simply for private use, some would be very carelessly done, portions might be omitted, favourite passages only transcribed, mistakes of all kinds made; even the MSS. which left the author's hands may not have been all alike, fresh thoughts and episodes may have been added, and corrections made in the later ones. If two or more such MSS., or portions of them, came into the printer's hands, we can easily understand how complications might arise if the complete story were not contained in any single MS., and deficiencies or episodes had to be supplied from others. Only on some such hypothesis can the inextricable confusion of the robbery of Sancho Panza's ass be explained and the extreme negligence

which occurs in other respects. So far the probable state of the MSS.

As to the printed text, it is now known that two editions of the first part were produced in Madrid early in 1605, and others in Lisbon and Valencia in the same year, and one in Brussels in 1507. In Madrid appeared a third edition in 1608. Since the time of Pellicer (1797), this edition of 1608 has unduly acquired a paramount authority from the assertion that it was revised by Cervantes himself. But the difficulties alluded to above are by no means cleared up in this edition, nor are the defects amended. All editors have been obliged, more or less, to correct this text. The external evidence for the personal revision by Cervantes is only the assertion of Pellicer, and therefore insufficient; and all internal evidence is against it.

The real value of the present edition is, we think, somewhat discounted by the great stress laid in the *Introduccion* on what cannot be absolutely determined either way. It is known that Cervantes was in Madrid late in the year 1608; but, as Mr. Fitzmaurice-Kelly observes, the burden of proof lies on those who assert that he was there during the printing of the work, and that he corrected the press in the early part of the same year. This may be the case, but neither can Mr. Fitzmaurice-Kelly demonstrate the contrary. As to the relations between author and printer, our editor has too much neglected the scene at Barcelona (part ii., cap. 62). There the printers and the author are represented in much closer contact than they usually are to-day. The author is actually in the printing-room, and revising and correcting the work in the very act of printing.

But however this special theory of the *Introduccion* may fare, this will not lessen the worth of the new edition. It is founded on sound critical principles. The earliest materials with which we have to deal are the two Madrid editions of 1605, the Lisbon and Valencian of the same date, and the Brussels edition of 1607. All these are anterior to the Madrid edition of 1608, and it is only on the supposition that the text of 1608 is perfect and satisfactory in all respects that the earlier publications can be neglected. But no one pretends that this is so. An editor, therefore, is perfectly justified in making the editions of 1605 the basis of his text. In fact, this is the only method which can approve itself to the textual expert. In his *Introduccion* Mr. Fitzmaurice-Kelly has insisted so much on the shortcomings of the edition of 1608, and on the merits of those of 1605, that perhaps a careless reader may be led to think that he has given little more than a reprint of these last-named. But an examination of the text shows that it is very different from this; every difficulty, every various reading is discussed on its own merits; again and again the readings of 1608, and of later editions, sometimes even those of Pellicer, are preferred, when they seem to be justified. The emendations of Juan Calderon, so highly valued in this country by Mr. H. E. Watts, and in Spain by Menendez y Pelayo, are taken into consideration, and frequently adopted. The resultant text and arrange-

ment thus constructed will, we believe, be gradually accepted as the best that has hitherto appeared. The references and the various readings in the notes give the reader the means of forming his own conclusions on it. It remains only to add that the work is most admirably printed. It is a volume which it is a delight to handle and to read, and it does the highest credit to the workmen and to the press whence it proceeds.

THE DOOM OF THE DERVISH.

Sirdar and Khalifa, or the Re-Conquest of the Soudan, 1898. By Bennet Burleigh. (Chapman & Hall.)

THE literature of affairs is just now prolific. Within a few weeks we have reviewed books dealing in a weighty manner with China and Cuba. Here, in its turn, is a book which embodies the latest facts concerning a third vexed area of the world's surface, the Soudan. Mr. Bennet Burleigh has acted as the *Daily Telegraph's* war correspondent in all the Soudan campaigns; and he is, therefore, able to present the operations of the year, and our victory at Atbara, vividly and in their true light, as links in England's long stern policy to recapture the Soudan. Mr. Burleigh's first care is to put before us a character-sketch of the two men on whose shoulders the responsibilities of it all are laid. Of Lord Cromer he says, "Alert, but aloof, he has pursued his vocation as Britain's representative, bettering instruction, turning counsel into law." As for Sir Herbert Kitchener, he is the hero of Mr. Burleigh's story: his portrait faces the title-page, and his soldierly virtues are Mr. Burleigh's favourite theme. The death-blow of Mahdism is about to be struck by these men. Mr. Burleigh sees no escape for his worship, the Khalifa. "He cannot retreat from Omdurman without fighting, unless he altogether abandons his pretensions to human and spiritual supremacy in the Soudan." There will be few to regret Abdullah's fall if report be true. He dare not trust half his own followers with rifles. He punishes the least sign of defection by death, and is not only surrounded by relatives, but, half in fear and wholly in defiance of Moslem teaching, he has designated his son, a worthless fellow, "sodden with excess," as his successor in the Khalifate.

Mr. Burleigh tells us much about the general situation, and of the Sirdar's railway from Wady Halfa across more than two hundred miles of desert, but at last we come to the advance to the Atbara River, through Berber. The patience of the forces, who desired nothing so much as to meet the Dervishes and make an end of the matter, was sorely tried. We have vivid pictures of the camp life while the railway was a-building, when officers and men lived in the open, lying on the bare ground, with grimy faces and soiled clothes. This is how General Gatacre managed his men in those trying weeks:

"Reveille was at 5.15 a.m., when, to ensure that everybody was thoroughly awakened, after

a fanfare of bugles, the bands discoursed sounds consisting of flute solos and all the drums in strength. The nights were cold to bitterness, in the morning air, and the vigorous whanging those drums got almost perceptibly increased the temperature. My tent was pitched opposite the main guard near the Lincoln's lines. It was not enough that the sentries hoarsely challenged passers, apparently every half-minute all night. For want of further diversion, outpost called to outpost, to make sure that each sentinel was on the alert. And, worse luck still, my neighbours beat around camp with that flute solo and massed drums entertainment, their excruciating, brain-racking favourite tune, 'Old man Barry.' As far as my bewildered senses could make out, it was a sort of medley of the 'Dead March' and the 'Deil Among the Tailors.' It served its purpose admirably, however, arousing everybody. Half an hour later, the men having had a snack of biscuit or bread, were not only on parade, but setting out for a route march of thirteen miles, or a morning's hard work at field exercises or manoeuvres. Their daily round was one of drill and duty, for the General arranged plenty of work for the men, such as wood-cutting parties, guards and outposts, besides the regular marches and hours devoted to lively mimic war operations and scurrying over the desert. A good deal of time was given to learning a new attack formation which he devised for dealing with dervishes and like gentry, and which was put in practice later on at the Atbara. At night 'first post' was at 7.30. By 8.15 p.m. all lights had to be out and everybody abed. Tommy spread his blanket upon the pebbles or desert sand, lying down fully dressed, boots and all, ready to spring to arms. Officers as well as men had to go to sleep with their clothes on, although there was no enemy near."

Nothing is more striking in the story of Atbara than the gradual progression of events, rendered more gradual by the extraordinary care taken by Sir Herbert Kitchener to neglect no precaution, and to leave nothing to chance. At last—the final night march, with its halts to recover position, and its snatches of slumber! The air was electric now. Mr. Burleigh heard a sentimental Seaforth Highlander say to another: "Ah, Tam, how many thousands there are at home across the sea thinking o' us the night!" "Right, Sandy," was the reply, "and how many millions there are that don't care a d——. Go to sleep, you fool!"

The final advance on Mahmoud's zereba was done in review order, and with the consciousness of victory ahead. We should like to quote the whole of Mr. Burleigh's account of the rush on the zereba. Our readers need not to be reminded of the character of the fight. Here is the final collision:

"Then there were cries of 'Come on, men!' ringing shouts and cheers, as freed from the leash the Camerons, followed by their comrade battalions, dashed at the Dervishes. Maxwell's and Macdonald's men ran forward too, and there was wild work with rifles, pistols, and bayonets, as the front rank pulled at or clambered over the zereba and palisade to get at the enemy. General Gatacre, followed by Capt. Ronald Brooke of his staff, was the first upon our front at the zereba. Seizing a bush he tried to pull it aside. A Dervish sprang from the trench to spear the General, who called out to big Private Cross, of F Company, 'Give it him, my man.' Cross promptly obeyed, shot and bayoneted the Dervish, and turned

again to help the General, who had not ceased to drag at the bush. Who can accurately tell the first man to enter the Dervish zereba of the British brigade? It may or may not have been Private Taylor of the Camerons, as I have heard asserted.

In the few momentous half-seconds that intervened, while officers and men were making a passage through the hedge, their comrades covering them as well as they were able, sending showers of bullets through the palisades and a hail of lead over and across the inner lines of trenches, hundreds of brave deeds were done. The Dervish fire was so bitter, and their lines of trenches so many and so close behind the palisade, that the plan of attack had to be changed on the instant. Instead of the Camerons being halted to allow the other battalions to go through to the front, an operation which would have entailed delay and great loss of life, the General called upon the men to push forward. Our big Union Jack, borne on high by Staff-Sergeant Wyatt, as usual marked and directed the centre of the Camerons' line. Its bearer was mauled in the knee by a bullet from an elephant gun, and could go no further. An orderly in the Camerons gripped the staff, and, under Gatacre's direction, triumphantly carried the Union Jack forward through a storm of bullets, which left him unscathed, but checkered the flag with holes and rents. Stubbornly clung the Dervishes to their trenches, firing at us at a few paces' range. To deal better with them, the front and rear ranks fired alternately. Captain Findlay of the Camerons, with his revolver in one hand and sword in the other, sprang in safety over the palisade and first trench, although the latter was crammed two deep with Dervishes. Shooting and bayoneting all before them, his men strove to keep up with their tall, herculean captain, for Findlay stood over six feet two inches. He had gone but half-a-dozen yards farther when he was shot through the body in two places by Mahdists concealed in a trench but a few yards off. His men, who had been unable to protect him, took an instant vengeance upon every Dervish in the trench."

The victory was unlike the old brilliant affairs of El Teb and Tel El Kebir in that it was the organised sequel of the Dongola victory of 1896, and a deliberate step toward the Khartoum victory, which will, it is hoped, soon set our church bells ringing. Even as we write "high Nile" is the news from Kitchener's force, and that means Omdurman and Khartoum. The Khalifa is reported to have 50,000 followers still in hand, and it is pretty certain that he will fight and be beaten. Mr. Burleigh's clear, if not very stylish, narrative is an interim narrative. When Khartoum falls the nation will want to hear the story from first to last.

"BISMARCK'S TABLE-TALK."

Bismarck's Table-Talk. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by Charles Lowe. New and Cheaper Edition. (H. Grevel & Co.)

A HAPPY moment this for the republication of an excellent piece of journalism, in which the life and character of a great man are illustrated out of the record of his own profuse words.

Among these may probably be reckoned—as Mr. Lowe does not hesitate to reckon them—the familiar "blood and iron" phrase put by the author of *Endymion* into

the mouth of the Count Ferroll (*quasi a ferro et igni*):

"Everything is quite rotten throughout the Continent. This year is tranquility to what the next will be. There is not a throne in Europe worth a year's purchase. My worthy master wants me to return home and be Minister; I am to fashion for him a new constitution. I will never have anything to do with new constitutions; their inventors are always the first victims. Instead of making a constitution he should make a country, and convert his heterogeneous domains into a patriotic dominion.' But how is that to be done?' 'There is only one way: by blood and iron.' 'My dear Count, you shock me!' 'I shall have to shock you a great deal more before the inevitable is brought about.'"

That "blood and iron," by the way, was not so brutal as it sounds; it was the living blood he meant, not the gore of the battlefield. His phrases were wont to be more violent than his thought, and not less direct; for no great diplomatist had so neat a fashion of disguising a purpose behind the frank expression of it.

"What danger can there be [asked Napoleon once of M. Doucet, at the time when Bismarck was ambassador at Paris] in a man who notoriously thinks aloud?' M. Doucet answered: 'Count von Bismarck has a genius for conveying false impressions by telling the naked truth. His frankness is like the inky fluid which the cuttlefish at Biarritz throw round them—the more truthful he is, the less one sees into him.'"

Not, of course, that plain speech was his sole weapon. Mr. Lowe tells an amusing story of how, in an interview with Favre, he took advantage of the chaotic condition of public affairs in France to gain his ends in the arrangement of the terms of peace by playing off an imaginary representative of Napoleon: a closed door and a minatory finger were the simple means. He believed also in "My Lady Nicotine" as an assessor:

"When you enter on a discussion which may lead to vehement remarks," said Bismarck, 'you should smoke. . . . With regard to the mental condition, it does not deprive us of our intellectual capacity, but it produces a state of kindly repose. . . . The eye is occupied, the hand is engaged, the organ of smell is gratified—one is happy. In this state one is very disposed to make concessions; and our business—that of diplomatists—continually consists in the making of mutual concessions.'"

As became a Conservative of Conservatives, he had faith in the *Almanach de Gotha*: the young diplomat should know it by heart, "for the things that form its contents play an important part in politics." French diplomatists were dancing dogs without collars, who "stood up on their hind legs and performed their antics without authority from man alive." Past-master as he himself was, Bismarck was once overreached by the event. In this wise:

"The ambassador of a Great Power one day called on Bismarck, and, in the course of a rather long conversation, asked the Prince how he managed to get rid of troublesome visitors—of bores, in fact. 'Oh, that is very simple,' replied the Chancellor. 'When my wife thinks anyone is staying too long, she merely sends for me, and thus the interview ends.' At that very moment a servant entered, and, bowing low, begged his master to favour the Princess with his presence for a few minutes. The

ambassador blushed, and at once withdrew, as gracefully as possible in the trying circumstances."

He was a fighting man, all the many inches of him, and his deity the God of Battles. He had no admiration for "the moral courage of letting one's face be slapped." He reckoned it not uncommon. But, in the manner of another age, he was religious. Therefore, he would not so much as undertake a duel *à la mort* without first receiving Holy Communion and praying devoutly that his bullet might reach an effectual spot. In this life he was always prepared for the devil's having the best of it; at every throw he stood to win or lose all; but confidence in those things which shall appear sustained him.

"It is not very pleasant," Bismarck remarked to Wagener on another occasion, 'to have an opera-glass levelled at you at fourteen paces, or a revolver at four; and any little gratification of vanity that one feels at being stared at so much does not last very long. All the little vanities of life have only a charm as long as we do not possess them. But once we attain them, we only think of what King Solomon said about the vanity of all things. Therefore it is that I cannot comprehend how anyone can endure life who doesn't believe in another and a better one.'"

His religious principles made him a stern critic of literature, of which, nevertheless, he was a lover. ("Please send me a revolver of large size," ran a letter to his wife, "also a novel to read.") So

"Bismarck had the frankness to say that he looked upon the comedies of Dumas the younger, and indeed on most French plays of the lighter sort, as grossly corrupting to the public morals. 'Panem et circenses,' smiled De Morny. 'Panem et saturnalia,' muttered Bismarck."

He took these matters very seriously. The song, "Le sabre de mon père," in Offenbach's *Grande Duchesse*, enraged him; but "You cannot expect a pair of Jews to feel any reverence for military traditions" was his scornful comment.

His philosophic soul was nurtured on Hegel; Spinoza's pantheism had influenced him, but not so much as Christianity; Kant he "could never quite get through." But principles he judged to be rather an encumbrance; he trusted to instinct: "If I am to go through life with principles," he said, "it seems to me just the same as if I had to pass along a narrow forest path with a long pole in my mouth."

His relations with the "quill-cattle" varied with circumstances. He had not disdained himself to practise journalism, and to accept the guerdon; but his reply to Mr. Fisher, "an important journalist of San Francisco" (so presented by the American ambassador, Mr. Phelps), is a model of unsympathetic conciseness:

"Prince Bismarck is respectfully requested [wrote the American] to cable a few words in reference to the following question: What benefit will be derived in your Grace's opinion from International Expositions?"

On the margin of this the Prince simply wrote in pencil, "None!"

Worse than the "quill-cattle" he loathed the "chamber-chatterers"—the gang of

"professors" and the politicians cursed with a knack of oratory.

"A good speaker must be somewhat of a poet [he said], and therefore cannot adhere mathematically to the truth. He must be piquant and exciting—easily inflamed, that he may be inflammatory—wherefore, to my mind, a good speaker can but seldom be a safe statesman."

"Il n'y a que M. de Bismarck qui soit un vrai grand homme," wrote Merimée at a certain crucial moment; and a word thrown out by the way to the excellent soldier-prince he served illustrates at once his consciousness of the fact and his knack of repartee:

"Said his Majesty one day: 'Look at me. I am a much older man than you are, Bismarck, and yet I am still able to ride.'"

"Ah, yes," rejoined the Chancellor; 'but then your Majesty must remember that a rider always lasts longer than his horse.'"

But this horse was not held by bit and bridle; his was the intelligence of the pair, and the daring and the good fortune. The first German Emperor rode to victory upon his back, but the Emperor's merit was that he entrusted himself to the judgment of his mount.

BRIEFER MENTION.

Unaddressed Letters. Edited by Frank Athelstane Swettenham, K.C.M.G. (John Lane.)

THE contents of this book, which by a literary artifice are presented as a bundle of miscellaneous letters, addressed at divers times by a dead hand to divers persons, we may perhaps regard as a series of occasional papers on things in general, the work of the "editor" himself. The writer is a man of wide experience; a traveller, a diplomatist, an observer of strange peoples, the confidential friend of many women, at whose hands he would appear to have suffered many things. These documents reflect corresponding phases of his life. They are the work of a man of sentiment—in no ignominious sense—endowed with an appreciative eye for the picturesque in nature, and are spiced with a cynical humour. This combination of sentimentality and cynicism is their most characteristic feature. Here, from "Veering with the Wind," is a tolerably characteristic paragraph of convenient dimensions:

"Sometimes even, influenced by surroundings, maddened by the whisperings of a southern night passed in a place where she breathes an atmosphere impregnated with the romance of centuries, the lonely soul of the woman, hungering for sympathy and communion, will seize a pen and write, 'Come to me; I want you, for you understand; come and I will give you happiness.' Before the letter has gone one day on a journey that may take it to the ends of the earth, the writer's mood has changed, and she has forgotten her summons as completely as though it had never been written. When the missive reaches its destination, the recipient will be wise to curb his impetuosity, and realise that his opportunity is long since dead and buried."

The author develops this vein to the utmost limit of comprehensibility—not to say beyond it—in “Of Worship” and “To Mary, in Heaven.” In “The Hill of Solitude” and in “By the Sea” the emotion is of another kind. The former is a striking account of the process of a sunset seen from the top of a hill (crowned, of course, with a flowery grove of sentimental memories); in the other, a seashore is admirably sketched and tinted, and tender memories scuttle upon the backs of tiny scarlet crabs into the miniature seas left by the retreating waves. The writer hears his distant correspondent

“exclaim in childish admiration of the marvellous colouring of a jelly-fish, . . . or your grown-up experience allows you an almost pleasurable little shudder when you think of the poisonous possibilities of this tenderly tinted, gauzily gowned digestive system.”

And the rare familiarity with certain Oriental types which made the merit of *Malay Sketches*, is manifest once more in “A Love Philtre,” “Moonstruck,” “The ‘Devi,’” and “Tigers and Crocodiles.”

We should leave a score unsettled with our conscience if we were to refrain from a word of respectful admonition. A writer who writes intimately and frequently of himself would be more than human if he never betrayed an inclination to maunder. But we cannot believe that the “dead hand” illusion might not have been preserved without the inclusion of a good deal of stuff which any candid friend—being a man of judgment—must certainly have damned so. The phrasing tends similarly to redundancy, and the grammar is freakish. Yet we cordially welcome the book. It is a generous self-revelation of uncommon candour, in a form sufficiently unfamiliar to preserve the charm of novelty.

A Dream Quest. (Truslove & Hanson.)

THE poem is written in the stanza of Spenser—or Spencer, as the anonymous author has it on his title-page—but the hands are, or at least are after, the hands of John Keats. It is, indeed, the very *reductio ad absurdum* of the Keatsian method. The swooning rhythm is accurately caught, the particular variety of poetic diction is faithfully reproduced, and the sentiment meanders conscientiously through canto after canto, from rapture to ecstasy, and from ecstasy to languor. And withal there is the most extraordinary vacancy of tangible meaning that it has ever been our fortune to encounter. The tenuous thread of motive loses itself in fountains of eloquent gush. Nor can we believe that even the author himself attaches any definite ideas to many of his glib phrases. Take a specimen:

“My flesh was nurtured in the burning South,
Where heart and mind are free as mountain
air;
And yet no mortal kiss has stained my mouth,
No eyes save thine have viewed my bosom
bare,
Or feasted on my limbs with longing stare:
All, all is kept for thee as sacred place,
And through the tangles of my wavy hair
Thy lips shall cull around my neck and
face,
And first upon their bloom a blissful frenzy
trace!”

The reader who has reflected upon the probable reasons which determined the selection of the word “stare” to end the fifth line, and the obvious reasons which should have prevented it from being so selected, will be qualified to appreciate at its worth the poetic value of *A Dream Quest*. He may then proceed to consider the precise significance, for lips, of “culling around,” and to form, if possible, a mental picture of bloom upon which a blissful frenzy has been traced.

Notes on Mediæval Services in England, with an Index of Lincoln Ceremonies.
By Christopher Wordsworth. (Thomas Baker.)

THIS is a beautifully groomed book. It consists mainly of a series of articles reprinted from the *Church Times*; and they are all about bells and boungarth and laundresses and lecterns and sermons and sweepers and piscinas and choral copes, and a lot of things you hardly ever see in a newspaper-office. Incidentally a literary point emerges here and there. It may have struck one as strange, for instance, that Catholic tradition should so completely have died out already in Shakespeare's time that he could put the words “evening mass” into Juliet's pretty Catholic mouth. It was, in fact, a general mediæval custom to postpone the community mass upon fast days till after None, and then it was followed immediately by Vespers, if that office was not actually embedded in the post-communion part of the mass. This is actually the case to-day, we may remind Mr. Wordsworth, in the mass for Holy Saturday according to the Roman rite. As a matter of dramatic fact, Juliet visited the Friar's cell a fortnight before Lammas (i. 3, 15). Now, July 24 was the vigil of St. James, and a fast day. The book as a whole is the capable work of an enthusiast, to whom nothing that treats of the externals of Divine worship and the religious life is stale or dull—a class characteristic of our own time and of the Established Church of England.

Sir Benjamin Collins Brodie. By Timothy Holmes, M.A., F.R.C.S. (Fisher Unwin.)

THE portrait by Mr. Watts, which faces the title-page of this volume of the “Masters of Medicine” series, shows a fine aquiline face with grave expectant eyes. Born in the latter part of last century, this great surgeon—one of those who most largely helped to transform surgery from a handicraft to a science—was a son of the parsonage. To the severe literary discipline of his youth in the house of a scholarly father may be attributed, in part, his success in a profession for which nature had forgotten to indicate his aptitude. For it was the hazard of circumstance, and not any divine impulse, that sent him to St. George's rather than to Oxford or the Temple. And he himself draws from this fact the conclusion that

“the persons who succeed best in professions are those who, having (perhaps from some accidental circumstance) been led to embark in them, persevere in their course as a matter of

duty, or because they have nothing better to do.”

He first studied anatomy under Abernethy, and Astley Cooper studied with him. And, unlike the “saw-boneses,” his contemporaries, even during his laborious student days he continued to study the classical writers with whose works he had become familiar in the parsonage; physiology did not oust metaphysics (his favourite philosopher was Berkeley); and he even managed to keep pace with the output of fiction. The system of the medical education in his student days was chaotic, and the present system of instruction in the London medical schools is largely the result of the order he instituted at St. George's. In private practice he succeeded, or rather superseded, Astley Cooper as the fashionable surgeon; though, as his biographer points out, he was not supremely skilful as an operator—rather, he won his success by his extreme diligence in watching effects, and and by a prudent confidence in the resources of nature.

Though rather discursive, the book is a worthy member of an excellent series.

St. John Baptist College. By William Holden Hutton, B.D. (F. E. Robinson.)

APART altogether from the interest such a work must have for the molecules of the corporate life which it chronicles, Mr. Hutton has produced a book which must exercise a certain charm over the imagination of an East End seamstress, say, supposing her to have a working knowledge of the English language and some acquaintance with the present characteristics of the Anglo-Saxon race. It takes us back to the scholarly childhood from which we have emerged into the practical cunning of to-day. Yet Sir Thomas White was eminently a practical man. He knew how, in the naughty days of the Tudors, to keep his head upon his shoulders without going back on his convictions. He was sincerely religious, yet he made haste to get rich; and when the Lord had largely prospered him, he founded neither a hospital nor a technical school, but, upon the ruins of the Cistercian house of studies, this college “to the praise and honour of God and of the Blessed Virgin Mary His Mother, and St. John Baptist.” Herein some fifty fellows and scholars were to devote themselves for ever to the study of theology, philosophy, civil and canon law, and medicine (one only to this last). To learn and to know was their business, not to find out and to apply; and that simple-minded century of great thought saw nothing to excite wonder in a life-long devotion to religion and sound learning that must exclude alike practical service and domestic ties. Yet has his policy justified itself in alien ends; for from the days of Buckeridge and Campion and Shirley and Laud his ancient and venerable foundation has not been left without witness. It is to be hoped that other Houses may find an equally able and devoted historian.

THE ACADEMY SUPPLEMENT.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1898.

THE NEWEST FICTION.

A GUIDE FOR NOVEL READERS.

THE QUEEN'S SERF.

BY ELSA D'ESTERRE KEELING.

This story, which is dedicated to the memory of Mr. J. R. Green—from whose Preface to his *Short History* a passage is quoted—concerns Ambrose Gwinett, a Commoner of England, and opens in the year 1709. The author declares that its startling incidents and hairbreadth escapes are true. There is some pretty writing: "The time for toasts now came, and Mr. Roberts, with a smile that was witty and tender, drank towards Sweet Birdsnie, his toast (an old one in old England) being this—'Thy love and mine!' Sweet Birdsnie, who had just set down a cup of milk, drank to him only with her eyes, which looked into his very thoughtfully, though Sweet Birdsnie was not thinking." (T. Fisher Unwin. 258 pp. 6s.)

CALEB WEST.

BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH.

A story of light-house building in America. The adventures of the young engineer, Henry Sanford, and his men are often exciting, and some manly fellows are introduced. Much depends on the behaviour of derricks and other mechanisms; but the men are as soft-hearted as their surroundings are hard. (Constable & Co. 320 pp. 6s.)

REVIEWS.

In the Cage. By Henry James.
(Duckworth & Co.)

THIS is a brief and slight study, yet we could not wish for a better representation of the art of Mr. Henry James. In appearance it is only a sketch of a girl who works the telegraph in an office that is part of a grocer's shop in the West End, but as background there is the extravagant world of fashion throwing out disjointed hints of vice and intrigue in messages handed in as indifferently as if the operator were only part of the machine. Nevertheless, she is a woman too, and feminine interest and curiosity so quicken her wits that she is able to piece together "the high encounter with life, the large and complicated game" of her customers. This, in fact, is the romance in her life, the awakening touch to her imagination, and it is brought into skilful contrast with the passionless commonplace of her own love. Nothing occurs to break up the even tenor of her path to marriage and a little 'ome. She had accepted Mr. Mudge in the business-like way of her class. He had gone to a more commanding situation in a less fashionable society, and she was rather glad.

"He had at any rate ceased to be all day long in her eyes, and this left something a little fresh for them to rest on of a Sunday. During the three months that he had remained at Cocker's after her consent to their engagement, she had often asked herself what it was that marriage would be able to add to a familiarity so final. Opposite there, behind the counter of which his superior stature, his whiter apron, his more clustering curls, and more present, too present, he had been for a couple of years the principal ornament, he had moved to and fro before her as on the small sanded floor of their contracted future. She was conscious now of not having to take her present and her future at once. They were about as much as she could manage when taken separate."

Thus she was in no great hurry to accept his advice, and seek a transfer to a place "under the very roof where he was foreman, so that dangled before her every minute of the day, he should see her, as he called it, 'hourly.'" We congratulate Mr. James on that word "hourly"; somehow it makes the white-aproned, curly-headed grocer live. The drama in high-life opens during Mudge's absence, and the more delicious parts of the book are those in

which she tries to rouse him out of his usual calm by hints of the wickedness to which she was privy

"At last, simply as if by accident, and out of mere boredom on a day that was rather flat, she preposterously produced her own 'Well, wait a bit. Where I am I can still see things.' And she talked to him even worse, if possible, than she had talked to Mrs. Jordan.

Little by little, to her own stupefaction, she caught that he was trying to take it as she meant it, and that he was neither astonished nor angry. Oh, the British tradesman—this gave her an idea of his resources! He seemed positively to enter for the time, and without the faintest flash of irony or ripple of laughter, into the whimsical ground of her enjoyment of Cocker's custom, and instantly to be casting up whatever it might, as Mr. Jordan had said, lead to. What she had done was simply to give his fancy another push into the dim vast of trade. In that direction it was all alert, and she had whirled before it the mild fragrance of a 'connexion.'"

It would be giving away the story to describe the intrigue in high life, but it led the betrothed of Mr. Mudge into a situation that would have maddened any ordinary lover. What it was will be gathered from the following conversation which took place at Bournemouth in August, she, her mother, and he, being there for the annual holiday. He was pressing her to go to the situation in the shop where he was:

"So you're ready to come."

For a little, again, she made no answer. "No, not yet, all the same. I've still got a reason—a different one."

He looked her all over as if it might have been something she kept in her mouth or her glove or under her jacket—something she was even sitting upon. "Well, I'll have it, please."

"I went out the other night and sat in the Park with a gentleman," she said at last.

Nothing was ever seen like his confidence in her, and she wondered a little why it did not irritate her. . . .

"And what did you get out of that?" he asked, with a concern that was not in the least for his honour.

"Nothing but a good chance to promise him I would not forsake him. He's one of my customers."

"Then it's for him not to forsake you."

"Well, he won't. It's all right. But I must just keep on as long as he may want me."

"Want you to sit with him in the Park?"

"He may want me for that; but I shan't. I rather liked it; but once, under the circumstances, is enough. I can do better for him in another manner."

"And what manner, pray?"

"Well, elsewhere."

"Elsewhere! I say!"

This was an ejaculation used also by Captain Everard, but, oh, with what a different sound! "You needn't say, there is nothing to be said, and yet you ought perhaps to know."

"Certainly I ought. But what—up to now?"

"Why, exactly what I told him—that I would do anything for him."

"What do you mean by anything?"

"Everything."

Mr. Mudge's immediate comment on this statement was to draw from his pocket a crumpled paper containing the remains of half a pound of 'sundries.' These sundries had figured conspicuously in his prospective sketch of their tour, but it was only at the end of three days that they had defined themselves unmistakably as chocolate-creams. "Have another—that one," he said. She had another, but not the one he indicated."

It is a tribute to the novelist's skill that while exhibiting the thick-skinnedness of Mr. Mudge and his grovelling devotion to business, he never allows him to lapse into mere weakness or foolishness. There was, as it happened, no real ground for jealousy. The girl's devotion to Captain Everard was entirely Platonic. The interview in the Park, to which reference has been made, had no flirtation in it. Here is a sample. The girl says:

"To be perfectly fair, I shall tell you I recognise at Cocker's certain strong attractions. All you people come. I like all the horrors."

"The horrors?"

"Those you all—you know the set I mean, your set—show me with as good a conscience as if I had no more feeling than a letter-box."

He looked quite excited at the way she put it. 'Oh, they don't know.'

'Don't know I'm not stupid? No, how should they?'

'Yes, how should they?' said the Captain sympathetically. 'But isn't "horrors" rather strong?'

'What you do is rather strong,' the girl promptly replied.

'What I do.'

'Your extravagance, your selfishness, your immorality, your crimes,' she pursued, without heeding his expression.

'I say'—her companion showed the queerest stare.

'I like them, as I tell you. I revel in them. But we needn't go into that,' she quietly went on; 'for all I get out of it is the harmless pleasure of knowing. I know, I know, I know!'—she breathed it ever so gently."

As was said of another celebrated character in fiction, Captain Everard would have been a very great hero indeed, or no hero at all, if he had shown no disposition to deepen the interest that had been developed in the enthusiastic girl. But she strangled in their birth his first manifestations of gallantry, and reduced the relationship to what might have been between a brother and sister. As a *motif* to the story, it has the advantage of bringing into close contact grocerdom and aristocracy. Nor is it easy to say which emerges best from the comparison. If the latter is superior in dress and manner and tact, it is more abundantly evident that Captain Everard is about as poverty-struck in the matter of ideas as Mr. Mudge. The talk of the one is quite as limited in range as that of the other.

The action of the story may be likened to that of two railway trains entering a large station on adjacent lines. By some accident there is a stoppage, and a third class compartment is brought up alongside of a first. For a little the two run along the line together, and a romantic office-girl looks curiously into a carriage full of richly dressed men and women—most likely treasuring their appearance in memory. But the engine whistles and the trains split asunder, and the maiden perforce turns again to her young man. Only it was not at a railway-station, but in a post-office that it all took place.

* * * *

The House of Hidden Treasure. By Maxwell Gray.
(Heinemann.)

From the standpoint of the mere critic it is not difficult to sum up *The House of Hidden Treasure*. It is a prettily written story; the style here and there is wordy, generally lacking distinction, the construction of the plot is very loose and faulty. The book is too long by half; in parts it is so involved as to be almost incomprehensible. The chief characters act in a way in which no human beings have ever acted or are likely to act. Altogether, you will say, a book which no one will trouble to wade through. Not at all! It would not surprise us in the least to find that *The House of Hidden Treasure* enjoys a large sale. It is a book that appeals mightily to a certain large section of the reading public. It is one of those sentimentally sorrowful, high-toned stories so dear to average womankind. There are tears in bucketfuls, unhappy marriages and tragic deaths without number. There is plentiful, gushing love-making, many a proposal reported *verbatim*, not a little sickly sentiment, and, in the end, improbable happiness. The very novel for a seaside lending library!

Unfortunately for us, we do not believe in "Maxwell Gray's" puppets, so that their many trials and tears fail to move us greatly. What woman, however strong her sense of duty, would have sent to the man who loved her and whom she loved with her whole heart such a brutal letter as is given on p. 225? Would such a remarkably clever and keen old gentleman as Sir Geoffrey have been imposed upon for years by so palpable a scoundrel as Brinson Hythe? Would Grace, who had on many occasions routed this villain, have been finally ousted from her well-won position in Sir Geoffrey's confidence and esteem by so time-worn a strategy as the intercepted correspondence? Would there have been no inquiry into the causes of the two suspicious accidents that befel Grace during her stay at Sir Geoffrey's mansion, and would not suspicion naturally have rested on Brinson Hythe, who had, as everybody must have known, many reasons for wishing her well out of the way? And when, at last, Sir Geoffrey's vast fortune came into Grace's hands, and when anonymous gifts were showered on the

neighbourhood, would not the recipients of this largesse have been able to make a shrewd guess at the donor?

The incoherence of the story makes it difficult reading. In the prologue—a wholly unnecessary prologue, by the way; a prologue that seems to have wandered astray from its rightful place towards the end of the book—we are introduced to Maurice Bertram, an ill-treated boy; to Grace, a prim middle-aged woman, scarred by sorrow; to Mrs. Dorrien, living with the bitter memories of the past. Then the story proper begins, with the history of Mrs. Dorrien's runaway marriage, of Sir Geoffrey's wrath, of Brinson Hythe's perfidy, of Grace's wild doings, of Laura's unfortunate marriage, of Colonel Dorrien's debts and gambling and shame and sudden death. Then, after two hundred pages, we find ourselves back once more in the time of the prologue, and a little later Maurice Bertram reappears. His little romance is dragged out to make a happy ending, and as he is a dull and foolish young man his little romance is wearisome.

Apart from improbabilities and faulty construction, there are many good things in *The House of Hidden Treasure*. The story of Grace's "scapegrace" days is lively and thoroughly well done. The Colonel, bad lot though he be, is entertaining company; so are Chip and Mursie, delightful characters both. The descriptions of country life and manners show shrewd observation and a keen appreciation of the humours of a small village. Of the general style of the book let the following quotation speak:

"A leaden sky hung low and threatening; there was in the air that singular sense of mute sorrow which forbodes snow, though as yet none had fallen on the frost-bound earth. Bare trees rattled their leaves drily in the bitter wind that rose now and again in gusts; spreading branches of sturdy oaks groaned, as if complaining one to another of the season's rigour, and mourning for the summer green of their lost leafage. . . . A bunch of brown fluffy feathers motionless on the ground showed a frozen thrush, most melancholy of nature's sights; when the chill daylight faded into chill gloaming and chillier dark, dry grass shivered stiff in the wind, and tree-tops told each other sadder and sadder tales under the starless sky; a brightness of red-lighted windows showed Hardwin Hall on an eminence, above rounded masses of dark trees, and faintly outlined against a wooded hill behind it. At the foot of the eminence, crowned by the stately-towered building, lay a small lake, pale and grey, and cheerless as the memory of past sorrow in dreams. There is nothing more sorrowful than this wanness of still water under dark sky."

W. A. ON "A SHROPSHIRE LAD."

WHEN a discerning critic, a lover of poetry (to use a misused phrase), happens upon a poet not altogether new, reads him with avidity, and writes about him enthusiastically, the result is good reading. In such case has Mr. William Archer lately been with Mr. A. E. Housman, author of "A Shropshire Lad," whose muse was extolled in the *ACADEMY* some time ago. Mr. Archer prints his appreciation of "A Shropshire Lad" in the *Fortnightly*: "You may read it in half an hour, but there are things in it you will scarce forget in a lifetime." Later in the article Mr. Archer remarks:

"Mr. Housman has three main topics: a stoical pessimism; a dogged rather than an exultant patriotism; and what I may perhaps call a wistful cynicism. His pessimism he formulates again and again. . . .

In a remarkable poem called 'The Welch Marches' he seems to give an ethnological reason for this sombre strain in his temperament. At Shrewsbury, he says (in a splendid stanza):

'The flag of morn in conqueror's state
Enters at the English gate:
The vanquished eve, as night prevails,
Bleeds upon the road to Wales.

When Severn down to Buildwas ran
Coloured with the death of man,
Couched upon her brother's grave
The Saxon got me on the slave

In my heart it has not died,
The war that sleeps on Severn side;
They cease not fighting, east and west,
On the marches of my breast.

Whatever its origin, whether it proceed from the subjection of the Celt to the Teuton, or from some more modern source, Mr. Housman's melancholy is inveterate and not to be shaken off. But there is nothing whining about it. Rather, it is bracing, invigorating. The poet communes with a statue in the Grecian gallery, who reminds him that:

"Years, ere you stood up from rest,
On my neck the collar preest;
Years, when you lay down your ill,
I shall stand and bear it still.
Courage, lad, 'tis not for long:
Stand, quit you like stone, be strong."
So I thought his look would say;
And light on me my trouble lay,
And I stepped out in flesh and bone
Manful, like the man of stone.

Following a curious habit, of which this little book offers several examples, Mr. Housman, in another poem, presents a variation of the same thought. This poem is so noble that I must quote it entire. Metrically, it is perhaps the best thing in the book—note the masterly handling of the cæsura:

'Be still, my soul, be still; the arms you bear are brittle,
Earth and high heaven are fixt of old and founded strong.
Think rather—call to thought, if now you grieve a little,
The days when we had rest, oh soul, for they were long.

Men loved unkindness then, but lightless in the quarry
I slept and saw not; tears fell down, I did not mourn;
Sweat ran and blood sprang out and I was never sorry:
Then it was well with me, in days ere I was born.

Now, and I muse for why and never find the reason,
I pace the earth, and drink the air, and feel the sun.
Be still, be still, my soul; it is but for a season:
Let us endure an hour and see injustice done.

Ay, look: high heaven and earth ail from the prime foundation;
All thoughts to writhe the heart are here, and all are vain:
Horror and scorn and hate and fear and indignation—
Oh why did I awake? when shall I sleep again?"

To show how Mr. Housman can touch his world-weariness to absolute beauty, I quote a poem so delicate that even the tenderest breath of praise would only shake off some of its bloom. It has for its motto what I take to be an old local rhyme—if it be not a new one:

"Clunton and Clunbury,
Clunjunford and Clun,
Are the quietest places
Under the sun."

In valleys of springs and rivers,
By Ony and Teme and Clun,
The country for easy livers,
The quietest under the sun.

We still had sorrows to lighten,
One could not be always glad,
And lads knew trouble at Knighton,
When I was a Knighton lad.

By bridges that Thames runs under,
In London, the town built ill,
'Tis sure small matter for wonder
If sorrow is with one still.

And if as a lad grows older
The troubles he bears are more,
He carries his griefs on a shoulder
That handselled them long ago.

Where shall one halt to deliver
This luggage I'd lief set down?
Not Thames, not Teme is the river,
Nor London nor Knighton the town:

'Tis a long way further than Knighton,
A quieter place than Clun,
Where doomsday may thunder and lighten,
And little 'twill matter to one.'

The English language is appreciably the richer for such work as this.

One of his most notable little groups of poems turns on the idea that

'A lad that lives and has his will
Is worth a dozen dead.'

By far the best of the group is a dialogue between a dead man and his living friend, the gist of which lies in the friend's last answer:

'Yes, lad, I lie easy,
I lie as lads would choose;
I cheer a dead man's sweetheart,
Never ask me whose.'

As for the pains of love misplaced, have they ever been more poignantly or more briefly expressed than in the two stanzas of this perfect song?

'When I was one-and-twenty
I heard a wise man say,
"Give crowns and pounds and guineas
But not your heart away;
Give pearls away and rubies
But keep your fancy free."
But I was one-and-twenty,
No use to talk to me.

When I was one-and-twenty
I heard him say again,
"The heart out of the bosom
Was never given in vain;
'Tis paid with sighs a-plenty
And sold for endless rue."
And I am two-and-twenty,
And oh, 'tis true 'tis true.'

There is a whole heart-history in this ingenious and exquisite little work of art.

In a few of Mr Housman's poems, however, there is no touch of that bitterness of feeling which I have named, or misnamed, cynicism. 'Bredon Hill' (pronounced *Breedon*) seems to me almost unrivalled in its delicate, unemphatic pathos:

'In Summer time on Bredon
The bells they sound so clear;
Round both the shires they ring them
In steeples far and near,
A happy noise to hear.

Here of a Sunday morning
My love and I would lie,
And see the coloured counties,
And hear the larks so high
About us in the sky.

The bells would ring to call her
In valleys miles away:
"Come all to church, good people;
Good people, come and pray."
But here my love would stay.

And I would turn and answer
Among the springing thyme,
"Oh, peal upon our wedding,
And we will hear the chime,
And come to church in time."

But when the snows at Christmas
On Bredon top were strown,
My love rose up so early
And stole out unbeknown
And went to church alone.

They tolled the one bell only,
Groom there was none to see,
The mourners followed after,
And so to church went she,
And would not wait for me.

The bells they sound on Bredon,
And still the steeples hum:
"Come all to Church good people"—
Oh, noisy bells, be dumb;
I hear you, I will come.'

It is long since we have caught just this note in English verse—the note of intense feeling uttering itself in language of unadorned precision, uncontorted truth. Mr. Housman is a vernacular poet, if ever there was one. He employs scarcely a word that is not understood of the people, and current on their lips. For this very reason, some readers who have come to regard decoration, and even contortion, as of the essence of poetry, may need time to acquire the taste for Mr. Housman's simplicity. But if he is vernacular, he is also classical in the best sense of the word. His simplicity is not that of weakness, but of strength and skill. He eschews extrinsic and factitious ornament because he knows how to attain beauty without it. It is good to mirror a thing in figures, but it is at least as good to express the thing itself in its essence, always provided, of course, that the method be that of poetic synthesis, not of scientific analysis. Mr. Housman has this talent in a very high degree; and cognate and complementary to it is his remarkable gift of reticence—of aposiopesis, if I may wrest the term from its rhetorical sense and apply it to poetry. He will often say more by a cunning silence than many another poet by pages of speech. That is how he has contrived to get into this tiny volume so much of the very essence and savour of life."

WAR AS MATERIAL FOR LITERATURE.

MR. GEORGE WYNDHAM has written an interesting critical introduction to Mr. Stephen Crane's war stories, which, for the first time, are issued in a single volume by Mr. Heinemann. Mr. Wyndham thus discusses the conditions under which war becomes literary material:

"All men are aware of antagonism and desire, or at the least are conscious, even in the nursery, that their hearts are the destined theatres of these emotions; all have felt or heard of their violence; all know that, unlike other emotions, these must often be translated into the glittering drama of decisive speech and deed; all, in short, expect to be lovers, and peer at the possibility of fighting. And yet how hard it is for the tried to compare notes, for the untried to anticipate experience! Love and war have been the themes of song and story in every language since the beginning of the world, love-making and fighting the supreme romances of most men and most nations; but any one man knows little enough of either beyond the remembered record of his own chances and achievements, and knows still less whither to turn in order to learn more. We resent this ignorance as a slur on our manhood, and snatch at every chance of dispelling it. And at first, in the scientific 'climate' of our time, we are disposed to ask for documents: for love-letters, and letters written from the field of battle. These we imagine, if collected and classified, might supply the evidence for an induction. But, on second thoughts, we remember that such love-letters as have been published are, for the most part, not nearer to life than romantic literature, but farther removed from it by many stages; that they are feeble echoes of conventional art—not immediate reflections, but blurred impressions of used plates carelessly copied from meretricious paintings. And so it is with the evidence at first hand upon war. The letters and journals of soldiers and subordinate officers in the field are often of a more pathetic interest than most love letters; but to the searcher after truth they are still disappointing, for they deal almost exclusively with matters beyond the possibilities of the writer's acquaintance. They are all of surmises—of what dear ones are doing at home, or of the enemy's intentions and the general's plans for outwitting him: they reflect the writer's love and professional ambition, but hardly ever the new things he has heard and seen and felt. And when they attempt these things they sink to the level of the love letters, and become mere repetitions of accepted form.

I can remember one letter from an English private, describing an engagement in which some eighty men were killed and wounded out of a force of eight thousand: he wrote of comrades in his own battalion 'falling like sheep,' and gave no clue to the country in which he served. It might have been in Siberia or the Sahara, against savages or civilised troops; you could glean nothing except that he had listened to patriotic songs in music halls at home. Perhaps the most intimate love letters and battle letters never get printed at all. But, as it is, you cannot generalise from collections of documents as you can from collections of ferns and beetles:

there is not, and there never can be, a science of the perceptions and emotions which thrill young lovers and recruits. The modern soldier is a little less laconic than his mediæval forebear. Indeed, he could hardly surpass the tantalising reserve of, say, Thomas Denyes, a gentleman who fights at Towton, and sums up the carnage of thirty-eight thousand men in a single sentence: 'Oure Sovereign Lord hath wonne the feld.' But it is astonishing to note how little even the modern soldier manages to say. He receives rude and swift answers in the field to the questions that haunted his boyish dreams, but he keeps the secret with masonic self-possession.

Marbot's *Memoirs* and, in a lesser degree, Tomkinson's *Diary of a Cavalry Officer*, are both admirable as personal accounts of the Peninsular Campaign; but the warfare they describe is almost as obsolete as that of the Roses, and, even if it were not so, they scarcely attempt the recreation of intense moments by the revelation of their imprint on the minds that endured them. And, on the score of art and of reticence, one is glad that they do not. Their authors were gallant soldiers waging war in fact, and not artists reproducing it in fiction. They satisfy the special curiosity of men interested in strategy and tactics, not the universal curiosity of Man the potential Combatant. He is fascinated by the picturesque and emotional aspects of battle, and the experts tell him little of either. To gratify that curiosity you must turn from the Soldier to the Artist, who is trained both to see and tell, or inspired, even without seeing, to divine what things have been and must be. Some may rebel against accepting his evidence, since it is impossible to prove the truth of his report; but it is equally impossible to prove the beauty of his accomplishment. Yet both are patent to everyone capable of accepting truth or beauty, and by a surer warrant than any chance coincidence of individual experience and taste. . . . The conditions of the age-long contention have changed and will change, but its certainty is coeval with progress: so long as there are things worth fighting for fighting will last, and the fashion of fighting will change under the reciprocal stresses of rival inventions. Hence its double interest of abiding necessity and ceaseless variation. Of all these variations the most marked has followed, within the memory of most of us, upon the adoption of long-range weapons of precision, and continues to develop under our eyes with the development of rapidity in firing. And yet, with the exception of Zola's *La Débâcle*, no considerable attempt has been made to portray war under its new conditions. The old stories are less trustworthy than ever as guides to the experiences which a man may expect in battle, and to the emotions which those experiences are likely to arouse. No doubt the prime factors in the personal problem—the chances of death and mutilation—continue to be about the same. In these respects it matters little whether you are pierced by a bullet at two thousand yards or stabbed at hands' play with a dagger. We know that the most appalling death-rolls of recent campaigns have been more than equalled in ancient warfare; and, apart from history, it is clear that, unless one side runs away, neither can win save by the infliction of decisive losses. But although these personal risks continue to be essentially the same, the picturesque and emotional aspects of war are completely altered by every change in the shape and circumstance of imminent death. And these are the fit materials for literature—the things which even dull men remember with the undying imagination of poets, but which, for lack of the writer's art, they cannot communicate. The sights flashed indelibly on the retina of the eye; the sounds that after long silences suddenly cipher; the stench that sickens in after-life at any chance allusion to decay; or, stirred by these, the storms of passions that force yells of defiance out of inarticulate clowns; the winds of fear that sweep by night along prostrate ranks with the acceleration of trains and the noise as of a whole town waking from nightmare with stertorous, indrawn gasps—these colossal facts of the senses and the soul are the only colours in which the very image of war can be painted. Mr. Crane has composed his palette with these colours, and has painted a picture that challenges comparison with the most vivid scenes of Tolstoi's *La Guerre et la Paix* or of Zola's *La Débâcle*."

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NOTES AND NEWS.

THE event of the week in the book world is the incorporation of the firm of Messrs. Bentley in that of Messrs. Macmillan & Co. Since the amalgamation of the firms of Rivingtons and Longmans no transaction of the kind has had the same importance. The firm of Bentley was a ripe old concern, with a fine array of copyrights and traditions. The late Mr. George Bentley was, indeed, a great figure in the publishing world, for he was a man of high culture, as well as of business capacity. He left a handsome fortune, and it is perhaps not surprising that Mr. Richard Bentley, who is keenly interested in scientific pursuits, has decided not to battle longer with the altered conditions of the publishing trade, and the competition of younger firms. To these new conditions the firm never really bent its knee. The exit of the thirty-one and sixpenny novel, for instance, was never fully recognised in New Burlington-street, and the bindings adopted by the firm were old-fashioned in design. The firm of Bentley could afford to take up an attitude of proud reserve, and to die as it had lived. It should not be forgotten, however, that at the very close of their record Messrs. Bentley won a huge success by the publication of Lord Roberts's reminiscences.

CIRCULARS are being issued to the trade by Messrs. Bentley and Messrs. Macmillan announcing the change. From these it is interesting to learn that the staff lately employed in New Burlington-street will be transferred to St. Martin's-street. One effect of the change will be that Messrs. Macmillan will now become magazine publishers on a larger scale than hitherto; for it is their intention to continue *Temple Bar* and the *Argosy*. Another is this: Messrs. Macmillan will now be able to complete their set of Jane Austen's works by the

addition of the two fragments, *Lady Susan* and *The Watsons*, the copyrights of which belonged to Messrs. Bentley.

WITH the winding up of the Bentley firm, the last upholders of the Trade Dinner, as a publishing institution, have gone. In the old days these dinners, to which publishers invited the booksellers to eat and buy, were pleasant social occasions. The houses of Murray, Bentley, Longmans, and Routledge gave regular annual dinners to their customers. The Albion Hotel in Aldersgate-street was the favourite rendezvous, and old booksellers who remember these banquets are sorry that the custom has fallen into disuse. The meal ended, and a few speeches having been delivered, the business of the evening began: books ready for publication were shown round, and were sold at special "Albion prices."

A LIFE of Lewis Carroll, we suppose, had to be written, and since it is the custom nowadays to entrust biographies to relations, we learn without surprise that a nephew, Mr. S. D. Collingwood, has been chosen for the task. Judging from the habit of Lewis Carroll's life, and his oft-expressed distaste for publicity (once he was very angry with an editor for addressing him by his baptismal name) the author of *Alice in Wonderland* would not have been over-pleased at the notion of a biography, and a biography which is to include "some of his earlier compositions and drawings." The biography of Lewis Carroll in *Who's Who?* is ideal. Mr. Dodgson might have written it himself. Six words merely—"senior student of Christ Church, Oxford," followed by a long list of mathematical publications, with the magic word Alice peeping through them.

MR. KIPLING's new volume will be called *The Day's Work*. Six times, says an American contemporary, "has he read and worked over the proofs, and I suppose that he would go over them six times more if the formes were not already on the press." The bill for corrections would make an interesting frontispiece.

THE writing of Mr. Maurice Hewlett is much to our taste. His *Forest Lovers*—joyous, virile, distinguished—has already set the literary world a-talking. Indeed, those who have not read the forest history of Prosper le Gai and Isoult la Desirous have some good hours in store these summer days. *Macmillan's Magazine* for August contains another specimen of Mr. Hewlett's fiction—a sidelight, as it were, of his narrative art. It is the little love story of Messer Cino of Pistoja, who sat in an important chair in his University, and who called Dante friend. It is a little love story, with a subtle moral that permits itself to be very much remembered. Through the pages Dante, "footsore with exile, half-way over the Apennine by this time," moves. One day Cino thought to himself, "I will send a copy of my sonnet to Dante Alighieri," for love had made him a poet:

"Dante's reply to his copy was characteristic. He confined himself almost entirely to techni-

calities, strongly objecting to the sestet with its three rhymes in the middle, upon which Cino had prided himself in no small degree. The only thing he seemed to care for was the tenth line, 'A dolce morte sotto dolce inganno,' which you may render, if you like, 'To a sweet death under so sweet deceit'; but he said there were too many o's in it. 'As to the subject of your poem,' he wrote in a postscript, 'love is a thing of so terrible a nature that not lightly is it to be entered, since it cannot be lightly left; and, seeing the latter affair is much out of a man's power, he should be wary with the former, wherein at present he would appear to have some discretion, though not very much.' This was chilly comfort; but by the time it reached him Cino was beyond the assault of chills."

During the autumn a lyrical play by Mr. Hewlett, called *Pan and the Young Shepherd*, will be issued.

OPINIONS would differ as to what constitutes a "real find" in literature, as they differ in respect of the proper volumes for Corydon's bookshelf. Mr. Frank Harris might vote for *The Autobiography of Shakespeare*, Mr. Butcher for *Homer's Pocket Diary*, and Dr. Mommsen for *The Lost Books of Livy*. The *Atlantic Monthly* considers the bundle of letters from Carlyle to his "little sister Jenny" to be a "real find" in literature. These letters are a "real find," in fact, and will begin in the September issue of that journal. They will be edited by Mr. C. T. Copeland.

APROPOS Mr. Frank Harris and Shakespeare, shots are being fired between the *Saturday Review* and the *Sketch*. Our pictorial contemporary began hostilities by saying that Mr. Frank Harris's articles on Shakespeare in the *Saturday Review* are not very novel, a remark which has aroused "G. S.," who writes to the editor of the *Saturday* in defence of the editor of the *Saturday*. The sting of his letter is in the postscript, which had better have been omitted. We should find the *Sketch* distinctly less amusing if it gave us no more "literary judgments." The reply of the *Sketch* in the current issue can only be described as a broadside.

MR. BIRRELL, by the by, will not be altogether amused by the two-page article in last week's issue of the *Sketch*, called "The Editing of Mr. Augustine Birrell—showing how he treated Robert Browning." This is a very belated and very industrious review of Mr. Birrell's two-volume edition of Browning's poems, published in 1896. The criticism is confined mainly to Mr. Birrell's notes on the poems, which are summarised in this fashion: (1) Those which are absolutely wrong; (2) those which are wrong in the given context; (3) those which are right as far as they go, but miss the point requiring elucidation; and (4) those which are superfluous, the information being already given in the context. The critical corrections fill a column and a quarter. We quote a few. If such learned criticism is to find a home in frivolous papers, what is to become of the graver journals.

Vol. i., p. 123: The Loxian, "Apollo (the bowman)."

This should be "Apollo (the oracle-giver)." (See Preller or Liddell and Scott.)

Vol. i., p. 139: Tagliafer, "Minstrel-Knight of William the Conqueror."

William's minstrel-knight was named Taillefer, was killed at the Battle of Hastings in 1066, and can have no connexion with Sordello in the thirteenth century. (See also p. 130.)

Vol. i., p. 493: Iketides, "The Suppliants," a fragment of a play by Æschylus."

"The Suppliants" is not a fragment, but a complete play.

Vol. i., p. 652: Kupris, "The Cyprian Venus."

In the Greek dramatists, with whose usage we are here concerned, Kupris means Aphrodité without local distinction.

Vol. i., p. 668: Propulais, "Part of the Acropolis."

If a note is needful here at all, it should say "the entrance to the Acropolis."

MR. STEAD issues this week the eighth annual volume of his *Index to the Periodicals*, compiled, as usual, by Miss E. Hetherington. Simultaneously, in the current *Review of Reviews*, Mr. Stead returns to an idea which he broached some time ago, that of establishing a system by which single articles in the magazines could be supplied in the same manner as a Press-cutting agency supplies notices. Thus, supposing a man wants to read and keep articles relating to London. In 1897 such articles appeared in over sixty magazines. To purchase and find shelf room for all these, or half these, magazines might be out of the question. Mr. Stead would supply the articles at the same cost, or less if possible, as the magazines in which they appear. That is to say, he would do the search work, and save the student's time and space, and give him an orderly set of articles on his favourite subject which he might bind in a convenient volume. The idea seems to us a good one, and we hope it will be advanced beyond the stage of "tentative proposal" at which it now stands.

THE new threepenny magazine which Messrs. Pearson, Ltd., propose to start in rivalry with the *Harmsworth Magazine* is to be entitled *The Royal Magazine*. We have entered on a new epoch in periodicals—the epoch of the million copies. Messrs. Pearson will throw that appalling number of their first issue upon the market. Meanwhile it is fearfully rumoured that the Messrs. Harmsworth intend to explode another threepenny magazine, to compete with their own *Harmsworth*. Our Book Market reports this week show that the sixpenny reprints of standard novels are in good demand. Depend upon it, threepenny reprints, equal to these in appearance, will be seen ere long.

MRS. LYNN LINTON has left £18,000, of which the handsome sum of £12,000 represents literary earnings. Among legacies interesting to the public Mrs. Lynn Linton bequeathed the brooch in the form of a rose given to her by Walter Savage Landor to her niece, Miss Ada Lucy Gedge, and a photograph of Walter Savage Landor to Mr. Swinburne. She directed that the Elgin Marbles which belonged to her husband

should be sent to him, or to his representatives, for presentation to the American National Gallery, by his desire.

What Maisie Knew struck us as being rather a good title for a novel, and particularly apposite to Mr. Henry James's story. We have not had occasion to ask for it at a public library, and if we had had occasion to do so it would not have occurred to us "to be ashamed," like the lady from Portland, Maine, in the following letter. It was addressed to the editor of the *Critic*, of New York. What, we wonder, does Laura Jean Libby think of the lady from Portland, Maine?

"'What's in a name?' is not a recent question, but the reply should be, 'Everything,' when Mr. James can give such a title to his latest novel as *What Maisie Knew*. One would not believe such a commonplace lapse from good taste possible in the case of Mr. James, whose name is a synonym for literary elegance and style. One might expect it of Laura Jean Libby, or the author of *Mr. Barnes of New York*, but that Mr. James, the superfine, should burden the offspring of his brain in this manner is a cause for weeping and wailing among his host of admirers, of whom I am one. A woman of my acquaintance said that she was really ashamed to ask at the public library for a book with such a title. And the fact that Maisie knew a great deal more than was good for her does not help the matter in the least."

MR. RICHARD HARDING DAVIS'S *The King's Jackall* has already been published in America, and is now in a second edition. Of Mr. Davis's *Soldiers of Fortune* we hear that 55,000 copies were sold in twelve months.

Two further volumes—Vol. II. of the *Poetry* and Vol. II. of the *Letters*—of Mr. John Murray's edition of the works of Lord Byron will be published in October. The *édition de luxe* has all been sold. The Duke of Argyll's new book will bear as sub-title *Some Suggestions on the Great Secret of Biology*. Another scientific work to be issued by Mr. Murray will be *The Tides and Kindred Phenomena in the Solar System*, by Mr. G. H. Darwin, of Cambridge, son of Charles Darwin.

The Life of George Borrow, based on official and other authentic documents, may also be expected in October. The author, Prof. Knapp, has spent many years collecting correspondence, documents, and facts relating to Borrow, and visiting the scenes described by him.

The Letters by Benjamin Jowett (supplementary to the *Life*) will not be published till January.

MR. KIPLING'S praise of Fuzzy-Wuzzy is, it seems, no warmer than Fuzzy-Wuzzy's praise of Tommy Atkins. Fuzzy, we read in Mr. Bennet Burleigh's *Sirdar and Khalifa*, published this week,

"revels and rejoices in Tommy, just as Kipling has done, as a foeman worthy of his steel. With a fine contempt for other natives. . .

'Inglees Tommy' is his ideal man, a fellow fearless and mighty."

And this is part of a rendering, by Mr. Burleigh, of one of Fuzzy-Wuzzy's generous paeans:

"Worthy only of our swift steel
Is the bold red man, the Ingleesy,
From the West, from over the sea,
They came to do battle with us.
How like unto them
The Hadendowa;
They invincible on water,
We on land,
The Red Ingleesy,
The Hadendowa.

Suckled by lions, strong as steel,
They and we fought face to face.
Red Ingleesy—Hadendowa.
Glory, we withstood them.
The unconquerable, the Ingleesy.
What nation is like to them?
Hadendowa and Ingleesy unconquerable,
Lightning to lightning,
All-consuming.

Ya, ya, Tommy,
Blood, wounds, and battles,
Rage and rejoice in.
Ya! great heart red men,
The mighty Ingleesy."

THERE is a good deal of piquant, not to say distressing, reading in the second report of the Select Committee on Museums of the Science and Art Department published last Friday, and noticed by the *Times* (the *Spectator* cannot understand why) four days before publication. The report is a severe indictment of the whole conduct of the Department. Thus and thus:

"There is an absence of definite rules which are imperative for the proper conduct of a museum; on the other hand, there are regulations which have been allowed to fall into desuetude, while others which remain hamper the discretion of responsible officers."

"The secretary should be merely accounting and corresponding officer."

"The Director of the Art Museum should be an expert in one or more classes of art."

"The Committee has been informed that the Oviform Vase bought at the Hamilton Sale for the sum of £71 8s., was not only an excessive price, but that the object was superfluous, as the Museum already possessed two identical vases, for which £7 and £2 10s. had been paid respectively. Another case is that of the Silver Clock which was 'bought in' at an auction for £345, and for which the Museum paid £1,200 a year later."

"There are many undesirable objects to which we must call attention. The bulk of these have found their way to Bethnal Green. There is a huge pottery wine cooler, a white vase seven feet high, 'hideous black Venetian figures' which might be removed 'without any very great loss to the neighbourhood.' The large model of the vineyard is worthless, especially in East London."

"The control of the collection of pictures is unsatisfactory."

"Mr. Weal found the Art Library in confusion on his appointment."

"Bibliography requires a strict training, and it is a mistake to suppose that the library will

make progress in the future if it continues necessary to 'do the best it can with all-round men.'"

"At present there is no junior who knows anything of German, a language of the first importance in an art library."

"The catalogue shows a strange lack of knowledge. H. C. Reneue is given in the catalogue as an author's name; it is really a misprint for the French word meaning 'revised.' Deel is also given as an author, the word being the Dutch for 'volume.' The title of a book on the Marian Annals, 'Mariani Fasti,' is transformed into an author's name; Fasti being made the surname, and Mariani the Christian name. Another habitual error seems to have arisen from confusion between the writer's name and the name of his town or birthplace, which was frequently appended to the name in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. There are many other errors of this description."

"A curious illustration of departmental laxity is shown in the practice of binding up advertisements. The letterpress of various newspapers and journals taken in by the library was separated from the advertisements and bound up; but the advertisements were also bound up separately in half morocco with gilt edges. When Mr. Weale was made keeper he immediately put a stop to this waste, and withdrew the subscription to newspapers such as *Puck*. He sent 213 volumes of advertisement pages of the *Garden*, the *Queen*, the *Builder*, and other architectural journals to stores. Here they were destroyed."

"A great deal of evidence has been laid before us about the catalogue of National Engraved Portraits, compiled by a cousin of the secretary of the department. . . . It is grossly inaccurate and full of absurdities."

"Pugin, for instance, is said to have 'cruised about the Channel, collecting archaeological and natural curiosities.'"

"Jackson, a publican-pugilist, has eleven lines of biography, while Lord Beaconsfield, 'Conservative-politician,' has three."

"The popularity of the Dyce and Forster Library is waning. There are not now more than two or three readers a day, . . . yet a keeper and two attendants are engaged in connection with the library."

"We observe that 160 persons are inter-related out of the staff of 774 persons; that is, nearly 20 per cent."

"Your Committee recommend that the Director of the Science Museum shall possess scientific attainments, and that the Director of the Art Museum have like qualifications as regards art."

JOHNSONIANS have a new topic. There has just come to light a little note-book containing notes made by Dr. Johnson during his visit to France with the Thrales in 1775. Its contents appear in Boswell's Life, and Boswell states that he deposited the MS. in the British Museum. Apparently he neglected to do this. The book came into the possession of Samuel Rogers, and it has now been found among the Rogers papers of the late Mrs. Sharpe, of Highbury, the widow of Mr. William Sharpe, who was one of Rogers's executors. The book is now

in the keeping of Mrs. Sharpe's daughters. A correspondent of the *Athenæum* makes the puzzling statement that he saw this note-book at the George Daniell sale in 1864. Rogers died in 1855, so that if he ever really owned the book it would appear to have passed out of, and then returned to, the possession of his heirs or executors.

IN her Introduction to the *Sketch Books*, just issued by Messrs. Smith & Elder in their biographical edition of Thackeray, Mrs. Richmond Ritchie gives some interesting particulars about the composition of these works. Concerning the sales of the *Paris Sketch Book*, by "A. Titmarsh," we find Thackeray writing:

"A *Titmarsh* has sold 140 copies, and be hanged to it—the donkeys of a public don't know a good thing when they get it. It has, however, been hugely praised by the Press, and will serve to keep my name up, though a failure."

To this Thackeray adds, in the same breath, the following characteristic bit of portraiture:

"Such a man of an engraver as I have found! He is about thirty-eight, has not a spark of genius, works fourteen hours a day, never breakfasts except off cheese and bread in his atelier, dines in the same way, never goes out, makes about 3,000 francs a year, has a wife and child, and is happy the whole day long; the whole home is like a cage of canaries, nothing but singing from night till morning. It goes to my heart to hear his little wife singing at her work. What noble characters does one light on in little nooks of this great world!"

APPROPOS of the "failure" of the *Paris Sketch Book*, it is interesting to learn that Thackeray was to have "7½d. out of each half-crown," the book being published at the latter figure. He jokingly calculated his profits on various prospective rates—reckoned them at £3,125 on 100,000 copies. What author has not done the same?

It is perhaps not generally remembered that Thackeray seriously meditated a Life of Talleyrand. The book was actually advertised, and he had done much reading for it. Even when starting for the East with a £200 commission in his pocket to write his impressions he exclaims in a letter: "Then to Talleyrand." The Talleyrand remained an intention. Yet the subject, one thinks, would have suited Thackeray exactly.

THE *Dome* is resolved to come out as a monthly magazine instead of a quarterly as hitherto. The August issue is an Announcement number of small size, and is sent out free of charge. The first number of the monthly series will appear on October 1. Meanwhile, the other publications of the Unicorn Press are to be added to and improved. The *Unicorn Books of Verse*, of which three volumes have been issued, will be continued, thirty more of these gilt-topped quartos being promised. But the editor discreetly says that if thirty singers are not found with the "true ring" he will reduce the number to a dozen, or lower still. "Of thirty grant but three" may yet be his prayer.

HOLIDAY READING.

I.—CORYDON'S BOOKCASE.

CORRESPONDENTS' SUGGESTIONS.

IN our issue of July 30 we printed an article under the title of "Corydon's Bookcase," in which the writer discussed the best books for holiday reading. He clinched his suggestions by proposing a list of twenty books which he deemed suitable for light reading in the vacant days of summer. The list our contributor gave was as follows:

Shakespeare, *As You Like It*.
Scott, *The Antiquary*.
Tennyson, *The Lady of Shalott, and Other Poems* (the *Lotos-Eaters* included).
Robert Herrick, *The Hesperides*.
Keats, *Poems*.
George Herbert, *The Temple*.
Locker-Lampson, *Lyra Elegantiarum*.
Chaucer, *Canterbury Tales*.
Blake, *Songs of Innocence*.
Spenser, *Fairy Queen*.
Fielding, *Tom Jones*.
Smollett, *Humphrey Clinker*.
Richardson, *Clarissa Harlowe*.
Jane Austen, *Pride and Prejudice*.
George Eliot, *Silas Marner*.
A Book of Ballads.
Hardy, *Far from the Madding Crowd*.
Blackmore, *Lorna Doone*.
Stevenson, *Merry Men*.
Charles Lamb, *Essays of Elia*.

We have since taken the opinions of a few literary men on the subject, a first instalment of which we print below. Other suggestions will be welcomed.

Sir Walter Besant sends us a list of books which "I should recommend to Corydon." But Sir Walter is careful to add: "I must warn Corydon that this list is most imperfect, and that there are many books which have quite as good a right as any of them to stand upon his shelves." The list is as follows:

Shakespeare, *The Tempest*.
Bacon, *Essays*.
Milton, *L'Allegro and Il Penseroso*.
Addison, *Spectator*.
Gray, *Elegy*.
Herrick, *Hesperides*.
Fielding, *Tom Jones*.
Cowper, *Poems*.
Byron, *Childe Harold*.
Scott, *Fortunes of Nigel*.
Wordsworth, *Excursion*.
Charles Lamb, *Essays of Elia*.
Chaucer, *Canterbury Tales*, with Skeat's "Notes"—a small mediæval encyclopædia.
The Golden Treasury.
Charles Reade, *The Cloister and the Hearth*.
Keats, *Poems*.
Browning, *Sludge, the Medium*.
Tennyson, *Maud*.
Stevenson, *Treasure Island*.
Thackeray, *Newcomes*.

Mr. Clement K. Shorter sends us the following:

"In reply to your request for an expression of opinion, I beg to inform you that I have read with very great enjoyment the article on 'Corydon's Bookcase' in the ACADEMY, and with one exception I think the list of twenty books contained in that article is a splendid selection of good literature. It is true I prefer Scott's *Kenilworth* to *The Antiquary*, but having recently re-read the whole of Scott's novels I think them all so excellent, so abounding in great qualities, that I should not mind which of them—apart from those written in later paralytic days—found its way into my trunk on a journey. That *Pride and Prejudice* is Jane Austen's greatest book, and *Silas Marner*, George Eliot's, I hold to be now indisputable. In any case, the only substitute that I should make in the list of twenty volumes is that of *The Golden Treasury*, of the late Mr. F. T. Palgrave, in lieu of George Herbert's *Temple*. But then I must have *The Golden Treasury* in its earlier form. When I think of the crimes of omission and insertion that Mr. Palgrave made in his later edition of *The Golden Treasury*; when I think of the futility of the second volume which he published on the same lines, I am inclined to believe that the charm of the first edition of *The Golden Treasury* was entirely due to the literary instincts of Lord Tennyson, who, it has been admitted, advised Mr. Palgrave when he made that first selection.

The fact is, however, Mr. Editor, that, to be perfectly sincere, I must admit that as I grow older I feel less and less inclined to take the 'classics' with me on a holiday. I find that none of them get read. If one is on the Continent, it is the latest volume of the Tauchnitz series, or if in England, the latest yellow-back that has been left behind by a visitor to the hotel, that one really takes on to the beach and devours. All the delightful books in Corydon's bookcase are most enjoyed, I fancy, in one's own library. In going for a month's holiday one should put into one's trunk just a dozen or so of the latest novels. My own reading of the last few weeks, for example, has included Mrs. Humphry Ward's *Helbeck of Bannisdale*, Mr. Maurice Hewlett's *Forest Lovers*, Sudermann's *Regina*—a very disappointing book, I think—Anthony Hope's *Rupert of Hentzau*, Mr. Max Pemberton's *Kronstadt*, and, in fact, just the books that are most in demand at every circulating library. These are the books which seem to be in harmony with the general recklessness and dissipation of a holiday; and, moreover, they are the only books that one's friends will also read, and thereby provide material for after discussion, and add, as it were, a piquant sauce to the delicacies in which one has indulged. No doubt they are the twenty 'best books' in Corydon's bookcase, but some of us are not in the humour for 'best books' when on a holiday."

Mr. Maurice Hewlett makes a reply to our inquiry which will interest, without

surprising, readers of his novel *Forest Lovers*:

"In the matter of books tastes differ. Your Corydon's box would by no means suit me; I can very well exist for three months without *Lorna Doone* or *Pickwick* or the works of Mr. Thomas Hardy. I am far from saying that mine would suit him any better, or that it would suit anybody but myself. However, as you ask concerning its contents, and as it happens to consist of some twenty volumes, here it is at your service:

Boccaccio, *Decameron* (3 vols.).
Dante (3 vols.).
Macchiavelli.
Quentin Durward (2 vols.).
Rob Roy (2 vols.).
Memoirs of Marguerite de Valois.
Dumas, The 'Valois' Series (5 vols.).
Shakespeare.
Lockhart, *Life of Scott*.
Philip de Commines (2 vols.).
Meredith, *Farina and General Ople*.
Percy Reliques.

If I had had room I should have taken one Thackeray (*The Newcomes* for choice), Sir Thomas Browne, and Bacon's *Essays*."

We may add that articles on the subject of holiday reading have appeared during the last week in the *Athenaeum*, the *Westminster Gazette*, and *Country Life*. In the last-named paper the writer, criticising our list, would deduct all the verse except Shakespeare, Herrick's *Hesperides*, and the *Canterbury Tales*. He would add Matthew Arnold's poems, and fill the remaining gaps with *Vanity Fair*, *The Pickwick Papers*, *Tristram Shandy*, and other books.

II.—SHIPBOARD LITERATURE.

ONE of the things which most men resolve to do when they are making preparations for their first long sea-voyage is to get through some solid reading. Now, they think, is the opportunity to tackle Herbert Spencer, of whom they have heard so much and know so little; so they pack a portmanteau with *The Principles of Sociology*, and feel quite virtuous and philosophical on the strength of it. Perhaps they are going to South America, where Spanish is the prevailing tongue. A good working acquaintance with the language will be a great advantage when they arrive. Even if they do not require to speak it much, they will—as the Minister told the disappointed office-seeker whom he had advised to learn Spanish—"be able to read *Don Quixote* in the original." So in go a dictionary and a grammar. "I don't know my Dickens"—or "my Scott"—"as well as I ought," says the intending traveller to himself; "I shall seize the opportunity of getting level with them on the voyage. No doubt the ship's library will contain a set."

Alas! for these bright hopes and these brave resolutions. Macaulay could read on board ship, but then he could read—or rather, as his custom was, "tear the heart out of a book"—in any situation: under a gas-lamp in the street, in bed by

the fitful and incendiary light of a candle; could have read, we doubt not, even as the Chinaman can sleep, "lying backwards across a wheelbarrow, with his mouth open and a fly buzzing about inside it." The list of the works which he devoured on his way out to India to take up his appointment as Member of Council is positively horrific. In one of his letters home he says:

"My power of finding amusement without companion was pretty well tried on the voyage. I read insatiably: the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, Virgil, Horace, Caesar's *Commentaries*, Bacon de *Augmentis*, Dante, Petrarch, Ariosto, Tasso, Don Quixote, Gibbon's *Rome*, Mill's *India*, all the seventy volumes of Voltaire, Sismondi's *History of France*, and the seven thick folios of the *Biographia Britannica*."

And remember, too, that if he was at all like the Macaulay of later years, he probably took at least a fair share in the general conversation of the ship. In another letter he says that his sister Hannah, who accompanied him, "read novels and sermons with the ladies in the mornings. I devoured Greek, Latin, Spanish, Italian, French, and English; folios, quartos, octavos, and duodecimos."

Here is a splendid example to copy. Happily, or unhappily, few of us are such omnivorous readers as Macaulay. Our tastes concur more with those of the gentle Hannah, except, perhaps, as regards the sermons. Besides, our voyages to India or elsewhere do not last three or four months, as his did; while the distractions of the modern liner are a good deal more numerous than those of the old East Indiaman. It may be, moreover, that for the first two or three days we are thinking less about the improvement of our minds than the comfort of a more mortal part of us. The portmanteau containing Herbert Spencer and the Spanish grammar is under the berth, quite inaccessible to our feeble grasp. Besides which, to hold a thick octavo volume at the proper angle to the light from the porthole would be an impossible weariness to the flesh. So we solace ourselves temporarily with a stray copy of *Tit-Bits*, which is light in hand, and makes no demand upon the intellect, and does not suffer from its perusal being necessarily intermittent.

In a day or two we are ready to tackle more solid fare, mental as well as physical. But there is the ship to be looked over, acquaintances to be begun, games to be played. The morning is the time for earnest reading, and it is astonishing how sleepy one always is in the morning. The early rising—for on shipboard even the sluggard is up and about and clamouring for his bath at an hour which would appal him on land—the heavy breakfast and the sea-air have a soporific effect which neither *The Principles of Sociology* nor the Castilian declensions are able to dispel. So the voice of conscience is stilled, all too easily; the philosopher and the grammarian are restored to their portmanteau, and we decide to fall back on the Scott—or was it the Dickens? For them recourse may be had to the ship's library. You must see it through the glass doors of a couple of book-cases in the saloon. With some difficulty the steward who acts as librarian

produces the key. Heavens! What a collection. No Scott, no Dickens, except perhaps *Pickwick* and *Waverley*, which you do happen to have read; no Thackeray, no George Eliot; but a certain number of ancient and obsolete novels, evidently left from time to time by stray passengers, and a considerable sprinkling of polemical works of devotion, which even good Hannah Macaulay could hardly have stomach; some of them presented by charitable societies, others "marooned" here by their irritated possessors.

Seriously, it is a strange thing, considering how luxurious are the appointments of the modern "liner," how its saloons glitter with glass and gilding, and its tables groan from morn to eve with every delicacy that the refrigerating chambers can supply, that the owners do not do a little more for the mental refreshment of the traveller, and provide a small but well-selected library on-board each vessel. It is possible that some lines already do this, though inquiry among passengers by several different routes has not unearthed a single case in which the ship's library was anything but contemptible. Yet the cost of a few good books would not in these days be prohibitive. An encyclopædia and a gazetteer—to provide authoritative answers to the problems propounded in the smoking-room—and "sets" of the standard novelists would alone be an enormous boon, for which one would willingly sacrifice a few of the mirrors in the saloon.

On board Her Majesty's warships, we are glad to learn, they pay more regard to the wants of the mind. On each vessel there is a library—varying in size according to the number of the ship's company—which is placed under the care of the chaplain, and consists of books of travel, scientific works, histories, and—this is the point—a selection of the best fiction. If only the "liners" would follow this excellent example!

As it is, the passenger has to be dependent upon his own resources and those of his shipmates. On the whole, for the common human man, who is not a Macaulay, fiction is the only reading for shipboard. And it must not, like a good many modern novels, make too great demands upon the intellect. The book which sets you thinking is apt at sea to set you sleeping. No, a good story, with plenty of incident and brisk dialogue, is what you want. Therefore, fill your portmanteau with romances—with glorious Dumas, best of them all; with Charles Reade, whose merits are so foolishly overlooked by modern novel-readers, but who will come to his own again; with Fenimore Cooper, who will make you forget the sea; and with Marryat, who will make you enjoy it twice as much. Be sparing of the moderns. Take one or two Clark Russells (to supplement the Marryats), a Weyman or two, a Hope, and a Merri-man; not more. Remember that for the 4s. 6d. which each of their books will cost you you can purchase a dozen masterpieces of the past. The small type in these cheap editions will not worry you at sea, where the light is always good; and you will not be tempted to take these paper-covered volumes ashore with you, but will leave them to replenish the ship's library, and so earn the

benisons of future generations of travellers. A few volumes of essays—Hazlitt and Lamb, Emerson and De Quincey—will serve to fill up the gaps between your novels; will prevent you from being surfeited with so much fiction, and will whet your appetite for more. A quick reader will devour on the average about one volume a day, even if he takes his part in the various amusements of the ship—the "bull" and the "deck-quoits," the songs in the music saloon, and the "small game" in the smoke room. Here is a list of some of the books read by one traveller on a three weeks' voyage. It contrasts painfully with Macaulay's, but it served its purpose:

Victor Hugo: *Toilers of the Sea*; *Notre Dame*.

Dumas: *Chicot the Jester*; *Marguerite de Valois*.

Merriman: *With Edged Tools*; *From One Generation to Another*.

Charles Reade: *Christie Johnstone*; *Peg Woffington*.

Mrs. Humphry Ward: *Sir George Trevelyan*. Thoreau: *Walden*.

Froude: *The English in the West Indies*.

C. Brontë: *Jane Eyre*.

Max Pemberton: *The Sea Wolves*.

Charles Morley: *Confessions of an Old Burglar*.

Charles Lever: *That Boy of Norcott's*.

Of all these only the last, a story in Lever's later and duller manner, came from the ship's library.

III.—POPULAR READING.

IN reply to inquiries we have made as to the quality and quantity of books now in demand for holiday reading, our bookseller correspondents send us the following reports.

It will be seen that the popularity of sixpenny reprints of copyright novels is demonstrated:

LONDON (STRAND).

The following are in very active demand among newer books:

Rupert of Hentzau.

Evelyn Innes.

Helbeck of Bannisdale.

The Millionaires.

The Londoners.

Among old favourites, editions of Charles Dickens, Thackeray, and Sir Walter Scott are selling.

A big success is being made in the new copyright sixpenny novels issued by Messrs. Macmillan, Chatto & Windus, Cassell, and Sampson Low, although, presumably, this branch of publishing will shortly be overdone.

LONDON (OXFORD STREET).

The books specially in demand just now are Anthony Hope's *Rupert of Hentzau* and Mrs. Ward's *Helbeck of Bannisdale*.

The sale of six-shilling novels keeps up, notwithstanding the influx of cheap literature. Under the latter head, we find a large demand for Macmillan's excellent reprints of their novels, now being issued at sixpence. Old favourites like Bryce's *Shilling American Library*, also sell freely, especially among visitors from across the "Herring Pond."

EDINBURGH.

The most popular books for summer reading are novels, and the following are most in demand:

Rupert of Hentzau.

Kronstadt.

Helbeck of Bannisdale.

Silence, and Other Stories.

Life is Life.

Penelope's Experiences in Scotland.

Concerning Isabel Carnaby.

The demand for cycling maps is exceptionally good this season.

BIRMINGHAM.

The following are samples of books in good demand here:

Rupert of Hentzau.

Esmond.

Frondees Agrestes.

Lamb's Elia.

Gulliver's Travels.

Tom Jones.

Matthew Arnold's Poems.

BRIGHTON.

Brighton people still have a voracious appetite for cheap editions of standard novels.

At the same time, there is a steady demand for good works of reference on botany, &c.

Prince Ranjitsinhji has again favoured us with a very saleable book in his account of the recent cricket tour in Australia.

The new, and welcome, edition of Thackeray is still in considerable demand, which, considering the time of year, speaks well for its permanent popularity.

Of guide books, the *Contour Road Book* has "caught on" at once.

The following are popular here:

Rupert of Hentzau.

Concerning Isabel Carnaby.

Biographical Thackeray.

Sixpenny editions of Standard Novels.

Contour Road Book.

With Stoddart's Team in Australia.

EASTBOURNE.

There is little demand for books here at the present time. The sixpenny copyright novel and the sixpenny magazine seem to have completely taken the place of the 2s. and 2s. 6d. novels, of which large quantities used to be sold here every season. The books most in demand are:

Sixpenny Copyright Novels.

Rupert of Hentzau.

Life is Life.

Concerning Isabel Carnaby.

Also a few of the best of the newest 6s. novels.

HASTINGS.

A great change has come over the books purchased here for holiday reading. Formerly such books as the "Family Story-Teller" series, and the novels of Miss Braddon, Ouida, Sir Walter Besant, and others sold freely, but owing to the very low-priced editions of most of the popular standard authors sold by the drapers, &c., the sale of these books has been greatly interfered with. The following are selling here:

Concerning Isabel Carnaby.

Rupert of Hentzau.

The House of Hidden Treasure.

Helbeck of Bannisdale.

Handbooks, guides, &c., of all kinds are in demand.

FOLKESTONE.

The following books stand highest in sale and library circulation for holiday reading :

Rupert of Hentzau.
Evelyn Innes.
Helbeck of Bannisdale.
House of Hidden Treasure.
Concerning Isabel Carnaby.
Forest Lovers.
The Admiral.
The Lake of Wine.
A Bride of Japan.
Bam Wildfare.
Adrienne.
Miss Balmaine's Past.
The Londoners.

RAMSGATE.

There is little demand in Ramsgate for anything but the cheap sixpenny editions of copyright novels which are being put forth by Messrs. Macmillan, Cassell, Chatto & Windus, and Sampson Low.

Among more expensive novels the following sell :

Rupert of Hentzau.
Helbeck of Bannisdale,
Quo Vadis (2s. edition).

In the library the demand is for something new and light, novels of Mrs. Hungerford's type being much wanted. The novels of Miss Corelli, Mr. H. S. Merriman, Anthony Hope, Mrs. Grand (*Beth Book*) are sought for. *The Christian*, which everyone wanted last season, has quite dropped out of sale. Books of short stories are avoided, with the exception of *Many Cargoes*, which everyone likes.

BATH.

Anthony Hope's *Rupert of Hentzau* and Mrs. Humphry Ward's *Helbeck of Bannisdale* are the only books which appear to be selling now in any quantity.

Bath is very empty during the summer months.

BUXTON.

The books chiefly in demand this year are :

Rupert of Hentzau.
Helbeck of Bannisdale.
The House of Hidden Treasure.
The Millionaires.
American Wives and English Husbands.
Silence.
Bam Wildfire.
Concerning Isabel Carnaby.
Kronstadt.

Also local stories such as—

The Dagger and the Cross.
Peril of the Peak.
The Brave Men of Eyam.

In biography *The Two Duchesses*, by Vere Foster, being the lives of the two beautiful wives of the fifth Duke of Devonshire, is a favourite work.

The Cheverels of Cheverel Manor, by Lady Newdigate-Newdigate, will be much read here owing to an interesting description of Buxton one hundred years ago, taken from the vivacious letters of the wife of Sir Roger Newdigate, of Arbury.

IV.—BOOKS FOR AN INVALID.

A PLEA.

WE have received the following letter from a well-known novelist. His books have amused and interested many, and now that he is confined to his bed for some weeks, he begs for the titles of books that will amuse

him in turn. Perhaps some of our readers will oblige. The task is not easy, for, as his letter shows, he has been a very diligent reader of light literature.

"SIR,—Out of a poultice I cry unto you, and my feet are swathed about and my head is in pillows! Tell me books; and all your readers, let them tell me books, lest I die. For I must lie even as I am many days. Sir, I do not want great books, I particularly do not want good books, but I want amusing books—they must begin amusing, they must go on amusing, and they must end amusing. My idea of length is thirty thousand words—lasting the hour. There must be next to no pathos, because people very ill in bed will snivel at anything, and there must be nothing for dreaming—which cuts out Kipling and lots. And they must be got up to hold and read in bed. Good pictures help.

I'm afraid I've done all of Anstey and Stockton, all J. F. Sullivan; I've laughed at Frost's Bull Calf, and his old couple rolling down the hill, and been disappointed by all the rest of him. I've done Thackeray's Christmas Books, all 'Tartarin' Daudet, Jacobs, all dear Mrs. Ewing—that wonderful woman! Someone has recommended Basil Thompson, and he's on order. And there my list ends. I like *Alice in Wonderland* when I am well; but ill, it reads like brain fever. Mark Twain, who amused me once, now bores me—I can't read him, as I lie, through all the places where he is getting ready to be funny—and Max Adler, Jerome, and the rest are evidently healthy writers for my healthy readers. But is this all? I've got weeks of bed before me. Are there no other light short volumes of literary merit (I can't stand a story on the manner of a lout, or a fool, or a policeman) for me? Do help one.—I am, &c.,

Laid by the heels."

THE NOVEL AND THE DRAMA.

It would be difficult to imagine anything more likely to excite interest in literary students than the attempt now in progress to dramatise the most popular of Mr. Meredith's novels; for although modern experience arouses little expectation of a brilliant success, there is nothing in the nature of things to make failure inevitable. Often enough a good acting play—to employ the phrase of a business mind—has been drawn out of a novel—a play, that is to say, which, for a long succession of nights, will satisfy the ordinary British audience. But an artistic and durable success is, as yet, unachieved. And it would almost seem that the greater the novelist, the worse the play. Patriotic Scotsmen, it is true, continue to cherish Rob Roy, but it is rather for the moon-on-the-lake and the mist-on-the-heather sentiment of it, the views of Loch Lomond, the Highland boats, and dirk and claymore, than on account of any true dramatic quality. The other Waverley novels have had no vitality on the stage. Nor have those of Dickens, or Thackeray, or George Eliot—though Dan'l Bruce, with its chunk of *Silas Marner*, still, we believe,

maintains a vagrant life. The attempt to dramatise Fielding was a piece of vandalism that has not been repeated. Novelists of the second class, from Lord Lytton onwards, have achieved great temporary success on the boards, but, unfortunately, that is no proof of merit. If the crowds that went to see "Trilby" had been multiplied by a hundred, would anyone have regarded it as serious drama?

Experience would, therefore, seem to show, first, that a great play ought not to be expected from a novel, and secondly, that the more distinguished the novelist the less reason has he to hope for even a pecuniary success. On the other hand, it is certain that Shakespeare himself drew the most fruitful of his material from history and romance, and that very few of the dramatic masterpieces of the world have been absolutely invented. They are stage adaptations of legend, myth, story, or tradition. Why, then, should the modern romance not yield a result equally satisfactory? An answer will, we think, be found by appealing to the most elementary of general principles.

The simplest of all kinds of composition, the lyric, was primarily intended to be sung; it was but a human version of the wild bird's whistling or the wild beast's calling to its mate. The epic was a story to be told (chanted or sung it might be, but that was only a method of narration); it was a real or fanciful chronicle of events. But the drama was a representation or acting of life, meant to be shown not only in words but pantomime. Now it is given to no man to be equally great in all things. A Burns has the gift of song, a Chaucer or a Boccaccio is a born raconteur, a Shakespeare or a Molière has the instinct of drama. The novelist is the epic poet of our day. Long ago the father of the English novel stated this in words which are as true now as when they were written, and ran thus:

"And, farther, as this poetry may be tragic or comic, I will not scruple to say it may be likewise either in verse or prose; for though it wants one particular, which the critic enumerates in the constituent parts of an epic poem—namely, metre—yet when any kind of writing contains all its other parts, such as fable, character, action, sentiment, and diction, and is deficient in metre only, it seems, I think, reasonable to refer it to the epic."

It is not given to every man to know himself or his limitations, and great is the fascination of the footlights. The most perfect lyric poets of our time have essayed the drama; but it would be supererogatory to point out that such poems as "The Cenci," "The Foresters," and "Pauline" deserve the condemnation they have received as stage plays. It is recognised that a supreme lyric poet—unless, indeed, he be one like Shakespeare, whose genius transcends all ordinary limits—is doomed to fail as a dramatist. Equally hopeless is it to expect that the epic poet will succeed. The apparent triumph of the second-rate has no bearing on the issue. It is a virtue of wholesome mediocrity that it goes equally well in any kind of harness. He who can write a catchy novel can as easily concoct a catchy play, or, for the matter of that,

indite a sonnet to his mistress's eyebrow that will pass muster with the rest. But great work is not so easily moulded into a new shape, and to it the touch of mediocrity means disaster. There are few writers to whom this observation applies with more force than it does to Mr. Meredith.

In the first place, his methods are the very opposite of those which a dramatist must command. He is, to begin with, a novelist of the spacious type who claims time and room for the production of his effects. There are about two hundred thousand words in the *Egoist*, and not as much action as one of our later romancers would crowd into a fourth of the number of pages. To take an instance of detail. He devotes an entire chapter to elaborating the effect he wishes to produce by the remark of Mrs. Mountstuart on Sir Willoughby, "You see he has a leg." The key to his conception is disclosed in the brilliant and illuminative commentary woven round this remark. How is it to be conveyed when fifty chapters are condensed into three acts, and the picture it takes two hundred thousand words to paint has to be shown in the compass of two hours, and evolved by the deliberate elocution of actors? Which of them is going to invent a way of saying "You see he has a leg" so as to convey all that the author elaborates from the phrase?

Such a question carries us to the root of the whole difficulty. You cannot (in spite of Mr. Frank Harris's gallant attempt) work out a clear conception of Shakespeare from his plays, but the personality of the author looms over every great novel. The microcosm of Martin Chuzzlewit lives in the atmosphere given it by the character of Dickens; the innate tenderness cloaked by an external cynicism that formed the temperament of Thackeray colours all *Vanity Fair*; it is through the spectacles of George Eliot you are permitted to study the world of Adam Bede. It is the same to an even more intense degree with Mr. Meredith. He is not a writer to lose himself in his characters. You may imagine him, not subtle and plastic, losing his identity in each personage by turns, but towering and aloof, with piercing eyes divining the thought of others by the instinct of a poet, rather than sharing them by the power of sympathy. In the truest sense he is a seer, and for that very reason more intent on understanding than representing. After reading one of his books, the impression left is, that despite the gravest shortcomings of manner, a world composed of real persons has been brought under review, but the shortcomings would be much more apparent on the stage than they are in a book.

To make this clear, let us take one example. A more striking contrast does not exist in literature than that between the high-spirited Clara Middleton, in the bloom of her youth and beauty, and the tame, faded, submissive Lætitia Dale. Mr. Meredith has been brilliantly successful in setting it forth, and as long as his dominating figure is there as narrator, no confusion is possible. But set them before the footlights, and the conditions are entirely changed. Each is on her own footing. The individuals unfold the tale, and there is no

presiding master through whose glasses we behold them. In other words, the dramatist must not be content with even a divine insight into character; he must pay close attention to its outward manifestations, not merely bearing and delivery, but thought and expression. The two women could not possibly use words in the same manner, far less think alike. Such details are ignored in the novel. Take the following as instance:

"At night her diary received this entry: To-day I was a fool. To-morrow?" (That is Lætitia.)

"Her thought was: We women are nailed to our sex." (That is Clara.)

In good sooth, in neither case is it one or t'other; in both it is Mr. Meredith who speaks: Mr. Meredith athirst, as he always is, for an epigram. A hundred quotations would not make the point clearer. No matter who is speaking—mature scholar or innocent maiden, lady or peasant, soldier or squire—the author misses no chance of working in a Meredithian brilliancy. To the reader it is a pardonable offence, if not a positive virtue, since it is done without his losing a sure grip of the character. You know that Lætitia would have occupied many tear-sprinkled pages to explain that she has been a fool, and to wonder if it was a step toward wisdom, and, perhaps, are a little thankful to Mr. Meredith for compressing them into six words. A fine Meredithianism is always welcome, let it issue from whose mouth it will. Yet in actual life we know how different it is. Happy the circle that has a Mrs. Mountstuart in it—there is never more than one. And if she is to be on the stage, then there must not be half a dozen rivals capable of epigrams not only equal to, but actually similar to, her own. If there are other wits, they must be different in kind, to act as foil and framework. But there is no need for them. A more important matter is to represent the various degrees of dullness which bulks so much more largely in life, and to do so without becoming dull oneself. There, perhaps, we touch one of Mr. Meredith's limitations, since it requires, beyond all else, humour, the humour that is closely allied to dream and passion and tenderness—a quality very different indeed from the cutting, hard-polished wit that illumines his page. By its means, even the bore and blockhead of daily life become perennial sources of enjoyment in art.

It may be thought that the argument so far tends to show the hopelessness of endeavouring to make a satisfactory dramatic version of a great novel. That is not so in reality; it only points to the necessity of thorough and drastic treatment. To tell a story, and to exhibit the same series of events in acted scenes, demand the exercise of very opposite powers. From the novelist you have to take away not only the commonest analysis and description which elucidates the action and makes it natural, but even the personal view from which it derives colour and atmosphere. In substitution the dramatist has the most effective system of illustration yet devised—men and women to act the parts, dress, mounting, and machinery. Knowing this, the usual

custom of the novelist is to enter into collaboration with someone who is familiar with stage requirements. The result is often as lucrative as the kindred process used to be of "adapting" a French play. If the novel be popular, a considerable proportion of readers will derive a harmless pleasure from seeing it so vividly illustrated; but that is not an artistic, or, in other words, an enduring success. We, of course, say nothing against it. The novelist legitimately calculates on a certain gain from the "dramatised version," and he is even entitled to praise for providing a pleasant and innocuous amusement for the multitude. And yet, for the sake of one here and there who is striving towards a higher ideal, even at the cost of his pocket, and on whose efforts depends the future, it is worth while to point out that all this is merely a financial arrangement—it has nothing to do with art.

To change an epic into a drama is really an act of translation that requires a genius not incomparable with that of the original creator. The material is the same, but the first erection has to be pulled down and rebuilt. And the first thing to do is to recognise exactly what the material consists of. In Mr. Meredith's case you have first an array of finely conceived and chiselled-out characters, standing in clearest outline, vivid and finished; you have the clash and encounter of opposite temperaments brought skilfully into concentrated points of struggle; you have a mind's history followed with masterly analysis and culminating in emancipation. But the action is nearly all mental; there is a scarcity of that physical contact which is so easily appreciated, and therefore so welcome, on the stage. On the other hand, the director, who in the novel not only guides but explains the movements of the puppets, has to be completely eliminated, and the action has to be re-arranged so that it will be intelligible of itself. Not only so, it must be attractive as well as clear. A public that has been accustomed to pistol and dagger, to plain fighting and crime, must have the road made very plain if it be expected to follow the fine, almost impalpable, struggles with which one soul gradually succeeds in throwing off the dominion of another.

To do so, it is evident that the dramatist must begin by resolving the material he has to work upon into its elementary condition, to get the fable as far as possible into its simplest form. In former times this was easy. Shakespeare, for instance, found his stories so simple and bald that he could have experienced no difficulty in deciding what to leave out; on the contrary, he had to call on his invention to fill up the rude outlines, and, probably, that was the very best condition in which a man of genius could obtain his material. No Shakespeare, alas! is likely this many a day to appear in our midst, but if he did, and found himself called upon to prepare a modern novel for the stage, we may be sure that, although no one could lay bare the creative part of his work, he would begin by resolving the book into those simple elements of which every novel is composed.

WHAT THE PEOPLE READ.

XVII.—A CRAMMER.

HE had come down, with fishing-rods and golf-clubs, to spend a week with us in the country. And one evening, after looking through the *ACADEMY*, he remarked that people seemed to attach an absurd importance to novels. One might read novels, as one might smoke cigars or play poker; but one didn't want to talk about them, or write about them.

And so I asked him to tell me what he had been reading during the last term.

"Mainly copies of Greek prose—infernally bad—by pupils," was the reply.

But as to books? Well, as to that, a man who is cramming pupils for the India Civil Service and the Army had to keep himself from getting stale. Mahaffy's *Social Life in Ancient Greece* and Symonds's *Greek Poets* would help him in that. Then, too, there was that book on the Greek drama by Haig of Corpus. A new edition, too, of the *Principia Græca* had appealed to him because it was edited by a man he knew, and he wanted to snap him out, so to speak, at slip. These, with the necessity of following up all the fresh handbooks on the classics with a view of stealing a march upon the Civil Service Commissioners, had taken up most of his time.

"Magazines?"

Oh, yes, of course he looked through the magazines at the club, but you couldn't call that reading. By the way, wasn't there a new magazine just started by Pearson or Harmsworth, or one of those people? Yes, he had heard something about a quarrel between Pearson and Lipton—or Newnes and Spiers & Pond—but he didn't know what the quarrel was about. He just skimmed the foreign news in the daily paper after breakfast, and read the cricket reports, but there was no time for more.

"Novels?"

Well, he occasionally picked up a shilling story from a bookstall to read on a railway journey. But novels seldom came in his way. No man with sense and a limited income would buy novels; and he had never thought of subscribing to Mudie's. Nor had any of his colleagues. Yes, he had once bought a novel. That was *Diana of the Crossways*. And he had bought it because someone had bet him five shillings that he could not write a paraphrase of the first ten pages. He had lost his bet.

"Do you ever read the serial stories in the magazines or the weekly papers?" I asked.

"Good gracious, no!" he replied. "And I never met a man who did. You might as well get your dinner with twenty minutes between each mouthful."

"But you hav'n't told me yet," I said, "what books you read for your own satisfaction. What do you read yourself to sleep with?"

"Well, I really believe," he said, "that one or two books of essays would contain all I want to read in a general way for my personal enjoyment. I suppose when one lives a prosaic life one likes to see another man telling the prosaic facts of life and playing with them. Now I have a volume

—the 'Breakfast-Table Series'—of Wendell Holmes. It cost me 1s. 6d., I believe, and it has lived on the table by my bed for years. It doesn't send me to sleep, you know, but it sweetens sleep. There are several other books that have the same effect—the *Essays of Elia* for instance, and that edition in a mottled cover of Leigh Hunt's essays. But for putting one in a good humour with life, Wendell Holmes beats the lot. He's better than fishing, Stevenson's *Virginibus Puerisque* comes pretty near, but Stevenson hasn't Wendell Holmes's dodge of turning science into poetry. Oh, yes, a man must read poetry. But it's always the poetry he appreciated before he was five-and-twenty. I always have Swinburne's *Poems and Ballads* close at hand. You remember 'Félie'?' And Chesterfield's letters to his son. I keep them on the table. They're not poetry, but they're rare good common sense. And Thackeray's *Esmond*. *Esmond* is——"

"*Esmond* is a novel," I said.

"Oh, I never regard it as a novel," he replied.

C. R.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SCOTTISH DIALECT.

SIR,—The discovery by an unnamed "German philologist," which is calculated to flatter Scottish patriotism (in *ACADEMY*, August 13, p. 150), is, as many of your readers must have noticed, a very venerable chestnut, made to look odd by being partly rendered in a sort of German "fonetik" spelling. The story of the monosyllabic conversation between a shopman and a purchaser about the qualities of a plaid is given by Dean Ramsay in his *Scottish Life and Character* (at p. 90 of the twenty-first edition). The good Dean gives the story as showing that "the Scottish dialect is peculiarly powerful in its use of vowels"; whereas what it really illustrates is, the extent to which good, strong words may be degraded and weakened by slovenly pronunciation without becoming wholly unintelligible. The conversation, which, in its German-phonetic as given by you, winds up with "U ei, a e u," is in the accepted spelling of Scotch:

Buyer: "Oo'?" (Wool?)

Seller: "Ay, Oo'."

B: "A' oo'?"

S: "Ay, a' oo'."

B: "A' ae oo'?"

S: "Ou ay, a' ae oo'" (O yes, all of one wool).

D. P.

Edinburgh: Aug. 17, 1898.

BOOK REVIEWS REVIEWED.

"THE HOUSE OF HIDDEN TREASURE."

WHAT is the difference between sympathetic and unsympathetic criticism? It may well be the difference between the *Outlook* and the *Chronicle* in their judgments on "Maxwell Gray's" new novel. Evidently the two critics

have many points in agreement. Yet compare their views on the same book:

The Outlook.

"The writer is clearly one who has a sense of the responsibilities of art, and who strives energetically to realise her ambition. But the reviewer is bound to the practice of truth, and the truth is that *The House of Hidden Treasure* is all awry as a picture of life. 'Maxwell Gray' seems to have attempted something between a Hawthornesque picture and a nightmare after the manner of Poe. The main theme of the story—the redemption and illumination of a 'house accursed' by the influence of a pure woman—is decidedly in the vein of Hawthorne; certain touches, such as a nursery of idiot children, are reminiscent of the author of *The House of Usher*. But all such comparison is concerned with externals; the treatment of the plot owes nothing to any past-master. The tale, indeed, lacks the first essential of storytelling; it is narrated in an involved and involuted fashion, ranging from period to period, from group to group, until the ingenuity of the reader is taxed to the utmost to follow its course and understand its character. It is very ill-constructed, and is further hampered by heavy and irrelevant dialogue, through which, from page to page, not a single point is gained, either in the advancement of the interest or the elucidation of character. Nor, with the single exception of the heroine, who is cleverly and sympathetically drawn, do the characters themselves bear any convincing relation to life. They are painted garishly, with touches which are at times almost ludicrous in crudity, and are further backed by the picture of this *House of Hidden Treasure*, which is described with such a wealth of detail as only serves to accentuate its impossibility. Here and there we get a passage which

The Daily Chronicle.

"There is a strong and pervading charm in this new novel by 'Maxwell Gray.' It is prolix; it is overcrowded; it is idealised and enthusiastic; it runs on a well-worn track, with heroes and heroines as we used more frequently to see them in the sober middle Victorian age. That is but natural, for in a story which covers nearly half a century we must look for more than one or two Victorian types.

Are we speaking ill or well of this glowing romance of the woman of fifty, the new woman who is the old, who sowed her wild oats when the mothers of our modern madcaps were prim, conventional damsels, and who blossomed at the century end with a fresh heart and a couple of suitors? It is well or ill precisely as the reader likes to think. We have said that the book has a pervading charm, but it will have no charm for one who loves stifling odours and medicated savours, such as might be distilled from some delirious chronicle of illicit love. There is here no artful combination of the sensuous and the neurotic, of the emotional in religion and the physical in human relationship. Grace Dorrien is neither an Offenbachian fretting against the bars of a nunnery, nor a Wagnerite who sells her body for the development of her voice. If she is a document in any sense, it is on the old-fashioned lines of restraint, reticence, and self-renunciation. The daughter of a gambling father and a querulous mother, she has little of the joy of life except what she wrests for herself by her girlish escapades. These are followed by more than a quarter of a century of loneliness and poverty, during which she learns to possess her soul in patience. 'C'est ainsi que Dieu forge une âme.' 'Dear, that gold cup,' the youngest

reminds us that 'Maxwell Gray' can see a natural landscape clearly and reproduce it faithfully, but in the present novel her success is almost entirely confined to occasionally felicitous pictures. The plot of the tale is laboriously overwrought and unreal, and the characters fit their setting. In a word, the story (and we say it with genuine regret) — the story 'will not do.'

of her lovers says to her, 'See how the light lives in the rubies—buried in the gloom and silence of centuries and chanced upon at last; that is your emblem.' And that is the emblem of 'Maxwell Gray's' book. She has sat down to draw her ideal woman, a woman's ideal; middle-aged, yet not too old to fascinate; feminine of soul, yet ignoring the physical problems which morbid women allow themselves to ponder; intense, yet cheerful and delicate in all her thoughts; yearning for love, yet capable of the *gran rifiuto*; a hidden jewel, storing its priceless beauty until the destined eye of God or man shall light on it at last.

The Scotsman unites these two verdicts in its own:

"The book is like a piece of old brocade—rich in colour and quality. It is very sad, parts of it are hopelessly unreal, but much of it is exquisitely written, and it is warmly to be recommended."

Is it the varying abilities of the critics to endure 125 degrees in the sun that is just now making them contradict each other with more than usual flatness. Take the *Daily Telegraph* and the *Daily Chronicle* in their reviews of Mr. William Sharp's new story,

"WIVES IN EXILE."

The *Daily Telegraph*.

The *Daily Chronicle*.

"Mr. William Sharp's latest production is a delightful little comedy. Bright, quaint, and very amusing, it is related in a racy, polished style which gives the simple tale a touch of distinction."

"He [Mr. Sharp] is wondrous playful, but the play will not amuse everybody. This is the way these two ladies talked on board the yacht:

'Oh, you golden-haired, darling atrocity! I warn you I'll be even with you for that! Apologise—withdraw—or, or, I'll, I'll —'

'What?'

'Scandalise you as well as the mainsail!'

'Ha, ha, Captaining, my Captaining! Now I have you! Tell me straight, can you scandalise the mainsail?'

'Yes, Nora, I can.'

'You can? Well, then, how?'

'By compromising its relations with the flying jib.'

'Oh, you fraud, you fraud! How dare you. Honour, impute evil ways and doings to those innocent white sails! I ask you, you scaramouch, how dare you?'

'Well, dear, you would insist on my scandalising that mainsail somehow or other, and I couldn't see any way out of it except by implicating that respectable party in a *liaison* with another sail.'

Readers who find this dialogue entertaining will be glad to know that there is plenty more like it in Mr. Sharp's book."

THE NEW "DON QUIXOTE."

WHEN we come to scholarship we find agreement. Thus two learned critics who discuss Mr. James Fitzmaurice Kelly's new edition of the Spanish text of *Don Quixote* are in singular agreement. Take their attitude to Mr. Kelly's contention that the emendations in the second and third editions of *Don Quixote* were not from Cervantes' pen, and that, therefore, the first, or 1605 edition, is the purest text.

Literature.

"There are some novel and important additions and corrections in the second and third editions which could only have been made by the author or by someone on his behalf. Mr. Kelly, in his veneration for the first and uncorrected text of 1605, even goes so far as to characterise some of the new passages as 'insipid vulgarities,' and to suggest that it was some imitator after the style of Avellaneda, with 'less talent' than the Aragonese, who introduced the episode of the stealing of Sancho's ass. This is surely a little intrepid, when we know how jealous Cervantes was of his own work—how bitterly he resented the meddling of any other hand with his *Don Quixote*, and how he himself has spoken of these very passages presumed to be spurious and characterised as insipid and vulgar. Surely Mr. Fitzmaurice Kelly has forgotten the closing words of Cid Hamet Benengeli on taking leave of his goosequill: 'Para mi solo nació Don Quixote y yo para él: el supo obrar y yo escribir; solos los dos somos para en uno.' I shall be curious to know what Mr. Kelly will do with that speech of Sancho's in the Second Part (chap.

The Athenæum.

"It [the second edition] contains important changes. There is, for instance, the alteration thanks to which Don Quixote constructs his rosary of oakgalls, and there are the interpolated passages which tell the reader of the stealing and recovery of Dapple. These insertions are, there is no question, clumsily contrived—so clumsily that in the Brussels edition an attempt was made to bring them into better harmony with their surroundings. Cervantes, too, was living at Valladolid, nearly thirty-two leagues from Madrid, and therefore our editors argue that there cannot have been time for the publisher to communicate with him, and that the additions and corrections were introduced by some bookseller's hack or by the printer. But it is difficult to believe that Sancho's lamentations over the loss of Dapple, or his rejoicings at its recovery, were written by anyone except Cervantes: they read like his handiwork, and in the Second Part he seems to recognise the former passage as his own, for he makes Sancho say:

'I looked for my ass and did not see him. The tears rushed to my eyes, and I set up a lamentation which, if

iv.), about this very business of the interpolation of the ass-stealing. Will this passage also be relegated to an appendix in small print: 'Hice una lamentación que si no la puso el autor de nuestra historia puede hacer cuenta que no puso cosa buena?'

the author of our history has not put in, you may reckon he has not put in a good thing.'

This can only mean, we are inclined to think, that Cervantes wrote the passage relating the loss of Dapple for insertion in the second edition, if not in the first."

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Week ending Thursday, August 18.

POETRY, CRITICISM, BELLES LETTRES.

THE SECOND THOUGHTS OF AN IDLE FELLOW. By Jerome K. Jerome. Hurst & Blackett. 3s. 6d.

THE TEMPLE CLASSICS: MARCUS AURELIUS ANTONINUS. Translated by Meric Casaubon. J. M. Dent & Co. 1s. 6d.

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ANNOUNCEMENTS.

MR. HENRY SAVAGE LANDOR's book is rapidly going through the press, and will be published early in the autumn season. It is illustrated with coloured plates and hundreds of illustrations in the text. Mr. Heinemann has another book of travel in preparation: Mr. Cunninghame Graham's account of his experiences in Morocco, and his trouble with Riffian brigands.

MR. HEINEMANN has also two elaborate Art works in preparation for this autumn. *The Life of Thomas Gainsborough*, by Walter Armstrong, published in large folio, will contain between fifty and sixty photogravure plates, most of them from photographs specially taken for this book; also coloured reproductions of his drawings. The other work is *The Life of Leonardo da Vinci*, from the pen of Eugène Müntz, Keeper of the Works of Art at the École des Beaux-Arts and author of the celebrated *Life of Raphael*.

MESSRS. JAMES NISBET & Co., LTD., propose to issue in the autumn a *Life of Danton*, written by Mr. Hilaire Belloc, late Scholar of Balliol College, Oxford. The book will contain nine chapters, and will be furnished with a complete index; an appendix will be added, containing some half-dozen of documents illustrating the biography, one of which has never before been published.

MESSRS. JAMES NISBET & Co. will also issue a new book by Major Martin A. S. Hume, *The Great Lord Burleigh*. Major Hume here deals with a period which he knows well, his *Courtship of Queen Elizabeths* being proof of this. He has had every advantage at Burghley House, Hatfield, and elsewhere, in the preparation of his present work.

MESSRS. METHUEN will publish on August 22 a new novel by Mrs. B. M. Croker, entitled *Peggy of the Bartons*. The story describes the lot of a village maiden, who, marrying an officer whose personal charms are only equalled by his selfishness, finds too late that her idol has feet of clay. Admirers of Mrs. Croker may be glad to hear that the book has a happy ending.

AMONG the new volumes of poems to be published by Mr. Elliot Stock during the coming autumn is *Waima, and other Verses*, by Violet E. Sidney.

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REVIEWS.

HAMLET'S PEDIGREE.

Hamlet in Iceland. By Israel Gollancz, M.A. (Nutt.)

THE bulk of this comely volume consists of what is known as the Ambales-Saga, edited, translated and accompanied with illustrative extracts, among which specimens of the *rimur* or ballad cycles founded upon the same theme, are the most important. To Icelandic scholars the work, which displays Mr. Gollancz's usual accuracy and fertility of resource, will be welcome from beginning to end: Shakespeare scholars, we fear, will find it, in some respects, rather disappointing. For, as a matter of fact, the Ambales-Saga, although it has a common source with "Hamlet," is not in the direct line of the drama's ancestry. Both of them derive from *The Historia Danica* of Saxo Grammaticus, of the Hamlet story in which the Saga is, according to its learned editor, a sixteenth or early seventeenth century version, "remodelled under the influence of popular folk-tales, Charlemagne and Arthurian romances, and the stories of Tamberlaine." Mr. Gollancz, indeed, thinks it possible that the Saga may contain some chance traits of a version of the Hamlet story earlier than that of Saxo, and preserved independently in popular tradition or folk-lore. But he is unable to point definitely to any such, with the exception of one, for which he himself suggests a more probable origin.

The Shakespearean, then, must turn from the text to the introduction, and here he will be rewarded with valuable and curious matter concerning the origin and the pedigree of Hamlet. The question has already attracted a good deal of discussion, has been treated by Drs. Detter and Zinzow, and in English by Mr. Oliver Elton in his notable translation of Saxo Grammaticus. But Mr. Gollancz, in his fully informed and most ingenious essay, seems to us to have carried the matter a stage further than anyone else has yet done. Unfortunately, he has not summarised the results of his own exhaustive handling in a very tangible form. Perhaps he thinks, rightly enough, that the

evidence hardly admits of any very probable conclusion. In the light of his research, however, some such provisional summary as the following may perhaps be attempted.

The earliest reference to Hamlet in Scandinavian literature is a very obscure one. A description of some ocean rocks contained in the fragment of a work written shortly after 980 A.D. by the Icelandic explorer Snaebjörn, runs as follows:

"'Tis said that far out off yonder ness, the nine maids of the island mill stir amain the host-cruel skerry-vern—they who in ages past ground Hamlet's meal. The good chieftain furrows the hull's lair with his ship's beaked prow."

This hardly carries its own explanation, but possibly Hamlet's meal is a poetical paraphrase for the sand, and the reference is to a saying of Hamlet recorded by Saxo, that the sand is meal ground small by the hoary tempests of the ocean. Then there is silence, so far as the extant Scandinavian literature is concerned, for two hundred years. And then comes Saxo. The story given by Saxo falls into two parts. Book iii. relates Hamlet's vengeance for the death of his father, Horwendil. Horwendil, lord of Jutland, has been slain by his brother Feng, who has taken the queen Gerutha. Hamlet, for safety, pretends lack of wits. Feng suspects, and sends Hamlet to the king of Britain with a letter desiring his own death. Hamlet confides in his mother, and bids her hang the hall with knotted tapestry by his return. On his way he alters the letter into a request for the daughter of the king of Britain to be given him in marriage. Presently he returns to Jutland, still shamming witlessness. During a drunken revel, he pulls down the knotted tapestry on the company and exacts his vengeance. Here the first part of the story, the part which drifted down to Shakespeare, ends. In book iv. Hamlet is chosen lord of Jutland. He returns to Britain, where the king, wishing to avenge Feng, compasses his death. Hamlet, however, marries a second wife, the Scottish Hermatruide, and defeats the British by the device of fastening dead men upon stakes to look like living warriors. Finally, he departs for Jutland, where he falls in battle with Wiglek, king of Denmark.

It is obvious that the whole narrative shakes easily into two. There is the story of Hamlet's youth and revenge, and there is the further story of his wars in Britain, of his double marriage, and of the battle of the staked men. The first story is a bit of Aryan folk-lore, and has its congeners elsewhere. It may be called the story of the Feigned Dunderhead. The assumed witlessness of the hero is its central feature; and whatever the derivation of the name Hamlet, Saxo's Amlethus, the Icelandic Amloði, there can be no doubt that its significance either originally was or through this very story came to be "imbecile." The second story, on the other hand, is less folk-lore than legendary history, and it is the feature of Mr. Gollancz's book that he has succeeded in locating with a very great amount of probability the historical events in which it took rise. If you take this story by itself

it is strikingly parallel to the Anglo-Danish romance of Havelock; is, in fact, the same story. Now Havelock has been certainly identified with the Viking Anlaf, the son of Sitric Gale. These were Scandinavian settlers who established piratical kingdoms first in Dublin, secondly in Northumbria. From the latter they were driven by the battle of Brunanburgh, famous in English song, from the former by that of Tara. The adventures of Anlaf in Britain are in plain prose those ascribed to Hamlet and to Havelock in the legend.

But how did the story of the Feigned Dunderhead get tacked on to the legends of this Viking house? Mr. Gollancz has a very ingenious suggestion to offer. The Irish annals record in 917 the great battle of Ath-Cliaith, in which the Scandinavian settlers under Sitric Gale beat the native Irish under Niall Glundubh. A contemporary Irish lament says, "Niall Glundubh was slain by Amhlaide." Now the Irish *Amhlaide* is precisely equivalent to the Scandinavian *Amloði* or Hamlet. Who, then, was Amhlaide? Other authorities say that the slayer of Niall was Sitric Gale himself. Surely there is a discrepancy. Mr. Gollancz thinks not. He suggests that Amhlaide is a nickname for Sitric and precisely equivalent in sense to his more usual nickname, Gale. Gale is probably the Norse *galiði*, the past participle of *gala*, "to bewitch," and means "bewitched," "imbecile." Why should not *amhlaide* be a variant of this name, not Scandinavian at all, but Irish in its origin, and connected with the word *amaideac*, "silly." It is curious that *amlaide*, in precisely the same sense, occurs in a fifteenth century Middle English poem, and is probably of Gaelic origin. We must leave the philology to others to assay. If it is correct, it certainly provides the desired explanation of the marrying of the folk-tale of the Feigned Dunderhead with the legends of the house of Sitric. If Sitric was the Dunderhead *par excellence*, what more natural than that the floating tale should become a romance of Sitric's youth. Only it is not Sitric but Sitric's son Anlaf, whom we succeeded in identifying with Hamlet-Havelock. This further difficulty Mr. Gollancz easily surmounts, by pointing to the close resemblance between *Amhlaide* and *Amlaibh*, the Irish form of Anlaf, through which a confusion of father with son might readily result. And so the whole process necessary to explain the evolution of Saxo's Hamlet has been reconstructed. As for Snaebjörn, Snaebjörn is so obscure that any discussion as to what story of Amloði he had in mind seems somewhat futile. But if he already had identified the Irish name with the folk-tale, then the evolution above described must have taken place very early, for Snaebjörn wrote only a few years, at most, after Anlaf's death. Doubtless a tenth-century Viking soon "won his way to the mythical."

What, then, of the original folk-tale of the Feigned Dunderhead itself? Its curious resemblance to the story of the revenge of Lucius Junius Brutus as told by Livy, Valerius Maximus, and others, has been often commented upon. And there is no doubt that the form in which Saxo gives the story has suffered contamination from the

Roman version. Saxo, in fact, borrows at least one Latin phrase straight from Valerius. Some scholars therefore conclude that the whole thing is merely a Scandinavian borrowing from classical myth. Even Mr. Gollancz speaks of "a current folk-tale of Hamlet derived in far-off days from Roman legend." But surely the theory of the diffusion of folk-tales by literary borrowing is being rapidly discredited. Why should not the Feigned Dunderhead belong to the common Aryan stock of folk-tale? We doubt not that many variants of it are discoverable elsewhere. What of the return of Odysseus? Odysseus, like Hamlet, sits waiting for vengeance in his own hall, disguised as a beggar scant of wit. And is it fanciful to trace in Penelope's web another form of that knotted tapestry which Hamlet bade his mother weave for his home-coming? Of course, all the primitive elements in the *Odyssey* have been immensely worked over and modified by the *trouvère*.

And what does it all matter? Does all this speculation about Hamlet's pedigree help us to understand one point more in Hamlet's soul? Frankly, we do not think that it does. Nevertheless, the quest is its own justification. It is not Hamlet criticism, but it is a curiously fascinating study in the process by which the world's stories came into being, and thus in the nature and constitution of the imaginative element in man.

LAWRENCE THE PACIFICATOR.

Sir Henry Lawrence the Pacificator. By Lieut.-Gen. J. J. McLeod Innes, R.E., V.C. With Portrait. (Oxford: At the Clarendon Press.)

It was right that Sir William Hunter should include in his excellent "Rulers of India" series a life of Sir Henry Lawrence. Sir Henry Lawrence was never a ruler of India in the sense of being its Governor-General. The more is the pity, for had he been so, or even had the bulk of his co-administrators been possessed of his intimate knowledge of the natives, and his deep sympathies with their feelings, it is hardly too much to say that the Indian Mutiny would never have broken out. In the Punjab, in Rajputana, and finally in Oudh he proved himself to possess that power of putting crooked things straight which is characteristic of the born administrator. Finally, when the crisis occurred in 1857, the Court of Directors resolved, and Lord Palmerston's Ministry approved, that "Sir Henry Montgomery Lawrence, K.C.B., be appointed provisionally to succeed to the office of Governor-General of India on the death, resignation, or coming away of Viscount Canning, pending the arrival of a successor from England." Days before the appointment was made, Henry Lawrence had been struck by a rebel shell and had passed away in the Residency which he had so heroically defended.

The last chapter of his life-story is happily well-known. His earlier work is less

familiar to his countrymen. Henry Lawrence was born in Ceylon in 1806, and having obtained an Addiscombe cadetship, joined the Bengal Artillery in 1823. He saw service in Burmah, was stricken by fever, went home on sick leave, during part of which he was employed on the Irish Ordnance Survey, returned to India and worked hard at Oriental languages, and in 1833 was selected for service in the Revenue Survey. "Here," writes Sir Herbert Edwardes,

"he first really learnt to know the natives of India, and the best class of natives—the agricultural population. It was *their* villages, *their* fields, *their* crops, *their* interests of every kind, with which his eyes, hands, thoughts and heart were now occupied for five years. Instead of living in a European station, he pitched his tents among the people, under their trees, and by their streams, for eight months out of twelve. He saw them as military men seldom can see them, as all civilians ought to see them—in their homes and daily life—and thus learnt to sympathise with them as a race, and to understand their wants."

In 1838, on the outbreak of troubles with Afghanistan, Lawrence was appointed assistant political officer at Ferozpur, thus starting his connexion with the Sikhs and the Punjab. Here, too, he began "to enter into friendly relations with the surrounding independent chiefs, and to adjudicate, by their own request, in their disputes and boundary questions." Six months later, Ranjit Singh, the great amalgamator of the Punjab tribes, died; with the result that there was a contest for the inheritance among the various claimants for the throne. As invariably happens in these cases, the supreme power fell into the hands of the Khālsa, or army, which was induced by the Rani Jindan to place her son, Dhulip Singh, a minor, on the throne, and next to attack the British.

Henry Lawrence was present at Sobraon when the Sikh army was shattered by Sir Hugh Gough, and was appointed British Agent to carry out the settlement with the Council of Regency. Only about one-third of the agreed indemnity of one and a-half crores of rupees was forthcoming, so the Indian Government accepted Kashmir and Hazara as an equivalent, and then, as it did not want the trouble of administering Kashmir, handed it over for a large price to Ghulāb Singh, a Rajput, who had commanded the Sikh troops which fought for us during the Afghan war, and had abstained from joining the other Sikh chiefs in their recent attack. Ghulāb Singh, upon his endeavour to take possession of his new kingdom, was resisted in arms by the late Governor of Kashmir, Sheikh Emam-ud-din.

"Lawrence forthwith pressed the Darbār into collecting a force of 10,000 Sikh and Kohistāni (mountaineer) troops, with ten guns, under Darbār generals; and joining them himself, marched with them into Kashmir, where Sheikh Emam-ud-din, instead of fighting, surrendered to him personally. These Sikh troops had recently fought against the British under the same officers who now led them; and, unwilling as they were in their hearts to support Ghulāb Singh, whom the Khālsa hated thoroughly, they acted admirably in these operations, and drew warm commenda-

tions from Lord Hardinge. This was a great triumph for Lawrence, as a proof of his judgment of the merits of the Khālsa troops when properly managed, and of his personal influence with them and their leaders."

The Sikh Council had asked that the British troops should not be withdrawn from Lahore until the end of the year 1846, but as the time approached they feared the intrigues of the Rani, and begged the British Government to take over the guardianship of the State till the Maharaja should attain his majority. Accordingly, the Treaty of Bairowāl was drawn up, under which the country was to be administered by a Council of eight leading chiefs acting under the control of a British President, who, in the person of Henry Lawrence, became the real ruler of the Punjab. He had some admirable assistants—Abbott in Hazara, Lumaden in Yusufzai, and John Nicholson and Edwardes on the Indus—who acted in hearty accordance with his prescriptions, of which the guiding precept was: "Settle the country, make the people happy, and take care there are no rows."

In six months great progress was made, but then Lawrence's health broke down, and he had to go home.

"Short as the time had been, the whole country had been more or less surveyed; the fiscal and excise systems had been readjusted; oppressive duties and Government monopolies had been abolished; and roads had been started. Further, a simple code of laws, founded on Sikh customs, had been framed by a selected body of some fifty heads of villages."

This is typical of Lawrence's methods—he always trusted the natives where it was possible, though he had no illusions about them. "Many," he writes, "are clever in the extreme, acute, persevering, energetic, able to compete with the best of Europeans in ordinary matters, to surpass them in some; but the most accomplished character among them has its flaw." While Lawrence was in England there was an insurrection in Multan, which he would probably have nipped in the bud. As it was Lord Dalhousie allowed it to go on until it resulted in the second Sikh rising, which was finally ended by Lord Gough's overwhelming victory of Gujrat. Annexation was now the only possible policy, and Lawrence, now K.C.B., who had hurried out on hearing that his beloved Sikhs were in revolt, was appointed Chief Commissioner to carry it out, with his younger brother John (afterwards Lord Lawrence) and Mr. Mansel as his coadjutors. John Lawrence was a harder, drier man, more of the type of a Treasury official than Henry, whose wise motto was that "in public as in private life judicious liberality is in the end economy." Differences of opinion arose between them, which were referred to Lord Dalhousie, and not always settled by him in favour of the senior. At last both brothers tendered their resignations. Henry's was accepted, and he was appointed to Rajputana. Here for four years he did excellent work. He practically suppressed sati (suttee), and greatly reduced infanticide, by insisting on the principle that both these practices involved murder; and he obtained the confidence of the princes by inducing

Lord Dalhousie to forego his opposition to the system of adopting heirs. From Rajputana, at the beginning of 1857, he was transferred to Oudh, where he had just time to effect some needed reforms before concentrating all his energies upon preparations to resist the Mutiny.

"Colonel Newcome is the typical character that represents him most closely," writes General Innes, in summing up the mental and physical aspects of his hero. But surely Lawrence, with a not less tender heart than the dear old Colonel, had a far harder head. It was no "softy" who roused himself from his sick bed in the Lucknow Residency to rescind an order of the Administrative Council which he himself had appointed. Whether he was right in all his views of Indian administration is an open question. "Every man imputes himself"; and certainly, if only there had been plenty of Henry Lawrences to carry it out, his frontier policy of buffer states friendly to the British raj would have been splendidly successful. General Innes is not an ideal biographer. He goes rather too much into detail, instead of giving us a series of illuminating flashes upon the salient points of Lawrence's career. He is a little too fond, moreover, of giving long extracts from the despatches of Governors-General, which should, in a handbook of some two hundred pages, have been summarised. But no inadequacy of treatment can prevent the life-story of Henry Lawrence from being of absorbing interest. In spite of its faults of style, therefore, we can cordially recommend this account of the modest Christian hero who, according to his self-composed epitaph, "tried to do his duty," and who, as history records, never failed in his endeavour.

LITTLE MAIDS AT SCHOOL.

Work and Play in Girls' Schools. By Three Head Mistresses—Dorothea Beale, Lucy H. M. Soulsby, Jane Frances Dove. (Longmans.)

A GREAT many writers have assisted at the making of this book, but the central figure is Miss Beale, who has earned more than a local reputation as a most capable head of Cheltenham Ladies' College. That the other contributors are fired with her spirit appears from the fact that all of them are or have been on Miss Beale's teaching staff. We, therefore, willingly admit her claim that, though there are many writers, the book has unity of purpose. Further, it is interesting on every page, and, as might be expected, literally crammed with delightful and ingenious plans for making teaching at once pleasant and intelligent. No praise can be too warm for Miss Beale's methods generally, but—well, we falter at extending it to the teaching of literature.

As this is the subject in which we are most interested, let us follow our little maid to school and note the stages of her advance. Miss Beale assumes that she has come from the kindergarten, and has learned "to draw lines, straight and curved, developing into simple objects and curious patterns"; not

too curious, let us hope, since medical men are beginning to protest against this taxing of young eyes; certainly in the birthplace of kindergarten juvenile spectacles are at a premium. Pity Miss Beale has taken no account of the objections one hears parents raising on every side against certain attractive but physically injurious practices in this kind of school. However, she teaches first drawing, then writing, then reading, and "we lead on to writing" by explaining that the first letter of the alphabet is "a rude picture of the head of an ox," "Beth in Hebrew was a dwelling," and so on. We cannot help thinking that Miss Beale's pupils most likely picked up their letters at home, and are a little more advanced than she gives them credit for. In practice the results she obtains are so excellent that one hesitates to quarrel with her theory; but, suppose our little maid not to be exceptionally clever, and to have a less wise and experienced mistress, would not this be crowding too much on the undeveloped brain? This is how the work of teaching the alphabet is summarised:

"Thus the child could be taught to observe the movements for articulation, be interested in early writings, and prepared to look intelligently at ancient monuments. In teaching, the sounds of the letters will be given, of course, not their names, and the alphabet will be from the first classified and a basis laid for philological study. A shorthand alphabet will be learned side by side without trouble, and besides this the pronunciation will be improved—all this without any over-pressure or giving any instructions unsuited for a small child."

We fervently hope and trust that our little maid when she is learning the alphabet will not "look intelligently at ancient monuments"; if she ventures to do anything so unnatural her punishment shall be four months' withdrawal from school and a severe course of hoop and ball. In an excursus on spelling reform (which by the by appears to have been printed in Germany) Miss Beale zealously advocates a new alphabet and a kind of Volopuk or universal language. Without entering into any detailed criticisms of her views, we should like to hear her reply to this. If her "complete international alphabet" were adopted, does she expect that all our old books would be at once printed in it, or would the child who wished to know his or her own literature have to learn both the new and the old styles? Would she reprint all the books in the British Museum in the new spelling?

From this we may pass to a subject that is peculiarly interesting to readers of the ACADEMY. What do girls read? In the first place Miss Lumby draws up an ideal course for them, which we shall transcribe with a few comments of our own, and afterwards Miss Beale gives a list drawn from information supplied by her pupils. Needless to say, there is a mighty difference between the real and the ideal. This is Miss Lumby's course:

"Age 10-12.

(First Year.)

Macaulay's *Lays*; *Marmion*; Kingsley's *Heroes*; Keary's *Heroes of Asgard*.

(Second Year.)

Evangeline, *Hiawatha*, *Enoch Arden*, *Ancient Mariner*; Lamb's *Tales from Shakespeare* (sic) and *Ivanhoe*.

Age 12-14.

(First Year.)

Midsummer Night's Dream, *Lady of the Lake*, *Deserted Village*, *Gulliver's Travels*, *Kenilworth*.

(Second Year.)

Merchant of Venice, *Childe Harold*, *Morte d'Arthur*, *Vicar of Wakefield*, *Essays from the Spectator*.

Age 14-16.

(First Year.)

As You Like It, *Henry V.*, *Gray's Elegy*, *The Princess*, *Esmond*, *Some of the Essays of Elia* (sic).

(Second Year.)

Faerie Queene (Book I.), *Julius Caesar*, *Milton's Minor Poems*, *Macaulay's Essays on Clive* and on *Mme. D'Arblay*, *Sesame and Lilies*.

Age 16-18.

(First Year.)

Macbeth, *Paradise Lost* (I. and II.), *The Holy Grail*, *Areopagitica*, *Burke's Speeches on America*.

(Second Year.)

Hamlet, *Essay on Man*, *Selections from Wordsworth*, *Bacon's Essays*, *Rasselas*, *Carlyle's The Hero as Poet and The Hero as Man of Letters*."

The little maid would probably smile her thanks if at ten a good book of fairy tales—Perrault or Grimm, Andersen or Abjörnson—were substituted for the *Lays*. At eleven she would like *The Grandmother* and *Dora* and *The May Queen* better than *Enoch Arden*; and it is, indeed, rather early to acquaint her with the crime of bigamy. And to think of *The Pilgrim's Progress* being entirely omitted! At fourteen would she not enjoy R. L. S.—his *Travels with a Donkey*—rather more than Addison and Steele? And does the British maiden still read *Childe Harold*, *Areopagitica*, Burke's speeches, *Rasselas*, and Bacon's *Essays*? We fancy her making a little *mou*, and giving a shrug to her young shoulders—they all savour of the mid-Victorian "seminary for young ladies."

Besides, we have Miss Beale's word for it that there is a private rebellion against this style of reading. At the end of the chapter on teaching modern history there is appended a most curious list of historical novels "chosen from lists furnished by the pupils." It runs to nine or ten pages, so we must overcome the temptation to quote in full and be content with a few extracts. Supposing our pupil to be studying the period 1714-1815, she is recommended to read in the first place *Rob Roy*, *The Heart of Midlothian*, *Waverley*, *Guy Mannering*, *Red Gauntlet* (sic) and the *Antiquary*, and as next in authority the following stories by Mr. Henty: *Bonnie Prince Charlie*, *A Jacobite Exile*, *With Frederick the Great*, *Hold Fast for England*, *With Clive in India*, *With Wolfe in Canada*, *In the Reign of Terror*, *True to the Old Flag*, *One of the Twenty-Eighth*, *With Moore at Corunna*, *Through Russian Snows*.

We do not know how many "historical novels" Mr. Henty has written, but fourteen others are mentioned in this library for

young ladies. Needless to say, he figures more largely than Conan Doyle, Stanley Weyman, Gordon Stables, C. M. Yonge, or any other contemporary writer. It appears he is read with Harrison Ainsworth, G. P. R. James, and certain others who, we confess to have thought, were rotting, unopened, on the shelves of provincial libraries. Robert Louis Stevenson, on the other hand, is not represented by a single book for this or any other period. Neither the young ladies of Cheltenham nor their mistresses appear to have yet discovered him.

Literature is evidently not the strong point of this, in other respects, most admirable book. In dealing with music, it is laid down with unexceptional soundness that "no bad music should be given to a pupil for any purpose or under any circumstances." Does not this apply still more to books? We have no desire whatever to say a word against Mr. Henty, who has written many lively and harmless story books for boys, but there is something violently wrong with the book that, as serious aids to historical study, recommends twenty-six of his volumes and not one of Stevenson's; and the reading of G. P. R. James and Harrison Ainsworth can only fill the mind with bad notions of history and still worse of art. Young ladies are in more need of intelligent direction in regard to literature than of an "international alphabet" to seal the old books to them.

THE NEW PAPYRI.

The Oxyrhynchus Papyri. Part I. Edited by Bernard P. Grenfell and Arthur S. Hunt. (Egypt Exploration Fund.)

THE site of the once famous city of Oxyrhynchus is now occupied by the petty little hamlet of Behnesa. It lies on the edge of the Libyan desert, and its rubbish-heaps and kitchen middens are a favourite haunt of those who go down into Egypt to search for papyri. For of old Oxyrhynchus was a flourishing provincial capital, a centre of Romano-Egyptian civilisation, and a stronghold of African Christianity. In the winter of 1896, two members of the brilliant band of classical archaeologists whom Oxford owes to the Craven foundation, Messrs. B. P. Grenfell and A. S. Hunt, spent some months in excavating this promising locality. They secured an abundant yield of papyrus fragments belonging to all dates from the first to the seventh century, and since their return to England their time has been fully taken up with deciphering and studying the *trouvaille*. The present comely volume, with its elaborate apparatus of critical comment and photographic facsimile, is the first instalment of the fruit of their labours. It contains a selection of the most important documents, from a literary, historical, or palæographical point of view, among the fifteen hundred or so papyri that they have as yet been able to examine. Roughly speaking, these fell into two groups. The larger consists of over a hundred non-literary documents, mainly legal or commercial in their character, and

throwing a flood of light upon the complex and multifarious constitution of Roman provincial society. There are appointments and reports of public officers, records of law suits, agreements for sale, inventories, wills, receipts, private correspondence of all sorts and conditions of persons. From their very insignificance, these are, in some ways, as unconscious revelations of sides of antiquity which no one would have thought it worth while deliberately to preserve, perhaps the most interesting part of the collection. Like Pompeii, they fossilize humanity, and fossilize it in moments when it forgot to pose. But their interest is rather for the sociologist and the historian than for literature. The classical scholar watches the unrolling of papyri with a beating heart. They represent to him his last chance for the unearthing of treasures long held as lost. Anything may come out of a papyrus at any moment. Bacchylides, Herondas, Menander, the Athenian Polity of Aristotle—are not these already more than mere names only since the chase began? Just as the Renaissance scrutinised with keenly acquisitive eyes the freight of Greekish refugees with their pockets full of MSS. from the east of Europe, so does his Victorian successor scrutinise the publications of the British Museum and the Egypt Exploration Fund. They bring him new worlds to conquer, virgin soil for his emendations, that no Scaliger, no Bentley, no Dindorf has worked over. You picture Prof. Blass fluttering about the unpacked rolls, with his critical steel half out of the sheath. Of literary fragments Messrs. Grenfell and Hunt offer about thirty. Many of these texts are, of course, not absolutely new. At most they afford new readings of extant works: theological, such as the Gospels of SS. Matthew and Mark, or the Acts of Paul and Thecla; classical, including bits from Homer, Thucydides, Herodotus, Plato, Euclid, Virgil. And among the real novelties some are unimportant. A fragment of a chronological or metrical treatise, or of a Gnostic speculation on the "upper" and "lower" soul, is not exciting. Others are so mutilated that they do not come to much. There are two fragments from comedies, possibly by Menander or some disciple of Menander, a few lyric lines which Prof. Blass ascribes to Alcman, a few elegiac lines and some incomplete epigrams apparently designed as flute songs. The literary texts of first-class importance are thus reduced to two. Of these, the "Sayings of Jesus" has already been published by the same editors in a separate pamphlet, and has, naturally enough, excited a vast deal of criticism and controversy. Messrs. Grenfell and Hunt now publish, for the sake of completeness, a revised text and translation, in which they adopt one or two of the numerous conjectures which have been lavished on the text of the fragment. They defer a detailed discussion of the literature which the subject has evoked, contenting themselves here with summing up briefly as follows:

"With regard to the questions of origin and history, we stated in one edition our belief in five points: (1) That we have here part of a

collection of sayings, not extracts from a narrative gospel; (2) that they were not heretical; (3) that they were independent of the Four Gospels in their present shape; (4) that they were earlier than A.D. 140, and might go back to the first century. These propositions, especially the first, have, as is natural, been warmly disputed. Attempts have been made to show that the 'Logia' were extracts from the Gospel according to the Egyptians (Harnack), the Gospel according to the Hebrews (Batiffol), or the Gospel of the Ebionites (Zahn); and Gnostic, mystic Ebionite, or Therapeutic tendencies, according to the point of view, have been discovered in them. On the other hand, our position has received the general support of critics such as Swete, Rendel Harris, Heinrici, and Lock; and so far the discussion has tended to confirm us in our original view."

Apart from the "Logia," the gem of the collection is an Æolic ode, which the editors, greatly daring, venture to attribute to Sappho herself. Nor are they without reasonable grounds for this conjecture, for the poem, which makes allusion to the home-returning and past transgressions of a beloved brother, cannot fail to recall a certain episode in the life of Sappho narrated by Ovid and others. Sappho had a brother Charaxus, a wine-trader. Charaxus fell in love with the "rosy-cheeked" Rhodopis, a famous Lesbian light o' love. He ransomed her from slavery, and spent all he had upon her. Sappho, so the story goes, was excessively angry, and somewhat rashly gave vent to her indignation in lampoons. This led to a violent quarrel between brother and sister, and although Sappho wrote many songs afterwards to effect a reconciliation, Charaxus remained obdurate. Messrs. Grenfell and Hunt suggest that their fragment may be one of the olive-branch songs in question. Unfortunately it has lost its beginning and end, and what survives is badly mutilated. But the invaluable Prof. Blass has not hesitated to attempt a restoration; and of the four stanzas which he has been able to reconstruct, Messrs. Grenfell and Hunt offer a verse translation:

"Sweet Nereids, grant to me,
That home unscathed my brother may return,
And every end, for which his soul shall yearn,
Accomplished see!

And thou, immortal Queen,
Blot out the past, that thus his friends may know

Joy, shame his foes—nay rather, let no foe
By us be seen!

And may he have the will
To me, his sister, some regard to show,
To assuage the pain he brought, whose cruel blow
My soul did kill.

Yea, mine, for that ill name
Whose biting edge, to shun the festal throng
Compelling, ceased awhile: yet back ere long
To goad us came."

Whisper it not in Gath, but, after all, the ode, though undeniably interesting from the point of view of literary history, is not precisely inspired. Sappho, one begins to fear, did not always sing

"Songs that move the heart of the shaken heaven,
Songs that break the heart of the earth with pity,
Hearing, to hear them."

The third stanza is the best, in the Greek; but then the third stanza is nearly all Prof. Blass. We wait with some trepidation for the moment when the spade of the excavator shall disinter a complete Sappho.

Among the miscellaneous non-literary papyri which make up the bulk of the volume a group of private letters are, perhaps, the most full of interest. They are merely ordinary every-day letters, of the sort that one naturally throws in the waste-paper basket. Two or three are formal invitations. "Herais requests your company at dinner on the occasion of the marriage of her children in her house, to-morrow, the fifth, at nine o'clock." The formula appears to be a secular one, although Herais was not in the habit of giving long notice of her entertainments. Petosiris writes to Serenia, to invite her to town for a religious feast: "Be sure, dear, to come up on the 20th for the birthday festival of the god, and let me know whether you are coming by boat or by donkey, in order that we may send for you accordingly. Now, don't forget." Irene writes to Taonnophris and Philo a letter of sympathy on the death of their child Eumoerus:

"Take heed, dear friends. I was as much grieved and shed as many tears over Eumoerus as I did over Didymus, and I did all that was fitting, and so did all my friends, Epaphroditus and Thermouthion and Philon and Apollonius and Plautas. But still there is nothing one can do in the face of such trouble. So I leave you to comfort yourselves. Goodbye."

For nearly two thousand years, then, bereaved mothers have been consoling each other with these inarticulate phrases, and have taken comfort to their souls in the due performance of "all that was fitting." And a month later Irene is sending Taonnophris and Philo a little present of dates and grapes and pomegranates, and asks them to pay off a workman for her, and to send her "two drachms' weight of purgative, of which I am in urgent need."

NORTHERN HUMOUR.

Scottish Life and Humour. By William Sinclair. (Haddington: Sinclair.)

This little book is an unobtrusive member of a large family. No country can compete with Scotland in the number and energy of its local *literati*. Every parish has its chronicler, and if the local history be exhausted, there remain local custom and local wit, and straightway the world is presented with a compendium of anecdotes. It is a pity that some vast index could not be prepared for such collections. There are some three or four original jokes in the world, and to trace the descent of their innumerable offspring would be a task for the subtlest of folklorists. Were they indexed by the word on which the humour hinges one might have to hand an invincible weapon to confuse the impostor who tells all stories in the form of autobiography.

Our quarrel, then, with this book is that the index is not nearly full enough. As far as it goes it is a curiosity, with such entries

as these: "Highland inn, where to spit, 4"; "Lady, old, and the villain who kissed and told, 14"; and "Volunteer officer whose breeks were wounded, 57." Then the stories are badly set down, generally with a great deal of unnecessary verbiage in the shape of comment and introduction. Frequently, too, the editor's sense of humour is more keen than his reader's, and some of the tales go far to justify the notion that a Scotch story is any jumble of dialect you please, provided you put "Ou, ay" at the beginning and "Whatever" at the end. Most of the best are old—very old indeed—but still there is a respectable sprinkling of new ones; and the advantage of the arrangement in chapters is that he who is not interested in old banal jokes about ministers and the Sabbath may skip the whole section.

What, indeed, may be the specific quality of traditional Scotch humour is hard to determine. Partly it is a naïve solemnity in trivial matters, partly an equally naïve levity in serious affairs. The farmer and his wife who lived so quiet a life that when a sheep died they sat beside the fire and talked about the next world, are instances of the first; the minister who began his prayer, "Paradoxical as it may seem to Thee, O Lord," is a sort of far-away example of the second. But much of the humour in Scotch tales comes from the inimitable dialect, and the subtle and comic exaggeration which lurks in it. It is a manner of speech which may be extraordinarily taciturn and exact, and, in the next sentence, full of the farcical humour of extravagance. The author of this compilation professes a great regard for Dr. Hately Waddell's Scotch version of the Psalms, but this has always seemed to us an unfortunate attempt to overdo the idiom and mix up the obsolete and the current. The Scotch part of "Underwoods," say, is purer and racier Scotch just because it represents one tradition, and that a spoken tradition, and not a mixture of several. The language, then, for the English reader is some part of the charm—a greater part, perhaps, than for the native, for whom the riches of dialect are staled by familiarity.

But, after all, the main subject of the humorous story is the eccentricity of some imaginary type of Scotch character—its petty economies, obstinacy, and self-confidence. Mr. Sinclair's stories in this vein are generally ancient, but now and then he seems to have stumbled on a novelty. There is a fine "canny" inconsequence about the will of the old laird, in which was written: "I leave to my son, Willie, the twa black-faced yowes that were lost last week, if they're foun' oot. An' in case they're no foun' oot, I leave them baith to my faithful servant Donal'." Here, too, is a good version of a well-known story in the same vein:

"In a case which recently came up for hearing, a certain witness was called. On the mention of his name, a man rose up and said, 'He is gone.' 'Where is he gone?' said the judge; 'it is his duty to be here.' 'My lord,' was the solemn reply, 'I wadna care to commit mysel' as to whaur he's deid.'"

One could build up from such stories a fine set of paradoxes on that typical Scotch

character which they are supposed to illustrate. It is narrow, limited, prosaic—like the old Caithness laird in the story. When travelling with a friend he stayed the night at a small inn. "Ye'll be frae Caithness?" he said to the maid. "No," rather curtly. "Frae Sutherland, then?" "No," a little sulkier. "Oh, I hae't; ye're frae Ross-shire?" "No," still. "Ye maun be frae the Mearns, then?" The "No" was nearly smothered by the slamming of the door. All the evening the laird was thoughtful and abstracted, and when he took his candle to go to bed, he said earnestly to his companion, "Whaur can that puir lassie be frae?" On the other hand, it is imaginative, above the conventions of ordinary speech, and abundantly generous, like the Highland boatman who was asked how the weather would turn out. "It will be a fine day," he said. "To be sure, there will be shoors, and maybe there will be rain atween, but it will be a verra fine day." It is niggardly and cautious, like the man in the Moray floods, who, after saving several lives, went back and nearly lost his life in trying to rescue his hat. Again, it is no less rash and extravagant, like the Chartist weaver who expounded his political creed at length to the minister of the parish. When he had concluded, he turned and demanded an answer. "In my opinion," was the reply, "your principles would drive the country into revolution, and create in the long run national bankruptcy." "Nay-tion-al bankruptcy!" said the old man meditatively, diving for a pinch. "Div-yethink-sae?" Then, briskly, after a long snuff, "Dod! I'll risk it!"

BRIEFER MENTION.

The Second Thoughts of an Idle Fellow. By Jerome K. Jerome. (Hurst & Blackett.)

MR. JEROME does not make us laugh—perhaps because we are such busy fellows. Here is a specimen from *The Second Thoughts of an Idle Fellow*, wherein is described an interview with a rocking-chair which a "young gentleman friend of mine" had made out of a couple of beer barrels:

"I had called, and had been shown into the empty drawing-room. The rocking-chair nodded invitingly at me. I never guessed it was an amateur rocking-chair. I was young in those days, with faith in human nature, and I imagined that, whatever else a man might attempt without knowledge or experience, no one would be fool enough to experiment upon a rocking-chair. I threw myself into it lightly and carelessly. I immediately noticed the ceiling. I made an instinctive movement forward. The window and a momentary glimpse of the wooded hills beyond shot upward and disappeared. The carpet flashed across my eyes, and I caught sight of my own boots vanishing beneath me at the rate of about two hundred miles an hour. I made a convulsive effort to recover them: I suppose I overdid it. I saw the whole of his room at once, the four walls, the ceiling, and the floor at the same moment. It was a sort of vision: I saw the cottage piano upside down, and I again saw my own boots flash past me, this time over my head, soles uppermost.

Never before had I been in a position where my own boots had seemed so all-pervading. The next moment I lost my boots, and stopped the carpet with my head just as it was rushing past me. At the same instant something hit me violently in the small of the back. Reason, when recovered, suggested that my assailant must be the rocking chair. Investigation proved the surmise correct. Fortunately I was still alone, and in consequence was able, a few minutes later, to meet my hostess with calm and dignity."

Mr. Jerome has shown that as a serious journalist he can write well and to the point. Let him now discard the cap and bells. There is room only for one kind of humour, and one kind of pathos—the best.

Side-Lights of Nature in Quill and Crayon.
By Edward Tickner Edwardes. (Kegan Paul.)

WE imagine this to be a first book, and, if so, its faults are easily forgiven. The chief of them is a habit of over-elaboration. Certain writers on open-air subjects, perhaps out of a laudable wish to avoid the rough-and-ready rollicking slovenliness of the ordinary English sporting author, fall into the opposite extreme, and cultivate cadence and select adjectives till the object they achieve is one of absolute preciousity. This is the pitfall into which Mr. Edwardes has fallen. He will not let his blackbird sing, it "chants the red morning from its misty lair"; morning does not break, "the first grey thread of the dawn wavers up into the starshine." Too often does the "precious" phrase broaden into vague extravagance like this: "The great springtide of blossom floods with glamorous colour and entrancing form every green hill and scented valley in the land." Now, we trust that, because we point out what is really a note of false distinction in the style, it will not be concluded that our desire is to encourage carelessness of form. It is only bad form that is objected to. To attain the beauty of simple writing, a still more careful selection of words, a search for deeper music, are required. Mind and ear grow weary of these adjectives simply because in nine cases out of ten they are inserted merely for the sound and convey no meaning whatever. That intangible beauty which, for want of a better word, is termed charm, comes but to a slight degree from choice of language, it is an emanation of the writer's personality, a test of the humanity in him. As Mr. Edwardes gains experience he will trust less to the dictionary.

Beyond style there is nothing to comment upon in the eighteen papers which make up the volume, for the homeliness of the writer's themes is in marked contrast to the exotic character of his language. They, in his own words, "lay claim to no more importance than may be attached to them as earnest records of happy solitary rambles—in storm or sunshine, year in year out—among the green woods and meadowlands of Kent and Sussex." But yet themes such as these—the coming and going of birds and flowers, starlight and moonlight and sunshine, the endless pacing minuet of the seasons—have inspired some of the noblest passages in the

English tongue. Nor can we forget that they, in one form or another, form the background of all human action. It is well worth the young writer's while to inquire what are the means by which the true quality of simplicity is obtained. He has to remember that he lives after a time of masters in it. Look with what apparently simple means a Tennyson in verse, a Stevenson in prose, achieved the objects here aimed at in vain. The "noble baldness" which Stevenson praises is a higher ideal to strive at than this thin, sugary, adjectival verbiage. But perhaps the root of the matter lies in this, that the most indispensable gift is that of imagination; and word-painting is usually adapted to conceal its absence.

In thus emphasising the salient weakness of these essays it will be understood that we are not inappreciative of their merits—the care, accuracy of observation, and evident sympathy with and love of beauty with which they are done. We have no doubt that many people will purchase the book, if only for the pretty sketches with which Mr. Haité has illustrated it—sweet and well-chosen glimpses of nature that are worthy of a more ripened text.

The History of the Church of St. Mary-on-the-Hill, Chester. By the late J. P. Earwaker. Edited by Rupert H. Morris. (Love & Wyman.)

WE cannot do more than call attention to this careful antiquarian compilation. A feature of the book is its lengthy extracts from the registers of the church under consideration. These registers are in preservation back to 1628, and there are transcripts in the Bishops' Registry at Chester and elsewhere of earlier registers, now lost, extending back to 1547. The entries of which this volume gives a selection illustrate the changes in ritual and doctrine which came over a country church in the reigns of Henry VIII., Edward VI., Queen Mary, and Queen Elizabeth. They also abound in curious references; and old dialect words are not uncommon. Dipping at random into the pages we find the following entry under 1631: "Thomas Laceby, a prisoner, prest to death, bur. in church yard on the north side the steeple the 23th day of Aprill." Such pressings to death seem to have been common at Chester, and the churchyard of St. Mary's often received the bodies of criminals who had been thus treated. The horrible custom was that a prisoner refusing to plead saved his property from being forfeited to the Crown, but had to undergo a dreadful punishment. Mr. Earwaker thus describes his fate:

"He was stripped naked and laid on his back in a cellar, with his arms and legs stretched out. A board was laid across his body, and on this was piled up weights and stones 'as much as he can bear and more,' and these remained on him until he either volunteered to plead or till death released him from his sufferings. On the first day he was allowed 'three morsels of barley without any drink,' and on the second day, 'two drinks of stagnant (not running) water, without any bread'; and as the judge said, when he decreed this penalty, 'this shall be his diet until he is dead.' The duration of this punishment depended on the

strength of the prisoner, and in some cases it was known to have lasted from a Saturday till the following Monday night, or more than forty-eight hours, during which the wretched man's sufferings must have been intense."

In 1643 began entries of the burials of soldiers killed in the Civil War. The custom which obtained of burying persons in their own pew, or in that of a surviving relative, is often noticeable, thus: "1649—Mr. Peter Starkie buried in his wives pue 7th of July." The list of churchwardens of St. Mary-on-the-Hill would be a fine possession for any church. It is unbroken from 1536 downwards. The churchwardens' accounts, as preserved, also begin in 1536, and are full of suggestive matter. Many of the entries are of importance to students of ritual. It should be added that the sudden death of Mr. Earwaker, while this work was on his hands, necessitated its completion by others. Mr. Morris appears to have discharged his editorial duties with every care.

Where Wild Birds Sing. By James E. Whiting. (Sydney C. Mayle.)

IT was very truly remarked by Mr. Gladstone that "the neglect of natural history was the grossest defect of our old system of training the young," but it is equally true that this defect remains almost untouched. Mere school-books and text-books, however important and valuable, can never awaken the interest and observation which alone make the study of natural history education; it is necessary to bring children into contact with nature itself through those who are already enamoured of her. Such an opportunity is afforded by the recent publication of this unpretentious volume of a naturalist's notes, not intended primarily for the young, but eminently suited to arouse their interest, and therefore strongly to be recommended as a reader for schools. Not only is the language of the simplest, but the expression is chaste, and as month by month the beauties of our fields and hedge-rows are unfolded, few could fail to share the writer's love for his theme. But the peculiar value of this little work is that its author is a working naturalist, a born naturalist, although once a ploughman, whose performance is therefore the more creditable and encouraging.

The Architectural Review. Vol. III. (Effingham House.)

THE third volume of this publication gives proof of the promoters' intention to maintain it as a first-class organ of the architectural profession. No handsomer volume could be laid on a table, and the illustrations are by such able artists as Sir Edward Poynter, Mr. Whistler, Mr. John Sedding, Mr. Joseph Pennel, Mr. George Haité and Mr. Oliver Hall.

Among the subjects treated, the life and work of Pugin are dealt with in three articles, and a longer series is devoted to Jean Carriès, a little-known French sculptor. Beverley Minster, Canterbury, Chartres Porches, and the Early Mosaics of St. Mark's, Venice, are also discussed and illustrated. Altogether, the magazine is doing its work well.

THE ACADEMY SUPPLEMENT.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1898.

THE NEWEST FICTION.

A GUIDE FOR NOVEL READERS.

WILD EELIN.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

This story by the admired author of a score of delightful novels sets forth the escapades, adventures, and sorrows of Miss Eelin Macdonald, of Kinvaig. The tone of the book is foretold in the lines facing the title-page:

"Loud winds, low winds, to every maid her lover,
Where'er the sunlit shines, where'er the shadows hover;
But my dear love comes never, oh, never, back to me,
Nor by the shore, nor by the hills, nor by the Northern Sea."

(Sampson Low. 469 pp. 6s.)

IN HIGH PLACES.

BY M. E. BRADDON.

Miss Braddon's latest. "A grim companion for a child of seven summers, this dark-browed patriot, with the dagger-knife shown in his right-hand pocket, and all his thoughts fixed on that knife, and the deed it was to do." This is a fertile sentence from an early page. (Hutchinson & Co. 371 pp. 6s.)

PEGGY OF THE BARTONS.

BY B. M. CROKER.

Mrs. Croker is a very popular writer of love stories, and her readers will quickly discover that this story of angling and love is to their taste. The Bartons are three villages—Upper, Nether, and Middle. Thus Mrs. Banner, of the "Dog and Crook," hints of Peggy's beauty: "I believe a painter—I mean a picture painter—was terribly anxious to make a drawing of her; he stayed here, and raved about her. But they are all queer, cracked folk, them artists. He said he was going to do her as a 'primrose by the river brim.' Did ye ever hear of the like? Lord, how we did laugh, Banner and I. However, John Travenor wouldn't hear of it; he'd ha' primrosed him, I can tell you!" (Methuen & Co. 331 pp. 6s.)

THE TERROR.

BY FELIX GRAS.

A romance of the French Revolution, by the author of *The Reds of the Midi*. Translated by Catharine A. Janvier. (Heinemann. 379 pp. 6s.)

LINCOLNSHIRE TALES.

BY MABEL PEACOCK.

A series of dialect stories of East Anglians, by the daughter of Mr. Peacock, the North Lindsey antiquarian. This is the talk of Miss Peacock's villagers: "I'll have the say benean this rig-bauk, or know the reason on it. And my say is as he gets hissen up'n his feet fra that there floor, instead of kneeling down there, like a savage man afore a idol of wood, and he walks hissen down, and gives me a fair understanding." (Brigg: Jackson & Sons. 355 pp. 6s.)

MISS RAYBURN'S DIAMONDS.

BY MRS. JOCELYN.

Miss Rayburn is loved by Jim Mortlock for herself, and by his brother Claud for her wonderful diamonds. A love story, with a flavour of rascalism and repentance. (F. V. White & Co. 300 pp. 6s.)

A HARVEST FESTIVAL.

BY J. KENT.

A neatly written story of village life, the interest oscillating between the rectory and the grange. Jane Bembridge, the rector's daughter and housekeeper, is the caustic critic of village politics. (T. Fisher Unwin. 254 pp. 6s.)

THE WAYS OF A WIDOW.

BY MRS. LOVETT CAMERON.

Two sisters, one a widow; and two lovers, one a baronet. Which weds which? (F. V. White & Co. 278 pp. 6s.)

GOD'S PRISONER.

BY JOHN OXENHAM.

This sufficiently gruesome, gripping story tells how James Ayrton, of the firm of Brodie & Ayrton, murdered his partner and left him in a packing case in the care of a well-known Safe Deposit Company. (Hurst & Blackett. 331 pp. 6s.)

REVIEWS.

Entanglements. By Francis Prevost.
(Service & Paton.)

THE five stories contained in this volume are told in a crisp, forcible style, and are agreeably unconventional both in theme and treatment. Their author has a considerable gift for epigrammatic dialogue, for the effective presentment of incident, and for a kind of impressionist description of scenery. The writing, though somewhat mannered and artificial perhaps, does not appear forced, but rather as the form of expression natural to the writer's temperament. The prevailing tone, at least in most of the stories, is consistently cynical, and we are not sure that all of them would be considered suitable for the young person; but the worldling will derive considerable pleasure from their perusal. One of the pleasantest of them—"Pearls"—deals with life in one of the islands of the Pacific, and tells how a roving Englishman, Severn by name, having made his fortune by a stroke of luck, feels compelled to carry off in his ship the daughter of one of the islanders who is about to be married against her will to an unctuous German trader. There is a fine description of Severn, in his ship in the harbour of Falea, straining his eyes through the night toward the shore for any sign of a hostile attack:

"Cursing himself for a suspicious fool, he tightened the leaf about a *sului* and lit it, but his hand shook. He stood there smoking for half an hour. The figure left the window and returned to it twice; then the light went out.

Severn, who had been impatiently awaiting the event, felt on its accomplishment a sudden access of suspicion. He stared for some time longer at the black outline of the land; then he turned, lowered his reading-lamp again, opened, and blew it out.

'If they want me they'll have to find me,' he muttered as he closed the glass. At last, tired of standing and staring, he went aft and lay down.

A school of turtle startled him with a sudden gurgle which went by under the stern, dragging the grains of starlight into a thorny entanglement of gold. But the sea smoothed out its creases, and the stars trembled again within its depths like sinking sequins, while the silence smothered, as if with the whole weight of heaven, the moaning thresh along the shore."

It is excellently imagined and gives a vivid impression at once of the silence of a tropic night and the tension of the man's feelings. Here is an example—from the first story in the book, "A Mediation"—of Mr. Prevost's dialogue. A lady, revolver in hand, is threatening to shoot a man, and the whole situation is pleasantly preposterous:

"'You won't marry her?'

'Not as far as I can see.'

There was silence between them for some seconds, then she said:

'It's seven minutes to six by that clock behind you; I'll give you till the hour strikes.'

'Thanks,' he murmured, 'but I'm afraid you will be very tired.'

'I shall be able to bear it,' she replied.

'Well,' he said reflectively, 'I don't know. You see the clock *doesn't* strike!'

She tightened her lips at his levity.

'I will let you know,' she said.

'Thanks,' he repeated. 'In the meanwhile, mayn't we have that hammer down?'

She answered nothing for some seconds, then:

'You are afraid!' she said.

'Of your finger, very considerably,' he replied.

'Of being shot,' she corrected scornfully.

'By accident,' he put in.

'It comes to the same thing,' she said.

'It does, for me,' he admitted ruefully, 'but it might save you a hanging.'

'You needn't concern yourself about me,' she said.

'I'm not very sure that I did,' he replied doubtfully, 'but I wish, if you won't let down that hammer, that you would turn the exit on some less vital part. It is giving me an anticipatory spasm.'

'I didn't know before that you were a coward,' she exclaimed contemptuously.

'Oh, I could have told you, any time,' he sighed.'

The last story in the collection, "Instabilities," is well conceived, and very adroitly handled. Altogether, Mr. Prevost is to be congratulated on his skill as a writer of short stories.

* * * *

Jason Edwards; and A Little Norsk. By Hamlin Garland.

(W. Thacker & Co.)

JASON EDWARDS is a type of the American working man—proud, self-reliant, and industrious. But he is unlucky. His wages tend constantly to decrease and his rent to go up. He is happy, however, in his daughter Alice, with her beautiful face and her fine voice, to train which Edwards has pinched himself. Walter Reeves is a brilliant journalist, who tells the editor of the *Events* at his first interview, "I'm green, but I'm not a salad," and quickly proves it. Walter goes courting the brilliant Alice in the Boston slum where her father lives. We are shocked to learn that the "hub" has slums; but it has, miles of them:

"It was a strange place for a wooing, one would say. From the street, foul odours and the boom of travel. Overhead, someone was tramping heavily. In the hall, the children fought and screamed, and clattered up and down the stairs. That they could sit and talk with such surroundings was sorrowful evidence that it was habitual, and to some degree unnoticed."

The wooing went on all right until old Edwards was attracted by a flaming advertisement of "free land" and determined to go "out West." In vain Walter implored Alice to marry him. She would not leave her family. Of course poor Edwards was a failure at farming. The "free land" turned out to be anything but free, and grew very little but its mortgage. Years passed, and the brilliant journalist came to seek his Alice and rescue her father from his difficulties. Still, with her hereditary pride, she refused to yield until a providential cyclone finally ruined the homestead, paralysed the farmer, and united the lovers. In spite of the happy ending the story is a tragedy,

"a typical American tragedy—the collapse of a working man. The common fate of the majority of American farmers and mechanics—dying before their time. Going to pieces at forty, fifty, or sixty years of age, from under-pay and over-work."

The atmosphere of *A Little Norsk* is pathetic rather than tragic. Bert and Anson, two rough farmers, find in a snow-bound cottage a little girl half-dead lying with her dead mother. They take Flaxen, as they call her, for their own, and bring her up until the rough gossip of the neighbours warns them that she is no longer a child. Then, with many a heart-ache, they send her to school. Of course, she marries a weak-spirited rascal, who leaves her almost to die in childbed, and then mercifully dies himself. Then she sends for her foster-parents, and this is the final scene:

"'Say,' began Bert abruptly, 'it seems pretty well understood that you're her father; but where do I come in?'

'You ought to be her husband.' A light leaped into the younger man's face. 'But go slow,' Anson went on gravely. 'This package is marked "Glass; handle with care."'

Mr. Garland tells his stories well, and spices them with a good deal of American humour. We look for still better work from him in future, when he has learned to chasten his rather interjectional style.

For the Rebel Cause. By Archer P. Crouch.

(Ward, Lock & Co.)

THE story is of love and war—more of war than of love—in mercurial Chile. The relator is well acquainted with the topography of the country, perhaps less so with the character and manners of the inhabitants. His Chilians are flabby. The heroine strikes one as quite dolorously doughy. Her name is Dolores, and she has two aspirants for her love: Pedro Gonzalez, the villain of the plot, and inventive partisan of the Presidential government; and Gaspar Edmonds, the indomitable Hector and hero of the Congressional insurgents. Edmonds is, of course, half an Englishman, and on the issue of the internecine struggle hang all his chances of prosperity and matrimony. He and Dolores are secretly betrothed; but the lady's parents and relatives are determined that no other but the wealthy and handsome Pedro shall woo and win her. Being a Chilean señorita, the hapless girl feels bound to submit. Her only hope centres in the alternative that either Pedro may get killed betimes, or Edmonds—with victory on his side—gain for himself wealth and distinction, and thus prove less objectionable to her father. The situation is aggravated by the latter being a Balma-cedist colonel in active service. Hence, as to Dolores,

"... on this dangerous combat's doubtful end
Her joy, her comfort, hope and life depend."

Mr. Crouch is a clever strategist. Eliminate the love dialogues from his narrative, and, enhanced as it is by Mr. Powell Chase's illustrations, it might be taken for a war correspondent's journals, ably descriptive of the moves and countermoves of the rival forces both on land and sea. The sinking of the Congressional ironclad by the Presidential "torpederas," though happily contrived, is clumsily recounted. But the exploits of the rebel army, planned by a German instructor, and carried out mainly by Señor Edmonds, are capital reading. Some of them are almost Homeric in the combatants' endurance and disregard for danger. One there is suggestive of ludicrous contempt for martial conventionalities. At one time the officers and men of a whole regiment of the insurgents were compelled to help themselves to the red trousers of the Presidential army. Later on, in the heat of a battle, the men were mistaken by a portion of their friends for the enemy, and consequently fired upon. There was no time for explanations, and so the commanding officer took off his scarlet pantaloons, and advanced to battle in his pants! His example was imitated by his men, and the destructive fire averted. Is Mr. Crouch an Irishman? The introduction of so momentarily dauntless a proceeding suggests an impressive reminiscence. *Habent sua fata—tibialia!*

THE HOUSE OF BENTLEY.

Two hundred years ago there was a London publisher named Richard Bentley who brought out a series called "Bentley's Modern Novels." Coming casually across this name in the history of literature one would naturally suppose (writes a correspondent of the *Times*) the owner of it to be the founder of the famous publishing firm in New Burlington-street. But curiously enough the Richard Bentley of the time of Charles II. had no traceable connexion with the Richard Bentley who in 1829 joined Henry Colburn, and in 1832 began by himself the business which for three generations has been honourably and successfully continued. This later Richard was born in 1794. He came of a literary stock. The family was only distantly connected with the scholar who ruled Trinity College, Cambridge, with despotic power in the early years of the eighteenth century, and who was the author of the *mot* that "all claret would be port if it could." But Richard's father was the proprietor of a newspaper called the *General Evening Post*, and his near relation, John Nichols, carried on for many years the *Gentleman's Magazine*. It was with Nichols that Richard and his brother Samuel began their career as printers. But to be a printer—even a printer renowned for fine work, as he became—was far from satisfying the energetic Richard. In 1829, as we have seen, he became a partner of Colburn, and three years later Colburn retired. (He afterwards, by the way, founded the firm of Hurst & Blackett; such are the curious rami-

fications of business enterprise.) New Burlington-street, which was one of the first streets in London to have numbers attached to the houses, had long been the haunt of science. More lately it became a centre of the publishing trade; but now this distinction seems in turn to be deserting it. Not only is the name of Bentley to be known there no more, but within the last twelve months two other firms have disappeared from it: Messrs. Churchill, the medical publishers, have removed to Great Marlborough-street; and Messrs. Cocks, the old-established musical firm, have given up business. But neither of these other disappearances has excited so much interest or regret as that of Bentley's. Bentley's, for one thing, is one of the three oldest publishing businesses in London. It has been associated with many of the most notable literary ventures of the past seventy years. Further, it has enjoyed since the time of William IV. the honour of being

PUBLISHER-IN-ORDINARY TO THE SOVEREIGN.

What this high sounding title means it is difficult to gather. It does not mean that they are publishers for the Sovereign. Her Majesty's books, *Leaves from our Journal in the Highlands and Later Leaves* have not been issued by Bentley's, though, on the other hand, they have published such works as the *Shah's Diary during his Visit to Europe in 1878*, the *Emperor Maximilian's Recollections*, and the *Crown Prince of Austria-Hungary's Travels in the East*. It will be interesting to see whether this post of publisher-in-ordinary is to be continued, and whether it will go to Messrs. Macmillan with the rest of Bentley's stock-in-trade.

Old

RICHARD BENTLEY

was a man of wonderful energy. He speedily gathered round him in the thirties and forties a remarkable band of men of letters and artists, and his dinners in the Red Room at New Burlington-street were made famous by the wits who attended them. Tom Moore, in his diary, mentions going to one of these "feasts of reason" in 1838. "The company all the very *haut ton* of the literature of the day. . . . Our host very courteous and modest, and the conversation rather agreeable." Moore's fellow-guests on this occasion numbered Dickens, Campbell, Harrison Ainsworth, Samuel Lover, and Barham, the witty author of *The Ingoldsby Legends*. Barham and Bentley had been schoolfellows at St. Paul's, and it was the Minor Canon's kindly wish to assist his old friend with contributions to *Bentley's Miscellany* that really led him to write the *Legends*. His jest about the title is a familiar literary anecdote. The first idea was to call the new magazine, started in 1837 with

DICKENS AS ITS FIRST EDITOR,

The Wits' Miscellany. The other title, however, seemed to be preferable, but when it was mentioned to Barham, "Why," he asked with the licence of an intimate, "why go to the other extreme?" The original prospectus of the magazine, written out in Dickens's flowing hand, may still be seen at New Burlington-street. "Boz" described himself in this (it was while *Pickwick* was still in the first flush of its immense success) as "a gentleman with whom the public are on pretty familiar terms," and mentioned that he was going to give to his editorial duties as much of his time as was not "engrossed by the weighty affairs of his far-famed club." In the *Miscellany* appeared *Oliver Twist*, and Dickens entered into an agreement to write for Bentley two other novels, one of which was to be *Barnaby Rudge*. But just at this time "Boz" took it into his head that he was not getting enough for his work. In letters to Forster in 1839 he complained bitterly in his impetuous style of the injustice of men, and he ended by getting out of his contracts with Bentley and resigning the *Miscellany* to Harrison Ainsworth. It is pleasant to know that in after years the breach between the novelist and the publisher was completely healed. . . .

The *Miscellany* went on until the sixties, when it became merged in *Temple Bar*. This magazine was originally founded by George Augustus Sala. Edmund Yates was the second editor, and in 1866 it was taken over by Bentley. In the same way Bentley's took over the *Argosy*, which was started by a son of Mrs. Henry Wood. Both magazines will henceforward be published from Macmillan's, though the editorship will remain the same. But the *Miscellany* was not the only outlet for Richard Bentley I.'s overflowing energy and enterprise, unsatisfied with the multifarious

concerns of the book-publishing business. In 1845 he started a daily paper to represent the views of the "Young England" party. The Hon. George Smythe (afterwards Lord Strangford), the original of Disraeli's *Coningsby*, was closely associated with Mr. Bentley in this venture, and of course it had the support of the clever young men who made up the party—Lord John Manners (now Duke of Rutland), Mr. Baillie-Cochrane (afterwards Lord Lamington, who wrote so delightfully about this period in the pages of *Blackwood*), Mr. Beresford Hope, and the rest. But the newspaper had only a short life, nor was *Bentley's Quarterly Review* (begun in 1859) more fortunate. This had the services of such men as Mr. Douglas Cook (of the old *Saturday Review*), of the present Prime Minister in his journalistic days, and of Basil Jones, the learned Bishop of St. David's. One of the principles of the *Review* was that it should hold a neutral position in politics. Its early decease was naturally foreseen from the start.

These failures, however, affected very little the reputation or the credit of the firm. It was doing so well with books that it could afford to lose a little on newspapers. The

SERIES OF "STANDARD NOVELS,"

begun early in the first Richard's career, and including works by Marryat, Bulwer, Fenimore Cooper, Albert Smith, Susan Ferrier, and other popular writers had a great success; and an equally favourable reception awaited "Bentley's Favourite Novels." These began in 1860 with *East Lynne*, and have continued right down to the present day. *East Lynne* had, like nearly all novels that win popularity in the end, been rejected before it was sent in to New Burlington-street. But Bentley's keen insight saw Mrs. Wood's merits, as the merits of Miss Rhoda Broughton and many another were recognised later on. It would be tiresome to attempt anything like a catalogue of the notable works that Bentley's have brought out, but it is interesting to note that the diaries of Pepys and Evelyn were first issued from New Burlington-street, and all the more so because John Evelyn's works published during his life were brought out by the earlier Bentley.

The first Richard Bentley died in 1871, and his son George reigned at New Burlington-street in his stead. Mr. George Bentley was a man of fine literary taste as well as a successful publisher. Mr. Maarten Maartens wrote of him after his death in 1895—referring to his constant struggle against infirmities and ill-health: "He was one of those few

MEN WHOM FATE CANNOT CONQUER,

because, by God's help, they are stronger than Fate." Since his death the heavy business of the firm has been carried on single-handed, so far as direction went, by his son, Mr. Richard Bentley, the second. As Mr. Bentley is a bachelor without a brother to succeed him, it was only a question of time when the historic house should put up its shutters. Mr. Bentley shrank from converting it into a company, and, as the work has become far too heavy for one pair of shoulders, he determined to transfer the business to Messrs. Macmillan. Their large and handsome new buildings behind the National Gallery will give ample space for all the publications of the retiring firm as well as office room for the members of its staff.

Thus for a second time in the history of English publishing the house of Bentley becomes extinct. To the Richard Bentley of the seventeenth century the poet Otway dedicated a comedy in recognition of the handsome manner in which he had been treated in the matter of royalties. Those who have had dealings with the later Bentleys will agree that for courtesy and fair dealing they have well kept up the reputation of their namesakes and predecessors.

NIETZSCHE.

MR. HAVELOCK ELLIS has claimed for Friedrich Nietzsche, on account of the tragic fate that has overtaken him, the sympathy of the British "man in the street." Yet it is open to question whether in England one in a hundred knows anything about Nietzsche beyond his name and the fact that he has gone out of his mind. A whole library of books has been written on him abroad; and in these the story of his career has been told over and over again. His descent from an aristocratic Polish family is generally held responsible for the vehemently destructive element in his writings, and certainly as his thought advanced the devastating instinct of the Slav became

more and more prominent. Born in 1844 in a quiet Lutheran parsonage, Nietzsche received a sound classical education; and at twenty-five was promoted to the Chair of Philology at the University of Basle. He combined with a mastery of the Greek and Latin Classics a passionate enthusiasm for art. He was a gifted musician, composed a great deal, and improvised charmingly on the piano. He was versed in Hebrew and Indian literature, and familiar with everything of first-rate importance in modern thought. Wagner was the great "passion" of his life. In turn he was his fervent adorer and his bitter assailant. In 1871 Nietzsche published his first book *The Birth of Tragedy*, which, under the pretext of explaining the origin of the Greek drama, glorifies the art of Richard Wagner: a service Wagner was not slow to recognise. He kept a bed always ready in his house for Nietzsche, addressed him as "Mein Junger," and declared he occupied a place in his regard somewhere between his wife and his favourite dog. The friendship was annulled by Nietzsche in 1876, after the first Bayreuth Festival, when the evolution of his remarkable mind had reached a stage which no longer permitted him to worship Wagner. After the shattering of this god, he wrote a book in the aphoristic form (of which, later, he became so superb a master), showing that with his belief in Wagner everything else he had hitherto cared for was whistled down the wind. He anathematised the religion of his childhood, the Schopenhauerian philosophy of his youth, even the very country of his birth, the country he had served in the war of 1870, with gallantry, to the irreparable injury of his once splendid health.

Nietzsche suffered from headache and an affection of the eyes, which became at last so intolerable that he resigned his professorship at Basle, and travelled in the Engadine, Riviera, and Italy, dosing himself, in defiance of the warnings of his devoted sister, with bromide and chloral, and living almost entirely in the open air. This was the period of his greatest literary activity. As if foreseeing the doom awaiting him, he threw off one work after another in a fever of inspiration, *Rosy Dawn*, *The Gay Science*, *Zarathustra*, *Beyond Good and Evil*, *Twilight of Idols*, *Antichrist*—titles as symbolically significant of his intellectual progress as they are picturesque.

The influence of these writings on the literature of the continent has been widespread and incalculable. It is strongly marked in the later plays of Ibsen, in the fiction of the younger Russian school, and the novels of Gabriel D'Annunzio. In Germany such Nietzsche expressions as "Der blonde-Bestie," "Herren-Moral" and "Selaven-Moral" have become household words. To meet Nietzsche in real life was a very different experience from making acquaintance with him in his books. There he "philosophised with the hammer"—extolled hardness and strength, held up Cæsar Borgia, Napoleon, and the god Dionysius as models; but socially he was the gentlest, most retiring and refined of men, daintily fastidious in his food and dress, and fond of the society of intellectual women. In 1889 Nietzsche's brilliant mental powers passed behind a cloud, from which there is no hope of their ever emerging. At present he is living, bereft of reason, on the classic ground of Weimar, nursed by his sister, who is the editor of his works.

A NIETZSCHE BRIEVIARY.

No conqueror believes in chance.

It is not the contending of opinions which has made history so rich in powerful deeds, but the strife of belief in opinions, which is called conviction.

Since man was created, man has enjoyed himself too little; that is man's original sin.

The more we learn to enjoy, the more we cease to do and think what is painful to others.

Where in the world is greater folly committed than by the pitiful and compassionate, and what in the world does more harm than the folly of the pitiful and compassionate?

The virtuous require to be paid. They expect reward for their virtue, to exchange earth for heaven, to-day for eternity. They

love their virtue as a mother loves her child; but whoever heard of a mother wanting reward for loving her child?

Of all means of comfort, none does those in need of comfort so much good as the assurance that in their case there is no comfort. When they hear it they instantly lift up their heads.

Only as creators can we annihilate.

Without music life would be a mistake. The Germans picture God Himself singing songs.

Passions become evil when they are held to be evil.

The individual in what concerns his happiness wants no finger-post to direct him to happiness. Individual happiness springs from one's own laws, which are unknown to others. Guidance from without only hinders and dams it up.

What is food and balm for the soul of a higher sort is an ordinary soul's poison.

In his friend a man should see his best enemy.

You should look at your friend when he is asleep to know what he is really like. Till then, the face of your friend is but your own face reflected in an imperfect mirror.

A slave cannot be a friend; a tyrant cannot have a friend.

There is much of the slave and the tyrant hidden in the nature of woman; thus woman is not yet capable of friendship, but only of love.

In the love of woman is injustice and blindness to all that she does not love.

Woman is a riddle to which there is one solution—childbearing.

For woman, man is a means. The object is always the child.

There are two things a true man likes, danger and play. He likes woman because she is the most dangerous of playthings.

A man should be reared for the vocation of a warrior. A woman for the recreation of the warrior. All else is rubbish.

A woman's principle of honour is to love more than she is loved, so as not to be second.

In any game where love or hate is not at stake, women play a mediocre part.

All women behind their personal vanity cherish an impersonal contempt for woman.

What the superfluous multitude call "Marriages made in heaven": Poverty of soul *à deux*. Impurity of soul *à deux*. Pitiful self-satisfaction *à deux*.

Does a child exist that hasn't reason to weep for its parents?

As a rule, a mother loves herself in her son more than the son himself.

The chief danger that besets artists of genius lies in woman. The worshipping woman is their ruin. Hardly one has character enough to resist his ruin when he finds himself treated like a god. Man is a coward in face of the *ewig Weibliche*, and no one knows it better than the small woman.

Women indulge in literature as they commit a little sin, glancing round to see if anyone is looking—i.e., to attract attention.

The snake which cannot change its skin perishes. So the mind which is hindered from changing its opinions ceases to be a mind.

Every great mind needs a mask. The mask develops with the mind.

The most convenient mask for the unusual mind is the mask of mediocrity, because it takes in mediocrities.

Dare to believe in yourself. . . . Not to believe in yourself is to lie perpetually.

It is the aim of the weak to be independent, it is the right of the strong.

It is one step forward to self-knowledge to express views which seem shameful to those who secretly cherish them. Through this fire the gifted soul must pass to belong to itself.

Aphorisms written with the heart's blood are not written to be read but to be learnt by heart.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1898.

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All business letters regarding the supply of the paper, &c., should be addressed to the PUBLISHER.

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NOTES AND NEWS.

THE appeals which the *Daily Chronicle* has allowed some of its correspondents to make to Messrs. Macmillan & Co. for a cheap edition of FitzGerald's version of Omar Khayyam's *Rubaiyat*, will doubtless be considered in St. Martin's-street. At present no decision has been arrived at in the matter.

APROPOS Messrs. Macmillan, we may add that the absorption of Messrs. Bentley's staff and stock by this firm is completed. Some surprise may have been felt that Messrs. Macmillan could accommodate so much additional stock; but in their new premises they have shelf room for four and a half millions of books. Mr. Bentley, it might be added, will continue to edit *Temple Bar*.

THERE are just now changes in publishing houses in America also. The Boston firm of Lee & Shepard is now no more, and the business which it conducted has passed into the hands of Messrs. E. Fleming & Co., the bookbinders. The founder of the firm of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Mr. H. O. Houghton, changed in like manner from printer into publisher. The change in the affairs of the Lee & Shepard establishment, therefore, has good historic precedent. This, says the *Bookbuyer*, is quite as it should be, for Mr. Lee in his own person represents much of the history of Boston publishing. He was a partner in the firm of Phillips & Sampson, the publishers of the *Atlantic Monthly* when the magazine was begun. By the failure of this firm, a few years later, Ticknor & Fields came into possession, not only of the *Atlantic*, but of the books of Emerson and others of the great group to which he belonged. Lee & Shepard were long afterwards the publishers of Charles Sumner's writings.

Two replies to our correspondent "Laid by the Heels" may be noted. One, by Mr. L. F. Austin, appears in the *Illustrated London News*. He writes:

"An invalided author writes to the ACADEMY imploring its readers to suggest books for the amusement of his convalescence. He may have noticed that the Dean of Manchester has been denouncing certain unspecified works. He might obtain a list of these from the Dean and try them as stimulants. In the same number of the ACADEMY another author describes how he published nine books, which made a considerable stir among reviewers. He calculates that more money was paid for the reviewing than for the writing of them. This, also, ought to have some interest for the invalid, and I recommend him to send for the whole nine. There is a new light here on the respective emoluments of authorship and criticism. Talk of the financial relations between England and Ireland! This is quite as serious a business. Some authors set up their carriages, and I am not acquainted with any critic who can afford such luxury. But perhaps the critics like to spend their wealth on motor-cabs!"

THE other is a letter from Mr. Cyril Mullett, who writes: "Is your unfortunate correspondent 'Laid by the Heels' quite sure he has read all of J. F. Sullivan's works? Has he read *The Flame Flower*? Here they are: "Belial's Burdens," "The Moozebys," and other articles from the *Strand Magazine*, his articles on golf, cycling, angling, &c., in the *Badminton Magazine*? I think a complete course of J. F. Sullivan would materially assist your correspondent's recovery, unless he is suffering from a broken jaw." We have particular reason for believing that "Laid by the Heels" has read *The Flame Flower*.

It is proposed to erect a statue of Lord Byron in Aberdeen, to commemorate his connexion with that city. Byron, who spent about ten years of his boyhood in the Granite City, left the Grammar School there exactly one hundred years ago. His father, Captain John Byron the Dissolute, having married Miss Gordon, and speedily squandered her fortune, went to Aberdeen with his wife and son, when the latter was an infant two years old. After living together for a little while the spouses separated, John Byron going to France, where he died. When the future poet was five years old, his mother sent him to "Mr. Bower's English School"—so it was styled. In reality it was a filthy hovel in the Longacre of Aberdeen—now one of the slums of the city. Prof. Blaikie describes the schoolroom as "low in the ceiling, with small ill-glazed windows, dust-begrimed roof and walls, and unwashed floor, worn here and there into holes."

A GENTLEMAN is at great pains to prove, in the current *Pall Mall Magazine*, that Mark Twain is something other than a humorist. But who, it may be asked, doubted it? Surely no reader of any discernment (and is it worth while to write for the others?) could fail to detect that Mark Twain is not always working for the laugh. Throughout his writings there are passages where he is a serious critic of life, as in the works of every humorist there must be. We have

even heard it said, by one who knows him, that Mark Twain's dearest ambition is to retell, in his own way, the life of Christ. That, however, does not make the mood in which he conceived the history of *The Jumping Frog* an "unreal" one. His seriousness and his humour are equally real: the one the complement of the other. To entitle an article "The Real Mark Twain" and make it the record of his less mirthful thoughts is absurd.

As evidence of Mark Twain's seriousness Mr. Smythe, his apologist, states that he likes Browning, and would walk twenty miles to hear "Tannhäuser." In another man these might both, we take it, be signs equally of whimsicality. Mr. Smythe ends with an anecdote: "A lady one day entered the leading bookstore of Hartford, Connecticut, and inquired for Taine's *English Literature*. The shopkeeper replied that he had never written such a book. 'But are you quite sure?' queried the lady. 'Absolutely certain,' riposted the bookman; 'for I've read every line he has published, from *The Jumping Frog* upwards.' " "Riposted" is good.

It is proposed, says the Paris correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, to distinguish the year 1900 by a monument of French typography which will constitute yet another clou for the Universal Exhibition. The work which is to be thus honoured in an *édition de luxe* of unrivalled attractions is *Les Aventures de ma Vie*, by M. Henri Rochefort. Of the three hundred copies of which the edition will consist, each will be unique. Apart from being numbered, and bearing the subscriber's name in print (as is usual with *éditions de luxe*), every copy will contain on the flyleaf a maxim or aphorism touching on art, politics, or some social topic in the handwriting of Henri Rochefort himself, and this maxim or aphorism will be interpreted by a water-colour or drawing, or unique engraving by some great artist.

No such monumental work, the writer adds, will have been issued in France since the admirers of Voltaire printed, in the great philosopher's honour, an *édition de luxe* of his collected writings. M. Henri Rochefort will bring his memoirs up to date, and each volume of the four will contain a portrait of the author at a different epoch of his remarkable career. The printing is in the hands of M. Gaston da Costa. The engraver will be M. Albert Primaire. Of course, after the edition has been printed, the blocks will be destroyed and the type distributed, while the original illustrations will be raffled for among the first 120 subscribers.

It seems to us a pity that a better book was not chosen. From Voltaire to M. Henri Rochefort is a far cry. But with these sumptuous volumes the matter is not really important.

SOME years ago—accurately, in 1887—Mr. Meredith sent to the writer of a critical

article in the *Harvard Monthly* a letter of reply. That letter has only recently found its way into print. The critic, dealing with Mr. Meredith's novels generally, seems to have put forward most of the stock opinions concerning them. Mr. Meredith's letter dealt with the points in order, handsomely, as all would expect, and, from his own standpoint, which is really the only one to consider, finally. Thus:

"When at the conclusion of your article on my works you say that a certain change in public taste, should it come about, will be to some extent due to me, you hand me the flowering wreath I covet. For I think that all right use of life, and the one secret of life, is to pave ways for the firmer footing of those who succeed us; and as to my works, I know them faulty, think them of worth only where they point and aid to that end. Close knowledge of our fellows, discernment of the laws of existence, these lead to great civilisation. I have supposed that the novel exposing and illustrating the natural history of man may help us to such sustaining roadside gifts."

AGAIN, of the lack of incidents:

"My method has been to prepare my readers for a crucial exhibition of the *personæ*, and then to give the scene in the fullest of their blood and brain under stress of a fiery situation."

Of the difficulty of movement:

"Concerning style, thought is tough, and dealing with thought produces toughness. Or when strong emotion is in tide against the active mind, there is, perforce, confusion. Have you found that scenes of simple emotion or plain narrative were hard to view?"

Of the high power to which the Meredithian life is carried out:

"In the comedies, and here and there where a concentrated presentment is in design, you find a 'pitch' considerably above our common human; and purposely, for only in such a manner could so much be shown. Those high notes and condensings are abandoned when the strong human call is heard—I beg you to understand merely that such was my intention."

CONCLUDING, Mr. Meredith wrote—we fear, as he might with little modification write to-day, eleven years later:

"In England I am encouraged but by a few enthusiasts. I read in a critical review of some verse of mine the other day that I was 'a harlequin and performer of antics.' I am accustomed to that kind of writing, as our hustings orator is to the dead cat and brickbat flung in his face—at which he smiles politely; and I too; but, after many years of it, my mind looks elsewhere."

MR. LANG, writing in *Longman's Magazine*, says: "American ladies have invented a new game. They send your photograph on a neat card, and ask you to add your autograph—cost to you twopence halfpenny. They might lay in stock some English stamps 'for reply,' and they might enclose their own photographs, but they don't. It is a one-sided amusement." Here we detect suffering. Yet if only authors themselves derived profit from the sale of their photographs the affliction would not be so acute. Why do not authors do so?

If it were our habit to set puzzles for our readers, we would offer a prize to anyone giving correctly the name of the popular novelist who wrote the following passage:

"I am a farmer, and engaged in a desperate endeavour to make my farming pay. Perhaps the chronicle of my struggles may have interest for others so situated; may at least—if one man's experience in farming or anything else is ever of any use to others—teach them what to avoid. To prove that I set out the exact truth, moreover, at the end of this introduction I shall print, amongst other things, a statement of the financial conditions under which my farming is carried on, and of its pecuniary results up to the present time."

To put an end to suspense, it may be stated at once that the foregoing is an extract from the latest work by the author of *She* and *King Solomon's Mines*. The title is *A Farmer's Year*, and it will run serially through *Longman's*.

A LITERARY find, writes a correspondent, has been made in Bristol by the chief librarian, Mr. Norris Mathews, which should set other provincial librarians searching amid their old volumes and musty packages. But few libraries are endowed as Bristol is, with a large collection of fifteenth century books; and Mr. Mathews, in carefully examining lumber-room bundles, has brought to light some great prizes. One work, discovered in a brown paper bundle covered with dust, was the *De Civitate Dei* of St. Augustine, printed at Basle in 1479. Some most important works have been found to have been bound up with other works, but unnoted in the lettering of the volumes, and so lost sight of. Two of these—one printed in 1499, and the other in 1516—have important links with Corbet and Chatterton, the 1499 one being a copy of Poynton's edition of the *Promptorium Panulorum*, with some MS. notes and an antique alphabet in the margin, supposed to be by the hand of Chatterton.

AMONG the collection are valuable MSS. on vellum and parchment; one miscellaneous collection, done at St. Mark's Monastic House at Bristol in the year 1502, containing a form of confession, instructions how to know good spirits from evil spirits, an essay in praise of the virtues of rosemary, and other mediæval conceits. The whole collection of early printed books numbers about 400 volumes, and over a hundred of these have been recently brought to light. Bristol certainly is indebted to Mr. Mathews, for by his careful labours he has added large sums to the intrinsic value of the library, as well as discovered valuable links in the history of the city, and treasures to feast eye and mind of all bibliophiles. He read an interesting paper on his discoveries at the Librarians' Congress, Southport, this week.

THE second number of *Harmsworth's Magazine* lies before us, with an addition of a halfpenny to the original price. Whether or not this means that a threepenny magazine is an impossibility in this country remains to be proved. Meanwhile, we

observe that a "Boycott Department" has been added to the numerous offices in the Harmsworth buildings.

A new use has been devised for "ta Gaelic." It has long been claimed for this emphatic tongue that it is the finest language in the world to swear in; but the proposal that it should be used as a substitute for swearing has all the charm of novelty. The suggestion comes from the Rev. Dr. Rankin, minister of the parish of Muthill, in Perthshire, and one of the best-known divines in the Church of Scotland. "When in undue heat," says Dr. Rankin, "I would recommend as a medicine against swearing to avoid common words altogether, and fall back upon Gaelic names of a good strong sound and not easily spelt, and take two or three of them, and when tempted to swear, go over the Gaelic list." The advice was given specially to golfers; but it is, of course, equally applicable to others. Unfortunately, Dr. Rankin said nothing as to how a mere Saxon was to get his tongue round the "Gaelic names of a good strong sound."

A SCOTTISH weekly with a large circulation lately asked its readers to determine who are the six greatest living British authors. The following is the result, the names being given in the order settled by this *plébiscite*: (1) Mr. J. M. Barrie; (2) "Annie S. Swan"; (3) Mr. Hall Caine; (4) Mr. Conan Doyle; (5) Sir Walter Besant; and (6) "Ian Maclaren." A curious list truly, so far as regards most of the names; especially since the voters were not restricted, as might be supposed by glancing at the result, to writers of fiction.

THE Lords of the Committee of Council on Education have received a request, on behalf of the Hungarian Government, for a selection of works for which awards have been made in the National Competition of this year, to be sent on loan, at the expense of the Hungarian Government, for exhibition in the new Industrial Art Museum at Buda Pest, and their Lordships have promised to afford every facility. The schools of art are being asked to state in each case whether works may be sent.

THE following letter, which appeared in Thursday's *Times*, is another contribution to the question of the registration of titles:

"SIR,—Mr. Stanhope Sprigge is a little 'too previous.' He seems to have adopted, for the novel mentioned by Messrs. Stanley Evans & Co. a title to which he had no right, *As a Man Sows* being the name of a novel of mine published by Messrs. Ward & Downey in 1894, which merely shows how hard it is to find a new title, and how still harder (when found) to protect it from piracy, deliberate and otherwise. —Yours, &c., WILLIAM WESTALL.
Worthing, August 24."

ADMIRERS of Mr. Henry Newbolt's poems may be interested to know that a number of them have been set to music. The publisher is Mr. Joseph Williams. Among these are "The Fighting *Téméraire*," "Playing Fields," and "Hawke."

HOLIDAY READING.

CORYDON'S BOOKCASE.

MORE CORRESPONDENTS' SUGGESTIONS.

IN our issue of July 30 we printed an article under the title of "Corydon's Bookcase," in which the writer discussed the best books for holiday reading. He clinched his suggestions by proposing a list of twenty books which he deemed suitable for light reading in the vacant days of summer. The list our contributor gave was as follows:

Shakespeare, *As You Like It*.
 Scott, *The Antiquary*.
 Tennyson, *The Lady of Shalott, and Other Poems* (the *Lotos-Eaters* included).
 Robert Herrick, *The Hesperides*.
 Keats, *Poems*.
 George Herbert, *The Temple*.
 Locker-Lampson, *Lyra Elegantiarum*.
 Chaucer, *Canterbury Tales*.
 Blake, *Songs of Innocence*.
 Spenser, *Fairy Queen*.
 Fielding, *Tom Jones*.
 Smollett, *Humphrey Clinker*.
 Richardson, *Clarissa Harlowe*.
 Jane Austen, *Pride and Prejudice*.
 George Eliot, *Silas Marner*.
 A Book of Ballads.
 Hardy, *Far from the Madding Crowd*.
 Blackmore, *Lorna Doone*.
 Stevenson, *Merry Men*.
 Charles Lamb, *Essays of Elia*.

Last week we printed letters from several authors who gave their suggestions for ideal holiday reading. We have since received the following additional letters:

SIR,—You put me in a very difficult position in asking me for a list, after the fashion of your "Corydon," of books "particularly suitable for taking to the country during holiday time." I am a man of letters—that is to say, I have no holidays. A man of letters, an artist of any kind, may go into the country, but he does not go into the country for the purpose of escaping from the duties which occupy him in town. Whether I am in the Temple, or in the *château* in Auvergne, where I am now writing, I read exactly the same books, and with exactly the same intentions. Looking on literature neither as a mere pastime nor as a mere toil, I find in my own art the occasion or the consequence of even a day-dream, on the grass, under the fourteenth-century *tourelles*. Over and above the books which I am studying for a more or less immediate purpose, I have brought with me a single book, a little pocket Dante, of which the purpose is less immediate, but not less definite. I remember on one occasion taking Catullus, in the same fashion, to Italy; Verlaine to the French seaside; and, having at one time made up my mind that it was my duty to read *Tom Jones*, I took it with me to the Vale of Llangollen, and there read, without difficulty, a book which I am sure I could never have read in London. But I did not take *Tom Jones* to the country because I thought it suitable for country reading. I took it because I was sure of

leisure, and because I had arranged to have nothing else to read. Here, again, I am enchanted to find a complete edition of Balzac. Balzac contains enough reading for a lifetime, and I have a great many volumes yet to read. One of them I shall probably read here; I am sure, with enormous admiration, and, I am equally sure, without desire to read another for some time to come.

Now "Corydon's" list, I confess, with its terrible apparent appropriateness, leaves me wondering. It reminds me of that fantastic and too logical gentleman, living in our time, who is reported to have a different suit of clothes for every weather and for every mood; and, indeed, with great subtlety of symbolism, so that a grey Scotch tweed indicates rain. "Corydon's" books have brought him, he says, "comfort and solace." Well, but if one does not want "comfort and solace" from books? Books, with the very fewest exceptions, have never had what might be called medicinal effects upon me; and I neither have the disposition nor feel the necessity to go to them for medicine. I have too great an admiration for the beauty of a great book to put it to any such use; and I have also too little confidence in any help which does not come to one from one's own endeavours, or, perhaps, from some divine accident.—I am, &c.,

ARTHUR SYMONS.

SIR,—I am afraid that I am the worst person in the world to say what twenty books I think it suitable to take into the country for holiday time. When I go abroad, which is my "country," I generally take with me many more than twenty books, for the purposes of my writing on my lectures, and they are usually not of a kind which would meet with universal acceptance. But I will try to place myself in the position of a person who is able to read literature for amusement, and finds a pleasure in so doing; and I would say that no book is refreshing to me which is not concentrated; and, if my choice seems somewhat severe, I can only say that it is my choice. The three indispensables would be:

1. Shakespeare.
2. Dante.
3. Goethe.

Surely the whole of Shakespeare, and, of the others, at least the *Divina Commedia* and *Faust* (part 1). Then the *Canterbury Tales* and something of Turgeneff, perhaps the greatest artist of this century. Then Keats and Miss Austen. Of George Eliot I should take *Middlemarch*, of Tennyson the *Idylls*; and why not Macaulay's *Essays*? Then I should like Byron (two volumes: his poems and his letters) and *Tom Jones*, and the *Essays of Elia*; also Heine's *Reisebilder* would be very useful. I have a great fondness for *Tristram Shandy*, and should include the immortal *Pickwick*. Nor could I omit Rudyard Kipling—either the *Ballads* or the *Jungle Book*. I should also take some Merimée, and would finish up with *Don Quixote*. So my list would stand:

1. Shakespeare.
2. *Divina Commedia*.
3. *Faust*. Part I.

4. *Canterbury Tales*.
5. Turgeneff, *Smoke* (?).
6. *Middlemarch*.
7. Miss Austen.
8. *The Idylls of the King*.
9. Macaulay, *Essays*.
10. Keats.
11. Byron, *Poems*.
12. Byron, *Life and Letters*.
13. *Tom Jones*.
14. *Essays of Elia*.
15. Heine, *Reisebilder*.
16. *Tristram Shandy*.
17. *Pickwick*.
18. Rudyard Kipling, *Jungle Book*.
19. Merimée, *Colomba*.
20. *Don Quixote*.

I am, &c.,

OSCAR BROWNING.

SIR,—Your Corydon's Bookcase seems to me rather a portentous piece of furniture, and its contents at once too generous and too select. I should not take so many as twenty books with me on any probable holiday. Five would be enough, and these five I should select in less academical fashion than the writer whose clever article started this discussion in your columns. My selections would be ordinary, but they would be natural. In a word, I should consult the whim of the moment. I should look not at my shelves, but within me. It is wonderful how special hungers grow in the mind, so that a man knows on the instant what books to put into his portmanteau. These hungers, by the way, are directed equally to books he has read and to books he has not read. The passion to renew acquaintance with a long-neglected friend is often acute when the opportunity of doing so is opened. There are certain old comedies—*The Rehearsal* is one—that I should take with me to-morrow, were I leaving town. And I have read nothing of Dickens for years, and am athirst for *Martin Chuzzlewit*. It would be sheer joy to come again to that passage in which Mr. Montagu Tigg borrows four half-crowns for his friend, the genius, "round the corner." I have forgotten the genius's name. These are but instances.

It is important on a holiday to read fresh books as well as old ones. An acquaintance thus made is sure to be close. I read Jane Austen for the first time at Land's End, years ago. *Persuasion* was the novel, and to this day I do believe I prefer Ann Elliot above Jane Austen's other heroines; she is not so sweet as Elizabeth Bennett (no woman is), but she is a shade more distinguished; she is not so faultless as Emma Woodhouse (no woman ought to be), but she is the finest lady of the three, and the best companion. I remember how, as I read, the Atlantic rains beat against my window, and Cape Cornwall appeared and vanished in the swirling elements. The contradiction is a piquant memory. Mr. Meredith's *Egoist* arrived to me in an Essex estuary, a land of dykes and windmills; it kept me indoors too much, but it doctored the mind.

Neither your writer, nor your correspondents, mention Montaigne. If there is one book which I hold should be taken for holiday reading it is Montaigne. As an

essayist he is so much broader than Lamb, who is a Londoner to the last. As a philosopher he is so much more my brother than Bacon. Montaigne cools a man, and lets him down easily after his failures and strivings. He heartens him without imparting a vain enthusiasm. Really, I cannot write more on a theme so private and uncertain. By the way, there is one piece of literature which I *always* read on a holiday—the local paper.—I am, &c.,

X.

SIR,—Your friend Corydon seems to me too literary a traveller. He takes into his holiday too much of his business. When I go away for sun and rest I wish to leave literature behind. In this respect Mr. Shorter and I would join hands. But Mr. Shorter is for packing a dozen or so of the latest novels; and there I am entirely opposed to him, for on a holiday I want, just as Corydon does, to be certain of entertainment—and in the latest novels there is uncertainty; they may be disappointing, every one. For a holiday, true friends. Hence I have taken the *Story of Burnt Njal* in Sir George Dasent's translation; much Dumas: *The Three Musketeers*, *Twenty Years After*, *The Vicomte de Bragelonne* (for the death of Porthos and a few chosen scenes), *Marguerite de Valois*, *Chicot the Jester*, and *The Forty-five Guardsmen*; a few Gaboriaus: I know them well, it is true, but they are fresh every year. And I have taken, and would take again, Stevenson's *Prince Otto*, Mr. Meredith's *Harry Richmond*, *Tristram Shandy*, *Lavengro*, and *Huckleberry Finn*. One does not undertake to read all or any of these, but they represent, each of them, a holiday mood which may or may not occur, and they are proved entertainers, and they are not pre-eminently literary. One reads them, I mean, for matter more than for manner. Once, it is true, I took Gibbon away, and read nothing else, and wanted nothing else, for a month. But Gibbon wears not the true holiday air. Such, for what it is worth, is a statement of my own case. But, you must understand, I am not much of a Corydon; on a holiday there are many things I prefer to reading.—I am, &c.,

A WRITER BY PROFESSION.

SIR,—I was greatly interested in the list of holiday reading suggested by your contributor Croydon [*sic*—ED. ACADEMY], but I cannot restrain myself from expressing regret at certain omissions in his selection. Except for George Herbert's *Temple*, he mentions nothing of what I would describe as spiritual pabulum. I have always been cheered by the testimony of Mr. H. M. Stanley, the African explorer, who could carry through the Dark Continent a mere half-dozen books, but was careful to make one of these the Bible. Does Croydon [*sic*] never need the Book of Books on his vacations?—I am, &c.,

W. D. L.

SIR,—There is only one book for a holiday: *Bradshaw*.—I am, &c.,

ONE WHO HAS WRITTEN FOUR BOOKS THIS YEAR.

"THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS"— AFTER TWO CENTURIES.*

FORTUNATE the age which permits a man to carry in his pocket such a charming edition of the *Pilgrim's Progress* as this which Messrs. Dent have added to their "Temple Classics." With this slim and attractive little pocket companion, "Let those who always read now read the more." There is no need to adjure those to read who never read before; for, we suppose, almost every man has read the immortal allegory of the Elstow tinker, and the greater part have done so in their childhood. For this latter reason it is apt to be regarded as the books that have fed our young years alone can be regarded. Such books we cannot criticise; they are set in a halo, surrounded by the glory which shines over the fields and flowers and comrades of that sweet time. How much this has had to do with modern estimates of the *Pilgrim's Progress* it would be difficult to say. A work which has stood the test of centuries, has been praised and loved by men of the people and men above the people, men of religion and men of the world, men of letters and men unlettered, men of all sects, all beliefs, and of no belief; such a work surely has a true vitality, a deserved vitality, which it were idle to question. Not idle, however, may it be to examine the nature and cause of this vitality with a more critical distinction, a less fond panegyric, a greater aloofness and detachment than have yet been brought to bear upon it—than men have been capable of bringing to bear upon it. Many, because their judgment was subjected by the consentaneous verdict of ages; all (it is likely) because of those childish prepossessions from which they could not disentwine their minds.

Macaulay's panegyric heads all which has been written about the book. Most boldly partial of writers, he was confessedly dominated by the recollection of his childhood in regard to Bunyan, and was not likely thereby to become more judicial, less sweeping and impulsive, than his wont. It may be taken that he has said, picturesquely, vividly, energetically, all that a lawyer fed by affection could say in behalf of his client; a lawyer, moreover, holding a strong brief, having an imposing case. On the other side, what has there been? Censure seems to have been voiceless—even judicial and kindly censure. Yet no writer is perfect; and it may be taken there is another side to the case. Just one exception comes to mind. The late Mr. Richard Dowling, in his *Indolent Essays* (recently referred to in these columns) made a very vigorous protest against the prescriptive worship of Bunyan—one-sided, as reaction is apt to be. But the book is little known, and the protest has passed unheeded. Avoiding the one-sidedness, so far as in us lies, let us try to emphasise what was most forcible in his points, adding thereto points of our own. At the same time we shall endeavour to sum the matter with the evenness proper to a true critic;

* *The Pilgrim's Progress*. By John Bunyan. "Temple Classics." (J. M. Dent.)

to give no unbalanced view of a performance which, we have declared, must needs have its rightful claim to renown. No literary impostor ever survived for two centuries.

We may dismiss one part of Mr. Dowling's indictment. He complains that the allegory does not hang together in detail; that its particulars are often incongruous, absurd. The idea of Christian going about with a great burden on his back, invisible to his wife and friends; the way in which the burden is at times ignored, forgotten for a time, by the author; the idea of a man being ignorant of a filthy slough but a few fields from his home; the immorality of his running away from his wife and children, leaving them to chance and, perhaps, poverty—these and other such things he dwells upon. But it is, we think, a sufficient answer that (as Macaulay elsewhere says) no one ever yet succeeded in making an allegory go upon all fours. Some discrepancies must be; some allowance must be asked from the reader. It is of much more importance when an allegory fails in propriety of spiritual application; when it is inwardly and imaginatively deficient. And Bunyan, as we shall show in due course, does sometimes trip gravely in this latter regard. He is further accused by Mr. Dowling of a low and vulgar imagination (it would have been better to say fancy); and of no less vulgarity in language. His language is a kind of degraded Biblical language; and the whole thing (says Mr. Dowling) is a horrible attempt to tinker the Bible, without appeal to an educated imagination. This is the very opposite to Macaulay's declaration that the *Pilgrim's Progress* makes singularly vivid appeal to every imagination. Let us take some of these things *seriatim*.

We can hardly agree with the attack on Bunyan's language. The genesis of that language is very frankly given by Bunyan himself:

"It seems a novelty, and yet contains
Nothing but sound and honest Gospel-strains."

It is the homely dialect of the peasantry of his day, raised and purified by an infusion of Biblical diction. Of course, it is open to anyone to view it from the opposite side, and call it Biblical language lowered by an intermixture of peasant diction. We prefer to consider it a speech excellently adapted to Bunyan's purpose. The homely peasant element admirably fits the familiar nature of the allegory, and is racy of the soil to the most literary ear; while the Biblical model sorts well with the more solemn and directly religious portions of the work. It is chiefly where Bunyan attempts poetic conceptions that the language has an effect of meanness and incongruity. On the whole, the grafting of Biblical speech on the vernacular of Bunyan's day is accomplished happily: the result is clean-knit, idiomatic, and full of popular appeal in the worthiest sense. Strength, plainness, directness, are its character.

But as to Bunyan's imagination, we refuse to subscribe to tradition and Macaulay. He was a typical Saxon of the lower class

if a glorified type. He had vigour, forthrightness, narrative gift, a certain kind of vision, and ingenuity. But imagination he had not; a sound trotter, but no Pegasus. The quality mainly underlying the *Pilgrim's Progress* is a certain ingenuity, which may, doubtless, be considered fancy of a homely sort. A like quality gives apt and shrewd illustration to the speech of occasional rustics belonging to the old order, in the remoter country districts which have escaped the innovating whistle of the locomotive. Much, surely, of the vividness which Macaulay finds in his descriptions must be set down to the pictorial and improving mind of the childish reader, and the persistent associations left by it in later life. Take the account of the Valley of the Shadow. To an adult reader it is surely a somewhat pedestrian and matter-of-fact description. We are told, indeed, of darkness and hideous sights, dreadful sounds, and the mouth of hell agape by the wayside. But there is no attempt to realise or suggest these terrors to the reader by a single touch of fancy or magic phrase, such as the great imaginative writers would have given us in a sentence or so. Hell-mouth affects us less than an iron foundry, so poorly and barely is it rendered. Such, at least, is the impression which one reader ventures to declare. The allegory is apt, hence the name of the Valley has become famous, proverbial; but not, we think, through any singularity of power in the description. Bunyan has a rustic's inability to rise to great conceptions, to go outside the imagery of the wayside and the homestead. It is, indeed, the very limitation which accounts for much of his popularity. But it does not speak much for his force of imagination. When he does go outside these homely sources, and attempt the exalted and poetic, his imagery is purely conventional, an assemblage of hackneyed Scriptural figures which lose their original majesty in his use of them. Consider his description of the Heavenly City, for example, and the delights of the just therein. You are to wear a golden crown, to spend your time in praise and shouting, to be clothed with glory, and put into an equipage fit to ride out with the Almighty. That last touch is all Bunyan's own—a kind of celestial Lord Mayor's coach, so to say. For the rest, it is harps, and crowns, and palms, and streets paved with gold—as conventional as the angels in bed-gowns that haunt tombstones.

This absence of anything deserving to be called imagination sometimes appears in the allegory itself (as we hinted before), making it inadequate and inapt, destroying its inward propriety. Take the whole episode of Giant Despair and Doubting Castle. Here is a conspicuous and interesting example of Bunyan's essentially unimaginative mind. For here we can compare him with a real master of imagination—Spenser. In this instance, at least, Spenser shows imagination, besides the fancy which is his peculiar excellence. The ground-plan of both allegories is the same: Despair endeavours to spur his victims to suicide. But how different the details! Spenser's Despair is a woe-begone, meagre wretch,

laid in a cavern, wherein the armour of his intended victim makes

"A little glooming light, much like a shade."

He has no apparatus, no raw-head and bloody-bones machinery; his method is terribly simple. Knife and halter he sets before the strayed wayfarer, and needs, to impel their use, nothing but his own baleful eloquence. Read his speech in Spenser, and say whether brute violence could do aught but mar its dark persuasion. The tinker's allegory is by comparison a tinker's allegory. His Despair is a schoolboy's giant—a stupid billet-head clumping about with a cudgel, so rightly distrustful of his bacon-fed bucolic eloquence that he must reinforce it with sound thumps. In spite of his feudal castle, he is a farmer-like, domestic creature, of very honest, orderly habits, and has a wife to counsel his dull brain. She is Diffidence. Despair taking counsel from Diffidence—the weaker passion strengthening the stronger! After cudgelling his prisoners, the absurd, ineffectual creation lumbers upstairs to his wife and bed. As if Despair could sleep! Despair couched between comfortable sheets, in married snugness, bestowing connubial endearments on his very practical spouse! Nay, let us laugh outright, and leave the grotesque ineptitude.

We have said enough, we need not labour to prove our point that in imagination, or anything like the higher fancy, Bunyan is completely to seek. It will be seen in what points we think the *Pilgrim's Progress* needs some abatement of the undistinguishing eulogy traditionally poured out upon it. But having said all this, its position remains virtually unaffected. That very inveterate homeliness of conception, which makes Bunyan's weakness when he attempts the higher ranges of conception, is the main strength of his work in the greater part. The familiar ingenuity of the imagery, the symbolism, the allegorical details, make them admirably suited to impress the daily understanding. Nor does the cultivated mind fail to admire them, as we admire the shrewd practical instances of a clever peasant-talker. The whole allegory, with a bold originality like that of a child, to whom its surroundings are not commonplace or unromantic, flows along through the fields, and stiles, and streams, the quagmires, homesteads, and pastoral hills of familiar rural England. Even the sudden passing of Christian into undiscovered country, so soon as he begins to run across the fields adjoining his own house, is like the fancy of a child, to whom all romance-land may be hidden within a few meadows-length of its little home. The map of Christian's journey is arbitrary, neighbours and strangers exist in pleasant jumbled contiguity, the details of the allegory are allowed to crop up with a fine haphazard disregard for consistency. It matters not; we are frankly launched upon a meandering tide of *reverie*, where we are ready to let happen what happen will. And Bunyan has a real power of quite homely vision: he sees his persons, his places, his happenings, though not with the eye of the poet or romancer; and he

makes us see them. Not for nothing has Macaulay praised the spirit and pictorial realism of the trial scene in *Vanity Fair*. It is a veritable transcript from scenes historic and only too common at the time. It is, too, related with excellent, shrewd humour. Humour, indeed, distinguishes this religious allegory by its unexpected and welcome presence. Mme. Bubble and Mr. By-Ends and the rest, they are realised in curt downright strokes, which bring them instantly before us. It is the immortal work of a true and most original allegory-maker—perhaps the best of allegory-makers. But it is not what it has hastily been called—a work of strong imagination; unless we are to use that word in a special and un-authentic sense.

MILTON AND LONDON.

PROPOSALS are on foot in the City of London for turning the little graveyard of St. Giles's Church, Cripplegate, into a public garden, and for placing in the pleasure thus formed a statue or other memorial of John Milton. Within the church lie Milton's bones. They lie in the chancel, but even in Aubrey's day the precise spot had become uncertain; and the scandalous so-called discovery of Milton's coffin and remains in 1790 left the matter dark as ever. A bust of the poet by John Bacon stands near the north-west door. This monument is not, however, much seen by the Cripplegate and Wood-street multitudes: for them the out-door monument is needed. The neighbourhood is densely populous. All around the graveyard may be seen forests of scaffolding, where the destruction wrought by the great fire of last year is being made good. To the crowds of millinery hands, collar-makers, clerks, and packers which these towering warehouses send forth at mid-day the new garden will be like a corner of paradise—regained. And whose figure so fit to greet the eye as Milton's? During many years of his life Milton lived within sound of St. Giles's bells. It should be remembered that Milton was a Londoner to the core. "A child of the very heart of Cockaigne," Prof. Masson calls him, and he tells us that if Bow bells had fallen from their tower they might have crushed Milton's cradle.

Of Milton's ten London residences not one is left, though two or three have been standing within memory. The site of the house in Bread-street, Cheapside, in which Milton was born is easily identified; and we believe that the firm whose premises cover the spot keep Milton's memory alive by a bust and an inscription. The house itself was inherited by Milton from his father, but he lost it in the Great Fire.

Milton's residence in London as a young man, after his travels, was the house of one Russel, a tailor, in St. Bride's Churchyard. This house stood, it is believed, on ground now occupied by the back part of the offices of *Punch*. Here Milton began to teach his nephews, the two young Philipsees. It was thence that Milton's first wife, Mary Powell, returned

to her parents in disgust with the dulness of her life.

From St. Bride's Churchyard Milton removed to Aldersgate-street, then a fine street just outside the city walls. Howell says it was the most Italian in style of all the streets of London. Prof. Masson's description of it in Milton's day is an admirable piece of work. Milton, we know, lived "at the end of an entry," and in a "garden-house"—i.e., a house with a fair-sized garden attached. Prof. Masson writes on this point:

"It is possible that the entry may remain. On this chance, one would gladly go up all the present courts and entries on both sides of Aldersgate-street, rather than miss what might be the right one, though not in one of them would there be the least hope of identifying the garden-house. But no such vague exploration through the whole of the street is necessary. The wards of London, or districts represented by aldermen, are subdivided into smaller portions, called precincts, each represented by a Common Council-man; and Aldersgate Ward in its totality consisted of eight precincts, four within the Gate, and four without the Gate. The four precincts without the Gate, including the whole of Aldersgate-street, with its courts and purlieus, were called respectively the First, Second, Third, and Fourth Precincts of St. Botolph's Parish; and it was in the Second Precinct of St. Botolph's Parish that Milton resided. That is, he resided in some entry going off from that part of the street which was nearest the Gate, and which is to be paced now between St. Martin's-le-Grand and Maidenhead-court, on the right side of the street, and between Little Britain and Westmoreland-alley on the left side. One would like to determine on which side of the street it was; but, though the old maps have given me an impression that there was most room for 'garden-houses' on the right side, and particularly near Golden Lion-court, where an old house still faces the street, I must leave the matter uncertain."

In 1645 Milton's pupils were so numerous that he required a larger house, a need that was deepened by his reconciliation with his froward wife, Mary Powell. As Prof. Masson says, "It was no great move . . . there was no real change of neighbourhood or of street associations." This house in the Barbican stood until recent years. Prof. Masson himself had the joy of seeing it, when it was occupied by a silk dyer named Heaven! It was pulled down in 1864 by a railway company, and the contractor who broke it up had the grace to fix on it the notice, "This was Milton's house," before his workmen plied their crowbars.

Milton's school did not long survive its removal to the Barbican. It may be that he disbanded it after the death of his father, if, as is probable, his circumstances were materially improved by that event. Moreover, political work was absorbing the pedagogue and the poet. Milton's appointment as Secretary of Foreign Tongues led to his moving into Holborn, thence to Scotland-yard, and finally to Petty France, Westminster. In the last-named spot he lived for eight years; and, as No. 19, York-street, this house survived until recently. Here it was that Milton became completely blind.

In his mature age Milton gravitated back to the City. Another short sojourn in

Holborn marked his return eastward. Then we find him in Jewin-street, close to Cripplegate, where he married his third wife. Finally, in Artillery-walk, Bunhill-fields, Milton settled with his wife, Elizabeth Minshull, and his two daughters. Here were written *Paradise Lost*, *Paradise Regained*, and *Samson Agonistes*.

It should not be forgotten that the early adventures of *Paradise Lost* were in this neighbourhood. Little Britain, the book-selling quarter of Milton's day, lay just east of Aldersgate-street. The name still survives, but the old cluster of streets and alleys that bore it has vanished from sight as completely as the Fleet River. In Milton's day it was a place where bookmen loved to potter, and 'prentices to peep into the marvellous relations of travellers; a "plentiful and perpetual emporium of learned authors, and men went thither as to a market." This is the description of Little Britain given by Roger North; and the booksellers, he tells us, were "knowing and conversable men." Here Izaak Walton met Dr. Sanderson one wet day: "he had been to buy a book, which he then had in his hand." Here Milton, the greatest bookman of them all, would be seen on the arm of Millington, the famous auctioneer, then only a bookseller. Here *Paradise Lost* lay neglected on Simmons's shelves. And here, if Richardson's story be true, its merits were found out:

"The Earl of Dorset was in Little Britain, beating about for books to his taste; there was *Paradise Lost*. He was surprised with some passages he struck upon dipping here and there, and bought it; the bookseller begg'd him to speak in its favour if he lik'd it, for that they lay on his hands as waste paper (Jesus!). Shephard was present. My Lord took it home, read it, and sent it to Dryden, who in a short time returned it. 'This man,' says Dryden, 'cuts us all out, and the ancients too.'"

Now, return we to Artillery-walk. We are told that Milton was to be found in "a small chamber hung with rusty green, sitting in an elbow-chair, and dressed neatly in black; pale but not cadaverous; his hands and fingers gouty and with chalk stones. He used to sit in a gray, coarse cloth coat, at the door of his house in Bunhill-fields, in warm, sunny weather, to enjoy the fresh air; and so, as well as in his room, received the visits of people of distinguished parts as well as quality." An interesting attempt to portray Milton in the act of dictating *Samson Agonistes* to the young and faithful wife who cheered him in the last years of his life was made by the late Mr. J. C. Horsley, R.A. In this picture Milton's friend, Thomas Ellwood, is seated by the open window, through which there is a view of the tower of St. Giles's, Cripplegate, framed by a creeper that has mounted the wall from the pleasant garden below. *Samson Agonistes* was written in 1667, while London was rebuilding after the Great Fire; Mr. Horsley has indicated the fact by introducing in the far distance a spire surrounded by scaffolding. It is a coincidence that Milton's home was threatened by the Great Fire, and that last year his tomb was threatened by the fire which devastated Jewin-street and its neighbourhood.

Milton was a Londoner in the full sense of the word. He was gathered to his parish graveyard like a London merchant; and his bones were laid side by side with those of a lover and student of London. "I ghesse Jo Speed and he lie together," writes Aubrey, trying to fix the poet's precise resting-place. But the graveyard has lawns, and plane-trees, and abundant flowers, and it is here—in the open air—that Milton, the great Londoner, should be seen in bronze or marble.

A ROYAL LITERARY WAREHOUSE.

THE home of the private collection of books formed by the King of the Belgians is an out-building of the Royal Palace at Brussels, of greater antiquity than the palace itself, formerly occupied by the *corps militaire*. It is a two-storeyed structure hidden under a romantic garb of greenery, which gives to it something of the aspect of a Kew Museum. It differs from the Royal Library at Windsor in that it has no place whatever in the life of the Court, is never used as a lounge, is not shown to the Belgian public, nor, except at rare intervals, to foreigners; may perhaps not be entered by the king himself for months together; and is purely a warehouse for the literary acquisitions of the last thirty years. There are more than 100,000 volumes in all, and among them the number of those which have been actually purchased might almost be told upon the fingers. They comprise in the main presentation copies received from authors, relations, public bodies, and others, and they are in the care of a couple of librarians, whose time is fully occupied in the task of disposing of each day's additions.

Some of the books have a particular interest. There is, for instance, the missal first produced for Leopold II. as Crown Prince. It is a choice example of workmanship, bound in white and gold, each page with an illuminated border in gold and colours, and with many full-page illustrations by distinguished artists. It is brought down from its shelf once a year, on the King's Thanksgiving Day, when he walks in procession with his Court, prayer-book in hand, to the cathedral church of St. Gudule in the heart of the city.

The library happens to contain some Asiatic antiquities of a certain importance. There is a cabinet of the coins of Eastern Asia extending in date from the sixteenth century to recent times. Every great period in the history of China is represented in this collection, which, in its own department, is one of the most complete extant. The specimens of knife-shaped and wedge-shaped coins of the remotest Oriental dynasties are of exceptional interest. Cognate with this is a specimen of the earliest Chinese banknote ever issued. There are some sixteenth century travel-books on India, with superb plates, some of them unrepresented elsewhere in Europe; and in this connexion may be mentioned a copy of the travels of the late Shah of Persia, bound

with a lavish disregard of gold and gems. The text is reproduced in the guise of the MS. original, and the illuminations are by hand. Almost the only words transliterated into English, "Chrystal Palace," contain an error.

One of the largest volumes in the library is a work entitled *Les Peuples de la Russie*, containing coloured illustrations of each of the tribes owning the Muscovite dominion. This was subscribed for by Leopold I., and was not delivered until twenty years after his son came to the throne. The edition was limited, and no fewer than three copies are at Brussels. There is an interesting shelf of works presented year after year by the Pope, choicely bound in white vellum, and bearing the pontifical arms. This contains a Latin *précis* of confidential annual reports supplied to the Vatican by the Papal nuncios, and the volumes are sent only to the sovereigns of the nations owning the supremacy of the Roman See.

There is quite a large number of English books in the library, including the series of his books presented by Mr. H. M. Stanley to his friend and patron, and a set of *The Epic of Hades* and other verse sent by Sir Lewis Morris, with an autograph dedication. Files of many English newspapers are preserved on the upper floor, where there are also large quantities of music that is never used, immense numbers of European and American ephemerides that have never been cut.

In this room is a portrait of the late king, produced by a convict out of a piece of paper with nothing but a pair of scissors and a pin. It is an equestrian portrait, done from memory, the buttons are indicated by rows of pin-pricks, the likeness is wonderful, and the production of it doubtless preserved the prisoner from morbid melancholia.

Under the staircase, half eaten away by weevils, there are some hundreds of addresses received by their Majesties from every part of the kingdom on the occasion of their silver wedding. A large number of these laborious compilations have never been removed from the envelopes in which they were received, from that day to this.

PARIS LETTER.

(From our French Correspondent.)

M. BOURGET's new book, *La Duchesse Bleue*, is an interesting study of Parisian life that runs its inevitable course from sensibility to perversity. According to the fashionable novelists, a single year of Parisian life suffices to anaesthize the heart and conscience, and for ever dry up all the sources of feeling. After that the human animal of either sex is subject to the tidal forces of emotion, to the imperious shocks of the senses, to the blighting impulses of curiosity, and the futilities of mere sentiment. But such a broad and common thing as feeling both are dis severed from permanently. Is this true? Then is the price exorbitant one must pay for admission into society and

for the privilege of tasting the nothingness of social relations.

The somewhat obscure title M. Bourget defines by the mouth of a brilliant and heartless novelist who has written a play, so-called, for the heroine, a young actress destined through him to find her feet instead of her wings, and delicately tread the mire a courtesan instead of the stained-glass Botticelli she was intended to be.

"You don't know 'The Blue Boy' of Gainsborough? My play has simply for heroine a woman that one of your brother-artists, more learned than you in English matters, has painted in a harmony of blue tones, like Gainsborough's boy. Being a duchess, because of the portrait she is ever afterwards nicknamed the blue duchess. There!—hasn't it a Watteau, a Pompadour air, breathing of gallant festivities? *La Duchesse Bleue*!"

M. Bourget paints the gay actress in his seizing and suggestive fashion—her broad brow, heavy with dreams; the long oval of her delicate visage, and the fluttering play of smiles about a mouth sad and sensual and bitter. The situation is clear from the start. The persons of the drama, with its final missed effect of *Adrienne Lecouvreur*, culminating in tragic farce are: a vulgar and flippant author, the usual lion of an undiscerning society; the poor, lovable, sincere, and frail little duchess; a society fiend, her rival; and the silent lover, the painter, who tells the story, and is the only personage capable of abiding pain or feeling. These four characters are drawn with subtlety and force. But can M. Bourget explain this mysterious thing he calls the freemasonry of the masculine sex, which orders an honest man to be loyal to a blackguard and a cad, to the detriment of the woman he loves, who is honest and loyal and affectionate, and whose life in silence he allows the blackguard to ruin? Don Quixote's rash oath to protect every lady and passionately espouse her cause, whether worthy or not, were surely a finer folly than this freemason's oath of sex, which makes an honourable man side with every trousered villain, by silence at least, against suffering woman. But for this blot, which he seems to pride himself upon as a virtue, Vincent Lacroix is a sympathetic study of the artistic temperament. In literature, I own, I prefer any other. Writers and painters and musicians are either very dull or very offensive dogs in novels. Here we have both sides of the picture—the empty-hearted, vulgar, and prosperous author, who plays to the gallery, and turns his finest emotions into copy; and the sensitive, ineffectual, refined creature, the victim instead of the sovereign of his talent. The society fiend is, of course, the usual monster in skirts that Paris alone can furnish, but she achieved one good thing in a nefarious existence: she struck a well-aimed and well-merited blow at the fatuous author. For such intolerable cads as Jacques Molan society does well to foster and provide against them cold-blooded wretches like Madame de Bonnavet. If Camille were not an actress she would be greatly more interesting. The garish glare of the footlights vulgarises the most delicate

profile, and cheapens the most fugitive charm of character.

M. Masson Forestier is a sober and distinguished writer—a realist of the school of George Eliot, without her wit and humour. All his stories are profoundly melancholy, imbued with the conviction that suffering touches with a strangely ferocious and unjust weight the poor and humble, the inarticulate, blurred humanity without sufficient intelligence to understand or measure its grievances. *Pour une Signature* and *Angoisse de Juge* are two notable collections of stories. The first of the tales reaches a high level of writing and thinking. There is not one of the stories that is not remarkable in its sober setting, its careful finish, and veiled poignancy. If a choice may be awarded, it is to the painful tale of the honest and hard-working Customs officer, who screws and saves every penny to educate his motherless son, and whose career is broken, who is arrested and commits suicide for a miserable ball of string he appropriates, admitting quite frankly to the authorities that he believed he had a right to take the ball, since by his economy for the State he saved it at least 300 francs in twine a year. I can believe anything of French bureaucracy, even the infamous revelation of brutality, injustice, and heartlessness that permits and orders the disgrace and ruin of an honest, hard-working official for a trifle, and allows chiefs to thrive upon daily iniquities. But the deep, unmitigable sadness of such a tale leaves an impression of personal misery that momentarily blots the sun for us, and suffices to make anarchists of us all. It seems to tell us with the impetuous insistence of modern history, in which every big rascal succeeds and makes a fortune, provided only that his rascality is big enough, while the stealing of a loaf of bread or the appropriation of a ball of twine is punished by immediate and ir retrievable ruin: that virtue is folly, honesty humbug, truth a miserable farce. M. Forestier follows "this poor big child Porret" to the pond, where he had decided to drown himself.

"'But open your eyes, fool,' he cries. 'You are in a world where everyone would split with laughter if they heard that an idiot had decided to kill himself for a morsel of twine. No, I err—they would not laugh, for they would not believe it. But, unfortunately, it's all pure comedy, this virtuous indignation inspired by your theft. So little as that does not touch the virtue of human society. Ah! if you only knew how much parade there is in it. Good God! where should we all be to-morrow if each one should commit suicide who had on his conscience the value of a ball of twine! Porret, be less of the people, shake off such offended delicacy.'"

But the poor child of the people has not the aristocrat's spirit of bravado or contempt of opinion. He has not the courage to face the disesteem of his fellows for so small a thing, and the newspapers recording his suicide describe this exemplary creature of limited intelligence as a fellow of vile habits. *Angoisse de Juge* is quite as remarkable.

H. L.

THE BOOK MARKET.

WHAT AMERICA READS.

THE following lists compiled by the *American Bookman* show what books have been most popular of late in the United States and Canada:

NEW YORK, UPTOWN.

1. Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Mrs. Humphry Ward.
2. Love of an Obsolete Woman. By Herself.
3. The Red Lily. By Anatole France.
4. The Terror. By Félix Gräs.
5. Marching with Gomez. By Grover Flint.

BALTIMORE, M.D.

1. Pride of Jennico. By Castle.
2. Madam of the Ives. By Train.
3. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell.
4. Girl at Cobhurst. By Stockton.
5. Miss Balmain's Past. By Croker.
6. Sunset. By Whitby.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Penelope's Progress. By Kate Douglas Wiggin.
2. Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Mrs. Humphry Ward.
3. Pride of Jennico. By Castle.
4. Bird Neighbours. By Blanchan.
5. Emerson, and Other Essays. By John Chapman.
6. Girl at Cobhurst. By Stockton.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. 2 vols.
2. Penelope's Progress. By Kate Douglas Wiggin.
3. Pride of Jennico. By A. and E. Castle.
4. Forest Lovers. By Maurice Hewlett.
5. Gray House of Quarries. By Mary Harriot Norris.
6. Caleb West. By F. Hopkinson Smith.

BUFFALO, N.Y.

1. Caleb West. By F. H. Smith.
2. Penelope's Progress. By Kate Douglas Wiggin.
3. Pride of Jennico. By Castle.
4. Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Mrs. Ward.
5. Marching with Gomez. By Grover Flint.
6. A Boy I Knew. By Laurence Hutton.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. Spain in the Nineteenth Century. By Mrs. E. W. Latimer.
2. Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Mrs. Humphry Ward.
3. The King's Jackal. By R. H. Davis.
4. Caleb West. By F. Hopkinson Smith.
5. Penelope's Progress. By Kate Douglas Wiggin.
6. Quo Vadis. By H. Sienkiewicz.

DETROIT, MICH.

1. Hassan: a Fellah. By Henry Gillman.
2. The Girl at Cobhurst. By Frank R. Stockton.
3. The Pride of Jennico. By Castle.
4. Penelope's Progress. By Kate Douglas Wiggin.
5. The Development of the Child. By Oppenheim.
6. The Gadfly. By Voynich.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Mrs. Humphry Ward.
2. Seven Months a Prisoner. By J. V. Hadley.

3. Romance of Zion's Chapel. By Le Gallienne.
4. Girl at Cobhurst. By Stockton.
5. Penelope's Progress. By Kate Douglas Wiggin.
6. Standard Bearer. By Crockett.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. Penelope's Progress. By Kate Douglas Wiggin.
2. Caleb West. By Hopkinson Smith.
3. Girl at Cobhurst. By Stockton.
4. Kronstadt. By Pemberton.
5. The King's Jackal. By R. H. Davis.
6. The Story of an Untold Love. By P. L. Ford.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1. Hugh Wynne. By S. Weir Mitchell.
2. Caleb West. By F. Hopkinson Smith.
3. Penelope's Progress. By Kate Douglas Wiggin.
4. Hon. Peter Stirling. By Paul L. Ford.
5. A Boy I Knew, and Four Dogs. By Lawrence Hutton.
6. A Desert Drama. By A. Conan Doyle.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyám. Translated by Fitzgerald. No. 1, Lark Classics.
2. Caleb West. By Hopkinson Smith.
3. Girl at Cobhurst. By Stockton.
4. Folks from Dixie. By Dunbar.
5. Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Mrs. Humphry Ward.
6. Zion Chapel. By Le Gallienne.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. Caleb West. By Smith.
2. Girl at Cobhurst. By Stockton.
3. Penelope's Progress. By Kate Douglas Wiggin.
4. Simon Dale. By Hope.
5. Head of Family. By Daudet.
6. The Standard Bearer. By Crockett.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1. Caleb West. By Smith.
2. Pride of Jennico. By Castle.
3. For Love of Country. By Brady.
4. King's Henchman. By Johnson.
5. Standard Bearer. By Crockett.
6. Celebrity. By Churchill.

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. Caleb West. By Smith.
2. Girl at Cobhurst. By Stockton.
3. Ghosts I have Met. By Bangs.
4. For Love of Country. By Brady.
5. Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Mrs. Humphry Ward.
6. Son of the Revolution. By Brooks.

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. Fighting with Gomez. By Flint.
2. Caleb West. By Smith.
3. Simon Dale. By Hope.
4. Nehalem. By Rogers.
5. Gadfly. By Voynich.
6. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell.

From the foregoing lists, and others which we have not been able to quote, it may be seen that the following books were the most popular in America in the month of June: (1) *Caleb West*, (2) *Penelope's Progress*, (3) *Helbeck of Bannisdale*, (4) *The Girl at Cobhurst*, (5) *The Pride of Jennico*, (6) *The King's Jackal*.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MODERN FRENCH DRAMA.

SIR,—The reviewer of M. Filon's *Modern French Drama* in your issue of August 16 justly smiles at M. Filon's extravagant laudation of "Cyrano" as "France, France at her best, France at the culminating point of her genius." Allowing M. Rostand's power ingeniously to *broder*, to be "witty, farcical, eloquent, tender, and even, at times, genuinely lyrical" (the latter a quality I should think twice about endorsing), he complains that there is nothing "of the higher imagination, which fixes on the essence of a situation and writes it in a flash, like Webster's:

"Cover her face; mine eyes dazzle; she died young."

I do not think that the highest kind of dramatic power is to be measured by single lines or passages like this, or else Webster would be equal to Shakespeare. But, allowing that it represents the quality which we find to a sustained degree in Shakespeare, I wish to ask where in French drama we do find it? M. Rostand cannot be compared with the greatest French dramatists, I agree; but, nevertheless, it is not only M. Rostand who is deficient in that highest dramatic quality represented by your reviewer's quotation. It does not exist in the French drama. Not without reason does your reviewer choose as a test of "Cyrano's" value as a work of genius the monologue of Don Carlos in "Hernani." To my mind, Victor Hugo is the greatest tragic dramatist France has produced. And this only serves the more clearly to show the limitations of the French poetical drama. With all his innovations, Hugo really developed and continued the convention, if not the spirit, of the French classic drama. His study of Shakespeare led him to introduce a bolder passion, a more audacious imagery. In this he was helped by the strain of Germanic blood which his name would seem to indicate—an indication to which he himself once alludes. His intense situations would have made the classic French dramatists' hair stand on end. Yet with all this his convention was essentially that of the French classical drama. It was not the poetical convention of the Elizabethan dramatists: it was a rhetorical convention. The verse is rhetorical; the imagery, for all its boldness, is only bold rhetorical imagery. His drama is a drama of situations (not, like the Elizabethan drama, of development); and situation corresponds in action to rhetoric in language. It is the rhetoric of action. Now, rhetoric is the convention of the French classic drama. Rhetoric, and not poetry. It was the convention of Corneille, the Victor Hugo of his day. Mild and sentimental rhetoric was the convention of Racine. The origin of the French drama was rhetorical. The French classic drama founded itself on Seneca, a rhetorician, whose plays are rhetorical to the finger-tips. This rhetorical convention, borrowed from the Latin writer, evidently corresponded

with something in the French character, for it has obtained ever since. Victor Hugo, though he took Shakespeare for his avowed model, failed to shake it off. He only carried it to its utmost possible limit, got out of it all the splendour, majesty, and coruscating intensity of which it was capable. He is, therefore, to my mind the apotheosis of the French serious drama.

M. Rentoul has not struck out a new line. "Cyranó" is at bottom rhetorical, a drama of effective situation, a drama of epigram—epigram in text, and epigram in action. The admixture of comedy and tenderness does not alter its essential nature as regards the serious part of the drama. Can French poetic drama find a new convention? That is the question. The rhetorical convention can hardly go further than Hugo has carried it. And it looks very much as though the French national character were incapable of anything beyond the rhetorical convention.—I am, &c.,

STUDENT.

BOOK REVIEWS REVIEWED.

MR. JEROME'S "SECOND THOUGHTS OF AN IDLE FELLOW."

Most of the critics lecture Mr. Jerome for lecturing.

"Mr. Jerome on telephones, and shopping, and amateur carpentering [says the *Westminster Gazette*] is all right and quite funny. But Mr. Jerome endeavouring, like Heine, to feed on the fixed stars, or brooding, like Carlyle, on the immensities and the eternities, is not right at all. The transition is too abrupt. 'Of what use,' he cries, 'our mad striving, our passionate desire? Will it matter to the ages whether once upon a time the Union Jack or the Tricolour floated over the battlement of Badajoz?' Again and again the blithest moments are blighted by this sudden melancholy."

The *Pall Mall Gazette* critic finds some of Mr. Jerome's chapters funny—but

"Mr. Jerome will not consent to be merely funny; he must be 'humorous' in the wider sense. And so through most of his book he is in the pulpit, moralising on life, men, and women. Let us take only one specimen; if any one wants more he will find plenty:

'Ah, yes, I too could talk like that—I, writer of books, to the young lad, sick of his office stool, dreaming of a literary career leading to fame and fortune. "And do you think, lad, that by that road you will reach happiness sooner than by another? Do you think interviews with yourself in penny weeklies will bring you any satisfaction after the first half-dozen? Do you think the gushing female who has read all your books, and who wonders what it must feel like to be so clever, will be welcome to you the tenth time you meet her."'

Mr. Jerome goes on to remark that it would really do no good to say that to the youth, and that it is, perhaps, better to have the dream for a while. Sound enough, no doubt; we make no complaint as to the soundness of his moralisings. We do not object to its mere commonplaceness. But when it is written throughout in this worse than pulpit jargon, when Mr. Jerome epitomises his style and spirit by addressing his 'dear reader' in the vocative, above all, when he labels them an 'idle' fellow's thoughts, we do object. 'Idle!' He has sat down with a conviction that the public won't be happy till it gets him, summoned

all his energies to the process of thinking, and spread himself and the result. We do not hesitate to express our preference for the consciously funny Mr. Jerome."

The *Daily Mail* asks whether journalism has had an enervating influence on Mr. Jerome, and

"the question is one which he would do well to ask himself, if only for the reason that everyone else who is interested in his work has been asking it for some time past. Here is a man who made a conspicuous success with one book, *Three Men in a Boat*. It became the fashion to sneer at what was called the cockney vulgarity of that book; but the young men it deals with were cockney 'bounders,' and their vulgarity was of their nature. Then Mr. Jerome, with a very laudable ambition, tried to show that he could be serious as well as humorous. But the British public can get all the seriousness it wants, without applying to Mr. Jerome for it. The gift of humour is rare, and for every humorous writer there are a thousand serious ones. . . . Any one can 'sit on the fence' and turn out by the yard such moralisings as those of Mr. Jerome's on Little Jack and Little Jill. On the other hand, very few writers could tell with such neatness and point the story (page 51) of the little girl who wanted to go to the circus. Pathos, to be natural, should be unforced. In the present volume it is very strained. The whole book is commonplace to a degree."

The *Saturday Review* is unkind, and would-be witty. Its review of Mr. Jerome's book is as follows:

"Says Mr. Jerome, on page 9, 'We grow so tired of being always ourselves.' For our part, we wish he would change into some one who didn't write books like this."

The *Daily Chronicle's* critic shrugs his shoulders at Mr. Jerome's "fits of questioning the universe"; but he has evidently enjoyed the book:

"The wise critic who reads this book under a tree, assisted by a tumbler of some cooling liquid which is absorbed reflectively through a straw, will find the *New Humour* a very quaint, agreeable rather old-fashioned companion. Nothing will surprise him, except Mr. Jerome's occasional lapses into the sardonic. 'Have you thought of the uncomplimentary criticisms, of the spiteful paragraphs, of the everlasting fear of slipping a few inches down the greasy pole called "popular taste," to which you are condemned to cling for life, as some lesser criminal to his weary tread-mill, struggling with no hope, but not to fall?' This is wholly out of keeping with the thermometer. So is this apostrophe to 'Dick,' who has risen to the editorship of a great newspaper. 'You spread about the message—well, the message that Sir Joseph Goldbug, your proprietor, instructs you to spread abroad. You teach mankind the lessons that Sir Joseph Goldbug wishes them to learn. They say he is to have a peerage next year. I am sure he has earned it; and perhaps there may be a knighthood for you, Dick.' Well, the man who imagines himself a 'lesser criminal' on a 'greasy pole' may be excused for foolish fantasies about editors and proprietors, and for ignorance of great newspapers. Besides, Dick is credited with moments when he wishes himself back among the 'old egg-boxes' in the 'dingy rooms in Camden Town,' with his youth, and his loves and beliefs, which in those far-off days had not been sacrificed to the soaring ambition of Sir Joseph. Fortunately, Mr. Jerome is not sardonic very long. . . . The essay 'On the

Care and Management of Women,' with its story of the young man and maiden who were mistaken for a newly married pair on a coach, is in Mr. Jerome's most successful vein. The critic prefers that anecdote to the essayist's reflections upon 'Mother Nature.'"

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Week ending Thursday, August 25.

POETRY, CRITICISM, BELLES LETTRES.

THE TEMPLE WAVERLEY NOVELS: KENILWORTH. By Sir Walter Scott. 2 vols.

MISCELLANEOUS.

AN INDEX TO THE WILLS AND INVENTORIES NOW PRESERVED IN THE PROBATE REGISTRY AT CHESTER, FROM A.D. 1761 TO 1780. A—M. Edited by W. Fergusson Irvine. The Record Society.

THE ROYALIST COMPOSITION PAPERS: BEING THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE COMMITTEE FOR COMPOUNDING, A.D. 1643-1860, SO FAR AS THEY RELATE TO THE COUNTY OF LANCASTER. Vol. IV. I—O. Edited by J. H. Stanning. The Record Society.

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

HUNTING TRIPS IN THE CAUCASUS. By E. Demidoff, Prince San Donato. Rowland Ward. 21s.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

MESSRS. LONGMANS, GREEN & Co. make numerous announcements. The following works are in the press, and will shortly be issued: *Foreign Courts and Foreign Homes*, by A. M. F.—this book will deal with Hanoverian and French Society under King Ernest and the Emperor Napoleon III.; *The Life of William Morris*, by Mr. J. W. Mackail, with portraits; the fourth and final volume of *The Memoirs of the Verney Family, from the Restoration to the Revolution*, bringing the family history down to the death of Sir Ralph Verney in 1696. This firm will also issue a new novel by Edna Lyall, entitled *Hops the Hermit*, dealing with events of the seventeenth century.

AMONG Messrs. Methuen's announcements for the autumn publishing season are the following works: *Northward: Over the Great Ice*, by Lieutenant R. E. Peary. In this work Lieutenant Peary tells the story of his travels and adventures in the arctic regions. His sledge journey and his experiences among the Eskimos are fully described, and this book is a complete record of his Arctic work, for which the Royal Geographical Society has this year awarded him their gold medal. *The Highest Andes*, by E. A. FitzGerald. This is a narrative of the highest climb yet accomplished. The illustrations have been reproduced with the greatest care, and the book, in addition to its adventurous interest, contains appendices of scientific value. Both the above works will be fully illustrated. Messrs. Methuen will also issue shortly an edition of the *Pilgrim's Progress* with illustrations by Mr. Anning Bell. In Fiction this firm

has a good list, headed by a new novel by Mr. Gilbert Parker, called *The Battle of the Strong*, and a new novel by Mr. George Gissing, entitled *The Town Traveller*. Other new novels will be *Things that Have Happened*, by Miss Dorothea Gerard; *From the East Unto the West*, by Miss Jane Barlow; *The Journalist*, by C. F. Keary; and *To Arms!* by Andrew Balfour.

MESSRS. HURST & BLACKETT will publish shortly a new novel by M. Bernard Hamilton, entitled *The Light*. The book is expected to shed fresh light on many controversies, religious and otherwise, of present interest, and will be fully illustrated by Mr. Maurice Greiffenhagen.

MR. T. FISHER UNWIN will issue on Monday Mr. Joel Chandler Harris's latest collection of stories, *Tales of the Home Folk in Peace and War*; and on the same day a volume of sketches, bearing the title *Hush-a-by Papers*, by Mr. J. R. Clegg.

In the September number of *Cosmopolis* Bismarck will be the leading theme. Mr. Frederick Greenwood will contribute the English appreciation, and Max Lenz the German one. Who will do the French, we wonder? Mr. G. S. Street will contribute a short story, entitled "A Warning."

MR. C. A. PEARSON, LTD., announces the following among other novels: *Stories in Light and Shadow*, by Bret Harte; *Adventures of Captain Kettle*, by C. J. Cunliffe Hyne; *The Phantom Army*, by Max Pemberton; *Despair's Last Journey*, by David Christie Murray; *Settled Out of Court*, by G. B. Burgin.

AMONG the articles in *Blackwood's Magazine* for September are two of especial interest, owing to the affairs of Spain at the present moment. One is "The Spaniard at Home," by Miss Hannah Lynch; the other is entitled "The End of an Old Song," and contains the "Confessions of a Cuban Governor." Among the other contents of the magazine is a paper on "The Company and the Individual," in view of present financial events.

THE new volume of the "Book Lovers' Library" will be *Book Auctions in England in the Seventeenth Century*, by Mr. John Lawler, compiler of the Ashburton and Sunderland Sale Catalogues. It will contain much fresh information concerning the book auctions of the period it represents, more particularly those held by Edward Millington, William Cooper, and John Dunton.

MESSRS. JACKSONS, publishers, Brigg, have just issued a *Dictionary of Bird Notes*, with a glossary of popular local and old-fashioned synonyms of British birds, by Mr. Charles Louis Hett, of Spring Field, Brigg, Lincolnshire. Ornithologists will welcome this volume, which has been in preparation for many months.

MR. CHARLES HANNAN's new historical romance announced for early publication by Mr. John Long will, in order to avoid conflicting with other works already published, be now called *Castle Oriol, or the King's Secret*, in place of the previously chosen title, "The Secret of the King."

MESSRS. JAKEMAN & CARVER (Hereford) have just published *The Hundred of Huntington*, a part towards a new volume of the history of that county. It was originally taken in hand by John Duncumb so far back as 1788, when it was largely promoted by the Duke of Norfolk of that day. Duncumb died in 1739, having written two volumes containing the history of the county and city of Hereford, the Hundreds of Broxash and Ewias Lacy, with a few pages of Greytree Hundred. The late Judge W. H. Cooke succeeded, finishing the Hundred of Greytree and that of Grims-worth. After his death Rev. M. G. Watkins, M.A., took up the task, largely aided by the Judge's collections, which were kindly made over by his widow. He has continued the history in the form of Hundreds, and included in that of Huntington the parishes of Brilley, Clifford, Eardisley, Huntington, Kington, Whitney, and others.

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REVIEWS.

WE ARE FIFTEEN.

SPRING, summer, autumn, winter—all seasons are alike to the poet. Unlike the makers of gift-books and stories for children, he conceives that all times are fit for the publication of his wares; and hence our shelves betray his activity as much in August as in November or April. Room for fifteen!

Terra Tenebrarum, Love's Jest-Book, and Other Verses. By William Knox Johnson. (Kegan Paul & Co.)

THERE are many sonnets in this volume which we should like to quote, but space forbids. For Mr. Johnson is a reflective poet who thinks to some purpose, and who can give his thoughts dignified form. Swift lyrical flight is not his, but he essays the deliberate movement of the sonnet with much success. Among recent sonnets we know of none finer than some of Mr. Johnson's. Here is one which, while it illustrates his method, throws light also on one of the poetical influences which have helped to make him:

"LUNA.

O fevered race of mortals, learn of me.
I too have wandered with fierce heart of fire
Aimless through heights and deeps, who did
aspire
To paths far other than the paths ye see;
Yet I too bowed unto a wise decree
Which stilled my rebel being, did require
That I should yield up all of my desire,
Finding high freedom in a sphere unfree.
I swerve not, neither stay, for I fulfil
The law of my own being, clear and known;
No strife ignoble of divided will
Frets me, withdrawn unto one goal alone;
Deep through the dusk abysses, sheer and still,
I drink the light from light's eternal throne."

There are hints of Matthew Arnold there. Mr. Johnson, however, though Wordsworth and Arnold were before him, is himself. Here is a memorable little poem, a modern contribution to the Greek Anthology:

"A TRAVELLER'S GRAVE.

Sleep, faring well! for thou didst go
Through icy lands, o'er stormy seas
And where Illyrian breezes blow,
And 'neath the rainy Hyades.

Thou askedst not repose; but now
By wandering tides dost gladly rest;
A stone is at thy quiet brow,
A stone upon thy breast."

Opposite it is the following epitaph, which we are fain to quote:

"Thou hast regained that calm august and
free
The Communal Mother keeps, who bids us
roam
And play awhile at Personality,
And, wearied of the play, recalls us home."

We would willingly tarry longer with Mr. Johnson.

Songs of Sea and Sail. By Thomas Fleming Day. (New York: The Rudder Publishing Co.)

ONE of Mr. Day's poems begins thus:

"Sing the sea, sing the ships,
Sing the sea and its ships,
With the lightness and the brightness
Of the foam about their lips;
When reaching off to seaward,
When running down to leeward,
When beating up to port with the pilot at
the fore;
When racing down the Trade,
Or ratching half-afraid,
With a lookout on the yard for the marks
along the shore."

It is not great poetry; but we like it. Indeed, if a man is honest, and can set things down with any music, there is no need, in singing of the sea, to be poetical: the sea will do that for him. Fact about the sea is more poetical than the finest fancy about certain other subjects dear to poets. This is good:

"THE CLIPPER.

Her sails are strong and yellow as the sand,
Her spars are tall and supple as the pine,
And, like the bounty of a generous mine,
Sun-touched, her brasses flash on every hand.
Her sheer takes beauty from a golden band,
Which, sweeping aft, is taught to twist and
twine
Into a scroll, and badge of quaint design
Hung on her quarters. Insolent and grand
She drives. Her stern rings loudly as it
throws
The hissing sapphire into foamy waves,
While on her weather bends the copper glows
In burnished splendour. Rolling down she
laves
Her high black sides until the scupper flows,
Then pushing out her shapely bow she braves
The next tall sea, and, leaping, onward
goes."

Mr. Day's book is a brave little companion.

Berth-Deck Ballads. By William S. Bate. (New York.)

ANOTHER volume of sea songs, also from across the Atlantic. Mr. Bate is, however, not, like Mr. Day, a lyrical poet, but a narrative. He offers yarns: "How the *Kearsage* Sunk the *Alabama*," "How Buchanan Fought the Fleet," "The First Iron-clad Fight," "How Farragut Passed Port Morgan," and so on. These are fine tales, but a little too long: Mr. Bate should try for more concentration. The medium is always an ordinary sailor of the U.S. Navy,

whose speech is racy and free. Here is an opinion of his in rough and ready rhyme:

"Say, lads, I hear they are to go—
The lubberly marines—
And if it's true, for me and you
A rousin' time it means.
A rousin' time it means, my lads,
A rousin' time it means,
For life will be wuth livin' when
We're rid uv the marines."

Between perlicemen when in port,
And the sea-cops at sea,
A man-o'-warman's life is not
Jist what it ought to be;
But if the lubbers are to go,
A jolly time it means;
For life will be wuth livin' when
We're rid uv the marines."

They are uv free-born mariners
The nat'ral enemies,
And never should hev been allowed
To sail with them the seas;
But if they've really got to go,
Our rights to hev it means,
For life will be wuth livin' when
We're rid uv the marines."

This is a view of the "Jolly" to which Mr. Kipling paid no attention in his famous song.

Mallow and Asphodel. By R. C. Trevelyan. (Macmillan & Co.)

MR. TREVELYAN has gone to Greek mythology for his principal subjects, and has brought to them a plentiful good humour and considerable metrical skill. A more difficult measure in which to tell a story could hardly be chosen than that in which "Epimetheus" is set, yet the result is successful. Thus:

"Thus he wailed and looked around him, while
the Olympian corridors
Echoed with immortal laughter, as on sea-
indented shores
When with washing, lapping laughter softly
laughs a prisoned wave
To the answering roof above it of some deep-
receding cave."

It is very easy, with lines so long as these, to annoy a reader, but Mr. Trevelyan does not do so. Sometimes he is a little careless about rhymes: "neck" and "back," for example, and "hoard" and "abroad"; but the book has a pleasant, classical flavour. This is a good passage:

"In the dim Cimmerian highlands, where
man's feet may never come,
Where the boisterous congregations of the
winds are never dumb;
By sheer mountain cliffs in frozen isolation
girdled round,
Lies the wizard Epimetheus fast in silver
fetters bound."

On his ancient head is springing many a tall
snow-loaded pine,
Nodding all their tops together when they
hear the tempest whine;
O'er his eyes the oak trees darken, down his
cheeks the larches grow;
Round his chin the birches shiver o'er the
willow wood below.
O'er his face great bears go ambling, deer
go rambling here and there,
All around are cuckoos calling, cataracts
brawling in the air."

Willow Leaves. By Russell Veitch. (Unicorn Press.)

IN a sub-title Mr. Veitch calls his poems "A Wreath of Memories." The memories are of Love, for Mr. Veitch has loved much. The lady is called here Margherita and there Marjorie. Her radiance, we learn, outshines the day, and her moods are varied as the hues that sparkle in the sunlit dews. Her eyes are lakes of violet; delicious is her sunny smile. We gather, however, that the poet and she did not wed, such is the cruelty of fate. Meanwhile here is Mr. Veitch's appeal to the reader:

"Pray haste not to condemn my lines,
Although you judge them wanting wit,
Or vacant of poetic signs,
Or fire by great Apollo lit;
But, if amid my halting lays
You find one kind or gentle thought,
Or one true word in my love's praise,
Then 'pity him whose life is naught.'"

We have found the kind and gentle thought more than once; we have even found poetic signs, though no very clear indication that Apollo has been busy with a box of matches; but we decline to pity Mr. Veitch to any great extent for the nothingness of his life. We think he will recover.

Willow-Vale, and Other Poems. By Henry Rose. (Kegan Paul & Co.)

FROM *Willow Leaves* to *Willow-Vale* is an easy transition. Mr. Rose is not a plaining lover, but a man who goes forth into the country with open eyes and returns to sing of his adventures. The first part of his book consists of Rustic Rhymes. Here is a portion of one, entitled "The Happy Peasant":

"The King in a spacious hall may dine,
With a crowd of vassals to wait;
From a golden goblet quaff the wine
And eat from a silver plate:
But I with my neighbours make good cheer,
Nor would change for his fare, if I could,
Our food of the plainest and home-brewed beer
From the horn and the platter of wood.

The King may muster his troops to the field,
To fight to the death in his cause;
And be flushed with pride when the foemen yield,
And exult in a realm's applause:
But I can pace the furrows alone
And labour in sweet content,
Or rest at noon, where shadows are thrown,
Refreshed by the bean field's scent.

The King at last must be gathered to rest,
Then over his treasured bones
Will proofs of a nation's lament be pressed
In ponderous sculptured stones:
But I am the happier far to know,
For me when the tears are shed,
How lightly the daisied turf will grow,
And the birds sing, over my head."

The antitheses are not always very convincing; and we doubt if "The Happy Peasant" is a type; but the verses display Mr. Rose. Elsewhere he offers tragic stories in rhyme, and in the long poem called "Willow Vale" essays incidentally the transcendental. A kindly book.

Episodes of Joy. By Temple Newell. (Digby, Long & Co.)

EXCESSIVE fluency we suspect to be Mr. Newell's joy, and it is, we know, his bane. He will rhyme glibly on any subject that takes his fancy, with little violence to metre and no distinction of phrase. So little does he criticise himself that he can pass for press such a stanza as this:

"If I could only think somewhere there is
Someone whom I could love like you;
The self of your dear self in all but this—
Some love of me abide there too;
If I could only think somewhere there is."

That line "If I could only think somewhere there is": what is it? Prose would refuse to harbour it, and how can we call it poetry? If this book were a quarter the size, and every word had been studied, it would not be bad.

Nocturnes. By the Rev. W. Moore. (Elliot Stock.)

MR. MOORE's first poem is tremendous in scope. "An Excursion," it is called, and it comprises a review of the world's progress from 898 to 1898. The Excursion includes the Ridgeway, and thus does the poet describe a well-known landmark of that locality:

"And lo! a horse, in outline pale
Against the western slope,
Spreads a vast flank and world of tail,
And upward to the cope
Runs an outlandish neck or mane
And head of artless round;
And prancing seems to paw the inane
Above a gulf profound."

Mr. Moore is in the habit of improving the occasion, and his book is not lacking in sentimentousness. We cannot altogether acquit it of dullness.

Imaginations in Verse. By G. J. Bridges. (Commercial Exchange.)

MR. BRIDGES' "imagination" have to do with a river, a windmill, a tempest, bare fields, dusk, and twilight; and they are after this standard:

"The Tempest Voices shriek within the gale!
Some hapless scunniant
Is caught amain, and gone where there
is no port,
While 'mid the raving sea-noise rings the
chant,
Half siren-song, half dirge, the Voices wail.

What is the sound upon the wind to-night?
It chills my heart with fears,
And with its presence burdens every
thought;
Its utter sadness brings the world to tears—
Why do the Voices call so loud to-night?"

This is the sound upon the wind to-night,
And thus it speaks to me—

'Tis but the echo of Time's triple sort—
Of what has been and is and is to be,
The Tempest Voices cry unto the night!"

Mr. Bridges' note is uniformly sad and, we may say, sincere.

The Conquest of Constantinople by the Crusaders, A Song of Israel, and Other Poems. Anon. (Kegan Paul.)

A GREAT deal of the verse in this little volume is religious in tone, and the Biblical stories of Balaam, Deborah, the Death of Saul, &c., are versified with a certain carefulness. But the Bible prose is better. The best passages we have found is this description of an "old conventual tower" in "The Conquest of Constantinople":

"The gloomy owl in safety builds
Its nest in that dark hoary wall,
Where ivy clings in hanging wreaths,
As if to form its funeral pall.
Secure among these ancient stones,
The hunted wolf comes here to die;
The vulture hovers on the hill,
To wait his victim's last weak cry,
Till startled, as in half-alarm,
At those dim ruins grey,
He swoops upon the plains below,
To seek an easier prey.
No voice is heard around,
Saving the eagle's scream;
The wild goat, scared, has fled away,
But sounds—like daylight's gleam—
Are heard within, of praise and prayer—
The songs of those who shelter there."

The poems indicate much reading on the part of the author.

A Little English Portfolio. By Ada Iddings-Gale. (Truslove & Hanson.)

WE can welcome any new poet of London. Miss Iddings-Gale's verse is not remarkable in any way, and it shows the exaggerated sentiment of a beginner, but it is sincere. Two or three sonnets are devoted to St. Paul's—which to our surprise uplifts

"faint and dim
The wondrous music of its marble hymn."

There is not much marble in Wren's temple. The exaggerated note we have referred to is heard in the sonnet "In Fleet Street":

"How madly sweeps the stream of life along,
With murmurous clamours full of wild unrest,
It is the sea's voice with a larger zest,
More manifold, omnipotent and strong.
Thunders on thunders roll upon the ear—
The murmur of the traffic takes the key
To a great chant of human misery—
The common voice fast bounded by a fear.
But hearken now—what heavenly sound doth
rise,
And fill each cranny of the troublous mart
Like to the throbbing of God's mighty heart
Above the City's myriad agonies?
So tender deep the sound resplendent falls—
It is the bell of glorious St. Paul's."

This is overdone, and Miss Iddings-Gale promptly sets about removing the impression by a soothing sonnet on the interior of St. Paul's.

The Shrine of Love, and Other Poems. By Lucien V. Rule. (Chicago: Herbert S. Stone & Co.)

A SONNET sequence, filling 82 pages, forms the principal contents of Mr. Rule's volume. The poet has two loves and an undecided mind, and the result is sonnets by the bushel. But although the lover is often at a loss, he has a good conceit of himself. When

the "former object of his affection . . . sighs for his presence, and desires his favour again," this is how she is met :

"What good were it should I, despite thy guilt,
In scorning me, conduct thee once again
To love's high halls which bear no faithless
stain?
'Twas by thy treacherous hand Hope's wine
was spilt,
And blasted everything my heart had built!
Alas! my soul is too sincere to feign
Devotion where it once was shown disdain.
Yet were these wrongs forgiven though I
saw wilt
Affections fairest flowers before thy scorn.
Alas! how often have I lain till morn
In lamentation o'er my love for thee;
How often have I wondered till I'd see
The twilight star, endeavouring to forget
How my soul's worship was with mockery
met!"

This is the experience of lords and milkmen
when they love; and a bad sonnet does not
improve matters.

The Siren. By Henry Carrington. (Elliot
Stock.)

The Siren is a fairy tale, which the author
has written for his children.

"For all who heard her mystic song
Were captive to its fatal away,
More sweet it fell than melody
E'er uttered by a mortal tongue;
No reason could its charm defy.
More sweet than note of evening's bird
In silent woods beneath the stars,
When all save we are sleeping, heard;
When nought the calm prevailing mars,
When not a sound of earth is nigh,
Save mosses rustling 'neath the feet
To make the stillness more complete;
More sweet than ripple of the stream,
Or murmur of the summer wind;
Than love's first whisper, soft and kind,
That ne'er shall cease to haunt the mind:
Than all the soul can think or dream,
Far sweeter was the Siren's song
As swept its fatal sounds along."

Why *publish* 148 pages of rhymes like
these?

Poems, 1894-98. By rs. Longstaff. (Ed-
ward Stanford.)

SOME twenty-four pages, paper bound, of
devotional and other verse. We can say
little for or against such obvious rhyming as
this—"To a Statue from Herculaneum":

"If you could speak, as you stand there
What would you tell, of days that were,
When your fair form and perfect face
Had on this earth a dwelling-place?
Did your firm lips and steadfast eyes
Ever repay a lover's sighs?
Did your round arms a babe enfold
Clasped to your breast as mothers hold?
Did life still smile, as on you passed
All sorrowless—from first to last?
Or—when that awful ending came,
That blotted out your city's name,
Were you alive? Oh woman fair!
And did you see the horror there?"

The lines which Horace Smith addressed to
an Egyptian mummy have belittled many
such poems as this.

Poetical Stories. By Staunton Brodie.
(Digby, Long & Co.)

MR. BRODIE's stories are of love and war,
and he tells them in sentimental jingles to
which we can grant no other merit than
simplicity and story-telling zeal. "The
Seventy-Four" describes the Battle of
Aboukir Bay. The burning of the French
ship *Orient* is thus described:

"Few nights have known a more terrific scene.
Now the huge *L'Orient* burns with lurid
glare,
Burns to her magazine;
The flash of the guns is lesser light,
The foes are grappling there.
One of our ships, a wreck,
Less of use than armed xebec,
Is drifting out of the fight
As the rearmost ships are sailing in;
Then the great Frenchman's blown to atoms
with deafening din;
That bulwark of the Crapaud's commonweal
Is shattered to her keel.
A silence reigns awhile; then, once more,
gun answers gun,
Till with the morn's fresh light the victory is
won."

The description of the *Orient* man-of-war as
"that bulwark of the Crapaud's common-
weal" deserves to be perpetuated. There
is another tribute which we cannot neglect
to pay to Mr. Brodie's poetical genius.
He gives his characters names that are
sumptuous and mellifluous on the tongue.
One "poetical story" tells how Basil
Craighton loved Euphey Ames, and is nearly
cut out by her kinsman, Killian Ardisley.
And in "Necromancy" we alight on names
like Piers Pappencourt, Forde Bannister,
and Kitty Faltris. Launce Ringstone,
Mildred Alane, and Sir Amory Claire!—the
book is a mine of names for novelette
writers.

PASTORAL BURMAH.

The Soul of a People. By H. Fielding.
(Richard Bentley.)

THIS is an exceedingly interesting book, by
one who has spent his official existence
among the Burmese, and has learned to
love and understand them as one loves and
understands a charming family with whom
one has been long domesticated. Mr.
Fielding regards the Burmese religion as
the basis of the Burmese character; and he
opens his book with a chapter on Buddhism.
It is not, however, a mere recapitulation of
the scientific studies of Buddhism which the
reader can find for himself in many works.
It is an attempt to put together a synopsis
of Buddhism as the writer has actually
observed it among the Burmese; to give an
account of Buddhism as a working creed.
He declares that he has omitted all merely
official teachings, and has confined himself
to those features which he found actually
embodied in the lives and vital belief of the
people. Mr. Fielding's position is peculiar,
and renders his account of peculiar value.
His sympathy for the people seems to have
led him into sympathy for their creed. So
far as one can judge, he would appear to
have adopted a certain practical Buddhism

as the most satisfactory theory of existence.
He has spent much time in Buddhist
monasteries, and writes with affectionate
enthusiasm of the monks. Every village
has its monastery, he says, and the monks
are the centre of the community. Their
hold on the Burmese is enormous. Their
ramifications extend throughout the country,
under a simple system of organisation
which recalls that of the Franciscan brother-
hood. The analogy of General, Provincial,
and Guardians (or heads of monasteries)
can be traced in the Buddhist organisation
of Burma. Yet unlike the religious bodies of
India, they exercise no political influence.
During the war of independence against the
English invasion, instead of heading the
national resistance, like the Mullahs of the
Afghan border, they remained quietly at
home in their monasteries. To this cause,
together with the absence of a true political
organisation, Mr. Fielding ascribes the
sporadic and ineffectual character of the
native rising. And the reason for it is (so
he asserts) that Buddhism condemns war
under any and every conceivable circumstance.
When the English were massacred in local
outbreaks, and their bodies floated down
the rivers, the monks took and buried the
corpses. The village monastery is also the
village school, where the young Burmese
receive their whole education and training.
At least such is the case with regard to the
boys. The girls are trained at home; and
hence Burmese women are much inferior in
training to Burmese men. There are, it is
true, nuns in Burmah; but they are few
and far between. Women do not take to
the religious life, whereas a large proportion
of the men in every village have at one
time or other been monks. For the Buddhist
monks take no vows for life; they enter
when they please, and go when they please.
One can understand the paramount influence
of the monastery in a community most of
whose members have not only been educated
there, but have at one time been inmates
of it. Imagine a Sussex village, where half
the peasantry had at one time been brethren
in some neighbouring monastic establish-
ment such as Parkminster. The monastery
would simply be the nucleus of the village.

Very pleasant and simple is Mr. Fielding's
account of the present-giving which takes
place at certain feasts. Every man and
woman in the village has some gift in kind
ready for the monks—bowls of rice, or other
such edible luxuries as the village yields.
For the monks may take presents of food,
or raiment, or books, but are forbidden by
their rules to accept money. The whole
village is gathered along the road in two
long lines, each person sitting behind his
gift. The monks of the adjacent monas-
teries pass in procession between the people,
their eyes downcast, for it is not etiquette
to look at the presents. Behind them come
their boy pupils, who are less scrupulous.
Mr. Fielding's gift was some tins of biscuits
and jars of jam. The boys could be heard
wondering audibly "what was in those
tins," and hoping that "they were coming
to our monastery." The procession past,
the monks separated to their respective
monasteries, and the villagers caught up
their gifts and hurried after. It is a pretty

pastoral picture, charmingly drawn by Mr. Fielding. Very picturesque, too, are his accounts of Burmese religious festivals at Rangoon, where is the most splendid of Buddhist temples; the building itself, covered with gold leaf, blazing resplendent in the brilliant sun, the throngs of Burmese in their red, yellow, blue, green, and purple draperies, the illumination of the temple and houses at night mixing its lights with that of a luminous silver moon, and the night air laden with odours from the surrounding trees. Or, again, the Feast of Lights at another town, a serpentine train of lights floating down the nocturnal river on rafts, rising, falling, and meandering with the current.

The Burmese, in Mr. Fielding's eyes, are the gentlest and most lovable of peoples. Their courtesy to strangers he describes as perfect, and their mutual relations of patriarchal simplicity and kindness. The exception is to be found in those who have come under English influence—particularly those officially employed by our Government. So notorious is this, that the Burmese regard it as a sufficient reason for a man's being a bad character that he is a policeman, or in some other position of Government trust. That, seemingly, releases him from the control of public opinion, and confers on him the privilege to be a scoundrel. It is not a pleasant testimony to our "civilising" influence in Burmah. The Burmese are sensitively kind to animals. The ill-treatment of them, much more the killing of them, is a crime; and the Englishman who lives on the flesh of animals is regarded as a barbarian, an ogre. Mr. Fielding tells of an Englishman who married a Burmese lady. Tenderly attached to her husband, the one great grief of her marriage was that he *would* eat chickens. When she had ordered the servant to kill a fowl for dinner she would go and sit apart in sorrowful horror, her fingers in her ears lest she should hear the cries of the doomed bird. The whole manners of Englishmen, their love of slaughter, their loud and boisterous mirth, their shouts and roughness, their beer and spirit-drinking, are repugnant to this sensitive, gentle, quiet people.

The women appear to enjoy remarkable liberty, and are described by Mr. Fielding as passionately loving. Marriage is not a religious ceremony, but a private contract, often kept secret for some time after its consummation. To parade the marriage in our fashion would seem to them as indelicate as the rest of our behaviour. When a girl cannot obtain her parents' consent to her marriage, she often persuades her lover to fly with her into the woods, where they live an idyllic life, known only to some confidant, until the parents come round. According to one girl who confided to Mr. Fielding the result of such an experiment, a honeymoon in the woods is like paradise. And under Burmese conditions one can well believe it. The woods themselves supply the food needed for such a climate, while the confidant brings them further supplies; the days are steeped in sun, the nights in fragrance and moonlight. An English honeymoon couple might well try it

instead of the Riviera. If a married couple disagree they can get a divorce by the application of either to the elders of the village. Such cases are not frequent, for the elders exercise a sage discretion in granting it. If, said one elder, they granted a divorce every time the woman asked for it, they would be doing nothing else all day long. The man was usually slow in demanding such a thing; but the woman ran to clamour for divorce if her husband grumbled at his dinner, or dropped a peevish word when he returned tired from work—anything or nothing was enough to send her divorce-seeking. They told her to come again in two or three days—they had not time to attend to it now; and usually she never returned. "Women," says the sage Burman, "women have no patience." And most marvellous of all, according to Mr. Fielding, the women themselves confess it!

We wish we had space to quote the abundant instructive and fascinating information contained in this charming book. Seldom has a people been studied with such loving intimacy by a foreigner. Let the reader consult the book at first hand, and he will probably, for the rest of his life, be haunted by the desire to spend a year or so as a naturalised Burman in a village of the Burmese jungle.

THE LAST PLANTAGENET.

The Life and Reign of Richard the Third.
By James Gairdner, LL.D. (Cambridge: University Press.)

THE intimate knowledge of English History in the fifteenth century possessed by the editor of the Paston Letters is admittedly equalled by few and probably surpassed by none, and an enlarged and amended edition of his *Life and Reign of Richard the Third*, which was becoming a scarce volume, is to be received with gratitude. About the character of no English king has controversy raged so fiercely as it has round that of the last Plantagenet, and the genius of Shakespeare has contributed in no small degree to stereotype in the popular mind the views of his enemies, and even to trammel and prejudice the investigations of professed historians. "Diu servabit odorem," and the conception of the "bold, bad man of blood and iron," has been so driven home to us by the insistent reiteration of the stage and the school-book, that possibly Mr. Gairdner himself finds it difficult wholly to divest himself of early impressions and to approach the problem with an open mind. Yet King Dickon has not been without his defenders. During the Tudor period, indeed, no one dared to publish anything in his favour, and it was not till upwards of 160 years after his heroic death on Bosworth Field that a writer came forward to take up the cudgels on his behalf. This was Sir George Buck, an antiquary of some consideration, and a descendant of John Buck, a prominent supporter of King Richard. Buck's work came out in 1646, and therefore more than 120 years before the publication

of Horace Walpole's famous *Historic Doubts*. Mr. Gairdner, by the way, on his first page still strangely regards the latter as Richard's earliest apologist, though he alludes to Buck later on. Other writers followed the lead thus given, notably Miss Halsted in 1844, Mr. Legge in 1885, and more recently Sir Clements Markham. It is remarkable that to the very powerful paper contributed by the last-named to the *English Historical Review* in April, 1891, Mr. Gairdner makes no reference; thus the important points raised or established therein remain, so far as this book is concerned, unchallenged. These it is needless to touch upon here, but we may, perhaps, call attention to a few inaccuracies and omissions which occur in matters of detail. It is time that "Sir" William Catesby (p. 119) disappeared from our histories. The inscription on his tomb at Ashby St. Leger, which gives him as "armiger," the Visitations of Northants, the Act of Attainder of 1 Henry VII., and the Plumpton Correspondence (Camden Series, p. 48), all agree in making it clear that he was never knighted, but died an esquire. Similarly, in spite of More, it would be well to discard the loose application of the style "lord" to Richard Grey, who was only of knightly rank. "Rusty armour" on p. 67 is not a happy phrase; and for once in a way, Shakespeare, with his "rotten armour," is more exact, since, as More (or rather Morton) tells us, it was in "old ill-faring brigandiers" that Gloucester and Buckingham arrayed themselves at the Tower on that fateful June 13, and in brigandines the metal did not show, being sewn or riveted inside the material (velvet, leather, canvas, quilted linen, or what not) of which they were made. Mr. Gairdner writes (p. 214) of Richmond's letter to his supporters that "it was something new for a mere claimant of the crown to treat a reigning anointed king as a rebel against himself." Surely he has forgotten that William of Normandy adopted precisely the same attitude towards Harold. Mr. Legge made some use of a contemporary MS., now in the library at Hardwick Hall, written by one William Cornewaleys, and entitled "The Encomium of Richard the Third." We have never had an opportunity of consulting this MS., but as Mr. Gairdner makes no mention of it, we assume that he has examined it, and has differed from Mr. Legge in finding it to be of no value or interest. To the note on the two Sir Thomas Vaughans (p. 134) might have been added a notice of the statement given in J. G. Nichol's *Grants of King Edward the Fifth* (Camden Series, p. xv.), on the authority of Meyrick and Jones, that the one put to death with Rivers and Grey was a natural son of Sir Roger Vaughan, of Tretower, by an illegitimate daughter of Prior "Redhead," of the monastery of Abergavenny. So, also, it might have been well to refer on p. 4 to the alternative date for the birth of Richard, which, according to Rous, was October 21. The bleeding of the body of Henry VI. after death was not necessarily a "popular delusion, untrue in fact." The long-continued frequency with which evidence based on the belief that the corpse of a murdered person could reveal the presence of the murderer by bleeding

was admitted in legal proceedings (being offered, indeed, as late as 1668) would of itself be strong presumptive proof of the possibility of the phenomenon, which may happen readily enough. After death the blood is congealed for a time, but, when decomposition sets in, any movement may cause the then fluid blood to flow from a wound, or from the nose, or from any thin-membraned structure. Thus, like so many superstitions, the above belief is founded on fact, but the fact is wrongly interpreted. With regard to "The Song of the Lady Bessey," both, not one, of the versions were printed by the Percy Society in 1847. Finally, we are curious to know what contemporary authority there is for saying (p. 141) that Buckingham "revealed to Morton his knowledge of the murder [of the princes]."

Among the numerous valuable emendations made in this edition the author has shown conclusively that, after all, Richmond's standard bearer, Sir William Brandon, was slain by Richard in the last *mêlée* at Bosworth, and that the Sir William Brandon who is known to have lived till a few months later was his father. A novel feature is the newly discovered portrait of Perkin Warbeck, which we may agree "bears no striking likeness" to his alleged father, Edward IV. The original dissertation on that pretender has been amplified, and, so far as research has gone, may be regarded as exhaustive.

To sum up, while acknowledging that the conclusions of so learned and conscientious a historian as Mr. Gairdner are to be considered with all respect, we cannot resist the feeling that in freedom from bias and in general grip of the case he has shown himself unequal to more than one writer on this vexed question, and that the latest word on Richard III. has not been said by Mr. Gairdner in 1898, but was said by Sir Clements Markham in 1891.

AIDAN AND ST. CUTHBERT.

The Bishops of Lindisfarne, Hexham, Chester-le-Street, and Durham, A.D. 635-1020. Being an Introduction to the Ecclesiastical History of Northumbria. By George Miles, Vicar of St. Augustine's, Newcastle-on-Tyne. (Wells, Gardner, Darton & Co.)

It is seldom that a reviewer is in dread of creating too favourable an impression of a book, yet that is our position at this moment. We have not for many a day derived as much pleasure from any volume as from this, but the doubt is whether others will do the same. How easy is it to fancy the devourer of novels turning up his nose at a musty record of so-called saints and childish miracles, of long dead priests and controversies as dead as they are—told, too, in dry prose! The cause of our own enjoyment is easily explained. As far back as memory goes, the mind of the writer has been saturated with the romance and the poetry of Lindisfarne; not by reading books but by familiarity with the place. He has felt it when catching trout in the Low—the

old Lindis from which the island took its name—when tramping the Kyo Hills and the manor of Haggston; when rabbit-shooting on Goswick Sands or gathering flowers under the shadow of King Ida's castle. But it was all vague and wild. Lancelot was first loved because he was "a trusty knight of Northomberlonde," and lent Joyeuse Gard (some say it was Bamberough and some say it was Alnwick) to his good friend Tristram of Lyonesse and la Beale Isoud, whose merry horn startled the deer on Milfield Plain and was echoed from Cheviot Hill. And then the island, or all but island:

"For with the flow and ebb its style
Varies from continent to isle;
Dry shod o'er sands twice every day
The pilgrims to the shrine find way;
Twice every day the waves efface
Of staves and sandall'd feet the trace."

One would raise one's head from the occupation of the moment and see the past like a blurred picture from dreamland:

"And mass and matins and vesper song
Within its walls were heard:
When nought they could hear without but
the sea,
Whose voice rang the doom of things to be,
And the plaint of the long lost bird."

Now comes along an author, well-equipped, painstaking, enthusiastic, who, as it were, gives body and substance to these fancies. His facts are no longer dry when used only to feed the imagination. With his aid the religious life of Holy Island emerges from the dim past.

It began after the battle of Hevenfelth, in which the Christian king Oswald succeeded in utterly routing the Welsh Pagan Cadwallon. Oswald had made a vow to St. Columba that if victorious he would try to convert the heathen of Northumbria. In accordance with this the monks of Iona sent Corman, but he not being successful was followed by Aidan, the first Bishop of Lindisfarne. Here is our author's picture of a Celtic monastery, such as Aidan would naturally found:

"It represented a village consisting of wicker-work and clay. The abbot's cell was built on an eminence as a mark of respect. Apart from this were the cells of the brethren, and close by the church with its "side-house" or sacristy, the refectory, the library; then guest chambers, and, outside the enclosure, cow-byre, mill, granary, and outhouses. The ecclesiastical cities were surrounded by ramparts which served for boundary lines, and also for protection against enemies and wild beasts."

Some concrete details of Aidan are given. He preached in a white tunic, over which was thrown a rough mantle and hood of wool of the natural colour, and at first, till he learned the language, the king himself acted as his interpreter. He never rode, but walked much on foot, and the houses of Coldingham, Melrose, Gateshead, and Hartlepool owed their foundation to him. He died on August 31, 651. Of the fifteen successors that he had at Lindisfarne between then and 900, the most illustrious was Cuthbert, a man whose personality lingers in Northumbrian tradition to this day. He was watching sheep by night on the Lammermuir hills, when lo a light

appeared, and he beheld a company of angels bearing a spirit of surpassing radiance—it was Aidan going to his rest. The dreamer, poet, and visionary, who saw this, forsook his humbly calling, and became a monk of Melrose. Not for a period of thirty-four years was he called to Lindisfarne. Finan, Colman, and Tuda had succeeded one another, then follows a hiatus filled in with an account of Wilfrid the Royal Bishop of Northumberland; then comes Eata, and after him Cuthbert. In a slight notice like this it would be unsatisfactory to touch upon, without fully examining, the controversies that, centring in Holy Island, exercised a paramount influence on the future of the English Church. They are ably summarised by Green in his *Short History*, and are given in great detail by Mr. Miles. We are more concerned to seek for some living picture of Cuthbert. Out of the limbo of legend and miracle in which his name is enwrapped it is possible to discern the lineaments of a fine and lovable character. He hated women, and whether, as the irreverent have suggested, it was because he repented him of having yielded to a nature that must have been as passionate as it was strong, or that, as the monks hold, he was disgusted with the whole sex by the immodest advances made to him by a Pictish princess, it is now impossible to say. But the natural explanation of his power over animals—that the ravens listened to his expostulations and the sea-otters licked his feet—is, that like many solitaries, he had an abounding love of wild creatures. And this same kindness of heart is made manifest in Bede's account of his preaching:

"His discourse was so pure and explicit, so serious and so candid, so full of sweetness and grace, when he spoke of the ministry of the law, on the virtue of continence, and on the discipline of justice."

Putting the miraculous and legendary on one side, we picture Cuthbert as a meek and kind old man, very human and frail, more closely acquainted with sin than it suits the monks to admit, yet one that had nobly battled with it. As to his appearance:

"His beard was long and silver grey
Like the rain that falls at break of day;
His locks like wool and his colour wan,
And he scarcely looked like an earthly man."

He is, however, only one of many interesting figures with which this book of Mr. Miles has peopled the past. Not for want of liking but for lack of space do we refrain from touching on the rest.

ANTIDOTAL TO LONDON.

Chronicles and Stories of Old Bingley. By Harry Speight. (Elliot Stock.)

Let a London man come to this book in the right mood and he will read it with deep amusement. Let him not ask what Bingley is to him, or he to Bingley. The place described happens to be Bingley, but it might be any other old self-centred English township, and the charm we are thinking of would be the same. Bingley is the little stone-built

town in Yorkshire which, although it is only twelve miles from Leeds and six from Bradford (two of the most unlovely centres we have ever seen), has the gay courage to call itself "The Throstle Nest of Old England." Among the denizens of the throstle nest is Mr. Harry Speight, that indefatigable Yorkshire antiquarian and untameable gossip, whose books on the Craven Highlands, Airedale, Nidderdale, and Richmondshire come up to London for review with such pleasing regularity. It is impossible not to esteem Mr. Speight. His books are rather ponderous and alarming, and they are not very beautiful within; but they are actual fragments of Yorkshire. They reveal the remote, deep rooted, and indispensable provincial life of which we in London know so little, and that to our loss. They are antidotal to London. The love of London may easily become too exclusive. We ought to renew our consciousness of England; London is not England. Bingley is England.

And here is the book of Bingley. Here is the main street, with its inns and shops, and chill stone houses, and aproned tradesmen. Here are the important roads to Eldwick, and Crossflats, and Keighley, and Cockcroft Fold, and Cullingworth; and portraits of the people who live in these places, and pictures of their houses, and stories of their fathers and grandfathers, and snatches of their local patriotic verse, and the names of the secretaries of their lodges and Temperance Societies, and all kinds of dates and facts which singly mean nothing, but together mean English life.

Not that these insights are granted us on a sudden. No: the pomp of Bingley is preserved. "Primeval Bingley"; "Bingley During the Ice Age"; "The Advent of Man to Bingley"—these first! There were Druids in Bingley before there were Non-conformists. For our part we abandoned the Druids the moment our eye fell on the names of the Rev. Accepted Lister and "Thomas Nicholson, father of the poet."

We are almost sorry that we were not at Bingley on Diamond Jubilee night last year. We should have seen bonfires

"extending from Idle Hill to Ingleborough, and up Wharfedale to the fells of Cracoe and Grassington, a radius of several hundred square miles.

The event is referred to by 'Jim o' th' Cragg Nook' in some capital lines commemorative of Jubilee Day in Bingley, and concluding as follows:

'At night the town was all ablaze with grand illuminations,
And people came from miles around to see our decorations,
I heard one Keighley chap remark, "Well, lads, we all must own,
That Bingley's scored a try this time, and taken Keighley down."

Then here's success to England's Queen, the greatest and the best,
And the same to all her subjects in England's 'Throstle Nest.'

Poor Keighley! But the Londoner, also, will feel a pang. To have been first man in Bingley!

BRIEFER MENTION.

A Concise Guide to the Town and University of Cambridge. By J. W. Clark. (Macmillan & Bowes.)

IF Cambridge were a foreign town it would probably be much better known by English people than it is at present. University men seldom know the place as a whole: they are too busy or too occupied to know much more than their own colleges, and those of some of their school friends, while the crowds which wander through the courts in the long vacation do so, for the most part, unintelligently and with unseeing eyes. To one and the other this little shilling book may be heartily recommended, and by its aid they will discover what a wealth of history lies among the ancient foundations of the fenland University. The subject is conveniently mapped out in four walks, in which are included all the colleges, all the churches, the Guild Hall, the Market Place, the museums, Castle Hill, the Observatory, the river, and every other point of interest in Cambridge. For those who can only pay a hurried visit there is a fifth walk which takes in only those places which it is absolutely necessary to visit—a hurried scamper through the University which should decidedly produce an appetite for the more detailed excursion. In the town of Cambridge there is not much of great interest, as the University has always been the chief reason for its existence. But still, the Castle Hill, which was once a Roman camp, the Round Church, and Great St. Mary's, are worthy of notice. However, the college buildings, of course, chiefly attract visitors, and a useful summary of the chief points in their history is given by Mr. Clark. The buildings of most of the colleges are not very ancient, and many of them have been rebuilt within recent years. Moreover, the material of which they are built deprives them of that air of hoary antiquity so noticeable at Oxford. Peterhouse was founded in 1281, and part of the original Hall, which was built a few years later, is still standing. Trinity Hall also has some ancient buildings, or what is left of them after many alterations, and Pembroke, which dates from 1346, possesses some of the original work of the Countess of Pembroke. In a book of this size the information is, of course, much condensed, but so far as it goes it is excellent. There is a useful map, and the chronological table is of interest. Visitors to Cambridge will be pleased to find that there is so much to see besides the great court of Trinity, King's Chapel, Clare, the Backs, and the brickwork of St. John's.

The Eastern Question in the Eighteenth Century. By Albert Sorel. Translated by F. C. Bramwell. (Methuen & Co.)

For most people the Eastern Question begins with the Russo-Turkish War of 1877, though a good many place it as far back as the Crimean War. But there has always been an Eastern Question, even in the

modern sense, since the Turks first crossed into Europe. The second phase of the question began when the Turks ceased to conquer and began to fall back towards the Bosphorus, and the third and really the modern phase began with the Treaty of Kainardji, in 1774. But the Treaty of Kainardji was inextricably bound up with the "greatest crime of modern times," the partition of Poland, and it is with these two subjects that M. Albert Sorel's masterly work deals, though it incidentally shows how cynical and selfish was the diplomacy of the *Ancien Régime*, and how the partition of Poland cleared the way for the conquests of Revolutionary France. M. Sorel's book opens with the remodelling of the federative system of Europe in 1756, but almost immediately turns to the intrigues which led to the partition of Poland. Russia had two great enterprises in view—the first, the conquest of Poland, which should open the road towards European civilisation; and the second, the conquest of the harbours of the Black Sea, which should open the road to the renewal of the Byzantine Empire under her auspices. With consummate skill M. Albert Sorel traces the steps which led up to the Treaty of Kainardji through the network of intrigue and shifting alliances by which they are overlaid, the one clue being the fact that whatever else may be laid to the charge of Russian policy, it can never be said that it lacks fixity of purpose. Much space is devoted to the Polish question, but though necessary for the proper understanding of the subject in hand, the story of the crime is now chiefly of historical interest. Far more vital is the Treaty of Kustuhuk-Kainardji, the effects of which we still feel, for it was the starting-point of those machinations, broken only by terrible wars, which brought Russia, just a hundred years later, to the gates of Constantinople. The Treaty was a model of skill on the part of Russia, and of imbecility on the side of Turkey, for by it the Czar became the protector of the Christians in the Ottoman Empire, and, later on, claimed the right to interfere in the internal affairs of Turkey whenever the interests of the Christians demand it. The stipulations on which this claim is built are scattered over the various Articles of the Treaty with wonderful cunning, and from 1774 onwards the Ottoman Empire became a sort of Russian province. Russia has not changed; every word of the transactions recorded by M. Sorel is applicable to the negotiations of to-day, for the Czars continually falsify the foolish saying that history is merely an old almanack.

Clear Speaking and Good Reading. By Arthur Burrell, M.A. (Longmans.)

THE dedication of this book is pretty: "To the Unconscious Teachers of the Beautiful in Speech—Little Children." The author's plea for a wider interest in the cultivation of voice and delivery are cogent, and admirably expressed; and his instructional matter is based on long and close experiences of children in the reading class. A really good handbook.

THE ACADEMY SUPPLEMENT.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1898.

THE NEWEST FICTION.

A GUIDE FOR NOVEL READERS.

THE KING'S JACKAL.

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

A short, spirited story—the kind of holiday task a clever novelist produces when he is preparing for a more important book. The scene is laid at Tangier, and the tale is of a king in exile who might be own brother to Daudet's admirable study. American women flit about this King of Messina, whose treachery is exposed by a "briny," fascinating, and triumphant American war correspondent. His name is Gordon. There are four pictures of Perfect Youths by Mr. Gibson. (W. Heinemann. 149 pp. 6s.)

THE TOWN TRAVELLER.

BY GEORGE GISSING.

In this story Mr. Gissing abandons the middle class life of *The Whirlpool* to study a lower suburban grade of society. Mr. Gammon, the town traveller, drives about London in a trap, calling on small tradesmen, and is a young man of much shrewdness and kindness. Polly Sparkes sells programmes at a fashionable theatre, and is a quarrelsome young person. With these twain, and with the affairs of a Mrs. Clover who keeps a china shop in Battersea, all ignorant of the fact that her husband has succeeded to a peerage, the story is mainly concerned. Much of it is highly entertaining. (Methuen & Co. 313 pp. 6s.)

MRS. CARMICHAEL'S GODDESSES.

BY SARAH TYTLER.

This is a story, by a popular domestic novelist, of Dundee and Dundonians. Mrs. Carmichael was the widow of a cabinet maker. Once a suitor dared to suggest that he should replace the late Mr. Carmichael. "Sir!" exclaimed the lady, "do you mean to insult me?" Mrs. Carmichael's goddesses were her daughters, Kirsty and Viol. The story is the story of whom they married. There is much Scotch by the way. (Chatto & Windus. 284 pp. 3s. 6d.)

THE FORTUNES OF THE ROUGONS.

BY EMILE ZOLA.

Mr. E. A. Vizetelly's translation of the first of the famous Rougon-Macquart series. M. Zola began the novel in 1869, and it was published in 1871. Between this and the last of the series, *Dr. Pascal*, eighteen volumes intervened; and since *Dr. Pascal* M. Zola has written *Loudeas*, *Rome*, and *Paris*. Of the whole Rougon-Macquart series there had been sold, says Mr. Vizetelly in his preface, up to Midsummer 1897, 1,421,000 copies of the ordinary paper edition. The translator pleads guilty to having—for the purpose of explaining M. Zola accurately—altered one sentence out of every three. (Chatto & Windus. 347 pp. 6s.)

A CAPTIVE PRINCESS.

BY COL. SAVAGE.

Another breathless romance by the beguiling author of *My Official Wife*. Like that excellent story, this treats also of Russia. This sentence should not too greatly please lovers of Charles Lamb: "The Lady of the Isles gazed inquiringly at old Elia, her butler, whose wrinkled face was as yellow as the buff facings of his faded blue livery." But that is not very characteristic. This is more in the gallant Colonel's manner: "'You will be the last Lord of the Isles. Exile, sorrow, the cells of the Neva, the horrors of Siberia's wilds, or the hangman's noose, will claim you!' The young Count's eyes flamed in anger." (Routledge. 330 pp. 2s. 6d.)

AN HONOURABLE ESTATE.

BY ELLA MACMAHON.

By the author of *A New Note*. The motto of this story runs thus: "Il y a toujours l'un qui baise et l'autre qui tend la joue"; and one gathers from it that Miss Macmahon is not opening up any new ground in fiction. Her new novel deals with the adventures of the Rev. James Vincent among the fair. The scene is laid partly in Florence and partly in Ireland. (Hutchinson. 351 pp. 6s.)

THE MYSTERIOUS SINGER.

BY BERNARD CAPES.

Here we have a shilling story by the author of *The Lake of Wine*. It is a tale of Brighton and of a "Mysterious Minstrel" who sang on the Front. The heroine is Miss Griffin Loofe, "the oldest-fashioned representative of the New Woman." Here is a passage: "She stared at him with dilated pupils, and he at her. 'You have my jewels!' she said wildly. 'Take them! Never let me see you or them again! Go, go, go! or it will be too late,'" and so on. (J. W. Arrowsmith. 179 pp. 1s.)

A SENSATIONAL CASE.

BY FLORENCE WARDEN.

The author of *The House on the Marsh* does not keep her readers waiting. They are promised sensation, and they are at once given it. The story opens at the Liverpool autumn Assizes. The indictment runs: that Linley Dax "did, on the fifth day of September, 188—, wilfully and of malice aforethought, kill and murder one Henry Tucker Landon, by suffocating him with carburetted hydrogen gas, at Keith House, Widdicombe." (Ward, Lock, & Co. 351 pp. 3s. 6d.)

GOLDEN RUIN.

BY NAT GOULD.

A melodramatic romance of riches and villainy, love and virtue. Here is a passage: "When the last box was emptied Edward Bowden stood and looked at the pile with a mad gleam of exultation in his eyes. Stepping forward, and leaning over the table until his face almost touched the lamp, he buried his bare arms deep into the shining mass. How cool it felt, and how the sovereigns disturbed rolled about, and then settled down again, until only specks of white flesh on his arms could be seen peeping out from the gold." (Routledge. 288 pp. 2s. 6d.)

BELEAGURED.

BY HERMAN T. KERNER.

A costume story of the "Uplands of Baden in the Seventeenth Century." Beneath the illustrations we find such "legends" as these: "'I am going with you, Herr Hugo,' quietly rejoined Egon, 'and I am not afraid of the danger.'"—"A few seconds later, the solidly built bridge flew into the air."—"The courier lunged with his full weight at the officer. He passed his guard and thrust him clean through the body." From which it is evident that the story is not devoid of incident. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. 404 pp. 6s.)

TO ARMS!

BY ANDREW BALFOUR.

"Being Some Passages from the Early Life of Allan Oliphant, Chirurgeon." On the third page the narrator's intentions become quite clear. "We have seen what I take to be the last struggle of the House of Stuart, and the land has scarce ceased to wonder or to mourn o'er the march to Derby, the slow retreat, and the last dark days on the moor at Culloden and amongst the Highland passes. . . . It is because the days of 1715 run some danger of being forgotten that I have set me to my task, for my thread of life became, for good or for ill, strangely interwoven with the events of that rash, half-hearted effort of the prince's father to win back his own." (Methuen & Co. 344 pp. 6s.)

THE EXPERIENCES OF A LOCAL

SECRETARY TWENTY YEARS AGO.

BY JOHN CONNOLLY.

This work with the crisp title is likely to interest examinees more than ordinary readers. The "Local" was the Siliminster Local Examination, the history of which is very frivolously set forth in these pages. A poem, entitled "Ann Eliza," has this stanza:

"She chose a man called Barrets,
Whose hair was flaming carrots,
Whose talk was worse than parrots,
Ann Eliza!"

A harmless piece of fooling. (Fisher Unwin. 146 pp. 1s. 6d.)

THAT FASCINATING WIDOW; AND OTHER FRIVOLOUS
AND FANTASTIC STORIES. By S. J. ADAIR FITZ-GERALD.

We dip at random: "Far away in the sunny districts of the South, sheltered by high hills, lies the small country town of Bibble-cum-Babs. . . . What riled the good folk of Bibble-cum-Babs was the fact that Mr. Clipsby Papplewick, who was positively known to have seen better days, and to be in receipt of a tolerably comfortable income, should systematically ignore the church and the parish. . . . He never went to church, and Miss Pash . . ." (Lawrence Greening & Co. 168 pp. 1s.)

REVIEWS.

Wild Eelin. By William Black.
(Sampson Low & Co.)

MR. BLACK is a novelist of the old school. He prefers his memory and invention to any nonsense about human documents and studies from the life. He says to himself: "Why do people like my books?" And he replies: "Because I never disappoint them; because they know what to expect and they get it." Mr. Black's stories are like holidays in the same place every summer, which differ only in weather. You go there again and again, knowing that you will be comfortable and no experiments will be tried upon you.

In *Wild Eelin* we find the old ingredients. *Wild Eelin* herself, or *Wild Eelin* of the eyes like the sea wave, as Mr. Black delights to call her, is to a large extent Madcap Violet again. She is frank and audacious, and daring and courageous, and witty and winsome, and beautiful and Scotch. She assists in the gaffing of a salmon, she boxes the ears of a small bully, and she incites a drover to thrash a big one; she swings high in the family swing, and is suffused with blushes on being discovered; she writes brilliant Jacobite articles for the local paper over the signature of "White Cockade"; she refuses a peer; she is loved by two serious young men, and in the end she dies, just as Mr. Black's heroines and heroes so often do, and leaves the reader disconsolate. Mr. Black has squandered himself on the portrait of this girl. The other personages are the Bean-au-Tighearn, Eelin's mother; Somerled Macdonald, a Canadian railway king and Eelin's suitor; Archie Gilchrist, a machine-made Scotch journalist and genius, Eelin's accepted lover; and Lord Mountmahon, an English peer, upon whom Mr. Black has lavished opprobrious epithets, and whose conduct and conversation he paints in the most lurid colours. There are also fishermen and maidservants, a sub-editor and an elderly enthusiast of the Macdonald clan, certain girl friends of Eelin's, and other accessory characters; and with a piquant incident here and there, and snatches of old Scottish ballads, with a few new ones, and sunsets and scenery and love-making, the story meanders artlessly and engagingly forward.

Here is a passage, the beginning of the description of Eelin's attempt to swim, in the early morning, from the Devil's Kirn to the weir, for a wager:

"Then when Nausicaa and her attendant maidens had gone some little way along the bank, they left the footpath and crossed some beds of shingle towards a clump of rowan trees and alder bushes, that formed a sort of semicircle facing the river; and here, by the aid of hat-pins, they managed to fix up one of the bath-towels to the branches, so that she could retire within to make her preparations. There was not the least need for any such concealment, for not a living creature was anywhere to be seen; but well she knew that if she were to attempt to change her dress out here in the open she would be conscious of a million million eyes staring at her from every quarter of this empty and voiceless universe. So she passed behind the improvised screen; and remained there a minute or two; and came out again wearing the extremely scant attire of a professional swimmer. And now she was, in truth, Nausicaa 'the white-armed,' Nausicaa 'gifted with beauty from the gods'; and perhaps it was carelessness rather than vanity that had caused her to dispense with the customary disfigurement of a bathing cap; but she wore on her feet a pair of scarlet felt slippers, to take her safely over the stones. And still she preserved her undaunted air; it was her companions who had grown apprehensive; for the black water on this dim and ghostly morning had frightened them; and even now, at the last moment, they one and all sought to dissuade her.

'Eelin,' said one of them, with tears in her voice, 'dear old girl, don't try it. The bet is of no consequence! I would rather forfeit twenty times the five shillings. Just look—that Devil's Kirn seems a terrible place!'

'Oh, go away!' said this slim, beautifully made creature, as she took off her red shoes and placed them on the shingle. 'Do you think I am afraid of the kelpie?'

But the next moment she uttered a slight scream—she had put her foot timorously into the water.

'Oh, it's mortal cold!—it's mortal cold!' she said shivering.

And then boldly she splashed right in—making straight across the shallows, until the racing and swaying stream was swirling and surging round her knees. And even further and ever deeper; the darker the water became around her, the whiter she seemed to grow—'Was never salmon yet that shone so fair among the stakes of Dee.'

We have used the term "machine-made" with regard to Archie Gilchrist, but, in sooth, it applies to the whole book. Of the sense of reality, of persuasiveness, there is little. And yet the book will entertain hundreds and thousands of readers and keep them for an hour or two most effectually and agreeably from memory of cares and griefs. What more should we want?

* * *
Willowbrake. By R. Murray Gilchrist.
(Methuen.)

MR. GILCHRIST's stories of a Derbyshire countyside always please us. He has a delicate touch, not only upon the physical features of the quiet landscape, but also upon the quaint survivals of immemorial custom and the old world types of character which linger for who so can find them in the Peakland he loves. *Willowbrake* is conceived upon a larger scale than any of his earlier writings, but its qualities are essentially the same. There is the same wealth of local colour; the people belong to the same province, use the same speech. They are very charming, as Mr. Gilchrist draws them, these people of the past in the present, with the faint fragrance of lavender and southernwood that hangs about their comings and goings. This is the sort of thing Mr. Gilchrist loves:

"The drawing room at Thornhill Manor House is lofty, lighted with two oriels, and hung half-way with Flemish tapestry that depicts scenes from the *Iliad*. Below the coved ceiling runs a frieze in alt-relief, coloured with faint shades of red and green and blue—the subject a deer-hunt. The settees and chairs, whose gilding is dimmed so much that it is only visible by candle-light, are covered with silk embroidery; here Phaeton sprawls in Apollo's chariot, there Orpheus plucks fiercely the strings of a winged lyre. Lucilla Pursglove, who wrought these pictures, died two hundred years ago.

In the window recesses tall lilies, of species rarely seen now, thrust scimitar-like leaves from yellow amphorae, which had been found when the barrows on Thornhill Moor were desecrated. On the frail mahogany tables bowls of dried rue and sweetbriar, and tangerine oranges made hedgehog-like with cloves, diffuse suggestive perfume that rises sleepily to hang in clouds beneath the pargeting of the ceiling.

Mrs. Pursglove, the tall, dignified, brave woman who is *châtelaine* of this manor, is worthy of it, a figure of the sort that Mr. Gilchrist well knows how to paint. And hardly less charming is the younger heroine, Caroline Wootton, from the moment of her first appearance at Thornhill "well-dressing" to her high-spirited action for the honour of her family at the end of the book. The plot is nought: a secret marriage, a claimant, a bribed witness, a page of a register stolen and restored; all a little melodramatic, and not very plausible. But then you do not read Mr. Gilchrist for the plot, but for the atmosphere, and for a certain art he has in the fine delineation of minds and manners.

* * *
Dicky Monteith. By Tom Gallon.
(Hutchinson & Co.)

THIS is one of those novels in which the most fatigued figures and situations in fiction are used with such a touching belief in their freshness, and withal so pleasantly, that one is compelled, as it were, to take pleasure where one feels that pleasure should not be taken.

The whole story may be inferred from the title and the first chapter:

"The sunlight of an early autumn afternoon was shining pleasantly over the river, lighting even the dull barges and dingy, noisy tugs to something of beauty; it shone into the window of a quaint old room, and touched the figure of a man lying on the faded cushions of the broad window-seat. The man held a book in his hand, but it had fallen to the floor unheeded, and the hand hung listlessly down beside him. . . .

The position of the man, lying idly amid all the noise and hurly-burly of business was typical of his life. He thought, as he watched the river, how the world of sweet and pleasant things, with the sunshine upon it, had slipped past him, leaving him behind, forgotten and useless; remembered, with a sudden little hardening of the lips. . . .

Sally, coming in later with a letter, found him seated with his arms spread out on the table, and with his head resting upon them, fast asleep. She went very near to him and looked down at him, and then laid the letter near his hand and went out."

It being granted that Sally is an East End waif whom Dicky Monteith has rescued from a doorstep, can you not at once divine that Dicky is a good-natured fellow on the right side of forty, that he has done something silly in the past, that he will shortly go through very deep water on account of that silliness, and will eventually marry a sympathetic girl, who, having perceived his true worth from the beginning, abandons a younger and more dazzling lover in order to marry him.

As a matter of fact, Dicky Monteith had done two silly things: he had married (and separated from) a Village Belle, and he had lost in speculations a fortune of which half belonged to a step-brother whom he had never seen.

When he met the step-brother, and found that young man accustomed to wealth, and confident in the anticipation of the squandered fortune, Dicky was too soft-hearted to give him the dreadful news, and so embarked on a career of deceit. By dint of highly improbable meetings with long-lost persons, it all comes right in the end, and the sympathetic girl (her name, quite rightly, is Dorothy) duly falls into the arms of Richard. In the interim there have been some very pretty misunderstandings.

The intrigue is mechanical; the characterisation is conventional; the style does not exist. But, nevertheless, one's impression is one of pleasure. Mr. Tom Gallon displays a naturalness, a simplicity, and a pathetic faith in human nature, which are triumphant against the prejudices of the hardened reviewer.

* * * * *

The Philanthropist. By Lucy Maynard.
(Methuen.)

THE life of an orphanage must be, of necessity, dull and gray, and Miss Maynard, perhaps of intention, has not brightened it. Within those narrow walls she has done her work well, but she has not made an attractive book. The *milieu* is cleverly rendered; but the *Philanthropist* the author fails to realise, or to make us realise. The man ought to be bigger or smaller, both in his height and his fall; and we find no adequate reason for his letting Oliver Kenyon fall under suspicion of having killed Robert Frere. It is one of those stories in which the plot requires for its working-out a lamentable want of common sense on the part of the persons concerned. Stephen Scott would be none the worse for confessing that, by accident and in self-defence, he had caused the fall which killed a singularly ill-conditioned boy. And Penrose Frere, if she were worth anything, would not have sent her lover packing on a quite inadequate suspicion. If you can get over your initial distaste for these incomprehensible proceedings, you may enjoy a well-written book. The lovers, united by that hard-worked go-between, illness and imminent death, get married, and live happily ever afterwards as proprietors of a boys' school on the Lake of Geneva. But even there, or in Paradise, school-teaching is not separable from a certain dreariness. The melancholy of the teaching profession lies heavily on this book.

SHAKESPEARE'S YEAR.

SOME time ago (writes Mr. Edmund Gosse in an interesting article in the *North American Review*) Mr. Swinburne prophesied that 1894 would in time to come be known as "Walter Scott's year," because, although much that was curious and interesting appeared during the same months, nothing equalled the splendour which was thrown on the memory of Scott by the circumstance of the accidentally simultaneous publication of the "Journal" and other illuminating material. It is not easy to diagnose the state of literary health while the symptoms are upon us, and, as a matter of fact, no one, so far as I am aware, has noted that we are passing through a complete crisis of Shakespearianism. But it is true; and the

concentrated activity of Shakespeare scholars in 1898 has been so remarkable that I, in my turn, prophesy that this will be known as "Shakespeare's year." This renewed and impassioned study of a poet who seemed almost hopelessly hackneyed, weighed to the ground under the terrible apparatus of the commentators, is a very striking phenomenon. Here we have a writer so over-written and over-expounded (one might have said) that it was impossible to produce a new sensation regarding him, and, behold! a fresh class of students rises who treat his glorious works as if they were reading them for the first time. . . .

Among the manifestations of the new Shakespearians of the last few months—all, it must be remembered, working unconsciously of the labours of the rest—the earliest place in time must be given to Mr. Sidney Lee. This gentleman has for seven years held the highly responsible office of Editor of the *Dictionary of National Biography*, which he took up when the severity of the task proved too much for the health of Mr. Leslie Stephen, who had founded it in 1882. Mr. Sidney Lee is one of the most competent and brilliant of the younger school of English writers, and the rigour of his duties, their constant strain on his attention, and the width of range which they demand, have marvellously edged and tempered his intellect. This Spartan training among facts and dates, when, as I once heard the Master of the Temple very wittily say, the motto of a writer has to be the funereal one, "No flowers—by request," is as beneficial to certain minds as the laxity of journalism is hurtful. Mr. Sidney Lee has certainly thriven upon it like the *herb marjoram*, that must be crushed if it is to grow. His biographies have become more and more admirable, until his *Shakespeare*, which, happily, perhaps, came so late in alphabetical order, is a masterpiece. . . .

If we ask ourselves what it is that Mr. Lee has accomplished in his remarkable biographical monograph, the answer appears to be that he has resumed in a perfectly sober and logical survey the facts about Shakespeare's life as they lie scattered over a thousand diverse sources. While other biographers of the poet have endeavoured by a more or less reckless network of ingenious guesses to form a plausible portrait of him, not daring to trust alone to what is certainly and finally known, Mr. Lee has had the courage to discard conjecture altogether, and to content himself by drawing into focus all the disjointed facts. This had been in measure done before. It was first attempted in 1709 by the poet laureate, Nicholas Rowe; Malone, a century later, searched systematically among the official papers at Stratford; while, above all, the late Mr. Halliwell-Phillips spent a lifetime in collecting what Mr. Lee calls "massive material" for a biography. Far be it from me to seem to speak disrespectfully of that estimable scholar, whose courteous hospitality I once enjoyed with profit in the extraordinary sort of Indian Village in which he stored his literary treasures above Brighton. But the mind of Mr. Halliwell-Phillips had no leaning toward the synthetic; he could not marshal his information. A fact to him was what a primrose was to Peter Bell, and his *Outline of a Life of Shakespeare* is one of the most chaotic books in existence. The results of important research are these, but they lie in chaotic confusion.

It is to Mr. Sydney Lee's praise that, without the use of conjecture—that dangerous critical narcotic—and clinging as close to every spar of fact as Halliwell-Phillips did, he has yet contrived to make out an intelligible story and to minimise the superstitious or fabulous part of the chronicle.

While Mr. Sidney Lee was preparing this clear and exact biography of Shakespeare, which is certainly the most complete which we possess, an eminent foreign critic was composing a work inspired by much the same order of ideas, although carried out along very different lines. Dr. Georg Brandes has hitherto been, perhaps, less known to English-speaking readers than to any similar class on the continent of Europe. Taking France out of the question, Dr. Brandes is certainly at this moment the most eminent foreign critic alive. . . . Dr. Brandes began to write in the manner which he has now made characteristic about thirty years ago. . . . Armed with long practice in seizing upon the spirit of literary artists from the mere sympathetic study of their lives and writings, in modern instances where academic tradition has had no opportunity to lay down hard and fast opinions, Dr. Brandes has at last come to the conquest of the greatest poet of the world, and the one around whom most of what we call "accepted opinion" has crystallised. He has taken

Shakespeare exactly as he has for thirty years been in the habit of taking modern writers like Victor Hugo or Björnson or Heine, and he has grappled with him face to face. He has said to him: "I will not let you go until you reveal to me the secret of your being." It has become the fashion to say that we know next to nothing of that of Shakespeare, and so commentators have thought it needful to weave a web of fabulous conjecture round his name. But to Dr. Brandes, as to Mr. Lee, it has seemed that, by starting in a patient and logical spirit from the mass of existing documents and data, the outline of Shakespeare's career can quite intelligibly be sketched.

Those who read Dr. Brandes' handsome volumes, competently translated under the revision of Mr. William Archer, must recollect that what they have before them was not originally intended for English students. It was published, as all Dr. Brandes' books are, simultaneously in Danish and in German, and it is addressed to readers in the whole north and east of Europe, from Rotterdam to Archangel, and from Trieste to Bergen. If it had been written for English people, it must have dwelt more minutely on the predecessors of Shakespeare. Dr. Brandes is evidently not a specialist about Webster or about Ford. But for foreign readers the great thing is to distinguish Shakespeare from the group, to stand so far away as practically to see nothing definitely but Shakespeare. This is a work which demanded a foreign critic, and where Dr. Brandes has been so happy is in the exact vision he has been able to reproduce of an isolated Shakespeare, lifted, as an English commentator now-a-days scarcely dares to lift him, so high above his contemporaries that they scarcely count. . . .

The charge of forming a judgment independently of the study of contemporary Elizabethan literature cannot, at any rate, be brought against Mr. George Wyndham. The width of reading exemplified by the Introduction to this gentleman's edition of the poems of Shakespeare has astonished all those who have given a longer time than he and a more unbroken attention to the same "lovely argument." . . . The poems of Shakespeare consist in the main, as any one knows, of three works—of "Venus and Adonis," a love story; of "Lucrece," a narrative merged in a long moral tirade; and of the Sonnets. In early days the first two of these vastly exceeded the third in popularity; during Shakespeare's lifetime there appeared seven editions of "Venus and Adonis," five of "Lucrece," and only one of the Sonnets. In the present century this order has been reversed, and while a whole library has been formed around the Sonnets, the two narrative poems have been neglected more than any other portion of their author's repertory. Mr. Wyndham starts on the assumption, which is contrary to accepted opinion, that the only way in which these three works can profitably be studied is in unison. Here, merely as an instance of that simultaneous attraction to the positive view of Shakespeare's character which I have indicated as the note of criticism this year, I may venture to point out that I had myself, in words published a few weeks before Mr. Wyndham's edition, but certainly not seen by him, emphasised the identity of tone between "Venus and Adonis" and the early sonnets, in the pathos of the vain pursuit of adolescent beauty. . . . The position Mr. Wyndham takes up, as one who through a jarring tribe of gesticulating professors leads the neophyte straight to the work of art itself, and bids him contemplate it undisturbed, is one requiring no little courage. Less learning than he himself has proved would scarcely justify it, yet it is completely justified. The publication of this edition of Shakespeare's Poems makes a certain epoch, and clears the ground of a large mass of entirely dead material which has cumbered the ground for sixty years.

With the earliest months of this year, the most illustrious of American editors of Shakespeare, Mr. Horace Howard Furness, sent forth the eleventh volume of his Variorum Edition, that almost superhuman labour on which he has been engaged so long. This volume is entirely devoted to "The Winter's Tale." No new feature or fresh critical departure marks Mr. Furness's latest appearance, and yet we are quite justified in claiming this veteran among those of the younger school who have set their mark on 1898. Mr. Furness, in his solid and patient progress almost overwhelmed sometimes, like Atlas, "by the too-vast orb of his fate," has prepared the way for these realistic and cautious students. Common sense, an incessant balancing of the exact weight of authority, an impatience of flummery and fustian, these have always been the features of his vast compilation, and have given it

that unique value which is admitted all over the world. . . . The "sweet o' the year" of Shakespeare is not bounded even by the notable contributions which I have already mentioned. Less distinctly to my purpose, but not to be overlooked, is the ingenious treatise on the forms of sport known to Shakespeare which Mr. Justice Madden has lately issued; and at the moment that I write there are appearing in the *Saturday Review* a series of articles, by Mr. Frank Harris, on the personal temperament of the poet as revealed in the texture of the plays. Extraordinary is the vitality and richness of the genius out of whose natural stem so many clusters of fresh foliage can still spring within a single year.

MRS. HOWE AND THE "BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC."

MRS. JULIA WARD HOWE'S "Battle Hymn of the Republic" [says the *Critic* of New York] is known wherever the English language is spoken, and it is generally admitted to be the finest battle hymn of modern times.

Those who believe in direct inspiration will understand, after reading her story of its writing, why Mrs. Howe's hymn should be so much finer than any of its predecessors. "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" appeared, as have most of the famous poems of American poets, in the columns of the *Atlantic Monthly*. Here is Mrs. Howe's own story of its writing, which was published afterwards in the same magazine:

"In December, 1861, the first year of the Civil War, I made a journey to Washington in company with Dr. Howe, Governor and Mrs. John A. Andrews, and other friends. As our train sped on through the darkness, we saw in vivid contrast the fires of the pickets set to guard the line of the railroad. The troops lay encamped around their city, their cantonments extending to a considerable distance. At the hotel, officers and their orderlies were conspicuous, and army ambulances were constantly arriving and departing. The gallop of horsemen, the tramp of foot-soldiers, the noise of drum, fife and bugle, were heard continually. The two great powers were holding each other in check, and the very air seemed tense with expectancy. The one absorbing thought in Washington was the army, and the time of visitors like ourselves was mostly employed in visits to the camps and hospitals.

It happened one day that, in company with some friends, among whom was the Rev. James Freeman Clarke, I attended a review of our troops at a distance of several miles from the city. The manoeuvres were interrupted by a sudden attack of the enemy, and, instead of the spectacle promised us, we saw some reinforcements gallop hastily to the aid of a small force of our own, which had been surprised and surrounded. Our return to the city was much impeded by the marching of the troops, who nearly filled the highway. Our progress was therefore very slow, and to beguile the time we began to sing army songs, among which the John Brown song soon came to mind. Some remarked upon the excellence of the tune, and I said that I had often wished to write some words which might be sung to it. We sang, however, the words which were already well known as belonging to it, and our singing seemed to please the soldiers, who surrounded us like a river, and who themselves took up the strain in the intervals, crying to us: 'Good for you!'

I slept as usual that night, but woke before dawn, and soon found myself trying to weave together certain lines which, though not entirely suited to the John Brown music, were yet capable of being sung to it. I lay still in the dark room, line after line shaping itself in my mind, and verse after verse. When I had thought out the last of these, I felt that I must make an effort to place them beyond the danger of being effaced by a morning nap. I sprang out of bed and groped about in the dim twilight to find a bit of paper and the stump of a pen which I remembered to have had the night before. Having found these articles, and having long been accustomed to scribble with scarcely any sight of what I might write in a room made dark for the repose of my infant children, I soon completed my writing, went back to bed, and fell fast asleep. After my return to Boston, I carried the verses to James T. Fields, at that time editor of *The Atlantic Monthly*. The title, 'Battle Hymn of the Republic,' was of his devising. The poem was published soon after in the magazine just named, but did not at first receive any especial mention. I think that it may have been a year later that the lines, in some shape, found their way into a Southern prison in which a number of our soldiers were confined. An army chaplain who had been imprisoned with them came to Washington a short time after his release, and in a speech or lecture of some sort described the singing of the hymn by himself and his companions in that dismal place of confinement. People now began to ask who had written the hymn, and the author's name was easily established by a reference to the magazine."

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NOTES AND NEWS.

WITH the First of September the close time both for partridges and literary papers is at an end. Already the publishing tide is turning, and announcements, which stand for the rumble of the approaching wave, are all around us. In a week or two we shall have the wave itself, ending in the ante-Christmas inundations.

FROM the introduction to the selections from the poetry of Mr. Wilfred Scawen Blunt, which Mr. Henley and Mr. George Wyndham have made, we may take a few sentences. "He comes," writes Mr. Henley of his poet, "in fact, through Owen Meredith, straight from the Byron of *Don Juan*, and to my mind he is far and away the strongest, the most personal, and the most persuasive of the whole descent". . . . "His poetry, in fact, is poetry in the good sense of the word to me. But then, I also am a lover of life, and I also look on verse as the rarest and the finest medium for the expression of life the wit of man has yet devised". . . . "I rejoice to proclaim my belief in his book as one personal, distinguished, packed with experience, alive—alike as diction, as emotion, and as truth—from cover to cover."

ACCORDING to *London*, the circumstance that an extensive estate in the neighbourhood of the Alexandra Palace is about to be put up for auction probably means the demolition of another literary landmark—the house at Muswell Hill where Thomas Moore wrote part, if not all, of *Lalla Rookh*. "It is certain," says our contemporary, "that *Lalla Rookh* was finished there, and Moore was living at the cottage in 1817 when Messrs. Longman paid him the unusual price of £7,000 for the copyright." And today who reads *Lalla Rookh*? The house, for those that wish to see it, may be found

at the foot of the hill, near the Palace, standing in its own ground. "*Lalla Rookh Cottage*" is its name. Perhaps the Irish Literary Society will buy it for a shrine; but we fancy not.

THUS the Boston *Literary World* on the recent sale of Brontë relics in London: "There has been an auction sale of Brontë relics in London—shabby hassocks, water-colour sketches, toilette articles, bureau 'fixings,' and the like—but the worshippers were few and the prices low, and for many things there were not bids at all. It was all over in a little while. . . . The shame and sorrow of it is that such mementoes of such women should be put up for sale at all. If it had been done in the United States what a castigation should we have received from England. On the whole, we judge that delicacy is about evenly distributed."

DR. CHARLES FRASER MACKINTOSH, in his *Account of the Clan Chattan* which has just been published, makes an observation which admirers of Robert Louis Stevenson will be apt, and with good reason, to regard as a challenge. The infamous Macqueen, better known as Lord Braxfield, who figures in *Weir of Hermiston*, belonged to one of the minor branches of the Clan Chattan, the sept of Macqueen, and Dr. Fraser-Mackintosh, in an outburst of Celtic fervour, writes of him as having been "settled for vilification by a deceased hysteric-spasmodic performer, not his first offence, having regard neither to truth nor the feelings of Braxfield's living descendants." Clearly the allusion is to Stevenson. If Dr. Fraser-Mackintosh means to follow up his challenge and to whitewash the notorious Braxfield, he has a big task before him.

MR. ANDREW LANG, writing from Killarney, thus comments on Corydon's literary taste: "In the fortunate circumstances of Corydon, nobody worth mentioning reads any books at all. If one did read—and twenty books!—they would be, or might be:

1. *Esmond*.
2. *The Virginians*.
3. *The High History of the Holy Graal* (Mr. Sebastian Evans's translation).
4. *The Forest Lovers*.
5. *Anthologia Græca*.
6. *Old Mortality*.
7. *Lamb*
8. *Hazlitt*
9. *Leigh Hunt*
10. *R. L. Stevenson*
11. *Confessions of St. Augustine*.
12. *Boswell's Johnson*.
13. *Montaigne*.
14. *The Moor and the Loch* (Colquhoun).
15. *Sense and Sensibility*.
16. *Memories of the Months* (Maxwell).
17. *Chips from a German Workshop*.
18. *The Compleat Angler*.
19. *Gibbon's Decline and Fall*.
20. *Clarendon's Rebellion*.

MR. SWITHIN SAINT SWITHAINE (whose views on holiday reading ought to carry a meteorological value) writes on the same subject:

"In determining what books a person should pack into a portmanteau for a holiday, a good

deal depends on where the holiday is to be spent. An artist always draws colour into his blood, and a book is best read amid the scenes in which its author wrote it. Wordsworth, Coleridge, De Quincey, and Southey will be best appreciated and yield their fullest amount of enjoyment only in the Lake District. Tennyson's earlier poems—and in a lesser degree his later ones too—will be better understood, and give a more raptured delight in Lincolnshire than in Cornwall. Scott has a softer wooing in his voice beyond the border than a Southerner may hear on the Norfolk Broads, and Bobbie Burns breathes most freely and sings with most music in his words, in his native Ayr. Lover, Gerald Griffin, Tom Moore, and Maria Edgeworth will have most to say, and will say it better in the Emerald Isle than anywhere else. Shakespeare will sing his swan song only by Avon water, and Gilbert White will be your cicerone only at Selborne. The place selected for holiday should determine the books for holiday reading. This rule applies all round. The sparrow chirps everywhere, so does Bradshaw. But if you would hear the nightingale sing you must go where she builds her nest."

To Mr. Swithin Saint Swithaine's views we fancy most persons will demur. If it were necessary to go to Stratford-on-Avon before one could extract right joy from Shakespeare's "*Swan Song*" fewer persons would read him than do so as it is. As a matter of fact, there is no visible connexion between Stratford-on-Avon and most of Shakespeare's writings.

IN the September *Longman's Magazine* Prof. Brander Matthews pleads for less looseness of rhyme. Such liberties as were taken by Mrs. Browning are intolerable to him, nor would he permit eye rhymes, such as "love" and "move." On this subject a witty and nameless commentator in the *Daily News* embroiders very agreeably. "River," he says, "has just got to rhyme to 'ever,' or the game cannot be played. . . . We can only get to heaven by being forgiven. This is justified, not only by theology, but by immemorial poetic practice."

PROF. MATTHEWS's critic drops into verse by way of illustration. After nailing to the counter a few of the worst cases of rhyming licence on the part of good poets, he says: "Young poets must not rhyme

'All in a bright September dawn,
I went among the sheaves of corn,
And, thinking of my lady dear,
I carolled like a king-fisher,
Expressing my sincere desire
To win the hand of my Maria.
The finches in my father's orchard
With emulative pains were tortured,
I called on Love, that I might lose him.
Between my lady's neck and bosom.'

The last gem, the writer explains, is plagiarised from Mr. Swinburne, who must either say "bosim" or "lose 'um"; the sentiment and sound are reprehended by the moralist and by the theory of rhymes.

IN the current *Cornhill* will be found a stately and impressive "*Hymn of Nature*," by Mr. Robert Bridges, written for Sir Hubert Parry's music. The poem abounds

in noble phrases. This flight, we think, is particularly beautiful :

"In ways of beauty and peace
Fair desire, companion of man,
Leadeth the children of earth.
As when the storm doth cease,
The loving sun the clouds dispelleth,
And woodland walks are sweet in spring;
The birds they merrily sing
And every flowerbud swelleth.
Or where the heav'ns o'erspan
The lonely downs
When summer is high :
Below their breezy crowns
And grassy steep
Spreadeth the infinite smile of the sunlit sea ;
Whereon the white ships swim,
And steal to havens far
Across the horizon dim,
Or lie becalm'd upon the windless deep,
Like thoughts of beauty and peace,
When the storm doth cease,
And fair desire, companion of man,
Leadeth the children of earth."

The hymn will be performed at the forthcoming Gloucester Festival.

MR. WHITWORTH WALLIS, the Keeper of the Birmingham Museum and Art Gallery, in sending us the new penny Catalogue of the Permanent Collection of Paintings, writes : "You may be interested to see what can be done in the way of a penny catalogue, with notes, which can be sold to the public without loss, more especially after the discussion on the question of cheap catalogues which has recently taken place before the Select Committee of the House of Commons. It seems a pity that the authorities of the South Kensington, Bethnal Green, and other museums, and also the National Gallery, cannot provide a similar catalogue for the benefit of the poorer visitors to those institutions."

THE catalogue itself is a very meritorious compilation. It is square in size, some eight inches by six, is illustrated with views of the galleries, and the biographies of the artists are concise, clear, and informing. Birmingham, it seems, has had more to do with art than we knew. Among other artists, Sir Edward Burne Jones, David Cox, Mr. Walter Langley were natives of the town, and Mrs. Allingham lived there as a girl.

"So far the novelist has had the last word," we wrote on August 13, referring to the late pleasing passage of arms between Archdeacon Sinclair and Mr. Hall Caine. Replying to the Archdeacon's objection that "no such worldly and vulgar-minded archdeacon as Archdeacon Wealthy existed or could exist in London," Mr. Hall Caine said that he had with difficulty prevented a London newspaper from publicly asserting that Archdeacon Wealthy was a portrait of Archdeacon Sinclair himself. The world smiled, and went on its way. But the Archdeacon of London now answers Mr. Hall Caine in the columns of the *Manx Sun*; and to a *Daily Mail* representative he has given eight points in which he differs from Archdeacon Wealthy, concluding as follows : "The general impression of Hall Caine's *The Christian*,

which was a study of contemporary Church life in London, would be that the London clergy were, as a whole, a worldly, inefficient set, and that John Storm, a bright and unique star, shone by contrast with them. On the contrary, most of them are animated by his unworldly and unselfish spirit, only guided perhaps with a little more consistency, steadiness, and discretion."

THERE is a story in the current *Temple Bar* (which now bears Messrs. Macmillan's imprint) that we commend to the delighted notice of the Omar Khayyám Club. It tells of a too literal disciple of the Persian, and incidentally shows that the present half-guinea edition, which has been so much abused of late, is within the means of all who really want it. Here is a passage. The narrator has just bought an india-rubber ring from a "gutter-merchant" in the Strand :

"I scanned him curiously, carefully tucking the new edition of the Rubáiyát I had just purchased under my arm to excuse my hesitation.

'Omar Khayyám, I see, sir!' He smiled and nodded towards the book. 'A sweet singer—aye, a sweet singer,' he added softly, almost reverently.

I was startled. What manner of man was this to sell bootlaces and such trifles in the gutter of a London street?

His clothes were old, but clean and tidy. No two buttons of his coat and vest were alike in pattern, but there were none missing. There were numerous patches in all his outer garments, but no hole, no tatters. His boots, moreover, were polished till my own looked dingy by comparison. I was becoming interested. I raised my hand to my clean-shaven chin and looked at him boldly but curiously. His eyes followed mine; intelligent eyes, with just the suspicion of a merry twinkle in their brown depths. Then my eyes fell till they rested on his shaggy, straggling beard. I saw his hand—a white, refined hand, I had time to notice—go up to his beard and tug at it sharply.

'Beards are an abomination, but shaving is a luxury,' he said.

'Omar Khayyám is a luxury, too, my friend,' I responded.

'Yes, for such as I,' came the reply, with just a tinge of bitterness.

I felt sorry I had spoken so carelessly.

'It swallowed up the profit on a lot of umbrella rings to buy it,' he said, pulling out of his coat pocket another copy of the Rubáiyát.

'A week of short commons, since repaid by a continual feast,' he said, tapping the cover lovingly; and then, with the glitter of the poet enthusiast in his eye, he quoted :

'A book of verses underneath the bough,
A jug of wine, a loaf of bread—and thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness.
Oh! Wilderness were Paradise enow!'

'Laces! key rings! umbrella rings!' He had moved on to fresh customers."

For the rest of this convincing and pathetic rigmorole the reader must consult *Temple Bar*.

MEANWHILE we notice that Mr. Edward Heron Allen's edition of the *Rubáiyát* has gone into its second thousand.

THE American lady, Miss Caroline Le Row, who was responsible for that diverting little work, *English as She is Taught*,

for which Mark Twain wrote a preface, has a literary colleague in Miss Catherine J. Dodd, the lady who contributes "A Study of School Children" to the new *National Review*. Miss Dodd recently put the following question to 105 primary school children between the ages of ten and fourteen : "What is a policeman, a postman, a soldier, a king, a professor, a member of Parliament, a negro, a School Board?" Then the fun began. Ninety-nine per cent. knew what a policeman was; one hundred, a postman and a soldier; ninety-eight, a king; seventy-one an M.P.; sixty-nine, a negro; thirty-nine, a School Board; and thirty-seven, a professor.

HERE are some replies. First, let us take the soldier. In the following account the word "shove" has tremendous emphasis : "A soldier wears a red coat, and some striped trousers. He goes in the army to fight with a sword and spear, he has a gun and a bayonet to shove in the enemy's breast, to kill them and to shoot with the gun at the enemy." The king was thus touched off : "A king rules over a country, he gets the place by being descendant of the last king." "A king is a man who if his father was a king, he would be a king too, if he were the only son." The Member of Parliament was more confusing. These are certain of the replies : "A member of Parliament keeps things straight for the Queen." "A member of Parliament is a gentleman who tries to make laws." "A man what you has to vote for in elections." "A man who makes laws and sees if the Queen consents to them." "A member of Parliament is to sign the notes, to add up bills, and keep some laws." "Some" is good.

BUT the professor was the real crux. The country children avoided the question altogether or associated the professor with tricks at a show. Among the other replies were these : "A professor is someone who writes stories." "A man who makes a book." "A gentleman who publishes something." "A man who has passed a high examination." "A very clever man." "A learned man well-known." "One who can do his work easily." "A man skilled in sense." "A professor is a man who is well off." "A man who lives in a nice house." "A professor is a man who does something good." "A person who professes to do something." "A man who says he can do anything." "A professor teaches all kinds of instruments." "He is one who knows different languages." "A professor is a man or woman who teaches singing." "A man who knows clever tricks."

THE "Temple Classics," which Mr. Gollancz edits for Mr. Dent, have a variousness that is almost bewildering. The two latest volumes in this pretty series consist of John Selden's *Table Talk* and—Longfellow's *Hiawatha*. Whether either is rightly a "classic" is a question for Mr. Gollancz to answer. In the "Temple Dramatists" series, also edited by Mr. Gollancz, Shelley's *Prometheus Unbound* has just appeared, with an introduction by Mr. Lowes Dickinson.

THE BARBER-POET OF AGEN.

THAT small company of eminent Parisians known as the Cadets de Gascogne, who have left Paris to visit their native district in the South of France, and to sing the praises in poem and in discourse of the famous men who have been born there, will have done something more than spent an agreeable holiday when their pilgrimage is over. The spirit in which the warm-hearted southerner regards his *pays*, and the memory of the poets and painters to which it has given birth, is difficult for a northerner to understand until he has visited the Midi; but so soon as he has done so, and learnt something of the men and traditions of that most delightful part of France, he will not be long in appreciating them; and the chances are he will be as ready as the best to worship fervently at the shrine of some southern genius or other, now long since dead. And especially will this be so, I think, in the case of Jacques Jasmin, for "the last of the troubadours" has an especial claim upon the admiration of literary men of the unemotional north, as well as upon the love of those of the full-blooded south.

The barber-poet of Agen was the son of a humped-backed tailor and a lame mother, and he was born on March 6, 1798, in the Rue des Charretiers in that small Gascon town. His real name was Jacques Boé, Jasmin being a sobriquet applied to members of his family for three generations. The joys and sadnesses of his childhood are recorded by him in *Mous Soubenis*—"My Souvenirs"—a work published in 1830, which first revealed his thoughtful and dreamy nature. There the poet tells us under what circumstances he was expelled from school, reveals the poverty of his parents, and relates the story of his early experiences, which are among the most interesting in literary history. After being employed for some months in very humble occupations, he was apprenticed to a barber, who had been one of Bonaparte's soldiers, and in whose employ he found time to read Florian and Ducray-Duminil, and to write his verses in French and in *patois*.

At the age of eighteen Jasmin married and set up in business on his own account. His companion appears to have had the most beneficial influence over him in regard both to his work and to his happiness. Marie Barrère, such was her maiden name, was the poet's ideal of womanhood, and everybody at Agen knew that Magnounet, as he called her familiarly, had had her portrait painted in his *Françonnetto*.

"*Françonnette a deux yeux vifs comme des étoiles; il semble qu'on prendrait les roses à poignée sur ses joues rebondies; ses cheveux sont bruns, recoquillés; sa bouche semble une cerise; ses dents obscurciraient la neige; ses petits pieds sont faits au moule, et sa jambe, fine, légère. . .*"

Was ever a prettier picture of a wife drawn by a poet?

Among the verses in *patois* which Jasmin—following the example of his father—composed for the carnival of his native town was a song called *La Fidelitat Ageneso* (1822), which became popular and made him decide to give up verse-making in French

so as to devote himself exclusively to the native muse. Three years after writing that song he produced his first important work, *Lou Chalibary*, the story of an Agen carnival, which attracted considerable notice among the critics, notably Charles Nodier, who recognised by the qualities of that poem alone that a true poet had been born. His next success was with *Lou Tres de May* (1830). The Agen Literary Academy had opened a competition for a French poem on Henri IV., which was to be read on the occasion of the unveiling of that monarch's statue at Nérac. Jasmin wrote his poem in *patois*, and was crowned in company with the author of the winning poem, the Agen academy thus recognising the rights of the common tongue. It was at that period that the poet wrote his souvenirs already mentioned, that he commenced to travel from town to town reciting his compositions, and that, wishful to remain the popular *coiffeur des jeunes gens*, he collected his first works under the professional denomination of *Las Papillotos*. And so Jasmin proceeded, publishing in 1836 the famous *L'Abuglo de Castel-Cuillé*, the most simple and touching of idyls; *Françonnetto*, (1842), which was the work of seven of the best years of the poet's life; *Maltro l'Innocento*, (1847); *Lou Poueto del Puple à M. Renan*, inspired by reading the *Vie de Jesus*; and *Mous Noubels Soubenis* ("Second Thoughts on Youth"): it may be inferior to the first, but containing many of their sterling literary and human qualities.

But little of the work of Jasmin is known to English readers, and only one poem (*L'Abuglo de Castel-Cuillé*) is known at all well. Thanks to the admirable translation which Longfellow made of the poem, it is almost as well known as "Evangeline." The subject of the "Blind Girl of Castel-Cuillé" may be given in a few words. Baptiste and Margaret love each other, and are engaged to be married. The young girl loses her sight, but retains her love. One morning she hears that her lover is going to be married to Angela. Stiffing her sorrow, she gets herself led to the church where the marriage ceremony is to be performed. Hardly are Baptiste and Angela married than there is a cry from Margaret, who dies with sorrow before she has had time to stab herself with the knife concealed in her bosom. Margaret's lament at the non-reappearance of her lover may be quoted as one of the finest and most touching passages in the poem:

"He has arrived! arrived at last!
Yet Jane has named him not these three days past!

Arrived! yet keeps aloof so far!
And knows that of my night he is the star!
Knows that long months I wait alone,
benighted,
And count the moments since he went away!
Come! keep the promise of that happier day,
That I may keep the faith to thee I plighted!
What joy have I without thee? what delight?
Grief wastes my life, and makes it misery;
Day for the others ever, but for me
For ever night! for ever night!"

Not only Nodier but Sainte-Beuve welcomed Jasmin as a great poet. "L'Abuglo," said the famous critic, "offre, plus que les précédents ouvrages de Jasmin, le caractère

de sensibilité et de pathétique au milieu des grâces conservées d'une muse légère."

The latter years of Jasmin's life were spent in travelling about the Midi reciting his poems in aid of the poor, who, it is said, benefited by his efforts to the amount of more than 1,500,000 francs. He died on October 5, 1864. His last moments were those of a true poet; indeed, I know of hardly any death-scene so touching as that of the "last of the troubadours." He contemplated death as it arrived, and was not afraid. No detail of his daily affairs was too unimportant to be neglected even at that time. In the case of the majority of men, and especially those of advanced age, death comes upon them with stealthy step, unexpected; but with Jasmin it was different: he was fully conscious of his approaching end, and he endeavoured to make it more of a poem than death is usually. The poet had made his will. On the morning of October 5 he assembled his family to say the last farewell. As his son had not been able to reach the death-bed, he said that he would await him, almost as though conscious of a certain power to stay the hand of the grim executioner. Recollecting that he had not signed the money-order sent to him by the State, from which he had been in receipt of a small pension since 1843, he called for pen and ink. "And now," he said to some one, after laying down his pen, "may I go?" The evening of the same day he passed away, within his fingers not a crucifix being placed, but the MS. of *Lou Poète del Puple à M. Renan*, in which the poet had made good his title to fame, and in which the Christian had boldly declared his faith.

FREDERIC LEES.

RUBINSTEIN'S WASTE-PAPER BASKET.

"I AM of opinion," wrote Rubinstein in his best vein of dogmatic finality, "that every one (man or woman) on reaching a certain stage of life after which he has presumably little longer to live ought to feel in duty bound to leave the events and happenings of his life behind him in writing—to give, so to speak, an account of the stewardship of his life to society. The life of everyone, however unimportant his station in life, has something of interest from a psychological, an intellectual, or some other point of view—not to speak of the life of a man in an unimportant responsible position. No romance can offer aught as interesting or instructive as such a legacy." It is characteristic of the man that when it came to applying this *obiter dictum* to his own case he carefully abstained from giving an account of his stewardship. Indeed, by destroying his letters and papers with the greatest thoroughness he took every precaution that no one else should have any encouragement to undertake the task vicariously. He did it designedly. During the latter years of his life he was frequently adjured to write his memoirs. He waved these proposals aside. "After all, the most

interesting things," he was wont to say with a burst of his magnificent wholesome laughter, "are what I could not tell." Rubinstein's biography has, therefore, still to be written. He did, indeed, several years ago, prevail upon himself to give a very bald sketch of his career to a Russian journalist." This has been elaborated into a flimsy second-hand autobiography the dreariness of which translation into English has rendered yet more arid. For all that, Rubinstein's genius has, apart from the bequest of his musical works, left a rich legacy.

For the last three years before his death he was in the habit of jotting down the thoughts and impressions which his keen mind, wandering back over a long and eventful life, crystallised into pithy aphorisms—"brain fleas skipping about the slumbering ideas," as Heine once called them. These scattered notes, rough hewn in their uncompromising candour, of what he really thought, the unvarnished expression of his matured judgment on art and religion, on life and society, give a better picture of the man as he was, of his strange and, in many respects, contradictory nature, than pages of narrative could do.

For Rubinstein was a man, as well as a musician, of genius. Talent must specialise; genius leaves its mark on whatever it touches. If Rubinstein had not been a great musician, he would have been a great writer. The art in which his genius unfolded itself was only a question of choice and of outside influence. Every experience of life left a clear-cut impress on the tablets of his mind. The impression may have been wrong, but it was always original and always distinctive. It was, in short, himself.

These notes Rubinstein used to call, with apologetic modesty, his *Gedankenkorb*—the waste-paper basket of his thoughts. During his lifetime he kept it jealously under lock and key. Shortly before his death he gave the key to his trusted *impresario*, Hermann Wolff, with the injunction that, as he valued peace and quietness, not to publish its contents during his lifetime. In the fulness of time the waste-paper basket has been poured out for all the world to rummage in, and a very curious experience even a casual glance at its contents is. So sacred has Herr Wolff held his master's charge that he has not even ventured to sort or to arrange these notes. They have been published as the master left them—a strange medley of grave and gay, of jewels and tinsel, of naked truths and whimsical fancies.

Rubinstein's character was an amalgam of contradictions. An almost fanatical devotion to truth jostled the sensitive vanity of the artist. The pessimism of the confessed atheist was tempered by the most unstinted admiration for the beauties of Christianity. A democrat by conviction, he was always an aristocrat at heart. No one was prompter to recognise these conflicting elements in his composition than Rubinstein himself. There is a note of mockery in his confession. "To Jews, I am a Christian; to Christians a Jew; to Russians a German; to Germans a Russian; to the classical school I am a modern (*Zukunftler*); to the moderns a reactionist; and so on. Con-

clusion: I am neither fish nor flesh—a pitiful being."

And again, he writes: "I live in constant contradiction to myself—i.e., I think in opposition to what I feel. I am an atheist from a sectarian and religious point of view, but am convinced that it would be a calamity if mankind had no religion, no church, no God. I am a Republican, but am convinced that the only proper form of government for mankind as it is is the rigidly monarchical. I love my neighbours as myself, but am convinced that mankind deserves little more than contempt. And so on. And all this refers not to the uneducated, but to cultured and, indeed, to eminent men. This strain of contradiction in my being embitters my life—for the only logic can be that a man should think as he feels, and feel as he thinks. Am I then really something monstrous?"

The monologue rings with the analytic self-torture of a Faust brought face to face with the problems of reality. Not only in himself but in everything he has seen in life does the perpetual conflict between precept and practice puzzle him. A little stinging epigram in the tail of a note on ecclesiastical architecture is a good illustration of his attitude towards religion, and a characteristic example of his literary style at its best. "The Gothic style of ecclesiastical architecture strikes me as the best because it is the expression of mystic yearning heavenwards (*nach Oben*)—the Byzantine, later Russian, seems to me to be the expression of a gorgeous but rigid and intangible ritualism; the many domes remind me of the mitres on the heads of the priests. The style of the old Greek temple is to me the expression of the mythological, Olympian, sunny, peaceful and beautiful, but not suited to Christian worship, because out of harmony with its suffering, dramatic, tragic element. It therefore strikes me as an anachronism—thus the Madeleine Church in Paris. It always strikes me as curious that the Madeleine Church and the Stock Exchange should be quite similar buildings; it seems to me as if the one were the stock exchange of piety (towards God), and the other the piety of the Stock Exchange (towards the Golden Calf)." For all his strictures on clericalism, for all his doubts, difficulties, and scepticism in matters of religion—and he was an honest doubter—Rubinstein is careful never to say aught that might offend sincere religious convictions. He recognises that religious belief makes for peace and happiness. "How happy it is," he exclaims, "for the unhappy to have a belief in God."

It is, therefore, somewhat strange that, irreligious as he was, or professed to be, the inspirations for the works he himself appraised most highly should be drawn from Holy Writ. His "Christus" was the last great work he lived to finish. He himself was vaguely conscious of the paradox, and tries to explain it, but vaguely and without conviction. "It is a mistake to suppose that an artist (painter, poet, musician, sculptor) must be orthodox in order to treat religious matters correctly and well—it is as if you were to expect an artist

dealing with mythological material to be a pagan. Art is pantheistic; she sees a divinity in every blade of grass, and, therefore, and all the more, the material of art. Her religion is æstheticism; she demands no confession of faith from the artist; he can make his pictures holy." His atheism seems to be another echo of the life-long painful conflict between "thinking and feeling." The doctrine of æstheticism sounds like a makeshift.

Pride of intellect was Rubinstein's stumbling-block. Honest and tolerant as he was, he could never bring himself to become as a little child. "In all branches of knowledge," he complains, "a beginning is predicated, a growth and a ripening of the intellect. Therefore, a child cannot be taught what the grown man is taught, nor, of course, *vice versa*. But this is the case in matters of religion. The child and the man, the scholar and the fool, the philosopher and the idiot, are bracketed together. All of them have the same teaching; from all of them the same practice (*Ausübung*) is demanded." The philosopher could never humble himself to see a brother in the idiot. For he had great riches.

His remarks on England are, as a rule, civil enough, but he cannot deny himself the satisfaction of a peck against our insularity. "The only letter which Englishmen write in capitals (*gross schreiben*) is *I*. This, I think, is the most pointed comment on their national character."

Very rarely does Rubinstein refer to his own work or to his own experiences as a musician. When he does, he always is interesting. "If people send me a poem to set to music, I feel as if they were introducing a girl to me to fall in love with. You chance to read a poem; it excites you; you set it to music. You chance to see a girl; she pleases you; you fall in love with her. But, in either case, of your own impulse, not by mediation."

There is pathos in the reason he gives for his devotion to his work during the last years of his life. "Death comes upon a man so suddenly and so unexpectedly that I always carry the thought about with me: 'The next moment thou wilt be no more.' On this account my, perhaps excessive, hard work. I, too, should like to have left some message to mankind." And again: "The greatest unhappiness for the worker (*Schaffenden*) is to outlive himself—and how often you come across it." The last paragraph on the last page gives the keynote of Rubinstein's career as an artist: "I appeared in public as long as I noticed that I played better to an audience than for myself alone at home. I retired when I found that I played for myself alone at home better than for an audience." He died, as he had lived, a great artist.

O. W.

MR. ZANGWILL'S EARLY HUMOUR.

Mr. ZANGWILL has reissued his early books, *The Bachelors' Club* and *The Old Maids' Club*, in a single volume (Heinemann). Unhappily, the freakish binder has so managed that whenever it is taken up the book opens at a deplorable effort entitled "The Red Tape-Worm." This is not quite fair to Mr. Zangwill; for though it is true he perpetrated the passage in question, it is not accurately typical of his quality throughout. He has pages and pages that are more amusing and in better—nay, in irreproachable—taste. Yet we cannot rid our minds of the horrid pleasantry: there it is, wherever the book is opened, a continual memorial of its author's fatal oppression of vulgarity.

The fact that Mr. Zangwill has permitted the republication of this volume at all is another proof of this oppression. Once, a few years ago, when Mrs. Mona Caird inaugurated a *Daily Telegraph* correspondence on the holy estate of matrimony, and jokes on marriage were funny, these books—this *Bachelors' Club* and this *Old Maids' Club*—were in their way amusing. It was not the best way, but it served; and the pages of Mr. Zangwill's organ, *Ariel*, were the brighter. But to-day? Do we want this *rechauffé* of old cynicisms and smartnesses? Does Mr. Zangwill recognise no progression? Since these books appeared he has written *Children of the Ghetto* and *Dreamers of the Ghetto*; he has, in other words, found his best artistic self. Why then once again draw attention to these facile flippancies? For that *The Celibates' Club* is not merely the publisher's device we gather from Mr. Zangwill's new preface, in which he pronounces a paternal benediction on this union of Bachelors and Old Maids.

Personally, we come to both books for the first time, and we are not exhilarated. Six hundred and seventy pages are too much of anything, particularly of self-conscious humour. Of fun it is not easy to be surfeited; but Mr. Zangwill has no fun. He has extraordinary quickness for whimsical contrast, and too ready a mind for a pun. And no one now writing can put his finger more sharply on an absurdity. But for the making of a good humorous book more things are necessary. We are wearied by the hard glitter of the work, and we are annoyed by the lack of finish, of serious effort.

The author seems to have taken the line of least resistance: if a pun was suggested, the pun was made; if an inversion was suggested, the inversion was made; and so on. In the original preface we read: "If I succeed in making only one reader laugh, I shall have written wholly in vain"; and that is a typical Zangwillism. It is funny at first, afterwards it is not. "He carried his head high, and a Malacca cane"—Mr. Zangwill was not, in those days, above so short a cut to laughter as that. And again: "I shall never forget the wild cry of gratitude with which he fell upon my bosom. His tears moistened my shirt-front, but [cannot you see what is coming?] he assured me it didn't matter." Here,

also from *The Bachelors' Club*, is another example of humour:

"Miss Esmeralda Green—spinster. The popular authoress of *Booneth as a Bumble Bee*, and other unreadable novels. Short, stout spinster, with the languid, aristocratic manner of a Persian cat and the moustache of an English guardsman. An instance of precocious genius. Her distaste for grammar apparent even before she could speak plainly; and when she could, she became an awful liar. Talent from side of father, one of the most inveterate advertisement canvassers that ever drew breath and the long-bow. Never writes except on paper. Her chief work is done at the British Museum, and nothing puts her out so much as the librarian and his mercenaries at closing time. 'Esmey,' as her friends call her, is very fond of pastry, and they attribute her success to puffs. Takes little sleep, and even when sleeping protests against it through her nose."

Does Mr. Zangwill really wish still to be associated with this kind of mirthfulness?

The Old Maids' Club is superior to *The Bachelors' Club*, brighter, cleverer, and sweeter; but there is much in it that, topical when the book was written, is now not to be understood by any one with a poor memory for literary fads and foibles. Satire, for example, at the expense of Miss Menie Muriel Dowie's travels has lost its actuality. Why the author has not revised his text we cannot conceive, unless he dreaded beginning such a task. But the whole production shows lack of right preparation: the two tales composing the volume under its new title are actually printed in different types! Mr. Heinemann is a publisher from whom one would expect better things than this.

BACON APPLIED.

"Some Bookes," says Lord Bacon, "are to be Tasted, others to be Swallowed, and Some Few to be Chewed and Digested," and in the last category his own volume of essays holds a foremost place. I took them with me on my holiday in August, and culled from their wisdom of three hundred years the following references to affairs to-day:

THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR.

"Upon the Breaking and Shivering of a great State and Empire, you may be sure to have Warres. For great Empires, while they stand, doe enervate and destroy the Forces of the Natives, which they have subdued, resting upon their owne Protecting Forces: And then when they faile also, all goes to ruine, and they become a Prey. So was it, in the Decay of the Roman Empire; and likewise in the Empire of Almaigne, after Charles the Great, every Bird taking a Fether; and were not unlike to fall to Spaine, if it should break."

So, too, it were not unlike to fall to China, and Bacon has a word or two to say on that subject:

THE POWERS AND CHINA.

"There can be no generall Rule given (the occasions are so variable,) save one; which ever holdeth; which is, that Princes do keepe due Centinell, that none of their

Neighbours doe overgrow so, (by Encrease of Territory, by Embracing of Trade, by Approaches, or the like) as they become more able to annoy them than they were. And this is, generally, the work of Standing Counsels to foresee, and to hinder it."

And of Britain's policy in especial, he declares: "If a Man watch too long, it is odds he will fall asleepe." "Surely, at this Day," he writes in another place, "with us of Europe, the Vantage of Strength at Sea (which is one of the Principall Dowries of this Kingdome of Great Brittain) is Great: Both because, Most of the Kingdomes of Europe are not meere Inland, but girt with the Sea, most part of their Compasse; And because, the Wealth of both Indies seemes, in great Part, but an Accessary, to the Command of the Seas. . . . But these Things are commonly not observed, but left to take their Chance." A *Chronicle* leader could hardly be more direct.

PRINCE BISMARCK'S DEATH.

"Cum non sis, qui fueris, non esse, cur valis vivere. Nay, retire Men cannot, when they would; neither will they, when it were Reason: But are impatient of Privatnesse, even in Age, and Sicknesse, which require the Shadow: Like old Tounesmen, that will be still sitting at their Street doore; though thereby they offer Age to Scorne." But if Bacon speaks thus of the last years at Friedrichsruh, he is not blind to the evils of a loquacious Emperor. "Surely, Princes had need, in tender Matters, and Ticklish Times, to beware what they say; Especially in these short Speeches, which flie abroad like Darts, and are thought to be shot out of their secret Intentions." I fancy, too, that Bacon must have been thinking of the Social Democrats of Germany, on the morrow of Prince Bismarck's death, when he wrote—"They that deny a God, destroy Mans Nobility: For certainly, Man is of Kinne to the Beasts, by his Body; and if he be not of Kinne to God, by his Spirit, he is a Base and Ignoble Creature. It destroies likewise Magnanimity, and the Raising of Humane Nature."

Bacon has the following harmless comment on such an event as the appointment of a new

VICEROY OF INDIA.

"This is well to be weighed," he reminds us, "that the right Use of Bold persons is, that they never command in Chiefe, but be Seconds, and under the Direction of others. For in Counsell, it is good to see dangers; And in Execution, not to see them except they be very great."

THE ALIENS BILL.

"All States, that are liberall of Naturalization towards Strangers, are fit for Empire."

THE RECOMMENDATIONS OF THE PARLIAMENTARY COMMITTEE ON MONEY-LENDING.

"If it be Objected, that this doth, in a Sort, Authorize Usury, which before was, in some places, but Permissive: the Answer is: that it is Better, to Mitigate Usury by Declaration, than to suffer it to Rage by Connivence."

OTHER SUBJECTS.

I might further quote Lord Bacon's opinion of a distinguished member of the House of Commons, as a man whose "Strength is is Opposition; And when that faileth, he groweth out of place"; or his summary of another hero of debate: "Some thinke to beare, by Speaking a great Word, and being peremptory; And goe on, and take by admittance that, which they cannot make good"; or his sage advice to the modern Zionists: "The People wherewith you Plant, ought to be Gardners, Plough-men, Labourers, Smiths, Carpenters, Coyners, Fisher-men, Fowlers, with some few Apothecaries, Surgeons, Cookes, and Bakers," or a dozen other passages with a living meaning at this hour.

Enough has been quoted to show that all the wisdom of our day is not contained in the columns of the newspapers, and the candidate for political honours might do worse than take a preliminary course of Bacon. L. M.

BOOK REVIEWS REVIEWED.

"IN THE CAGE."

THE *Standard* reviewer promptly puts his readers in possession of the key to Mr. Henry James's latest story:

"It will be a surprise to Mr. Henry James's readers to find that his new story, *In the Cage*, is a study of a young person who spends, 'in framed and wired confinement, the life of a guinea pig or a magpie.' In short, a young lady in a telegraph-office whose function is 'to sit there with two young men—the other telegraphist and the counter clerk—to mind the "sounder," which was always going, to dole out stamps and postal orders, weigh letters, answer stupid questions, give difficult change, and, more than anything else, count words as numberless as the sands of the sea, the words of the telegram thrust, from morning to night, through the gap left in the high lattice.' The post-office, it should be said, is at a grocery shop in Mayfair—we think we could put our finger on it, but that is a detail. The interest centres in the young lady, though not in her personal history, for whatever her imagination with regard to others may be, concerning herself she keeps a cool, clear head, and even when romantic possibilities might well suggest themselves to her, can never be said to swerve from her well-considered, but by no means enthralled, engagement to Mr. Mudge. Her speculations concerning certain messages handed in to her, the romance she weaves around them, her eagerness and sympathy, her desire to follow out and to help the lives of which, in briefest words, she gets some vivid glimpses, are all so admirably imagined, that she becomes interesting to the reader, simply through her mental attitude towards persons with whom the story is little, and that little somewhat hazily, concerned, who nevertheless are yet more interesting than herself."

"It is a part of the truth of the book," says the *Daily Mail's* critic,

"that the atmosphere of it is as close and confined as that of the 'cage' from which it takes its title. To read it is to have the impression that you are peering with strained intentness at some very small object. Often the sentences are involved. Mr. James has not quite the sharpness of style of his fellow

analyst, Mr. Meredith. But the skill of the whole thing is unmistakable and compelling. It is luminous too. Mr. James's rare method surrounds the commonest things—even hams and cheeses—with a glamour of originality. A certain sort of readers will detest this book. But there is another sort that will admire it enthusiastically and draw culture from it."

The *Spectator* coldly says of the story:

"To render justice to this minute and ignoble episode, Mr. James has employed that portentous engine of style which in his recent books has reached the dimensions of a literary monstrosity. Take, for example, the following appalling sentence:

'Mrs. Jordan was ten years the older, but her young friend was struck with the smaller difference this now made: it had counted otherwise at the time when, much more as a friend of her mother's, the bereaved lady, without a penny of provision, and with stop-gaps, like their own, all gone, had, across the sordid landing on which the opposite doors of the pair of scared miseries opened and to which they were bewilderedly bolted, borrowed coals and umbrellas that were repaid in potatoes and postage-stamps.'

We hope that no examination candidate may ever be condemned to analyse the foregoing paragraph. To read it would be sufficient penance for the most indolent of reviewers."

THE *Outlook* reviews Mr. James's story under the title, "The Novel of Innuendo." The writer says:

"Mr. James . . . has invented a wonderful thing—namely, the novel of innuendo. We do not speak of the novel 'pretending to decency in initials and dashes,' the 'Nymney' novel which 'leads you up to the curtain and agitates it, and bids you retire on tiptoe.' Mr. James's innuendo is of a finer kind. It is statement through the impressions of ignorance, impressions that, in accumulating, articulate the naughty fact which they are derived from. 'What Maisie knew' was the obscuration of her child-life; but it lets in a flood of daylight on the reader. He holds the master-key, for he understands sex; the child doesn't. Yet the intellectual phenomena, with the 'asides' and grimaces that denote sex-relations of a certain kind, may be chronicled by a child, and, despite the exiguous character of an information not incompatible with childish innocence, the youngster's document may be perfectly intelligible to his elders. 'What Maisie knew' is nothing, but what Maisie relates exposes, with all the decorum of a sculptured nudity, the flagrant excesses of the flesh. That book is a triumph then, for its reticence is never in the nature of a concession; it is simply a condition imposed on the artist by the medium he has chosen . . . *In the Cage*—Mr. James's latest story—is not only a remarkable example of the novel of innuendo, but contains much that is evasive and, if we may use the word, troublesome."

"DICKY MONTEITH."

MR. TOM GALLON's *Tatterley* led critics to mention his name and Dickens's with only a few breaths between. The *Weekly Sun* praises Mr. Gallon's new book, and informs its readers of the author:

"Mr. Tom Gallon, Londoner by birth, is just over thirty; he brings to his task as a novelist a wide acquaintance with life. Successively city clerk, usher, and secretary to a provincial mayor, he had made the acquaintance of many classes of people before a breakdown in health necessitated a long tramp through the country.

Returning to town after this useful vacation, he set to work with his pen, and is rapidly making fame. In this, his new book, he has hit upon a thoroughly unconventional plot, and has followed up the successes of *Tatterley* and *A Prince of Mischance* with a book that will find many enthusiastic admirers."

The *Graphic* and the *World* critics have risen from the book in different minds:

The *Graphic*.

"We fail to be convinced when we find this Bohemian scotable, by his pen," &c.

The *World*.

"The charity, the unbounded kindness of the man, are so delightfully portrayed that we are sometimes as near to tears as to laughter, and the whimsical story becomes absolutely credible under the persuasive charm of its narration."

The *World* adds: "In Sally we have the best presentment of 'servant-galism' since the immortal Marchioness."

THE AUTUMN SEASON.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

THE Autumn publishing season of 1898 "begins to move and tremble." We print below a number of announcements of considerable literary interest:

MACMILLAN & Co.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN will publish, in October next, a new volume of stories by Mr. Rudyard Kipling.

Mr. Robert Chambers, author of *The Red Republic*, *The King in Yellow*, &c., has completed, and will issue through Messrs. Macmillan & Co., a new novel, entitled *Ashes of Empire*. The story deals with the adventures and love affairs of two American journalists in Paris during the Franco-German War of 1870, and some vivid pictures are drawn of the flight of the Empress, the Commune, and the terrible events which happened inside Paris at the time of the siege.

Three posthumous stories from the well-known pen of Mrs. Oliphant will shortly be published by Messrs. Macmillan in one volume. Two of these give sketches of Scottish town life under different aspects earlier in the present century, while the third—"Dr. Barrère"—turns upon a mysterious murder.

Lord Roberts's *Forty-one Years in India*.—A special cheap edition of this work is in course of preparation, and will be published immediately, in one volume, small octavo, by Messrs. Macmillan & Co. The new edition will contain in readable type the whole of the text and appendices which are comprised in the two-volume edition, and will likewise include all the maps and illustrations.

The Life and Letters of Edward Thring, the Famous Head Master of Uppingham, by Mr. George R. Parkin, is now on the eve of publication by Messrs. Macmillan & Co. The work is practically a history of the new

formation, under Thring, and the complete rebuilding, in every sense of the word, of Uppingham School, apart from comprising a life, diary, and correspondence of a strong personality. It contains also many reminiscences of life at Eton in the "thirties."

Acting upon the success of his *Popular Handbook to the National Gallery*, Mr. E. T. Cook is preparing a similar work upon the Tate Gallery, which will be published in October by Messrs. Macmillan & Co. In an introductory chapter an account will be found of the origin and history of the Gallery, together with some general remarks on the British School of Painting as now illustrated within its walls.

The Life and Letters of Henry Cecil Raikes, 1838-1891, by Henry St. John Raikes, will shortly be published by Messrs. Macmillan & Co. The author of this Memoir states that he has selected from a large mass of material "such events only as appear either to have personal value, or to be of public interest. . . . In the latter portion of the work, dealing with Mr. Raikes's career at the Post Office, I have not hesitated, where in the interests of truth it seemed necessary, to lift the official veil which so often tended to obscure actions, and to create false impressions in the mind of the public." The work will form another link in the interesting history of the General Post Office.

An important addition is about to be made to the "Eversley Series" in the shape of an edition of Shakespeare, with introductions and short notes by Prof. C. H. Herford. The work will be in ten volumes, to be published monthly from November. There will be, besides a general introduction, a short introduction to each play.

Mr. Hugh Thomson will make a new departure this Autumn with the first of a series of Old Fairy Tales, illustrated in colour, and published at a shilling. The opening number will be *Jack the Giant Killer*, which will appear early in October. Besides full-page plates, every page of text will be surrounded by a decorative border illustrating the incidents of the tale. Messrs. Macmillan & Co. will publish.

There has hitherto been published no biography of John Manners, the famous Marquis of Granby; he who, in Horace Walpole's own significant phrase, "sat at the top of the World," and in the company of William Pitt, Earl of Chatham. This omission has now been remedied by Mr. Walter Evelyn Manners in a forthcoming Memoir of his ancestor. This book, which Messrs. Macmillan & Co. will publish, will contain plans of several of the most interesting battle-fields mentioned, as well as portraits of some of the celebrities with whom it deals.

Mr. J. J. Hissey, whose Road Books have of late years become "classics" in the library, is about to publish with Messrs. Macmillan a new volume treating of a driving tour through the Eastern Counties of England and entitled *Over Fen and Wold*, illustrated, in the manner of the former volumes in this popular series of tours, by the author himself.

DUCKWORTH & Co.

Messrs. Duckworth & Co. announce the following works for the Autumn season: *Spinoza's Life and Philosophy*, by Sir F. Pollock; *New Letters of Walter Savage Landor, Private and Public*, edited by Stephen Wheeler; *The Life of Captain Sir R. F. Burton*, by his wife, Isabel Lady Burton, second and cheaper edition edited by W. H. Wilkins; *Tom-Tit-Tot: an Essay on Savage Philosophy in Folk-Tale*, by Edward Clodd; *Jean Jacques Rousseau and the Cosmopolitan Spirit in Literature: a Study of the Literary Relations between France and England in the Eighteenth Century*, by Dr. J. Texte, authorised translation by J. W. Matthews; *Essays on Dante*, by Dr. Karl Witte, selected, translated, and edited, with Introductions, Notes and Appendices, by C. M. Lawrence, B.A., and P. H. Wicksteed, M.A.; *The Thoughts of Joubert*, selected and translated by the Hon. Mrs. Neville Lyttelton, with an introduction by Mrs. Humphry Ward; *Some Verses*, by Helen Hay; *Introduction to the Study of History*, by Ch. V. Langlois, and Ch. Seignobus, authorised translation by G. G. Berry, with a preface by Prof. York-Powell; *The History of Gambling in England*, by J. Ashton; *A Glossary of Botanic Terms*, by B. Daydon Jackson (Secretary Linnæan Society); *A Text-book of Agricultural Botany, Theoretical and Practical*, by Prof. John Percival, M.A., F.L.S.; *State Trials, Political and Social*, selected and edited by H. L. Stephen. "English Public School" Series: *A History of Eton College*, by Lionel Cust; *A History of Winchester College*, by A. F. Leach; *A History of Rugby School*, by W. H. D. Rouse; *Historic Nuns*, by Madame Belloc. "The Saints" Series: *St. Vincent de Paul*, by Prince Emmanuel de Broglie; *St. Clotilda*, by Prof. G. Kurth. *The Tatler*, edited, with Introductions and Notes, by G. A. Aitken, 4 vols.; *Feudal and Modern Japan*, by Arthur May Knapp, 2 vols., with twenty-four photogravures. "Modern Plays" Series: *The Dawn* (Les Aubes), by Emile Verhaeren, translated by Arthur Symons; *Ostrovsky's The Storm*, translated by Constance Garnett; Maurice Maeterlinck's *Interieur*, translated by William Archer, and *La Mort de Tintagiles and Alladine et Palomides*, translated by Alfred Sutro. *Working Women in Factories, Workshops, and Laundries, and How to Help Them*, by Mrs. H. J. Tennant and Miss Mona Wilson. New Novels: *The World and Onora*, by Lilian Street; *The Altar of Life*, by May Bateman; *From Seven Dials*, by Edith Ostlere; *Captain Fracasse*, by Théophile Gautier, translated by E. M. Beam. *Sybil's Garden of Pleasant Beasts*, by Sybil and Katharin Corbet, authors of *Animal Land*; *Browning's Pippa Passes*, with seven photogravures by L. Leslie Brooke; *Fables by Fal*, in prose and verse, with pictures by Sir Philip Burne-Jones; *The Everlasting Animals, and Other Stories*, by Edith Jennings, with coloured drawings by Stuart Bevan.

METHUEN & Co.

On September 9 will be published, as we have already briefly announced, a new volume of Miss Jane Barlow, author of

Irish Idylls. It is entitled *From the East unto the West*, and contains fifteen stories, the scenes of which are laid in various places, ranging from Arabia to Connemara.

Mr. C. F. Keary's new novel, *The Journalist*, is largely concerned with a picture of contemporary English literary society, and with the introduction therein of a foreign element in the person of a man imbued with the doctrines of Nietzsche. The love motive is of a rather unusual character, and the history of the hero on the intellectual side may be described as his evolution from "journalist" to "symbolist."

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.

Messrs. Putnam's Sons will shortly publish, among other books, the following:

Socialism and the Social Movement in the Nineteenth Century. By Werner Sombart, University of Breslau, Germany; translated by Anson P. Atterbury, Pastor of the Park Presbyterian Church, New York, with Introduction by John B. Clark, Professor of Political Economy in Columbia University.

Methods and Principles of Literary Criticism. By Lorenzo Sears, Professor in Brown University, author of *The Occasional Address*, &c. Prof. Sears's new volume, while originally planned for the use of college students, and particularly for those intending to become journalists, forms a handbook for the general reader interested in literary matters. The work is divided equally into five parts: 1. "The General Features of Criticism": its literature, motives, standards, and diversity. 2. "The Common Forms": impressionism, censoriousness, laudatory, and appreciative criticism. 3. "The Critic": qualifications, rights, responsibilities, ambitions. 4. "Higher Literary Criticism": interpretative, comparative, creative, and historical. 5. "Values of Criticism": to itself and to literature, its ethics and outlook.

The Chase of an Heiress. By Christian Reid, author of *The Man of the Family*, &c. This is a romantic story, strong in incident.

WARD, LOCK & Co.

Messrs. Ward, Lock & Co.'s preliminary Autumn List contains the following announcements:

A new (twenty-second) edition of *Haydn's Dictionary of Dates*.

Prophets of the Century. Edited by Arthur Rickett. This is a collection in one volume of critical appreciations by distinguished writers, of the life and works of the poets, novelists, and philosophers who have had a distinct message for the century now drawing to a close.

The Imperial Heritage. By Ernest E. Williams. This is a survey, by the author of *Made in Germany*, of the industrial and commercial colonial resources of Greater Britain, with comment and statistical detail.

Fishing and Fishers. By J. Paul Taylor, First Hon. Sec. Fly Fishers' Club. A series of angling sketches.

In fiction, Messrs. Ward & Lock will shortly publish numerous novels. Among them the following:

Across the World for a Wife. By Guy Boothby.

A Master of Mysteries. By Mrs. L. T. Meade and Robert Eustace.

The Voyage of the Puloway. By Carlton Dawe.

Mysterious Mr. Sabin. By E. Phillips Oppenheim.

Courtship and Chemicals. By Emily Cox.

The Book of the Bush. By George Dunderdale.

C. ARTHUR PEARSON, LTD.

The Autumn list of this publishing house is strong in books of travel, which include the following:

The Land of the Pygmies. By Captain Guy Burrows. Dedicated, by permission, to His Majesty the King of the Belgians. With introduction by H. M. Stanley, M.P.

Spinifex and Sand: a Narrative of Five Years' Pioneering and Exploration in Western Australia. By the Hon. David W. Carnegie. With many illustrations by Ernest Smythe from photographs.

With Peary Near the Pole. By Eivind Astrup. Illustrated with sketches and photographs by the author.

In Joyful Russia. By John A. Logan, Jun. With four full-page coloured plates, and numerous illustrations from photographs.

OTHER ANNOUNCEMENTS.

In the course of this month Mr. Herbert Spencer will issue the first volume of the revised and greatly enlarged edition of his *Principles of Biology*. It is through the press, and publication will take place as soon as the American edition is ready for issue simultaneously. Messrs. Williams & Norgate will, of course, publish.

MR. MACKENZIE BELL's forthcoming volume of poems, to be published by Messrs. Hurst & Blackett, will open with half a dozen pieces descriptive of foreign beauty-spots—"After Sunset off Pauillac," "Evening in the Forest of Meudon," "Near St. Sauveur," and the like. Among other poems of this genre are "A Summer Evening in the Woods," "A Sunrise in Early Summer," &c. The remainder of the book will be largely reflective, and now and then elegiac.

The Autobiography and Letters of Dean Merivale, in one demy 8vo volume, with portrait, have been printed for private circulation by the University Press, Oxford.

MESSRS. DOWNEY & Co. will commence in September the issue of a library edition, in ten volumes, of the novels of the Sisters Brontë. The volumes will be edited by Mr. Temple Scott. The first two volumes of the series will be *Jane Eyre*, which will contain an autogravure reproduction of Mr. J. H. Thompson's portrait of Charlotte Brontë.

A new book, entitled *Under the Rowan Tree*, by Mr. Alan St. Aubyn, will be published immediately by Messrs. Digby, Long & Co.

MR. J. H. SLATER, the editor of *Book Prices Current*, has in the press a volume on *The Romance of Book Collecting*, which is to be published by Mr. Elliot Stock almost immediately.

A RELIGIOUS work will be published this autumn by Messrs. Sands & Co. It is written by the Rev. W. M. Clow, the popular preacher in the Barclay Free Church, Edinburgh, and is entitled *In the Day of the Cross*. It consists "of a course of lectures on the men and women and some of the notable things of the last day in the life of Jesus."

MESSRS. HUTCHINSON & Co. announce for immediate publication a translation by Miss Virginia Taylour, from the French of M. Leudet, a biography of the present German Emperor. The book contains a good deal of hitherto unpublished information concerning the great autocrat from his youth to the present day. There are fifty-seven illustrations.

MR. W. T. STEAD will edit a new series, to be entitled the "Russian Library," which Mr. Grant Richards is to inaugurate early in September by the issue of M. Pobyedonotseff's *Reflections of a Russian Statesman*. The book is a scathing and comprehensive arraignment of Western civilisation by the most famous of Russian Ministers of State. The Procurator of the Holy Synod, the tutor of one Tsar and the potent counsellor of the present Russian Emperor, in this book expresses his deep convictions as to the delusion of democracy, the futility of journalism, the sham of representative government, and the fallacy of the formula—a Free Church in a Free State. Mme. Novikoff has written an introduction to the English translation, which has been made by Mr. R. C. Long.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Week ending Thursday, September 1.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY AND LETTERS OF CHARLES MERIVALE, DEAN OF ELY. Edited by Judith Anne Merivale. Printed for Private Circulation.

BIOGRAPHICAL STORIES. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. Second Edition. Swan Sonnenschein. 1s.

STONEWALL JACKSON, AND THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR. By Lieut.-Col. J. F. R. Henderson. 2 vols. Longmans, Green & Co. £2 2s.

LIFE IN A MODERN MONASTERY. By Joseph McCabe, formerly Very Rev. Father Antony, O.S.F. Grant Richards.

A STUDY OF MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT AND THE RIGHTS OF WOMAN. By Emma Rauschenbusch-Clough, Ph.D. Longmans, Green & Co. 7s. 6d.

THE HISTORY OF THE REFORMATION OF RELIGION WITHIN THE REALM OF SCOTLAND. Written by John Knox. Edited, for Popular Use, by C. J. Guthrie, Q.C. A. & C. Black. 7s. 6d.

POETRY, CRITICISM, BELLES LETTRES.

THE POETRY OF WILFRID BLUNT. Selected and Arranged by W. E. Henley and George Wyndham. Wm. Heinemann.

THE RUBÁIYAT OF OMAR KHAYYÁM. (Second Edition.) By Edward Heron-Allen. H. S. Nichols, Ltd.

THE LAST POEMS OF SUSAN K. PHILLIPS. Grant Richards.

FOREIGN CLASSICS FOR ENGLISH READERS (New Edition): MOLIÈRE. By Mrs. Oliphant and F. Turner. GOETHE. By A. Hayward. Wm. Blackwood & Sons.

SHORT HISTORIES OF THE LITERATURES OF THE WORLD: SPANISH LITERATURE. By James Fitzmaurice-Kelly. Wm. Heinemann. 6s.

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

CAMPING AND TRAMPING IN MALAYA: FIFTEEN YEARS' PIONEERING IN THE NATIVE STATES OF THE MALAY PENINSULA. By Ambrose B. Rathborne. Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 10s. 6d.

IMPERIAL AFRICA: THE RISE, PROGRESS, AND FUTURE OF THE BRITISH POSSESSIONS IN AFRICA. By Major A. F. Mockler-Ferryman, F.R.G.S. Vol. I.: BRITISH WEST AFRICA. The Imperial Press, Ltd.

BOHN'S STANDARD LIBRARY: A PERSONAL NARRATIVE OF A PILGRIMAGE TO AL-MADINAH AND MECCAH. By Captain Sir Richard F. Burton. 2 vols. George Bell & Sons.

THROUGH LONDON BY OMNIBUS. By C. H. Hodder Bros. 6d.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE YOUNG ESTATE MANAGER'S GUIDE. By Richard Henderson. Wm. Blackwood & Sons.

STUDIES ON THE RED BOOK OF THE EXCHEQUER. By J. H. Round, M.A. (Published by the Author.)

BENEDICTINE: SKETCHES OF MARRIED LIFE. By E. H. Lacon Watson. Grant Richards. 3s. 6d.

WAGES BOOK: COMPRISING TABLES FOR CALCULATING WAGES FROM 4s. TO £60. Ward, Lock & Co. 1d.

A RECORD OF ART IN 1898. Offices of *The Studio*.

CLEAR SPEAKING AND GOOD READING. By Arthur Burrell, M.A. Longmans, Green & Co. 2s. 6d.

WIGAN: AN HISTORICAL SKETCH, WITH A NOTE ON ITS FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY. By Henry Tennyson Folkard.

EDUCATIONAL.

GEOLOGY FOR BEGINNERS. By W. W. Watts. Macmillan & Co. 2s. 6d.

THE ELEMENTS OF PHYSICAL EDUCATION: A TEACHER'S MANUAL. By David Lennox, M.D., and Alexander Sturrock. Wm. Blackwood & Sons.

LIMEN LATINUM. Part I. By Edward Vernon Arnold, Litt.D. 1s. 4d.

PITMAN'S COMMERCIAL GEOGRAPHY. Part I. Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons. 2d.

GREAT EDUCATORS: ROUSSEAU AND EDUCATION ACCORDING TO NATURE. By Thomas Davidson. Wm. Heinemann. 5s.

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REVIEWS.

OF RALEIGH'S BREED.

The Poetry of Wilfrid Blunt. Selected and Arranged by W. E. Henley and George Wyndham. (Heinemann.)

WHEN Mr. Henley sat down to preface the excellently chosen and representative selection which Mr. George Wyndham and himself have made from the poems of Mr. Wilfrid Blunt, he had congenial work on hand. "Let us leave a saint to write the life of a saint," said Aquinas, quitting the cell where St. Bonaventure was at work on the biography of the great Assisian. "Let us leave a poet-fighter to praise the work of a poet-fighter," Mr. Wyndham might have said when he resigned to his colleague the task of penning this preface. Dissimilar enough in all other poetic qualities, Mr. Henley and Mr. Blunt are one in abounding virility, in love of the objective things of life. One wholly a writer, the other a man of the most various pursuits and energies, they are alike in this, that they have both been stout and stark fighters of the grim battle of life. Yes, Mr. Henley was the right man to appreciate the poetry of Mr. Wilfrid Blunt. Yet, in his uncompromising championship of his author, Mr. Henley has approved himself a "swallow of formulas" more doughty than any of Carlyle's heroes. The hardest of all formulas for a man to swallow are his own. Who knows not that Mr. Henley worships the formula of "Art for art's sake"? How long has he not taught us that the substance is nothing, the form everything; that the sublimest teaching, if the utterance be peccable, is not worth one impeccable stanza or so to a dancer's eyelash? We have heard, and bowed; for "all these things are so"—however we may quarrel with the principle which he would educe from them. But now it seems that the substance ceases to be unimportant, and acquires something like self-justification, when it is the substance which Mr. Henley loves—the expression of life in its activities, its external energies. Either he must slacken the bit of his dogma or bear hard on Mr. Wilfrid Blunt. Thus put to it, Mr. Henley makes

a wry face, and with an audible gulp very frankly swallows his formula. We have never held the formula, therefore need not swallow it. But the importance of form we do hold, and in due place shall show how far it causes us to differ from Mr. Henley in our estimate of Mr. Blunt.

Mr. Wilfrid Blunt would possess a singular interest for one reason alone, were there no other, in that he represents a class once among the conspicuous glories of England, but now grown so regrettably rare as well-nigh to be extinct—the class of men of action who are also men of letters. Once the energies of the race so abounded and superabounded that statesmen, warriors, restless searchers for adventure on every land and sea, could spend the mere overflow of their redundant fire in poetry or prose, and the things thus casually done availed to a separate immortality, a twofold name. The great Elizabethan age rings with the names of such. Raleigh is perhaps their chiefest type; but Sidney disputes with him the palm, greater in literature though less great in act; and on their heels come Oxford and a band of gallant courtier singers—later, Montrose, Lovelace and the "Cavalier poets." A yet later day had Shaftesbury, Bolingbroke, Halifax, and others. In our own day we have had Beaconsfield; but the breed seems now effete. It is no longer the fashion for a young gallant to be a well-graced man of letters: it is much if he can hold his own in public life. The energies of our higher classes seem extinct; we have come to the day of "young barbarians," and the middle-class runs either to an unlettered plutocracy or to professional journalism. We can no longer live the dual life. A few there are, like Mr. George Wyndham himself, Mr. Curzon, or Mr. Wilfrid Blunt.

Mr. Blunt has been an English squire, a politician, and a traveller in many lands; he has seen the inside of diplomacy and Parliament; he has bred Arab horses, lived with Arabs, and set up his tents as an Arab and nomad himself; he has fought for unpopular causes, and braved the wrath of his countrymen as a champion of Home Rule and Arabi Pasha, the cause of Ireland and the cause of Egypt. Thereto he has also written poetry, full of the fire and energy which he has displayed in his life. When such a man writes poetry, it is easy to be understood that it will breathe those qualities of actuality and brave masculinity which Mr. Henley loves, and which should be loved by the many, were poetry any longer read by the many. Emphatically, whatever shortcomings his verse may possess, it breathes. Its material has been wrought for, suffered for, lived for; it has pulse and blood. The best of his work is that which first made him known, the *Love-Sonnets of Proteus*. They are personal and quick with passion. The sonnet with its necessitous condensation suits him. When he writes free from bonds he tends to diffuseness, to an over-lavish outpour of himself. But within this curb he moves masterfully, and proves what the greatest poets have proved before him—that the sonnet, far from being the languidly elegant trifling it becomes in ordinary hands, is an altogether strong and masculine form,

the very medium for pregnant force. The skill with which he handles it is the more striking because he does not use the pure form. His favourite form is a kind of compromise between the Shakespearian and Petrarchan model, sure of failure in other hands. Yet he contrives to attain more of the dignified Shakespearian ring than any writer we know. He is, further, fond of an occasional redundant sonnet, reaching to sixteen or eighteen lines. We refuse, indeed, to call it a sonnet; but in his hands it is, at any rate, skilful and musically moulded verse. Take this as a specimen of his impassioned vein:

"I love not thy perfections. When I hear
Thy beauty blazoned, and the common
tongue
Cheapening with vulgar praise a lip, an ear,
A cheek that I have prayed to—when among
The loud world's gods my god is noised and
sung.
Her wit applauded, even her taste, her dress,
Her each dear hidden marvel lightly flung
At the world's feet and stripped to naked-
ness—
Then I despise thy beauty utterly,
Crying, 'Be these your gods, O Israel!'
And I remember that on such a day
I found thee with eyes bleared and cheeks all
pale,
And lips that trembled to a voiceless cry,
And that thy bosom in my bosom lay."

That is fine. And the same quality of condensation which gives power and dignity to its passion appears in the forcibleness of his descriptive sonnets—though he is little given to mere description. The desert has never been described as in the following lines. Each image has the white-hot distinctness of the glaring desert's own detail:

"How the earth burns! Each pebble under-
foot
Is as a living thing with power to wound.
The white sand quivers, and the footfall mute
Of the slow camel strikes but gives no sound.
As though they walked on flame, not solid
ground.
'Tis noon, and the beasts' shadows even have
fled
Back to their feet, and there is fire around
And fire beneath, and overhead the sun."

Lastly, to complete the range of his power in this, his most successful form of verse, take the following sonnet, "To the Bedouin Arabs":

"Children of Shem! Firstborn of Noah's race,
But still for ever children; at the door
Of Eden found, unconscious of disgrace,
And loitering on while all are gone before;
Too proud to dig; too careless to be poor;
Taking the gifts of God in thanklessness,
Not rendering aught, nor supplicating more,
Nor arguing with Him when He hides His
face:
Yours is the rain and sunshine, and the way
Of an old wisdom by our world forgot.
The courage of a day which knew not death.
Well may we sons of Japhet in dismay
Pause in our vain mad fight for life and
breath,
Beholding you. I bow and reason not."

That is monumental; in its gravely carven kind as fine a sonnet as we know.

Of Mr. Blunt's power outside the sonnet there is a beautiful specimen in the lines called "On the Way to Church." Here he has curbed his tendency to overflow when

not confined by set limits, and the poem has a tender restraint entirely fitting the theme. We will quote the opening portion describing the woman :

"There is one I know. I see her sometimes
pass
In the morning streets upon her way to
mass,
A calm, sweet woman with unearthly eyes.
Men turn to look at her, but never stop ;
Reading in those blue eyes the death of hope,
And a wise chastisement for thoughts un-
wise.

Pure is her brow as of a marble Saint,
Her brown hair pencils it with ripples faint,
There is no shadow on it and no light.
Her cheeks are pale like lilies in eclipse,
Hardly a little redness on her lips
Paints the sad smile where all the rest is
white.

Tall is she and bent forward like a reed
Which the wind toys with as she walks with
speed :
Girl-like her limbs and virginal her waist.
Of the world's wonders there is none so sweet
As this, the summer lightning of her feet
Speeding her onward like a fawn in haste."

Could you have a more lovely image than that in the penultimate line? The close of the poem, which we have not quoted, is on a poignant note.

As regards the lyric in its lighter and more *cantabile* forms, Mr. Blunt is not so often successful; though there is a lovely specimen at the close of the blank verse poem called "A Rhapsody"—lovely, in spite of its echo of a certain lyric in *Endymion*. But when we come to Mr. Blunt's narrative poems, such as "Esther" or "Griselda," we cannot follow Mr. Henley's admiration. Here Mr. Blunt's deficiency in artistic form seems to us accentuated; and we must also say that here we miss the breath of poetry. The title given to "Griselda," a novel in verse, might have been given also to "Esther" as regards its form. And we do not admire the novel in verse. "Esther" is well told, and has plenty of actuality; it is undoubtedly sincere. But to our mind it would have been as well, nay better, in prose. It misses the compressed passion of the sonnets; it is not song. The lyric "In the Night" is song, and strikes again the powerful note of the sonnets. On the whole, it is to the sonnets, and to an occasional lyric such as those mentioned, that we return for our estimate of Mr. Blunt's powers. He is a true poet, a very personal poet, but an unequal poet. He lacks art, as Mr. Henley regretfully admits. He comes right through sheer impulse, or not at all. But passion does often bring him right; and then, we think, Mr. Henley has no need to complain of defective form. Some of his work, particularly of the sonnets, ought to find an assured place in future anthologies. But as to how far his work will last in bulk, as Mr. Henley hopes, beside the sonnets of Sidney and Shakespeare, we do not feel like confidence. Art tells, in poetry of this kind, in spite of all actuality. And Mr. Henley lays his finger on the weak spot when he describes Mr. Blunt as descended from Byron through Owen Meredith. There is a certain morbidity, peculiar to that modern school, which

it may need very consummate art to carry down the stream of time. The love is not a healthy love, it is too pessimistic; Romeo wails from the beginning his foreknowledge of Juliet's falsity. The evils and ruin of the false Eros are charged upon the head of the true. No such mistake does Shakespeare make: he is lured by the false light, but quite clearly distinguishes it from the fair light, and blames not Love, but his own weakness in error. And then—Shakespeare had the consummate art.

THE MODERN MONK.

Life in a Modern Monastery. By Joseph McCabe, formerly Very Rev. Father Antony, O.S.F. (Grant Richards.)

AMONG apostates—the word is colourless—the apostate from the Roman Catholic religion is of a distinct species. And the apostate priest, more particularly, let him do what he may, bears still legible the brand of his unction, or, in the phraseology of theological science, the "character" of his order. To the mind of those whom he has left he is still endowed with the sacerdotal authority over the natural body of Christ (in the sacrament of the altar), over His mystical body in the tribunal of penance. To the rest he is still that little understood monster, a Catholic priest, having behind him, whatever his present manner of life, that unique training and those relations of unparalleled intimacy with another's soul which the customary duties of his office have implied.

Further, this species comprises two varieties. One—perhaps the more numerous—has been driven into rebellion against its vows by an overpowering human passion. The other consists of intellectual rebels. Whatever in a particular case may be the origin of the apostasy, one feature the majority of apostate priests have in common: they can never be quiet about it. By lectures, by preachments, in articles or pamphlets, they must for ever be apologising—excusing and accusing; as though the terrors of the lake of fire could be warded off, the remorse of an agonised conscience lulled, only by a perpetual array of reasons.

Our author belongs, so we gather, to the second and—as it is generally esteemed—more reputable variety. He is a person for whom the dogmas of the Catholic Church, from the final expression of revealed truth, have become degraded into outworn formulæ of a superstition; and to the world at large, which probably was hardly aware of the existence of the Very Reverend Father Antony, O.S.F., he has now for some two years busied himself in revealing the refined personality of Mr. Joseph McCabe. For though the present work is not directly apologetic, though it purports to be an even-handed description of monastic life in the nineteenth century, and more particularly in this country, yet one cannot but feel throughout that here is "Admodum Reverendus Antonius" feverishly bent on justifying himself once more to an enlightened and impartial jury against the day of the Great

Assize. And the picture he draws—photographic as is the manner of the workman-ship—is distorted by a subconscious bitterness that imparts to its most innocent details a certain sinister significance. In short, there is more than a trace of what theologians diagnose as *odium diabolicum*—a malevolent satisfaction in the shortcomings of aspirants after religious perfection.

Mr. McCabe's experience has been confined principally to the monastic families which wear the habit of St. Francis. And he treats very fully of their manner of life, their intercourse with the world, and the devices by which they are accustomed to further their corporate interests. He tells us how the modern monastery gets itself built—by means of subscriptions, alms, loans, and legacies. Here we light on an instance of the author's merciless mood. A testament avails nothing so long as the testator liveth. Therefore, when an elderly asthmatic lady had promised the friars at Forest Gate the reversion of her little fortune—

"it was painful [to Mr. McCabe's delicacy] to see our good Superior enter the refectory on a foggy morning in winter with a look of ill-concealed interest, and at length exclaim, as he glanced at the outside world: 'I wonder how this agrees with Miss S—.'"

A monastery is easily built, it would seem. Every community has certain expert mendicants whose life and energy is devoted to squeezing the pockets of the faithful; and for the first outlay money can be raised on a mortgage without the least difficulty, the order having among business men the reputation of a sound going concern. It is the living stones which are nowadays found with greater difficulty.

"In earlier ages the monastery did not seek its inmates . . . those who felt a desire for the life came to the doors of the monastery with humble supplication for admission. . . .

The aspirants to a monastic life in the earlier ages were always men of deliberative age—usually, indeed, men who were quite familiar with the world they wished to retire from."

The fact that it is still possible to fill the cells with aspirants of fifteen to sixteen years he attributes to the relaxation of discipline which by degrees has been introduced:

"In a word, it may be said that that life . . . has entirely changed its character, and lost some of its most repellant features; and, on the other hand, such boys are usually quite ignorant of the 'world' and the 'flesh,' and experience little difficulty in renouncing them. They are usually about thirteen when they first enter the shadow of the cloister—the preparatory college, which is of a strictly monastic character. From that day they are guarded as carefully as possible from contact with, and knowledge of, the world. . . . At fifteen they enter the monastery proper; at sixteen they take the vows."

This capturing of subjects young, Mr. McCabe gives us to understand, produces a half-hearted, weak-backed monk, shrinking from hardship, timid of books, greedy of small pleasures—particularly those of the table—slovenly in his person, indolent, deceitful. That such training does not tend to the creation of a sensitiveness to the point of honour is shown not so much by the substance of the following simple tale as by the

fact that ever it has come to be written of men, whom the narrator called brethren, for the disedification of an incredulous world. After describing a day of perfect monastic order of silence, devotion, and diligence, during a visit of Mr. St. George Mivart, he proceeds:

"The truth is, of course, that we were 'sitting for our portrait,' which we expected to appear in the *Nineteenth Century* or the *New Review* for the edification of the modern world. We juniors, especially, were strictly admonished to maintain a perfect discipline, at least for twenty-four hours. There was to be no idle dallying in bed after the signal to rise, no hurry or irregularity in the chanting, no talking, and no tricks outside the hour of recreation."

That monks, like other people, should be upon their best behaviour in the presence of a critical stranger is not wholly inexcusable; but that one of their number should be found years afterwards to give away so venomously the harmless little conspiracy does suggest that in one matter of social ethics the monastic system must be content to receive points from any of our heathen public schools.

The work of the brethren, besides the observance of the Rule, the recitation of the office, and the offering of mass, includes the giving of retreats and missions. These labours—and the labour of giving a mission, including the hearing of hundreds of confessions, is so great that, of the two or three priests engaged, it is not unusual for one to break down before the end—bring in certain revenues to the community, which Mr. McCabe resents, as, in his critical frame of mind, he seems to resent most things that have to do with his quondam brethren. However, some of the priests who have a gift in this matter are allowed to be very industrious:

"I have met friars abroad whose every moment was scrupulously employed in useful religious work. On the other hand, there are friars who do literally nothing for days together—and one cannot say that it is a very *dolce far niente*: they either look miserable or they have simply an animal air of dull contentment. For instance, I knew a lay brother, a little rotund Fleming, who had the gift in a phenomenal degree. During the winter he would sit at a table near the stove, with his hands in his sleeves, for several consecutive hours every day, looking nowhere, doing nothing, saying nothing, and clearly not even thinking—literally hibernating, with intervals of animation at meal-times."

Mr. McCabe, a very serious person, finds it impossible to enter into the spirit of child-like gaiety which is the particular privilege of the pure in heart. He sternly tells little tales of breaches of discipline: how, for instance—

"a certain friar with an interesting collection of maladies and a splendid set of teeth always had his bread (he took no vegetables) toasted to the utmost extremity of hardness. His meal was generally prolonged into the later and more silent part of dinner, and the loud and laborious crunching was a pleasant source of distraction in the absence of anything really diverting. On one occasion, indeed, some of the students stole a little of his toast in advance, and, in the last five minutes of deep silence, when the reading had ceased, and the only sound to be heard was our professor's

laboured mastication, there suddenly arose a sympathetic crunching from various points of the refectory, and a loud laugh relieved the tension of the community."

One practical joke he relates more genially, because the youngster who played the prank "became one of London's most popular humorists." This brilliant creature, being called on one day to suffer the penalty known as "prayers of the cross," which consists in some kind of prostration in the refectory before the assembled brethren, conceived the happy notion of chalking the soles of his sandals with caricatures,

"so that when he knelt for the punishment the decorated surfaces were exposed to the view of all the religious in the lower half of the dining-hall. The ensuing merriment, whose cause was entirely hidden from the superiors in front, surveying only the grave and penitential visage of the novice, entirely took the sting out of the humiliation."

Immense emphasis is laid by this Queen's-evidence witness upon their gluttony and their winebibbing. At Christmas or Easter, he assures us, after the moderate fast of Advent or Lent, they were "occupied for several days in disposing of the vast influx of comestibles (and concomitant potations)." To anyone who by choice or necessity has abstained for a considerable time from fulness of meat, the innocent pleasure of a satisfactory series of meals will hardly reach the degree of very culpable *gula*. It is worthy of note that this competent, hostile, and tolerably honest witness finds no occasion even to hint at the particular frailty from which men of the world find the greatest difficulty in believing professed ascetics to be free. Even the Rabelaisian conversation with which in their lighter moods he piously regrets that they indulge themselves, never overpass a certain line (so he freely bears witness): it may be coarse, but it is never immoral.

Upon the whole, we are left with our impression of modern monachism substantially unchanged. That, like all ancient institutions, the older communities have suffered from a parasitic growth from which the head gardener finds it no easy task to disencumber them, we had supposed; that the individual stones were of unequal polish and solidity we might guess from the analogy of other societies; that the general level of morality and discipline surpassed that of the outside world we had a right to hope, and by this book we are confirmed in believing. As to the author himself, we are prepared to accept him as an honest and capable person, and we wish him a more distinguished career than this upon which he is at present embarked.

STATESMEN AS CRIMINALS.

Political Crime. The "Criminology" Series. Translated from the French of M. Louis Proal. (Fisher Unwin.)

It is quite conceivable that a very interesting book might be written on this subject. Why is it that a statesman who possesses

most of the private virtues can at the same time be a monster of cruelty and duplicity as soon as he enters the council chamber? How can a man who is scrupulous in his dealings as an individual become utterly unscrupulous when he regards himself as the spokesman of a people? How is it that a Sulla can amuse himself by playing with shells upon the seashore and a Nero turn with relief from the burning of Christians to the pursuit of the fine arts? To answer these questions would involve a dive into psychology; but M. Louis Proal, whose *Political Crime* has been turned into English by an anonymous but fairly competent translator, has missed his chance. M. Proal is a French judge, and has tried Anarchists, and so should know something of crime in a general way. The "Criminology" series, too, in which the book appears, has given us some useful information about the female offender and the juvenile offender. Moreover, M. Proal promises well in his preface, stating that his object has been to prove by facts that a loyal and honest policy is the only great policy; that politics, where they part company with morality, are demeaned to begin with, and degenerate as well into a matter of adventures and shifts; and finally, as Tacitus has said, that "there are no better instruments of good government than good men."

M. Proal proves nothing of the kind. Nowhere in his tedious book do we find a vestige of proof that right is might. We have, on the other hand, a wearisome catalogue of cases in which kings and statesmen have been blackguards and nations have treated each other with injustice and savagery, which only proves that human nature, whether concerned with politics or with any other branch of conduct, is occasionally cruel and unjust. Reflections, too, are interspersed, the originality of which may be guessed from the specimens which we take at random from the openings of various paragraphs:

"Persecutors always prate of humanity and fraternity when they are sending their victims to the scaffold."

"The violent affirm that order reigns when they have silenced their victims."

"Sovereigns are sometimes sickened by the flatteries of which they are the object."

"Men are so constituted that they often experience a feeling of jealousy and aversion for those who are overwhelmingly their superiors."

"Thousands of families have been ruined by the gigantic swindles of financiers and politicians."

Nor is this pompous dulness redeemed by the presence of a logical argument which would lead us through tedious ways to a luminous conclusion. M. Proal wanders fatuously round the fallacy that it is the statesman (and not the defective human nature which he shares) that is at bottom of all political crime. Take the chapter on "Hatreds." It is the statesman who stirs up the international hatred which is so dreadful a thing; so the author tells us. Men "kill each other in the name of religion, in the name of liberty, in the name of fraternity, in the name of equality." All through statesmen. What nonsense! There were no statesmen among the North American

Indians, and yet they killed each other pretty freely. Men kill each other because it is not the nature of any man, when untrammelled, to hate the thing he would not kill. Then, a page or two further, we read

"Political hatreds are so intense that the proscription of an adversary becomes a pleasure. The man who hates experiences a sense of enjoyment when he sees his victim suffer."

What has this to do with statesmen or politics? You may hate a man for fifty reasons besides his difference from you on political grounds. You may hate a man for stealing your wife, and probably as many heads have been broken for love as for reasons of State. But this is no reason for complaining of statesmen because they try to rule us, or of railing at clergymen because they marry us. Concerning "Political Hypocrisy," again we are told that "Ambitious politicians always invoke the public good and the interest of the State. They are incessantly talking of their devotion to the Commonwealth, while, in reality, their object is power." This would have found an appropriate place in the list of platitudes; but it illustrates the absurdity of our author's point of view. Is this attitude confined to politicians? Is it a distinctively "political crime"? Does not the company promoter talk of the interests of the investor when his only object is personal enrichment? Does not the actor invoke the interests of the drama when he only wants a good part for himself? The instinct for posing and masquerading—hypocrisy if you will—is universal, and by no means confined to the people who make our laws and organise our revolutions.

M. Proal, in short, has not come near the fringe of his subject. A book on Political Crime should investigate the question why a man's conduct may differ in so remarkable a degree accordingly as he is acting for a crowd or acting for himself. It would give us the psychology of the man who, like Bismarck, would not kill a fly in his study but would send half a million men to death on the battlefield. It would explain to us how it is that a man of unblemished honour, like Lord Salisbury, does not hesitate to deceive the House of Lords. But M. Proal, possibly because of his professional predilections, has started from crime and deduced politics. Whereas he ought to have started with politics and deduced crime.

CASAUBON V. RENDALL.

The Golden Book of Marcus Aurelius. Translated by Meric Casaubon. Edited by W. H. D. Rouse. "Temple Classics." (Dent.)

A FEW months ago we took occasion to consider at some length the *Meditations* of Marcus Aurelius in the fine modern version of Dr. G. H. Rendall. Now Mr. Rouse recalls to our memory the first of the long line of English renderings, that published by Meric Casaubon in 1634. It is curious and interesting to compare the methods and ideals of the two translators, both of them

quite competent, from the point of view alike of scholarship and of literature, to do full justice to the original. For Dr. Rendall an English version should be, above all things, faithful; should follow, with all the closeness that the genius of another language permits, the precise twists and turns of the author's thought; expressing just so much as he expressed, assuming just so much as he preferred to assume, of the enclosed idea. Elegance, charm of presentment, are desirable adjuncts, but have no claim to the sacrifice of exactitude. Casaubon, on the other hand, took a much more liberal view of his functions. He was content, so far as subject-matter went, to paraphrase, rather than to translate. He will often give you less Marcus Aurelius' thought than an arabesque on that thought, filling out the bare text with epithets or clauses which are actually the commentary of his own fancy or erudition. And then, Casaubon lived in a great age of English prose. Not himself quite amongst the greatest, he held the tradition of the magnificent translators; the tradition, notably, of North, who made the English Plutarch so noble a thing. Therefore, where Casaubon has the advantage of Dr. Rendall is in rhythm, in the grand sweep and gracious balance of the sonorous period. For an example; Dr. Rendall writes:

"All that befalls is as accustomed and familiar as spring rose, or summer fruit; so it is with disease, death, slander, intrigue, and all else that joys or vexes fools."

This quite represents the Greek, but considered merely as prose it is bald and bereft of attraction; certainly, far below what Casaubon, he, too, here quite faithful, makes of it:

"Whatsoever doth happen in the world is, in the course of nature, as usuall and ordinarie as a rose in the spring, and fruit in summer. Of the same nature is sickness and death; slaunder, and lying in waite, and whatsoever else ordinarily doth unto fools use to be occasion either of joy or sorrow."

It is, however, fair to add that in other passages, where Casaubon obscures the outlines by expanding or omitting, at his own sweet will, Dr. Rendall, more modest and more conscientious, secures, even in literature, the better effect. This, for instance, is Casaubon:

"Publick shewes and solemnities with much pompe and vanitie, stage playes, flocks and heards, conflicts and contentions: a bone throwne to a companie of hungry cures; a bait for greedy fishes; the painefullness and continued burden-bearing of wretched ants; the running to and fro of terrified myce; little puppets drawne up and downe with wyres and nerves: these bee the objects of the World."

And this is Dr. Rendall, distinctly closer to the Greek, and, to our mind, though both are good, the cleaner drawing also:

"A mimic pageant, a stage spectacle, flocking sheep and herding cows, an armed brawl, a bone flung to curs, a crumb dropped in the fish-tanks, toiling of burdened ants, the scamper of scurrying mice, puppets pulled with strings—such is life."

Why does Mr. Rouse call his book on cover and half-title "*The Golden Book of Marcus Aurelius*?" Casaubon would not have liked

it. "*Marcus Aurelius to Himself*" is roughly the proper title. "*The Golden Book of Marcus Aurelius*" is quite another thing, and this is how Casaubon speaks of it:

"I must adde besides, that there hath beene many yeares agoe a certaine Booke, first written in Spanish, and since translated into Italian, French, English, and how many tongues more I know not; pretended by the Title to be a Translation of M. Aurel. Antonius. But that the author of it (a learned Spaniard) was in good earnest, I could never have beleaved, and would have thought I had done him a great wrong to say it, had I not read his Prefaces. . . . I cannot but commend his intention, which certainly was to doe good, but his way I much abhorre, and wonder as much at his judgement and discretion."

The book referred to is the famous *Libro Aureo de Marco Aurelio Emperador*, published in 1529 by Antonio Guevara, Archbishop of Montenedo, *historicus mendacissimus*. This is one of the great forgeries of literature, for it contains a number of letters ascribed to Marcus Aurelius, and really fabricated by Guevara himself. The book was translated into English by Lord Berners, and afterwards again by Sir Thomas North himself, in the *Dial of Princes*, and the *alto estilo* of it had a marked influence on the development of Euphuism. Casaubon goes on to say that he could hardly believe that Guevara had seen the genuine writings of Marcus Aurelius; and this is probable, for the *Meditations* were first published from a Palatine MS., now lost, by Xylander in 1538, some years after the *Libro Aureo* appeared.

THE IMMEMORIAL EAST.

The Hittites and their Language. By Lieut.-Col. C. R. Conder, R.E. (Blackwood.)

THE Hittites have long been a puzzle to archæologists, and the rude picture-writing of the monuments which they have left sparsely scattered over Syria and Asia Minor has, till now, defied interpretation. Yet they must have once been a powerful people, who proved most redoubtable foes to the conquering Pharaohs of the Eighteenth Dynasty, and sustained themselves against Assyria until the time of Solomon. There seems to be little doubt that they were of Mongoloid origin, and akin to the Turks and Chinese among modern peoples. Of their history we know very little, but there seems some reason for the guess that their original home was the mountains of Kurdistan and Media. For religion they worshipped a god afterwards known to the Egyptians as Sot or Sutekh, who may possibly have been "the Lord of Fire," and an earth-goddess presenting many of the features of the Greco-Roman Cybele, together with a whole host of lesser deities. They were a particularly ugly race, with receding foreheads, prominent cheek-bones, and protruding upper lips, were decorated with the pig-tail, and wore boots with turned-up toes. And this is really all that we know about them.

Col. Conder, who has for many years studied the subject, in the main agrees with this,

and in the early part of his book does not, perhaps, add greatly to the facts collected by his predecessors Dr. Wright and Prof. Sayce. But he is on fresher ground when he comes to the Hittite language, the clue to which he thinks he has discovered, and in the present volume gives what purport to be translations of all the Hittite texts extant. Of these translations the following is a fair specimen:

"Commanding the homage of the district, as one who is a subject of the exalted crown, a ruler established who rules a conquest for the king, as a subject who has made a conquest, I command also a snitten slave people, and, having commanded submission of the district, I Targon [make] this my command."

For our own part, we should say that Col. Conder, like many pioneers in philology, is inclined to push his theories too far—as when he sees in the Etruscan Tarquin a reminiscence of the Hittite name given above—and that the sum total of Hittite inscriptions is still too small to check his method accurately. At the same time, the labour he must have expended on his book is enormous; and, if he is right in his conjecture that the Hittite system of hieroglyphics rather than the Egyptian was the mother of our modern alphabets, it may prove to be of extreme importance. The book is clearly written and well indexed.

Semitic Influence in Hellenic Mythology. By Robert Brown, Jun., F.S.A. (Williams & Norgate).

THERE are many features in the classical mythology that we learned at school which are plainly not of Greek origin, and the question is, Whence do they come? Mr. Andrew Lang—according to Mr. Brown—thinks they can be traced to the beliefs of savages; but Mr. Brown thinks they were borrowed bodily from the civilised inhabitants of Western Asia with whom the Greeks, and especially the Ionian Greeks, must in early times have been in pretty close contact. It is most probable that Mr. Brown is right. But as Mr. Lang has apparently offended Mr. Brown by irreverently reviewing some of his books, a distinctly personal tone has been imported into the controversy, and Mr. Brown has thought it necessary to take up the cudgels for Mr. Lang's opponent, Prof. Max Müller, although that gentleman's theories differ considerably from his own. Mr. Brown has done some good work in his time, and has in particular made much progress in the identification of the Babylonian constellations with the Greek, but we fancy few readers will care to follow him through the two hundred pages of gibes and flouts and jeers with which he pursues Mr. Lang. We do not understand either why he should call the "Euphratean" civilisation Semitic. Its distinctive features were, as Col. Conder's book might serve to show, not Semitic but Mongolian. "Not yet do we need help," Prof. Max Müller may fairly say.

Syria and Egypt in the Tell el Amarna Letters. By W. M. Flinders Petrie, D.C.L. (Methuen & Co.)

A SORT of abstract of the letters from his Syrian governors found in the ruined palace

of Amenophis IV., and sent at a time when the Egyptian power in Syria was rapidly decaying. It will no doubt be useful to students, and is curious reading, but the letters are too monotonous in their appeals for help which never came to be very pleasant or very interesting to the general public.

WALLACE WIGHT.

Sir William Wallace. By A. F. Murison. ("Famous Scots" Series.) (Edinburgh: Oliphant.)

PROF. MURISON has acquitted himself of his task like a patriot. Recognising that, although direct evidence is slight and unimportant, there must be solid grounds for the national hero-worship of Sir William Wallace as handed down by rhymes and *raconteurs*, he has not endeavoured to produce a sternly critical piece of history. His little book is built on tradition, and "Blind Harry" is the authority most frequently cited. The result makes capital reading, even though one hesitates to say whether it is of romance or history. For, short as was the career of Scotland's national hero, it belongs to a time of which we have only vague accounts. Even his personal appearance is a cause of controversy. Prof. Murison inclines to the "gigantic" theory, and yet relates that the hero when disguised as a woman excited no remark, except that she was "a stalwart quean." As to the authority of Harry the Minstrel, the active life of Wallace lasted from the battle of Stirling, in 1297, to his final defeat at Falkirk, in 1298—no event of importance marking the years between these and his betrayal. Now the date of 1460 is usually assigned to Harry's poem: "The Actis and Deidis of the Illustre and Vailyeand Campion, Schir William Wallace, Knycht of Ellerslee." That is to say, a century and a-half intervened between the death of the hero and the publication of his bard's tribute. Meanwhile, fireside gossip had been at work on Wallace, and his doings had got enshrined in the same kind of fable that is wrapped about King Arthur, Siegfried "Roland brave and Olivier and ever Paladin and Peer," who has been the subject of an epic. Harry was a "burel," or rustic man, and probably gave these tales, enriched with myth and fable, as he had found them passing current among the common folk. It is true he had the authority of John Blair, the chaplain of Wallace, who in Latin wrote an account of the hero's achievements; but the illustrations of personal prowess are so much akin to those related in other national epics, that we fear Harry did not scruple to plunder a fine incident from the balladists when it would serve to make his own narrative more picturesque. His poem, however, has had a stimulating and inspiring effect on his countrymen. Burns read it in the modern version made by Hamilton of Gilbertfield, and in a letter to Mrs. Dunlop tells how he made, in boyish days, a pilgrimage to Leglen Wood, to which the fugitive patriot made "a silent and a safe retreat." Says Burns: "I recollect (for even then I was a rhymer)

that my heart glowed with a wish to be able to make a song on him in some measure equal to his merits." It is good for a country to have such heroes; and we are not at all inclined to quarrel with Prof. Murison because he has not followed in the usual track of modern historians and tried to dissipate the myths and illusions grown round his subject. For at least one important conclusion emerges from the controversy. At a time when Scotland sorely needed him, a really great, skilful, and magnanimous leader appeared. Wallace must have been a patriot, a brave soldier, and one to whom military science came naturally. That he was finally crushed by Edward I. does not alter the fact. Edward was not only the greatest general of his time, but he commanded resources far superior to those of his rival, who was "a new man," and not frankly acknowledged as leader by the turbulent nobles of Scotland. No full or exact biography of him is now possible. Prof. Murison, at least, has shrunk from the "large critical undertaking" that he recognises as a preliminary to such a work. Instead, he has been content to furnish a well-written exposition of the popular ideal of Wallace, and a narrative of the doughty deeds ascribed to him.

EDUCATIONAL.

IN THE HEAD MASTER'S STUDY.

[THE system of cramming now in vogue at our great public schools is rapidly growing into a scandal. Clever boys are crammed, moderately clever boys are crammed, even the dullest boys do not escape. It is indeed a well-known fact that this ceaseless grind has undermined the health of many a boy, who, had he only been developed in the right way, would have become a credit to his country, instead of a burden to his parents and himself.—*Daily Paper.*]

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THE REV. CICERO JONES, M.A. (*Head Master of Cliborough College.*)

MR. JOHN SIMPSON (*of the firm of Messrs. Simpson, Son, & Ellis, Solicitors, of Lincoln's-inn-fields.*)

SCENE: *Head Master's study at Cliborough. A large room, well furnished with books. A collection of bats and racquets at one end of the room. Photographs of athletic celebrities on the mantelpiece.*

[*Mr. John Simpson discovered, alone.*]

[*Loquitur.*—Well, he's a long time coming. I don't call this business. [*Taking out his watch.*] Been kept here half an hour. Perhaps he's forgotten me. I'll have a look at the photographs on the mantelpiece. Old divines, no doubt. [*Walks across room.*] Abel! Very interesting. Discovered by one of those digging fellows, no doubt; but dear, dear, how my interest has gone for all these antiquities. I had never even heard of the discovery. W. G. Grace! What's he doing here? Must be an old Cliburian, I suppose. K. S. Ranjitsinhji,

J. J. Lyons, A. E. Stoddart. Why, bless me, if I don't believe they are all cricketers. Well, if that is the sort of example Tom gets, no wonder he didn't matriculate at St. Saviour's.

[A burst of cheering heard in the distance.]

[Enter the Head Master hurriedly in flannels and a blazer.]

Head M.—Pardon me, my dear sir. So sorry to have kept you waiting, but it is the final tie of our house cricket matches this afternoon, and it was impossible for me to leave before the first innings was over. You should have been there. Fletcher bowled splendidly, and nearly did the hat trick. I shall be very disappointed if he doesn't get his "blue" next summer. He goes to Old College, Oxford, you know, in October.

Simpson.—Oh, he has passed his examination, then?

Head M.—Well, no, not quite that; you know, he's had so little time for work this term. But I've written to the Principal of the college and I think he will hardly refuse such a talented cricketer. Amateur bowlers—that is, good amateur bowlers—are not to be had every day.

Simpson.—Perhaps not, but about my boy Tom. It was a great blow to me and his mother when we heard that he had failed, and after all the money we have spent on his education. I never had half his chance, I can tell you. I don't like wasting my money.

Head M.—No, no, don't say waste, my dear sir. It is true he is a little backward with his books. But after all, books—although very important—are not quite everything, and he is our best racquet player. If you had seen his innings against Marlbury you would have been a proud parent. It was the perfection of steady batting. For two hours, on a difficult wicket, mind, he played beautiful cricket. Ah, how I wish you and Mrs. Simpson had been there to see him.

Simpson.—Yes, and I wish you had been at my house to see the spelling he sent home the other day. We had a letter to say his holidays began on the 31st. Holidays—h-o-l-l-y-d-a-y-s—what do you think of that, sir, for a boy eighteen years old last month?

Head M.—Provoking, certainly—very provoking, I should say. I remember his form-master has not been quite satisfied with him lately, and a few weeks ago I had to speak to him, but it was just after the Marlbury match, and naturally I couldn't say very much.

Simpson.—But how about Oxford?

Head M.—I am afraid that is out of the question this year; but in consideration of his talents as a cricketer, we shall be most happy to keep him for another year, and then he will get into St. Saviour's all right.

Simpson.—I don't know. If he is not going to work, it is not much good sending him there.

Head M.—Come, come, don't talk like that. He would be wasted in business. He ought to be sure of his "blue" before he goes down, and then Middlesex would be glad of him.

Simpson.—But what is to become of him afterwards?

Head M.—If he only improves as he has been doing, there should be no difficulty about his getting a mastership at a public school. Most "blues" do that nowadays.

Simpson.—Mastership! Why, the boy's an absolute dunce!

Head M.—At mere head work, I confess, he is a little weak, but that would scarcely stand in the way of his getting a mastership—you see he plays racquets as well as he plays cricket. He is undoubtedly a fine athlete, sir, although we could scarcely call him a scholar. But I can assure you, my dear sir, that it is athletes we want as masters, not scholars.

Simpson.—Matter, not mind, in fact.

Head M.—Ha, ha, very good, Mr. Simpson; but you understand me, I am sure. Your boy's athletic ability amounts almost to genius, and he will be snapped up if he decides to enter the scholastic profession.

Simpson.—Well, if that's the case, perhaps it is all right. Things, however, have changed since I was a boy.

Head M.—Ah, yes. *Autres temps, autres mœurs.* [Goes to the window.] Second innings beginning, I see. You will come with me and look on for a few minutes, won't you? No? Good afternoon, then; but don't be uneasy about your boy; he will do very well indeed; and I am so glad to have had this opportunity of relieving your anxiety about him. Good-bye.

REVIEWS.

ENGLISH BOOKS.

English Prose. Part I. By J. Logie Robertson. (Blackwood & Sons.)

MR. ROBERTSON has here given us a good prose reading-book, of extracts from the best authors of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries—introduced by Sir Thomas Malory's *Last Battle of King Arthur*, the framework of Tennyson's *Morte d'Arthur*. Each extract is of considerable length, and worthily represents the author. Short but careful critical introductions are prefixed, and excellent notes deal with all points of literary and historical allusion, language and derivation. The best must always be in a sense trite to students of literature, but there is a greater danger in affecting singularity of choice in such a book as this, and that danger Mr. Robertson has avoided. His selections from the Authorized Version are an excellent feature.

Historical English and Derivation. By J. C. Nesfield, M.A. (Macmillans.)

It is pleasant to get from a Director of Public Instruction in India such a thoroughly good bit of work as this, and it is of good augury for the progress of education in that Empire. Mr. Nesfield has compressed into less than 300 pages a very excellent history both of the accident and syntax of English. The great laws of sound-change, Grimm's and Verner's, are clearly explained and well illustrated; and the history of sounds in English itself is carefully traced. The

chapters on prefixes and suffixes, with all their varied origins and applications, are specially full and minute. A couple of hundred questions, taken from London University Matriculation Papers, and a copious index, complete a very valuable book.

A School History of English Literature: II. Shakespeare to Dryden. By Elizabeth Lee. (Blackie & Son.)

THIS modest little book is the second of a series of four, and these are to be supplemented by two similar volumes of illustrative extracts. The history of our literature from Shakespeare to Dryden, poetry and prose, can be given only with the utmost brevity in so small a space. The greatest writers, however—Shakespeare, Bacon, Milton, Dryden—are treated with considerable fullness, great knowledge, and critical insight: the lesser stars are grouped together, though both Herrick and Drayton receive adequate notice. Milton is the poet on whom Miss Lee has bestowed most care, and her account of him, of his life, and of his poems is the best in the book. Not unnaturally the chapter on Bacon strikes us as the least satisfactory. A chronological table and a good index add much to the utility of the work.

Shakespeare's King Lear. Edited by P. Sheavyn, M.A. (Lond.). (A. & C. Black.)

THIS is a useful edition of Shakespeare's most tragic drama, with which only the *Edipus Tyrannus* can be compared. Designed mainly for school use, it is equipped with a very clear and scholarly introduction, discussing the chief questions raised by the play, furnishing a good analysis of the plot and study of the characters, and Shakespeare's view of destiny as determined by conduct. The notes are brief, thrown into the form of a vocabulary, with a classified index following. We are not sure that the editor did not needlessly restrict himself by confining his references to the play itself. The "myriad-minded" is his own best interpreter.

Shakespeare's Merchant of Venice and King Richard II. Edited by R. Brimley Johnston. (Blackwood & Sons.)

THESE two plays are prepared for schools, with the design of rather avoiding literary criticism and philological discussion. For this boys will be grateful. The introductions to both plays are careful, pointed, and stimulating. The historical sources of the plots are clearly set forth, as also the moral teaching, and numerous but concise notes and vocabulary give all that is needed for the "interpretation" at which the editor aims. We heartily wish the volumes the success they deserve.

Milton's Paradise Lost. Books I., II., and Extracts. Edited by A. P. Walker, M.A. (Boston, U.S.A.: Heath & Co.; London: Isbister.)

FEW of our countrymen would have ventured to edit the first two books only of Milton's great poem, and to tell the remainder of his epic story in extracts. However, *factum valet*; and Mr. Walker has made a good

little book. The chief feature of it is the long and careful account of seventeenth-century ideas, to shed light on the poem by showing the mental, moral, and religious atmosphere in which Milton was nurtured, and the classical and Hebrew learning in which his mind was steeped. In this much originality and acuteness is displayed. The few pages of notes are devoted to the literary character of the poem, and to suggestions for study; and what more help is required is given in the vocabulary.

Milton's Paradise Regained. Edited by A. J. Wyatt, M.A. (Clive.)

MR. WYATT, dealing with Milton's shorter epic, has, of course, given us the whole. In an admirably concise introduction he deals with the history, argument, and metre of the poem; and gives textually short estimates of it from acknowledged masters of criticism. The notes are full and scholarly, but not diffuse; and though the editor makes use of the work of his predecessors, he is not afraid to disagree with them when he thinks them wrong. The text also has been carefully revised with reference to the original edition of 1671, and Milton's own punctuation scrupulously restored.

The Shorter Poems of John Milton. Edited by Andrew J. George, M.A. (New York: The Macmillan Co.; London: Macmillans.)

THIS edition is a pleasure to read and to handle. All the shorter poems—English, Italian, and Latin—are included, the latter with Cowper's translations. The commentary and illustrations from history, aided by the chronological order observed, bring out with much clearness the greatness of the man and the nobility of his song, acting and reacting upon one another in an age that ranks among England's proudest. The abundant literary criticism and comparisons make the book delightful: we could not wish for a better.

Gray's English Poems. Edited by D. C. Tovey, M.A. (Cambridge: University Press.)

To the scholar-poet of Cambridge is here reared a fitting monument. The poems, all too few, gain much by being arranged in chronological order; and the great volume of notes, dealing fully with every point that arises, and tracing to their source all the curious learning and allusions of the poet, makes up a book that every true lover of our literature will highly value. Mr. Tovey's learning, taste, and critical faculty are never at fault; and the textual notes are valuable and interesting. We wish that our limits had allowed us to give the book less inadequate notice.

Thomson's Winter (from "The Seasons"). By G. F. Irwin, M.A.

Scott's Lay of the Last Minstrel. By John Cooke, M.A. (Dublin: Browne & Nolan.)

BOTH these little books, prepared for the examinations of the Irish Board, are well and carefully done. Thomson has been too much neglected, and his claims to a high place in the second rank of English poets unjustly disallowed. His verse is often rich and

harmonious, and his feeling for nature in all her moods intense. The passage in the middle of this poem in praise of study and literature is truly noble, and many others will readily occur to the reader. The introduction gives the main facts of Thomson's life, and a judicious estimate of his work. The notes are good, and well fitted for their object.

Similar praise can be given to the companion volume. We wish, however, that the whole, and not the half only, of Scott's romantic poem had been given. As it stands its interest as a story—and Scott was a matchless story-teller—is broken off in the middle. That, of course, is not Mr. Cooke's fault, but one of the mysterious dispensations of our examination system.

Principles of Grammar. By H. J. Davenport and Anna M. Emerson. (New York: The Macmillan Co.; London: Macmillans.)

THIS is a very thoughtful and interesting book. It treats the fundamental laws of thought and expression with admirable clearness and fulness, and no little originality. The subject-matter, however, is exclusively the English language in its present form. There is no comparative philology at all, and the etymological section is confined to four pages of Latin words and prefixes, and English words as an exercise in derivation. The book is, we think, better fitted for use by teachers than by pupils.

Principles of English Grammar. By G. R. Carpenter. (New York: The Macmillan Co.; London: Macmillans.)

THE remarks on the *Principles of Grammar* are to a large extent applicable to this book also, which is, however, shorter and more of a schoolbook. Chap. ii. contains also a very brief account of the origin and history of the language, and there is an interesting appendix on the phonology, and another (mainly taken from Sweet) on prefixes and affixes. The remarks on the divergent pronunciations in different States of the Union and the comparison with English usage (pp. 223, 224) are very instructive and important.

Elements of English Grammar. By L. C. W. Thring, M.A. (Relfe Brothers.)

THIS is a good little class book. It gives a careful and clear account of the framework of the language, and teaches a dry subject in an interesting way. The examples set for analysis are all taken from good authors, the method is as plain and simple as possible, and familiarity with the sentences and passages chosen will in itself be no small gain.

FRENCH GRAMMARS.

Practical French Grammar. By A. Garnaud and W. G. Isbister. (Sir I. Pitman & Sons.)

MESSRS. PITMAN'S *Grammar* is compiled from their now well-known *French Weekly*, which combines amusement with instruction. It is intended, seemingly, for adults who wish to learn the language for themselves. The chief rules are simply stated and

copiously illustrated, and useful conversations are given. But the "imitated pronunciation" is a phonetic monstrosity. It is of the essence of the book, is founded on the emasculated London speech, and seriously damages the system. Pitman's Shorthand has been such a wonderful gain to the world that we are sorry to have emphatically to condemn the phonetics here.

French Self-Taught. By C. A. Thimm. (Marlborough & Co.)

THIMM'S *French Self-Taught*, like the many other handy volumes of this series, needs no praise now. Its value has been proved by long years of trial. A simple elementary grammar, copious and well-chosen vocabularies, and dialogues make up a useful book. A cyclists' vocabulary has been added, to fit it for present needs.

Preceptors' French Course. By Ernest Weekley. (Clive.)

MR. WEEKLEY'S *French Course* is a clear and generally satisfactory book on the elements of French grammar, accidence, and syntax. It is to be used with the author's *French Reader*, and the two together are calculated to give a good knowledge of the language. We are inclined to think that the rules are presented with too much baldness, and that students for the College of Preceptors should have principles more generously explained. The use of tenses and irregular verbs are well treated, and the exercises well chosen. The plurals of compound substantives are not quite fully examined (those of *garde* being untouched); the present participle should be sharply distinguished from gerund and verbal adjective; and, for instance, (p. 57) the frequent use of plural verb with *ni . . . ni* should be noted.

A Manual of French Prose Composition. By J. G. Anderson. (Blackie.)

MR. ANDERSON has here given a very good and thoroughgoing book on French composition. One might take exception, it is true, to his ignoring of others (and there have been many) who have worked in the same field on much the same plan. But this said, we have little but praise for his own work, which is that of an enthusiast. The first part contains an admirable syntax, in which special attention is given to the differences (often disguised) between French and English idiom, to the divergence of metaphors, and to the uses of tenses; and there is a very full and careful chapter on the pronouns. Some forty pages of most useful *viva voce* exercises, arranged alphabetically, designed especially to impress idiomatic phrases on the mind, follow as part two. An amusing section is the three imitated French-English papers from *Punch*. The pieces for translation into French, one hundred and thirty in number, are about equally made up of original English passages and idiomatic translations from French originals. They are varied, instructive, and all good in themselves. Short footnotes give sufficient, but not too much, help. The book is one that can be recommended with confidence. Perhaps a concise vocabulary for Part II. might with advantage be added.

FRENCH TEXT-BOOKS.

L'Avare. By Molière. Edited by W. G. Isbister and A. Garnaud. (Sir I. Pitman & Sons.)

MOLIÈRE'S *Avare* is here edited on an altogether novel plan. The plain text is given, well printed, with many footnotes translating all words and phrases that might present any difficulty. There is no argument or plot of the play, nor any illustration of it; all other notes are absent; and we greatly fear that as an introduction to the incomparable Molière the book will scarcely serve its purpose.

Selections from Taine. By F. Storr. (Blackie.)

MR. STORR has done good service in these excellent *Selections from Taine*, made and introduced by M. Sarolea. The introduction, written with perhaps too much ornateness, amply justifies the choice. Taine will always meet with respect and sympathy in England, were it only for his *History of English Literature*; and his great work on the French Revolution is one of those monuments of historical research and philosophy which constitute a chief glory of French literature. The last five extracts on Public Education, Bacon, Shakespeare, Byron, and the Peoples of France and England compared, are perhaps the most interesting, but all are valuable. Mr. Storr's notes are short but to the point, and well fitted to stimulate the intelligence of boys. No better reading-book could be used with thoughtful pupils.

X. de Maistre's *Voyage Autour de ma Chambre.* By G. Eugène-Fasnacht. (Macmillan & Co.)

DE MAISTRE'S famous *Voyage* makes a welcome addition to the admirable elementary series of Readers edited by M. Fasnacht and published by Messrs. Macmillan. The series is too well known to need recommendation, and the present volume is quite equal to its predecessors. The notes are full, but not too full; though chiefly grammatical, with careful attention to idiom, they intersperse pleasant literary parallels, French and English; and a copious vocabulary makes the little volume complete in itself.

A. Theuriet's *L'Abbé Daniel.* By P. Desages. (Macmillan & Co.)

C. de Bernard's *L'Anneau d'Argent.* By Louis Sers. (Macmillan & Co.)

MR. SIEPMANN has already done very good educational work for Messrs. Macmillan, and the two pretty little volumes of his Advanced French Readers now before us deserve much praise. *L'Abbé Daniel*, with its pathetic story of love, generosity, and renunciation, is a fine example of the short novel in which French writers excel. The Introduction gives a brief account of the author; in the Notes everything that might stop a somewhat advanced schoolboy is explained; and most useful Appendices, for exercise in *viva voce* and written translation, founded on the text of the story, with a short chapter on Word-formation, close the book. *L'Anneau d'Argent* is, we think, even better

suited for a boy's reading-book. The story is more stirring and adventurous, and the tragic end of the brave, simple, soldier-lover, and the way in which he was mourned, cannot fail to interest and delight every reader. The notes seem to be fuller than those to the companion volume. The drill founded on the text is equally thorough and varied, and the little appendix on word-formation—dealing with another chapter of French word-lore—is not less valuable. In the "Advanced" readers space is gained by having no vocabulary.

A. Dumas' "*Masque de Fer.*" By R. L. A. du Pontet. (Edward Arnold.)

THE perennially fascinating story of the *Iron Mask*, a pendant to the equally mysterious Diamond Necklace, two dark tragedies of French history, told by the great Alexandre, must always be a favourite with boys. It was a happy thought of editor and publisher to bring it out. Here it all is, with the famous Three Musketeers moving through the maze of intrigue at the dazzling court of the *Roi Soleil*. The text, in large clear type, is a delight to the eye, as the story is to the mind. A few judicious notes, chiefly hints for idiomatic translation, close the book. We shall be glad to see more similar work in the series.

LATIN AND GREEK.

Exercises on Gradatim. By H. R. Heatley and A. Sloman. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

THIS new volume of Messrs. Longmans' elementary Greek and Latin series is a capital addition to it. Following out the system so effective in language-teaching, it makes the well-known reading book, *Gradatim*, the mine from which a boy may extract material for an astonishingly varied series of graduated exercises in composition. There is no vocabulary, for the reason well stated in the preface. A large amount of time unintelligently wasted by boys is thus saved. The method is sound, the exercises are good, and the book altogether is most useful.

Limen Latinum. Part I. By Dr. E. V. Arnold. (Edward Arnold.)

THIS book is meant for students of neglected education, and all the quantities are conscientiously marked. The vowels have a Continental value; but why Welsh should be invoked to exemplify it we do not know.

A Primer of Latin Accidence. By W. Modlen and F. B. Jevons. (Rivingtons.)

THIS manual corresponds to Messrs. Abbott's and Mansfield's *Primer of Greek Grammar*. Such a book, the collaborators proclaim, has long been wanted, and they have done the thing very well; but the division of substantives into three declensions, parallel with the Greek, is a terrifying innovation. *Dies*, it seems, is to be regarded for the future as of the first, and *gradus* as of the third. Their *Primer of Latin Grammar* includes, besides the above, a syntax of pathetic clarity.

Higher Latin Prose. By H. W. Auden. (Blackwood.)

THIS work contains capital "tips," and eighty-five passages for continuous composition. Mr. Auden is very modern in his orthography, as *Iuppiter*, *oboeidio*, *adulescens*, *quom* (for *quum*).

"ELEMENTARY CLASSICS."—*Cicero's First Oration Against Catalina.* Edited by G. H. Nall. (Macmillan & Co.)

MR. NALL'S serviceable introduction and notes are intended for the use of students not sufficiently advanced for Prof. Wilkins's edition of the Four Orations, and are based principally upon those of Halm and Laubmann. The text is accompanied by that useful aid—a marginal analysis; the notes and vocabulary are ample enough to supply for the absence of a tutor.

Tragœdiæ Æschyli. Edited by Dr. Campbell. (Macmillan & Co.)

WE cordially welcome Dr. Campbell's *Æschylus*, the last contribution to the beautiful "Parnassus Library of Greek and Latin Texts." "For 'monumental' purposes," he writes, in excuse for his acceptance of occasional emendations of the notorious corruptions of the MSS., "the looped and windowed raggedness of tattered raiment and the dinginess of bruised armour is more suitable; but for actual wear a patched coat and a darned doublet may prove more acceptable."

UNSEENS.

COLLECTIONS of "Unseens" multiply fast. Here are five new ones. Two and a half are Latin, two and a half Greek: the two halves are united in Messrs. A. M. Cook's and E. C. Marchant's volume (Methuen). This collection of some four hundred passages is a valuable and interesting one. Prose and verse alternate throughout, and from their excursions into the byways of literature the compilers have brought back passages of literary merit out of the less read authors; nor have they disdained such modern names as Erasmus, More, and Bentley.—Mr. H. W. Auden introduces his *Greek Unseens*, for the use of higher forms (Blackwood), and his volume of *Higher Latin Unseens* (Blackwood), with a capital little essay on the art of translating; it will be found a serviceable aid, not merely to "diddling the examiners," but to the development of a tolerable English style: 169 passages Greek, 184 Latin.—*Greek Verse Unseens*, selected and arranged by Mr. T. R. Mills (Blackwood)—143 passages—are primarily arranged with an eye to the requirements of the Scottish Leaving Certificate and University Preliminary Examinations. But we see no reason why the scholastic world at large should scruple to make use of them.—Mr. Vaughan Wilkes' *Latin Historical Unseens* (Blackwood) are intended, in the first place, for army classes; they have more or less of a military character. The feature of the book is the series of notes.

[Several reviews of Educational Books are held over till next week.]

THE ACADEMY SUPPLEMENT.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1898.

THE NEWEST FICTION.

A GUIDE FOR NOVEL READERS.

A CROWNED QUEEN.

BY SYDNEY C. GRIER.

"Mr." Grier once wrote a story called *An Uncrowned King*; she has now done the logical thing and given us *A Crowned Queen*. Here is a taste:

"'I say, Mr. Wright, was that true as they was all sayin' in the servants' all the night I come—about the Markiss 'avin' been a king once, somewhere in furrin parts, I mean?'"

"'It's as true as you're settin' there,'" responded Wright, 'that, seven year back or thereabouts, 'is lordship was as much a king as Queen Victoria is queen. . . . I was 'is Majesty's—I mean 'is lordship's—'ead groom then, so I ought to know.'

'You ain't jokin'?' asked the bewildered Robert.

'Jokin'? Look 'ere, my lad—you 'ave cool cheek enough for the job—you ask 'is lordship whether he wasn't King of Thracia for three months, and if 'e didn't sit on a throne and 'ave all the swells a-bowin' down to 'im.'" (Wm. Blackwood & Sons. 590 pp. 6s.)

BY STRANGE PATHS.

BY FANNY E. NEWBERRY.

"Wanted, a Housekeeper; good wages to a competent woman, who must be well-bred and fit to manage a refined household; apply in person." She applied in person, and we observe that she was married not very long afterwards. (Andrew Melrose. 304 pp. 3s. 6d.)

GREYLING TOWERS.

BY MRS. MOLESWORTH.

Another—yet another—of Mrs. Molesworth's "stories for the young." This one tells how a family of children went to live near Greyling Towers, and explored it, and heard tappings, and discovered a mystery of an underground passage—a familiar theme charmingly treated. (W. & R. Chambers. 279 pp. 2s. 6d.)

THE LIGHT?

BY BERNARD HAMILTON.

A romance concerned with the search for truth? "What is truth?" said jesting Pilate." Mr. Hamilton does not jest: he examines and sifts, and his book begins with Ancient Egypt, and comprises the Franco-Prussian War. The author dedicates these "First Fruits" to his wife, the first fruits running to 496 pages of story; a preface, a note, an appendix, a glossary, and an essay on "The Christian Church in England at the Close of the Nineteenth Century." (Hurst & Blackett. 523 pp. 6s.)

REVIEWS.

The Town Traveller. By George Gissing.
(Methuen.)

MR. GISSING here pursues the vein of somewhat grim humour struck in his recent volume of short stories. Revolting—one can hardly wonder at it—from the remorseless delineation of sordid miseries, he pleases himself by painting, hardly less remorselessly, the lighter aspects of mind and manners discoverable in the divers strata of middle-class society which he knows so well. Mr. Gammon, in his public capacity an effective bagman, is here conceived as a human being:

"At forty years of age Gammon set off about his business with all the zest of a healthy boy. The knowledge he had gained, all practical, and so to speak for external application, could never become the burden of the philosopher; if he had any wisdom at all, it consisted in the lack of self-consciousness, the animal acceptance of whatever good the hour might bring. He and his bay cob were very much on the same footing;

granted but a method of communication, and they would have understood each other [What grammar, Mr. Gissing!]. Even so with his 'bow-wows,' as he called them. He rose superior to horse and dog mainly in that one matter of desire for a certain kind of female companionship; and this strain of idealism, naturally enough, was the cause of almost the only discontent he ever knew."

Mr. Gissing's is a good study of the temperament, the born *flâneur*, the natural epicurean, gentle at heart under the blatant manner of a middle-class man of the world, and prone to occupy himself with the cares of others out of pure all-pervading interest. And for foil you have the lady of Mr. Gammon's affections, Polly Sparkes, programme-seller and receiver of tips at a minor theatre. Polly Sparkes, buxom, fresh-coloured, and smartly dressed, belongs to the conquering variety of our human species. With gross tastes and the makings of a termagant, she pursues the course of her amours with a single eye to her own victorious establishment among the comforts of life. You accept the relief for Gammon when she throws him over for the gentlemanly clerk of small intellect, Christopher Parish, who owes his success to a lucky five hundred and fifty pounds won in a "missing word" competition at the critical moment.

In the relations of these three lie the merits of the book; these and in the incidental episodes of London life, which are the fruit of Mr. Gissing's invariably brilliant and acute observation. His knowledge of the ways of life and speech of his puppets is really astounding. Thus, to Moggie, the slavey, Mrs. Bubb, the landlady, "a slow, dull, sluggishly-mirthful woman of a common London type":

"'Never you mind Miss Sparkes: I'll give her a talkin' to when she comes down. What was it as Mr. Gammon wanted? Breakfast in bed? And what else? I never see such a girl for forgettin'!'"

'Well, didn't I tell you as my 'ead had never closed at the top!'" urged Moggie in plaintive key. 'How can I 'elp myself?'"

'Here, take them letters up to him, and ask again; and if Miss Sparkes says anything, don't give her no answer—see? Billy, fill the big kettle, and put it on before you go. Sally, you ain't a-goin' to school without brushin' your 'air? Do see after your sister, Janey, and don't let her look such a slap-cabbage. Beetrice, stop that 'ollerin'; it fair mismerises me!'"

"Slap-cabbage" is good. And here are the *politesse*s of a chance encounter on the top of a 'bus between Mr. Gammon and Miss Waghorn, a friend of Polly Sparkes:

"With a marked display of interesting embarrassment, Miss Waghorn introduced him to her companion, Mr. Nibby, who showed himself cordial.

'I've often heard talk of you, Mr. Gammon; glad to meet you, sir. I think it's Berlin wools, isn't it?'"

'Well, it was, sir, but it's been fancy leather goods lately, and now it's going to be something else. You are the Gillingwater burners, I believe, sir?'"

Mr. Nibby betrayed surprise.

'And may I ask you how you know that?'"

'Oh, I've a good memory for faces. I travelled with you on the Underground not very long ago, and saw the name on some samples you had.'

'Now, that's what I call smart observation, Carrie,' said the Gillingwater burners, beaming upon Miss Waghorn.

'Oh, we all know that Mr. Gammon's more than seven,' replied the young lady with a throaty laugh, and her joke was admirably received."

The Town Traveller certainly affords amusement, but we are not inclined to reckon it, as a whole, among Mr. Gissing's conspicuous successes. The material sketched above is not sufficient for the scale of the book, and Mr. Gissing has eked it out with an intrigue. The double life of Lord Polperro, *alias* Mr. Clover, is apparently suggested by the theory of the claimant in a current *cause célèbre*, but Mr. Gissing does not handle it in a fashion that is, to us at least, at all convincing. All this part of the story is very tedious, and although Mr. Gammon gets mixed up in it, it really does not throw very much light upon the man.

"To Arms!" By Andrew Balfour.
(Methuen & Co.)

MR. BALFOUR'S romance, *By Stroke of Sword*, added sensibly to the store of fighting fiction which has accumulated so swiftly during the past ten years. The narration was spirited and vigorous, and we were glad to welcome Mr. Balfour as a worthy recruit. In "To Arms!" his second book, he has made a great effort to repeat his success. Much the same ingredients are here, with a slightly different mixing; but the story has left us cold. The sense of artifice, of mechanism, is too apparent. Nor, had we never read *By Stroke of Sword*, do we think this new effort would have satisfied us, for the plot is confused, and the political intrigue—the period is that of the battle of Dunblane and the Chevalier's campaign—is not easily grasped.

In the present case the historian is Allan Oliphant, surgeon, who in his old age, storm and stress being over, sets down in the approved fashion some of the incidents of his hot and lusty youth. They all do it, these old men. The early chapters show how Allan's father, who was, of course, reserved and stern, cast him adrift, and how Allan was of singular strength and skilled with the sword, and how Mistress Dorothy Wayward filled his thoughts. And then the adventures begin. In their way they are interesting, although familiar. They include body-snatching and encounters with a Government spy, and Jacobite plots and plenty of sword-drawing and pistolling, and in the end Dorothy Wayward becomes Dorothy Oliphant.

Mr. Balfour's manner is straightforward, but copious. Thus:

"In a moment I pushed the table against him with all my force, darted up, bent double, and ran across the room.

There was a click, a curse. The pistol had missed fire.

I threw open the door and sprang outside in case he should let fly at me again, and before I could cry out, or see anything, or think at all, a cloak was thrown over my head, made fast about my neck, and I was bundled down the stairs, gripped on either side with a powerful grasp. I tried to speak, to utter a protest, but my voice was muffled, and I was dragged along, while so surprised was I by this new occurrence that I scarce resisted. I could only surmise that Solid's ruffians had in some way escaped or been set free, and that they had returned before my henchmen.

But I was very soon convinced that this was not the case, for though I could not make myself heard I could catch what others said, and as we halted there came footsteps, and then a gruff voice swearing at the cold.

'Hae ye gotten the deevil?' it went on. 'Ay, but ye've been gey quick about it. Weel, weel, what'll the Duke dae wi' him?'

I did not hear the answer, but there was a coarse laugh, and then the gruff voice spoke again.

'Richt ye are, and pray the Lord a' these rebels gang the same way, for it was ane o' the rascals gied me the prog whilk put me tae ma bed for mony a day; a one leggit vagabond he was.'

From this I guessed I was at the West Port, and that once outside the town I should be lost, though what the Duke might want with me I could not conceive. I took a long breath of what air there was among the cloak folds, and then suddenly wrenched myself free. With one hand I struck out violently in all directions, with the other I tore at the neck fastenings; but ere I could get quit of my mufflings, the whole three of them leapt upon me, and I was borne down under their weight, turned on my face, and had my hands lashed behind me.

'Curse the fellow!' growled a strange voice, 'he has ta'en the skin frae aff ma shin bane.'

'Let me hae a kick at him for auld lang syne,' said the gatekeeper.

'Kick awa' and welcome,' answered one of the others, who was busy tying me up, and the brute drove his heavy boot into my ribs till I gasped for breath and well nigh shouted with the pain."

The best thing in the book is the personage known as Pittendreich the Godless, an "original" of parts. It is because Mr. Balfour has an eye for quaint character that we deplore his subsidence into the easy groove of repeating himself rather than taxing his brains to the full.

Caleb West: Master Diver. By F. Hopkinson Smith.
(Constable & Co.)

ONE seems to see the evolution of this story very plainly. The author is a cultured, amiable gentleman, with literary tastes and some skill. "Let me see, what shall my novel be about?" he asked himself. "Technical fiction is popular. Kipling's *Captains Courageous* pleased people a good deal. I'll be technical too.

Lighthouse building hasn't been done. I'll do that. A description of how foundation-stones are laid under the water should go well. And for human interest, we'll give the diver a young wife who shall elope with one of the workmen, and the chief engineer shall have artistic tastes and be loved by a New York Society woman." And it was done, and the result is an agreeable and utterly unimportant story, and we hope that the author does not talk about the inevitableness of his art.

Here is a passage:

"These breathing spells rest the lungs of a diver and lighten his work. Being at rest he can manage his dress the better, inflating it so that he is able to get his air with greater ease and regularity. The relief is sometimes so soothing that in long waits the droning of the air-valve will lull the diver into a sleep, from which he is suddenly awakened by a quick jerk on his wrist. Many divers, while waiting for the movements of those above, play with the fish, watch the crabs, or rake over the gravel in search of the thousand and one things that are lost overboard, and that everybody hopes to find on the bottom of the sea.

Caleb did none of these things. He was too expert a diver to allow himself to go to sleep, and he had too much to think about to play with the fish. He sat quietly awaiting his call, his thoughts on the day of the week, and how long it would be before Saturday night came again, and whether, when he left that morning, he had arranged everything for the little wife, so that she would be comfortable until his return. Once a lobster moved slowly up and nipped his red fingers with its claw, thinking them some tid-bit previously unknown. (The dress terminates at the wrist with a water-proof and air-tight band, leaving the hands bare.) At another time two tom-cods came sailing past, side by side, flapped their tails on his helmet, and scampered off. But Caleb, sitting comfortably on his sofa-cushion of seaweed thirty feet under water, paid little heed to outside things. His eyes only saw a tossing apron and a trim little figure on a cabin porch, as she waved him a last good-bye."

According to the New York *Bookman's* cables, *Caleb West* is very popular all over America. It is a pleasant story enough, and people might do much worse than read it, but it is machine made from first page to last. It is not fit to be mentioned in the same week with Mr. Smith's earlier work, *Colonel Carter of Cartersville*. That had character.

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The Voyage of the "Pulo Way." By W. Carlton Dawe.
(Ward, Lock & Co.)

So long as Mr. Dawe can help it the tradition of infamy on the high seas shall not die. His *Captain Castle* was sufficiently lurid, but the present work goes beyond even that. Here, once again, is the rascally skipper defying God and man, blaspheming and drinking. Macshiel is the name the new incarnation bears. Here, again, is the ruffian first mate, now called Murrell, with a desperate crew at the back of him. Add to these a giant gunner named Gupp, and a Portuguese engineer of equal wickedness, and we attain what the *Newgate Calendar* calls the "acme of moral turpitude." The only foils are the passenger who tells the story, the second mate, and a young woman (whom they both call "sister") who was rescued from the ocean. The second mate, by the way, calls her also "Our Lady of the Sea," which is a new form of speech with second mates. The story tells how the *Pulo Way*, on leaving Hong Kong, turned pirate, and after relieving the *Chung Tong* of fifty thousand sovereigns, sunk her; and how the passenger and the second mate took possession of the wheel house, and from that stronghold won back the ship through streams of blood. The formula for such a work is a simple one, and Mr. Dawe has to some extent mastered it. This is the kind of thing:

"There had been silence below for some minutes, when suddenly the babel of voices reached us again. It seemed as though each man was shouting at the top of his voice, trying to shout down the fellow next to him, and presently in the midst of it all a shot was fired.

Hayling looked at me and smiled grimly.

'A row?'

'Rather,' said he. 'There'll be some fun if the brutes will only row enough. Just pull your window to a little. We shall have them up on deck in a minute.'

I did as I was bidden, and also completed a hurried examination of my revolver, when the captain staggered out through the deckhouse, his hair flying wildly, his face fearfully pale and emaciated. Reeling to the side and clutching one of the stanchions for support, he swung round and fired into the companion several shots in rapid succession. Then, without looking round, he darted away forward, and after him came the mate, a knife in his hand, his flabby face almost purple with

rage. Seeing which way Macshiel had gone, Murrell immediately gave chase, while a moment or two after Diez and Gupp staggered up to see the fun."

The book has several fashion-plate illustrations in which it is impossible to believe.

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Wives in Exile. By William Sharp.
(Grant Richards.)

MR. SHARP is a versatile and accomplished gentleman. His latest venture is really a very pretty bit of comedy. Two beautiful Irish women—Leonora Wester, the blonde, and Honor Adair, the brunette—are piqued by the desire of their husbands for a little bachelor trip to London. In revenge they charter a sailing yacht, man her with women, and set sail from Dublin for a cruise on the west coast of Scotland. Mr. Sharp does the thing with a light touch, and the humours of the crew, especially the joint first officers, Mrs. Moriarty, the cook, and Miss MacFee, the stewardess, are excellent. The only male thing aboard is a cat, which is unfortunately drowned in a smart gale.

"They had come through their first storm well. Not a spar lost, not a sail rent, only some fur scattered, and the soul of Mephisto let loose into the universe. Unfortunately the approach to Arran was veiled by driving mist. Honor and Leonora, standing arm in arm close to the taffrail, could hear the surge of the waves beating against the rocks; but they could see nothing of the mountains which rose majestically out of the sea. Once, as the dense vapours swept up from Brodrick Bay, they caught a momentary glimpse of Goatfell towering above the village of Brodrick; but in a few seconds the scene was again one blur of driving rain and mist and sea-foam. That glimpse, however, had filled them with an intense nostalgia for the land. Oh, comfortable cottages with red, warm hearths and kettles of boiling water, and teapots filled with that luxury at present unattainable; and oh, above all, for floors that did not give way and move about with maddening uncertainty!"

The end of the story is dramatic. The runaway ladies' husbands pursue them, and the two boats, the *Belle Aurore* and the *Sea Hawk*, run ashore together on the Giant's Causeway. But Honor and Leonora have their wits about them, and make their peace by opportunely assisting to save their husbands. It is all very good reading for a summer afternoon, but Mr. Sharp should not make his Irish crew drop their initial "h's." Surely that is not a Celtic failing.

CHRONICLES OF AN UNSUCCESSFUL AUTHOR.

FROM an article which appears under the above title in the current *Lippincott's* we take the following extracts, in which the struggles of a beginner in literature are pictured with mournful fidelity to fact:

I began my apprenticeship early and can remember my first novel, begun at the age of eleven. Its writing caused an epidemic of authorship among those of my friends to whom I confided my secret. In the exuberance of delight one pronounced it exactly like a "grown-up novel," and proceeded to do likewise immediately. My subject was a classic one, and the work was to be a romance on the general plan of Walter Scott's. Alas, it was never given to the world! My next venture was a fairy story; it was begun one summer, and finished in about eight months, most of the time while I was away at school. The length of this effort was over two thousand words, if I remember rightly, and it was promptly submitted to the editor of a then popular juvenile magazine. With eager expectation I looked for the letter containing a cheque for a large amount in payment. One evening a friend who was in the secret radiantly held out to me, as I entered the school-room, a letter bearing the name of the magazine to which I had submitted the story. I snatched it and rushed upstairs to my room followed by my friend. The envelope was small, and the enclosure was certainly not my MS.; it therefore was surely an acceptance. I tore open the letter; I looked; I cooled off instantly. There were barely two lines, acknowledging the receipt of the MS. and promising prompt examination and decision. This was a considerable fall from my first joy, and I began to feel doubtful of the result. But that feeling was soon replaced by exultation at the thought of being a

real author at last, and I straightway mailed the editor's note to my enthusiastic co-worker at home. His answer infused new ardour into my breast, and caused it to swell with pride. He was awestruck at the thought of my having gained access to that mystery of mysteries, an editor's sanctum, and in the overflowing impetuosity of youth urged me to telegraph him at his expense if my story was "excepted." I nobly resolved to thwart him by prepaying the charges. I even framed the words of the despatch. It should read, "Accepted: two hundred and fifty dollars." That was the sum I thought would be about right. In moments of despondency I feared it might be somewhat less, but I held to the larger amount as my due. Alas for the vanity of human wishes! My cherished hopes were soon to be rudely dashed. In the mail one morning came a long envelope containing the MS. of my story. No word accompanied it, and none was needed. I knew full well that my article was rejected, and I was for a time inconsolable. But hope was a pretty regular inhabitant of my breast, and I had soon sent off my article to another magazine. It came back.

The next year I joined some of my schoolfellows in establishing an amateur periodical. At last, good or bad, I had a chance to publish my articles. Myself the arbiter of fate, I was about to rise independent of the hampering decision of an editor, by becoming myself an editor. Those halcyon days were sweet but short, and were followed by a cessation of industry.

The revival from this idleness was so long after that I may regard it as a part of the present. I began it with a love-story—but not a common love-story. Oh, by no means! This was an exceedingly uncommon love-story in that it had a point—a real, good, tangible point, that made the love-business reasonable and enlivened the whole. I made a rather lengthy affair of this tale; at least, it was of quite respectable size, and longer than any previous effort. The advice of one who had grown old in the ranks of authors led me to write upon a methodical system: so many words to a page, so many pages daily, and no cessation in the regular work of composition. What had once taken me six months now occupied only a week, and I found in my mood less disinclination for work. I built great hopes on that first love-story. I thought it would be immediately accepted and published, regardless of the class of magazine to which I sent it. In the pride of my heart I spread out the whole MS. on a large table, and gloated over the number of pages, the regularity of the writing, and the business-like appearance of the whole. I wrote a well-conceived note to the editors; I cleverly introduced an unobtrusive hope of its acceptance; I enclosed stamps for return postage, feeling sure that these last would not be needed. I mailed the package, and sat down to await developments. It was a pleasant time, that interval of cloud-building and dreaming of dreams. I had full confidence of success; I was sure that this was the beginning of fame and prosperity, and spent much time in planning fresh ventures which should serve to extend my fame and bring a golden harvest. It may seem superfluous to say that I was destined to disappointment. My MS. was returned with one of those nice little notes whose appearance I have become so familiar with; for am I not an unsuccessful author?

But paper and ink and pens are cheap, more's the pity, and I went at it again, nothing daunted. About this time I wrote a nondescript sketch of something or other, and sent it off with but little hopes of success. I called it the "Ugly Duckling," though not because it could ever become a swan. In truth I was heartily ashamed of it, and it proved very troublesome by being sent to publishers to whom I would rather have submitted better work. The magazine of which I had the greatest hopes, and whose standing was among the highest, never saw this venture; its reader was examining another article of mine just then. I started at the next place and sent the "Ugly Duckling" around the circuit travelled so thoroughly by all the children of my fancy.

Eureka! The "Ugly Duckling" has been accepted, *mirabile dictu*. And the price—oh, the price! It is too large to mention. Those admirable publishers have said a whole page of good things about the "Ugly Duckling," and want more of the same brood. They shall have them: I will not thwart them: they shall have them. And, by the way, I might as well finish that novel. Yes, and that

memorandum-book, filled with hints hitherto undeveloped, I'll have that out, too. Yes, the path of success is open before me: I have at last done something. I'll—but stay: not so fast. Here I am branching out into an agony of castle-building. Castle-building is all right, but not here. These rose-coloured dreams are becoming my position, but not on this paper. For I have at last achieved success, and at present it looms up, in the nearness of its coming, very large indeed for its foundations. Even should it be all the success I ever have, it is none the less success. I am no longer an unsuccessful author!

A CRICKET POET.

A NEW poet is always to be welcomed. The later discovery of one has been made by the *Chronicle*, the gentleman being Mr. Albert Craig, the balladmonger of the Oval. He does not, however, use the term "poet" himself, modestly preferring "rhymester"; but there is no need to be nice about such distinctions. To the man in the ring, Mr. Craig is as good a poet as one wants in ordinary life. Mr. Craig is also a wit. Says the writer in the *Chronicle*:

Moving day after day, during the cricket season, amid similar surroundings, and with one topic of interest always to the front, Mr. Craig can hardly be expected never to repeat himself, and, indeed, there are certain pleasantries that may be regarded as his "properties," familiar preliminaries with which he is accustomed to open intercourse with his friends the spectators. Repetition does not stale them, and they are delivered with such an air of being impromptu utterances, elicited by the humour of the moment and the exceptional combination of people among which he suddenly finds himself, that we can very easily believe we have not heard them before. He is always "proud to come amongst us," as though for the first time. Also, the particular group of spectators in which he may be at the moment is always assumed to be the very centre of intellect and culture, the Athens of the Assembly. "Now, ladies and gentlemen, may I give you any more copies of these verses before I go among the masses." If he finds a section of his audience that notably appreciates his humour, he will very likely say, "It does me good, ladies and gentlemen, to come among people who can see a joke the same day that it's cracked." Indeed, culture, intelligence, high social status, are attributes which he will not for a moment allow to be denied to the ring of spectators, among whom he is "proud to come." Should anyone say to him, "There's a fine crowd here to-day, Craig," he will probably reply, *à la* Dr. Johnson, "Pardon me, sir; this is not a crowd. It is a large assembly of intellectual, cultured, and leisured people; gentlemen who have made their money, and are living on the interest of it."

But it must not be supposed, although there are some few stock sayings with which we grow familiar, that he is destitute of ready wit. Quite the contrary. He is never at a loss; and those who can claim a victory from him in a bout of repartee must be few indeed. Even more wonderful than his ready wit is his imperturbable good humour, and his quick tongue is never betrayed into a lapse from good taste and courtesy. Moreover, he never opens a bout himself with any member of the "cultured and intellectual assembly." He is there and will, if necessary, meet all challengers. Try a round with him—you will probably get a fall, but there will be no unfair blow. Indeed, there will hardly seem to be a blow at all, so kindly is his humour. To a stranger who sang out to him at the Oval, "Why aren't you at Cheltenham to-day, Craig?" he immediately replied, "I didn't go, sir, because I thought you would be here." But should there be on the other side an offence against good taste he will deal out to it at once a just measure of revenge. This is a case in which he made "the punishment fit the crime" with absolute accuracy. "Well, Craig, have you served six months lately?" "No, sir, I have not; but, all the same, I can sympathise with you."

Like all true humorists, Mr. Craig blends his humour happily with truth and seriousness; and his ready and witty tongue has often done yeoman service in the great cause of "fair play all round," which we English profess to love, yet occasionally desert. He may not have a speaking acquaintance with the maxim of Horace, but he practises the precept to perfection, and no one knows better the potency of humour in many a crisis where directly serious remonstrance might be unavailing. Not that he

never speaks seriously; on the contrary, this man, whom personally it is impossible to ruffle, often blazes out in anger on behalf of some individual other than himself, or on behalf of some cause which he has at heart. The other day, during the Middlesex and Surrey match, when an ignorant section of the onlookers jeered at Mr. Key for "stonewalling," when stonewalling was the game, when runs were of no consequence, and wickets had to be kept up, Mr. Craig turned upon them and gave them his opinion of their proceedings in language free from all suspicion of humour, and sufficiently plain and forcible to carry straight home to its mark. Some years ago, when a crowd at Lord's chaffed him on the subject of the failure, in both innings, of one of his favourite Surrey batsmen, he drew himself up, and addressed to them a solemn and sententious rebuke in language that recalls once more the style of the great doctor to whom I have compared him. "Gentlemen," he said, "Maurice Read's reputation was not made in a day; it cannot be lost in a day."

THE CHILD'S GUIDE TO LITERATURE.

- Q. What is humour?
A. Whatever you think funny.
Q. Not what the writer thinks funny?
A. No, not necessarily.
Q. But is Mark Twain humorous?
A. If you think so.
Q. Not otherwise?
A. No.
Q. Then it depends on the reader?
A. Yes.
Q. In that case reviews of humorous books are useless?
A. Quite, except to those readers of the reviews who know the reviewers.
Q. But does any one know reviewers?
A. Oh, yes.
Q. Well?
A. Well enough to lend them money.
Q. What are they like?
A. Oh, like very ordinary people.
Q. Is Jerome K. Jerome funny?
A. His name is.
Q. But his work?
A. I have found it so.
Q. In his new book?
A. Less in his later books, perhaps, than his early ones.
Q. At home, I suppose, he always cries?
A. Why do you think so?
Q. Because we are always told that funny men have secret sorrows gnawing at the heart, a tear beneath the smile, and so on.
A. That applies, I think, only to pantomime clowns. It is the funny writers' disappointed readers who weep.
Q. Then you don't think Mr. Jerome a sad man?
A. No. I should say that he laughs a good deal—at the reviews of his work.
Q. If reviews can make a professional humorist laugh, mightn't it be better to publish the reviews and suppress the book?
A. Sometimes.
Q. It says in the *Pall Mall Magazine* that Mark Twain is really very serious. It says he reads Browning for pleasure, and walks twenty miles to hear Wagner played.
A. Well, there's nothing in that. A humorist must sometimes do something that isn't funny, just as a grave man occasionally smiles.
Q. Then you don't think Mark Twain means to revise the Prayer-Book?
A. No.
Q. I'm glad of that. It is terrible to think of jolly people growing earnest. Who do you yourself think the most amusing man now before the public?
A. Mr. Hooley.

From *Books of To-day and Books of To-morrow*.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1898.

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NOTES AND NEWS.

TO what extent are "open secrets" to influence conduct? We ask because it has been suggested in two or three places that, it being an open secret that Mr. Meredith has written a novel called *The Journalist*, Mr. Keary ought not to have given that title to the new story from his pen that has just been published. This seems to us rather hard judgment on Mr. Keary. It must be difficult enough nowadays not to clash with the titles of published books. If books in MS. are also to be taken into consideration, the lot of the author will, indeed, be pitiable. He will have to imitate the musician, and label his works "Op. 1," "Op. 2," and so forth.

MR. MEREDITH's reason for withholding his novel of journalism from the world is a desire to give no offence. The work contains portraits of men still living, and the author characteristically would not run the risk of paining them.

LIEUT. ROBERT E. PEARY's book, *Northward over the Great Ice*, is out at last, and the two volumes weigh half a stone. We suppose that the publishers wish to give Lieut. Peary's readers a taste of the labour and hardships which are involved in exploration and pioneer travel. There is a picture on p. 490 of a naked Eskimo raising a boulder above his head, "showing male physique." Lieut. Peary's critics will all have to show their physique if they are to do justice to his volumes.

MR. EDMUND GOSSE has been taking up the cudgels in the *Chronicle* on behalf of his friend M. Marcel Prévost. The *Chronicle* recently made some fun of the circumstance that in an article on English literature by this distinguished French critic Mr. Andrew

Lang figured as Arthur Lang, Mr. Edmund Gosse as Edmond Gosse, and Mr. Saintsbury was deprived of his "t." The validity of M. Prévost's criticism was not impaired by these slips, but they were, perhaps, justifiable cause for merriment. Says Mr. Gosse, in defence: "He [M. Prévost] asks me to tell you that the article which has been so frequently quoted, and from which he almost despaired ever to escape, was written very hurriedly, in a bad handwriting, and was never seen by himself in proof."

"M. MARCEL PRÉVOST begs, too [Mr. Gosse adds], that you will sympathise with him in the very odd circumstance that this one particular article, out of a multitude, should just be the one to be quoted and requested in apparently endless reverberation. He knows (and here it is I who speak and not he) this country and its language with an astonishing precision; he is, perhaps, of the leading Frenchmen of letters, the one—with M. Bourget—who knows us best, and it is a real misfortune for him to be supposed, on the credit of an unlucky string of misprints, not to know us at all."

So far so good. But there were two odd circumstances connected with this letter. One was that Mr. Gosse called his friend M. "Parcel" Prévost, which, in such a letter, was an unpardonable misprint, turning an eminent French critic into something very like the Parcel Post. The other was the *Chronicle's* comment on Mr. Gosse's phrase: "He [M. Prévost] thinks that these poor partridges of his should be hunted no longer on the mountains." Mr. Gosse, said the *Chronicle*, "will excuse us for saying, by the way, that nobody from this office hunts partridges upon mountains. This is evidently a French view of English sport." But is it so? In many countries of the earth—at the Cape, for example—partridges are hunted nowhere else.

MR. HARRY QUILTER will start in business as a publisher of fine art works in November next. The aim of the late editor of the *Universal Review* is to produce only work of high literary and artistic quality, and to give to the printed book the same unity in printing, binding, decoration, and design which the Kelmscott Press, under the late William Morris, succeeded in achieving. Mr. Quilter will, however, endeavour to bring out books less exclusively mediæval in their general form and illustration, and less restricted in subject—his aim being to produce works of art which can be welcomed by all lovers of beautiful books, and not only by those in sympathy with one special and very limited though very fascinating kind of art. He will attempt also to do this at such prices that the books will be within the reach of any person of moderate income.

As the Gadshill Edition of Dickens, which Mr. Lang has been editing, is passing into its last stage, news of two forthcoming editions reaches us. One, to be published by Messrs. Methuen, will have introductions

by Mr. George Gissing, whose recent study of the art of Dickens should excite much interest in his new criticisms. The other edition is to proceed from the house of Dent.

If it is true that long novels are more desired by readers than short, and that no subject is so attractive as religion, then there should be a large measure of popularity in store for *The Light?* by Mr. Bernard Hamilton, which Messrs. Hurst & Blackett have just published. At a moderate computation the story consists of 225,000 words; but some of the matter being controversial rather than romantic the author has kindly supplied to those readers who prefer a story above polemics advice as to skipping. This is a new and thoughtful plan.

CONCERNING the request of our correspondent "Laid by the Heels," the following books for an invalid are recommended by Mr. M. A. Phelps: Mrs. Gaskell's *Cranford*, Mrs. Ritchie's *The Old Chelsea Bun House*, Haliburton's *The Sayings and Doings of Sam Slick the Clockmaker*, Stebbing's *Inches of Thought for Spare Moments*, and the *Ingoldsby Legends*. But is not *Inches of Thought* (we do not know the book) rather too suggestive of dying by inches?

COLLECTORS who may be offered letters, MSS., &c., purporting to have been written by the Scottish National poet, will do well in their own interests to investigate with especial care the previous history of these, and to make certain of their authenticity. The extraordinary revelations of a few years ago as to the wholesale manufacture in Edinburgh of Burns and other MSS. (but especially Burns) by a clever rogue known as "Antique Smith" can scarcely have been forgotten yet. The number of persons imposed upon by the fabrications of this lawyer's clerk was marvellous. In some respects "Antique Smith" fairly outvalued Ireland, the forger of Shakespeare MSS. Eventually his fruitful career was stopped by a conviction for fraud, followed by a residence in prison for nine months. Some of his forgeries were destroyed, others were stamped in such a way as to render futile any attempt to pass them off as genuine. But there were others, again, which were not so dealt with, and some of these have been lately offered for sale in Glasgow. They were detected, but were very skilfully executed.

MR. HALL CAINE, it is said, may, in the manner of publication of his new book, hark back to the methods of the middle of the century, and issue it in shilling parts. The experiment will, at any rate, be an interesting one to watch, and if any author could make a success of it, it should be Mr. Caine. But it is a question if people can now wait a month for the next step in an exciting tale. We are less leisurely, and there are more stories, than in the forties and fifties. Serials in magazines are different: it is possible to play with the other articles after the novel is read, and thus gently decline from impatience. But just a

monthly instalment of hectic fiction?—we doubt it.

APROPOS of monthly parts, the first of Mr. John Murray's copyright books which Messrs. George Newnes, Limited, are proposing to issue in this form will be Du Chaillu's *Land of the Midnight Sun*. That work will begin in the autumn. Meanwhile, another firm is entering the field with a cheap edition of a well-known work of travel and adventure. Messrs. Sampson Low & Co. send us in sixpenny form a translation of Father Joseph Ohrwalder's *Ten Years' Captivity in the Mahdi's Camp, 1882-1892*, which is just now of peculiar interest. The print is not as clear as it should be, but is better than that of *A Daughter of Heth*, alluded to elsewhere.

THE latest item of Stevensoniana is Mr. Bowden's announcement of a volume to be entitled *Great Souls at Prayer*. In this work, which will be a collection of prayers written by divines and laymen, R. L. Stevenson will be represented. At the same time Messrs. Chatto & Windus announce as nearly ready the *Stevenson Reader*, which Mr. Lloyd Osbourne has edited.

MR. CROCKETT's popularity seems to be still increasing. According to the *Bookman*, his story, *The Red Axe*, which has been appearing in the *Graphic*, has led to fresh demands on the author from enterprising editors. It will be published by Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co., who have secured four of Mr. Crockett's books. It was in January next, according to recent arrangements, that Mr. Crockett was to have three serial stories running simultaneously: in the *Windsor Magazine*, the *Cornhill Magazine*, and the *Christian World*. It is possible, however, that the publication in the *Cornhill Magazine* will be postponed. Meanwhile a serial of Mr. Crockett's is running in the *Pall Mall Magazine*.

THERE are dialect poems that owe everything to the dialect in which they are written, and there are dialect poems that, translated into ordinary English, would still have charm. A very good specimen of the former class is the little hymn contributed to the current *Century* by Mr. Paul Laurence Dunbar, the negro poet. Here are two stanzas:

"O li'l lamb out in de col',
De Mastah call you to de fol',
O li'l lamb!
He hyeah you bleatin' on de hill,
Come hyeah an' keep yo' mou'nin' still,
O li'l lamb!
De Mastah sen' de Shepud fo'f;
He wandah souf, He wandah no'f,
O li'l lamb!
He wandah eas', He wandah wes';
De win' a-wrenchin' at His breas',
O li'l lamb!"

As they stand, they are pretty enough: the author gets his effect. Re-write them in correct spelling, and they are as bald as anything can be.

MESSRS. ROUTLEDGE are making a spirited experiment in reissuing an edition of the romances of the late James Grant. Since that novelist died in 1887, war has ceased to occupy the prominent place in the pages of fiction that once it did. There has been of late book-fighting enough, it is true, but little war. The fighting has been irregular, personal, an incident of adventure or romance, not organised and in line. James Grant was a military novelist before anything. His *Romance of War*, his first and perhaps most popular work, published in 1846, describes the prowess of the Gordon Highlanders in the Peninsula. The *Aide-de-Camp*, which is the first volume in the new edition, appeared in 1848, and deals with the campaign against Joseph Buonaparte in 1806; in *Harry Ogilvie* the capture and sack of Dunbar are described; in *Laura Everingham* we find the 93rd Sutherland Highlanders in the Crimea; and so on. Grant was the son of a soldier, and himself, for a short period, an ensign in the 62nd Wiltshire Regiment. Subsequently he tried architecture, but in the forties settled down to literature, and remained a busy novelist till the end. His works are conspicuous for their technical accuracy, and they have a good infusion of somewhat old-fashioned, but quite agreeable, spirit. We should like to know that this new edition becomes popular.

WE are always glad to welcome cheap editions of good books when they are well and thoughtfully prepared. But the first duty of a cheap edition is that it should be readable, and this, except under most favourable circumstances of light and eyesight, the new sixpenny reissue of Mr. Black's novels, which Messrs. Sampson Low & Co. are now producing, is not. *A Princess of Thule* lies before us, but we should hesitate to take it into a train. Not only is the type too small, but the ink is faint, and the paper unlovely.

A CONTRIBUTOR to a recent *Speaker*, apropos of the courtesy of illustrious persons, printed three letters to a young author from Russell Lowell, Robert Browning, and Mr. Gladstone. Lowell's note was merely courteous, and said nothing, but here is a passage from Browning's which shows that he could both split the infinitive and use so vile a word as "desiderate":

"I have now gone through the whole of the poems submitted to my criticism—whatever that may be worth. I like much the just thought and direct expression: so far—so good: I wish there were a more decided originality—you will permit me to honestly say. Were the themes and treatment as new as they are true, your success would be decided. At all events, you begin the right way: you are therefore little likely to suppose that I desiderate any affectation whether of matter or of manner, only something we have not got already. And every experience must have a novelty of its own laid away under—or one day to be added to—what is the common stock."

The date of the letter is 1876.

MR. GLADSTONE, writing in 1878 on the subject of anonymous journalism, said: "I do not say that the intellectual and moral dangers of anonymous writing may not be neutralised. For that purpose I would suggest: (1) that it should be temporary; (2) that it should not be exclusively pursued; (3) that it should be with the constant endeavour to write *as if* in the eye of man; (4) I cannot omit adding the best preservative, namely, always to write *as actually* in the eye of God."

THE *Morning* has now become the *London Morning*, with Mr. David Christie Murray as editor. Mr. Murray is an old journalist, but not quite so old as the *Newspaper Owner and Manager* suggests. That organ states that he began his journalistic career on the *Birmingham Morning News* in 1823, or, in other words, twenty-four years before he was born. In the re-organised *London Morning* daily articles by Mr. Murray on subjects of importance will have a prominent place. The first of these deals with "Personal Journalism." Mr. Murray desires to see signatures in newspapers. With all good wishes for the success of the *London Morning*, we must state that it is our desire to see nothing of the kind.

BOHN's Library has just been enriched by a new edition of Burton's *Personal Narrative of a Pilgrimage to Al-Madinah and Meccah*. The reprint has been made from the Memorial Edition, the copyright of which has been acquired by Messrs. Bell & Sons, and in the preparation of the text the author's copies of the four previous editions were collated and new MS. notes incorporated. The present edition was edited by Lady Burton, and it has a preface by Mr. Stanley Lane-Poole. As frontispiece is a coloured portrait of Burton, very sinister, in his pilgrim's garb.

MISS HAY, the daughter of Mr. John Hay, our last American Ambassador, has chosen a very modest title for her book of poems. It is just *Some Verses*. Not even the single word "Poems" is so unpretentious as this.

THE *Cornish Magazine* seems to have come to stay. And why not—when the editor has choice of anything touching the Duchy, and anything written by any one connected, however remotely, with the Duchy? This is practically as much latitude as an editor can want. To the September number Mr. Quiller Couch contributes a poem, entitled "The Piskies," which bears oddly on the remarks on rhyme that we quoted last week. In each of the three stanzas are rhymes which would not satisfy Prof. Brander Matthews. In the first are "Heaven" and "given"; in the second, "thatch" and "watch"; and in the third, "forgiven" and "Heaven." As our commentator said, there is no divorcing Heaven and forgiveness.

AMONG the Cornish Diamonds Mr. Quiller Couch offers the following impossible, yet agreeable, specimen: "An old couple, aged ninety, had buried their only son, who was close upon seventy years old. On returning from the funeral, they sat in silence for half an hour. Then the old woman remarked, 'I allus told 'ee so. Dedden I know 'ow 'twoud be when the baby was born? I told 'ee 'eed never live to be reared.'"

READERS of the ACADEMY who admired the series of literary parables published therein during the spring, signed "T. W. H. C.," will be interested to hear that the Unicorn Press will reissue them, with others, in a little volume some time this month. Mr. Crosland, for that is the author's name, has a caustic wit, and his book should excite some attention.

MR. J. ADAIR FITZ-GERALD writes to us, complaining in acidulated terms of the paragraph which we printed last week in our "Guide for Novel Readers," dealing with his new book, *That Fascinating Widow, and Other Frivolous and Fantastic Stories*. Mr. Fitz-Gerald's suggestion that, because two earlier works of his were not praised in this paper, someone on our staff must have a grudge against him is an old, old absurdity. Our notice of his book was as follows:

"We dip at random: 'Far away in the sunny districts of the South, sheltered by high hills, lies the small country town of Bible-cum-Babs. . . . What riled the good folk of Bible-cum-Babs was the fact that Mr. Clipsby Papplewick, who was positively known to have seen better days, and to be in receipt of a tolerably comfortable income, should systematically ignore the church and the parish. . . . He never went to church, and Miss Pash. . . .'" It will be seen that we wrote but four words: the rest Mr. Fitz-Gerald wrote himself.

MEANWHILE, in the columns of *Concord*, the journal of the International Arbitration and Peace Association, Mr. G. H. Perris, whose work on Leo Tolstoy we reviewed in our issue of August 13, writes: "It does not interfere with my digestion to be attacked by the little sect of English Tolstoyists as a hopeless son of Belial, while a barbarian sheet like the ACADEMY is covering me with malignant abuse on quite opposite grounds." It was certainly not our reviewer's aim to interfere with Mr. Perris's digestion; he merely meant to interfere with Mr. Perris's treatment of Tolstoy. Mr. Perris complains that we refused to insert the "short reply" (it would have filled two columns of the ACADEMY) he sent us. We are always glad to print replies from authors, provided they are brief and courteous. Mr. Perris's was neither.

THE controversy in the *Star* between Mr. Stephen Phillips and "J. D.," on the subject of "Scansion," came to an end on Saturday. It is certainly a sign of the times when a halfpenny evening paper devotes columns to an argument between a poet and a journalist about scansion.

LITERARY FAME AND CRITICISM.

THERE is a matter of criticism on which it seems to me a great deal of ink has been uselessly shed. It is this: one school holds that a work of art should be considered quite apart from its creator, and this is supported, if not by argument, by many pertinent illustrations. A biography of Homer is not essential to enjoyment of the "Odyssey"; how Shakespeare came to write "Macbeth" is of little consequence compared to the fact that it is *there*. To take another art—the closest acquaintance with a sculptor will not increase by one tittle the loveliness of the lines in his statue. The underlying contention is that biography and criticism are two separate and distinct studies. Nothing is more interesting than the life of a man truly set down; but the facts, whatever they are, ought not to influence our appreciation of his work.

On the other hand, the minute studies that are so plentiful to-day—the endless writing, for example, which is devoted to Shelley, Burns, the Brontës, and others—has for excuse the very opposite opinion. If compelled to give a reason for their labour, the authors might very well argue that a writer and his writing are one and indivisible, and the glory of criticism is to bring into harmony what appear to be diverse and contradictory elements. What comes out in the way of song must have gone in in the shape of experience. And so the conclusion is arrived at, that if there be any such thing as scientific criticism, it ought not to consist of the collation of one man's opinion with another's, but of a full examination of all that went to form and develop the author. In Sir Walter's good old way the scientific critic will begin with "an ell of pedigree," for he will attach as much importance to heredity as M. Zola himself does. Having settled all about the ancestors and the race, he will next study the scenery and early associations of his subject. He may not altogether believe, with a recent authority, that the geological formation of his native fields will in some sort determine the character of a poet's love songs, but the vivid early impressions count for a great deal. And this is true of all imaginative writers, whether in prose or verse. You get a George Eliot haunted for ever with memories of that curious mingling of pastoral beauty and coal-dusty village, of rural swain and pale factory hand, distinctive of the Midlands round her old home at Griff; you get a Tennyson absolutely growing out of his Lincolnshire rectory, with its environments of grassy wold and long grey field. Or, contrariwise, a Dickens is found belonging to the squalid street where he taught us to see pathos and humour and humanity. In each of these cases personal detail illuminates the work. This would sound rank blasphemy to the late Laureate, who thanked God he knew nothing of his favourite Jane Austen. But even Lord Tennyson was not infallible. Several biographies of the novelist have appeared since he uttered this expression, and they do not hinder but help us to appreciate her work.

After attaining a comprehension of the

sights and sounds that would assail the eye and ear of his young hero, our scientific critic would next address himself to the mind. Here, again, I think the most important food is absorbed unconsciously. To take one example: suppose for a moment that Sir Walter Scott had possessed two good legs instead of one. In that case he would have been sent more regularly to the High School, a great deal of time would have been occupied with outdoor games, for which he had an insatiable appetite, and his visits to the Border would have been few and far between. That is to say, he would not have had those long sojourns at Kelso, where all that was romantic in his mind was fed and developed. The broad, shallow Tweed, overhung with branching trees; distant keep and ruined peel; the Cheviots lying blue in the distance; the triple Eildons close at hand—these became familiar at a critical point in their history. A generation before, the realistic horrors of a disturbed country still lay over them, but now these horrors had not slipped so far back into the past as to become unreal and dream-like; and yet romance had laid its softening and magical hand on the past, not yet transferring it to the dominion of myth and legend, but hiding the unsightly and preserving the heroic. Fate married the right man to the right moment, and the issue was the Waverley Novels. As it is necessary for a cricketer not only to have the capacity to bat, but "to get the bowling," before he scores his century, so genius needs its opportunity. Burns, in his own way, was almost as fortunate as Scott. Endowed with a lyrical genius, he was ushered into a Scotland where folk-song had reached its zenith. He was cradled in its atmosphere, and his gift suited the moment. To return to George Eliot, it was not exactly romance, and it was not song, into which she was born. Hers was the very prose of life, but a prose of intense and interesting struggle. An old and different rural England was passing away. The composed, orthodox parson, a near relative of the squire, but in speech and appearance a little more polished, in manner urbane and suave, something of a sportsman and a little of a gourmet, had his tranquillity broken in upon and his comfort disturbed. Nonconformity was looming up strong against the horizon. But this was nothing in comparison with the waves that were beating against territorial influence. Land and trade had been wrestling for half a century, and land got its worst falls in George Eliot's infancy. It requires no great exercise of the imagination to picture the serious, thoughtful young woman listening to the prophecies of evil likely to be expressed in the Tory circle at Griff House when the Reform agitation was going on. Wise and sensible old Robert Evans, when he drove Mary about the country in his gig, no doubt often shook his head, and wondered what the world was coming to. So completely have things changed that the plainest picture of the autocratic squire looks like a caricature:

"—that dandy-despot, he
That jewelled mass of millinery,
That oil'd and curl'd Assyrian Bull,
Smelling of musk and of insolence."

There were days when a famous Master of

Hounds used to shout at the editor of the *Times* as "that d—d printer." Yet the axe was already laid at the foot of the tree; in other words, trade was rapidly getting the upper hand and the millionaire was supplanting the lord of broad acres. The atmosphere created by these changes is transferred from Griff House to the Eliot novels, and if you think of it and of the studious philanthropic-political tastes of the authoress, once more it is evident that the time has come and the man—or rather woman. A temperament has found a befitting moment.

When our aforesaid critic has explained the blood and birth of his subject, his natural surroundings, the atmosphere of his time, and the opinions, conversation, myth, and legend he was likely to hear, he may approach the less important matters of education and reading. But it is out of the early impressions that the masterpiece comes, if come it does, and his scientific mission will near achievement when he has set all these forth. He will, at any rate, have performed the more useful part of his work and paved the way for arriving at a sound judgment. One of our modern philosophers has inveighed against the use of that slovenly expression "opinions differ." He says we never, (or scarcely ever) differ in opinion. Where we differ is in knowledge; if twenty men knew exactly the same facts they would form the same judgment upon them. Like other pet theories, it is carried too far; but critics would lay us under an obligation if they would accept it so far as to make their chief duty one of exposition and enlightenment. For the truth is, that the opinion of critics on their contemporaries never has been worth much.

A curious illustration of this may be seen in an old *Blackwood*, that for July, 1830, in one of Christopher North's "Notices to Correspondents." Like every editor who has lived, he had moments of extreme anger at the would-be contributors, and he launches out into this curious statement:

"There are not at this hour more than six women alive entitled to send articles to *Ebony*: Mrs. Hemans, Mrs. Norton, Miss Bowles, Miss Mitford, Miss Jewsbury. Let us consider—who the deuce is the sixth? Oh! yes, yes, but not to hurt the feelings of so many thousands, she for the present shall be 'strictly anonymous.'"

Of these women which can be said in any true sense to be alive to-day? At that time the Hon. Mrs. Norton looked upon herself, and was looked upon by others, as a kind of empress in the world of letters. No one could feel the slightest surprise at Christopher's confident remark as far as she was concerned. It would be extremely interesting to know how many readers of the *ACADEMY* could name one of her long list of novels without referring to a catalogue. Mrs. Hemans leads a precarious life in the poorer sort of school-books. When Mr. Henley put two of her pieces in the *Lyra Heroica* he was chaffed about it. Some of us have out of curiosity looked up Miss Mitford, Miss Bowles, and Miss Jewsbury, but are they more than names as far as the general public is concerned? Probably one could mention four times as many

women of to-day whom any magazine would be glad to have as contributors, but how many of these are likely to hold a higher position than Mrs. Norton sixty or seventy years hence? Yet this is but one of many curious instances.

The mere opinion of the literary critic, then, his I-like-it or I-like-it-not, is at bottom of little value. Indeed, whenever he ventures upon dogmatism, whether in laying down the rules and canons of art or in passing a sweeping judgment upon anyone's reputation, he is trying to do what no predecessor has successfully accomplished. But a useful career lies before him if he will be content to bring into harmony a man and his work so that the inevitable excellence and the equally inevitable blemish may be seen in due relation to their cause. In fact, his worthiest ambition is to reduce that mass of ignorance and prejudice which prevents the vulgar from choosing between good and evil. For to glorify the worthless is an injury to the worthy. P.

BYWAYS IN BOOK-LAND.

A POET'S "VERDICTS."

HE was not, it must be owned, very much of a poet. He had poetical feeling and a fair measure of poetical expression—that was all. He published a large number of volumes; but very little of what he wrote will live: a few lyrics may survive, but nothing more will. That was because he, though possessing the lyric impulse, had not the gift of style: he had no sense of "finish." When he wrote well it was as if by accident, or, let one say, by inspiration. He was not what we should now call an educated man, but relied upon his native talent both to impel and to guide him.

I am talking about William Cox Bennett, brother of that watch-making John who in the fulness of time became a knight. William Cox Bennett had a genuine desire to "sing," but was content, for the most part, to sing anyhow, whatever the upshot. He was a fertile—a too fertile—writer, as you may see by glancing down the list of his books in the Catalogue of the British Museum. Here you will find "War Songs," and "Baby May," and "The Worn Wedding Ring," and "Our Glory Roll," and "Contributions to a Ballad History of England," and "Songs for Sailors," and "Sea Songs," and so forth. You will, however, find no reference to the slim little volume called *Verdicts*, published by Effingham Wilson in 1852.

This is probably due to the fact that that volume was anonymous. I confess to never having even heard of *Verdicts* until, a few years before his death, Bennett sent me a copy. On looking into it, I found that it was a series of literary criticisms couched in rhythm and rhyme. The writer pretends that one day Zeus, bored by his very idleness, called upon Minos to submit to him his verdicts upon the English poets who had just joined the great majority:

"I'd know, now at last they're away from the Earth,
And judged, what the laudings of mortals are worth."

"There's many a fame," continued Zeus, in cynical mood,

"that the wearer but owes
To the personal likings of critics he knows,
And many a name that is smothered through pique
Through not being quite of a sect or a clique."

It is interesting to note the names of the poets whose work Bennett, in 1852, thought worthy of analysis and comment. Here they are: Moore, Campbell, Lamb, Leigh Hunt, Walter Scott, Rogers, Barry Cornwall, Hood, Keats, Southey, Crabbe, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Shelley, Robert Montgomery, Byron, and Landor. Rogers and Barry Cornwall, to be sure, Bennett dismisses in four lines:

"O'er your merits, O Rogers, 'tis clear that
'twere wrong,
Though you've taste and you've fancy, to
hover for long.
Pass on; I dismiss you and Procter in song
Together; both pretty, but far—far from
strong."

Rogers one is willing to surrender; but surely Barry Cornwall wrote some songs, spontaneous and truly lyric, which should have secured for him a somewhat less off-hand treatment? That Robert Montgomery should have only five lines assigned to him is obviously right. Bennett refers the reader to Macaulay's familiar essay in the *Edinburgh*:

"There, each one will see, to get farthest from
Homer, he
Has but to read, if he can, Robert Mont-
gomery."

Of Tom Moore Bennett says:

"He never disgusts a taste aristocratic
With interest won for a pair in an attic;
His heroes drink wine out of real golden
chalices,
Have each fifty peacocks and five hundred
palaces. . . .
We're bewild'rd with splendours, in numbers
so puzzling,
With hours in nothing and maidens in
mushin,
Till, spite of Golcondas and vales of Cash-
mere,
We long for a something more sober and
near."

To Charles Lamb the critic-bard pays an affectionate tribute:

"A Yorick, to set the whole room in a roar;
A Sterne, to draw tears where he drew laughs
before;
A Howard in pity for guilt and for pain;
The gentlest of natures more gentle, again;
As free as the creature that named him from
blame;
In short, a new Goldsmith in all but the
name."

By Leigh Hunt as a poet Bennett was not so favourably impressed:

"Hunt has feeling, though too much 'tis that
of the city,
And beauty, though too much it treads on
the pretty;
Too often by half you feel half bound to
hiss it, he
Disgusts you so much with his would-be
simplicity."

Of Walter Scott's verse it is rather unfairly complained that it does not teach us anything—that it is only agreeable, not

informing—as if anybody ever thought of going to poetry for information!

“But then, should you ask yourself what deep new thought

From the stores of this great necromancer you've brought;

Lines by which a world's not only tickled, but taught,

Such as come in whole thousands in Shakespeare unsought . . .

Alas, with a sigh, after thinking, you own He did not instruct you—he pleased you alone;

That, in spite of his heart and his genius—in spite

Of all that the man and the author was—right Is the verdict that holds that he does but delight,

And that therefore he stands much less high than he might.”

Bennett praises Hood for his humour and his pathos—for his “Song of the Shirt,” his “Bridge of Sighs,” his “Haunted House,” his “Miss Kilmansegg,” his “Ode to Rae Wilson,” but shows no signs of special appreciation of the “Midsummer Fairies,” or the sonnets, surely the most poetical things Hood did. In discussing Southey (with whom, as a Tory, the Radical Bennett could have little or no intellectual sympathy), the author of *Verdicts* indicates incidentally some of his preferences for poets of a later day:

“On Domdaniel visions invited to sup,
You try, but you can't get your appetite up,
And leave his magicians, so Indian and hellish,

And heroines, dusky and dull, with a relish,
To read, for the five hundredth time, of that Flora

‘The Gardener's Daughter,’ or Tennyson's ‘Dora,’

To hear with delight, if your fancies are mine,
Hot Bertram's loud courtship of proud Geraldine,

To grow Greek with Landor—weigh ‘Festus's’ ponderings,

To follow the sainted ‘Evangeline's’ wanderings;

Or wonder o'er Browning; choose either, and let him

Delight you; for Southey—why, like all, forget him.”

Of Byron Bennett was no indiscriminate admirer; he is, in truth, as much “down” upon him, for some of his qualities, as any iconoclastic critic of to-day:

“Yet, reading him, say not his genius is small;
If half of him's nonsense, yet half is not all. . . .

While you reason, and therefore decry him, admire

In his language his point, and his force, and his fire;

Lament their direction, but own that you meet

In his passions the glare of the whitest of heat;

That in parts of his ‘Harold’ and parts of his Tales

He is fine—that in all, you can scarce say he fails . . .

That though his philosophy mostly is stuff,
And you feel that its handling ought to be rough,

Yet his words and his lines you quote often enough.”

In the course of the poem (as I suppose

we must call it) Bennett falls foul of poor Canning, of whom he says that

“You can't call those very small things that he writ,

In these days of Jerrold and Thackeray, wit;
They may be fine paste—they're not diamonds a bit.”

Indeed! On the other hand, Bennett is fain to rank Carlyle among the poets because of his “French Revolution”—“Few epics are like the great epic that's there.”

Altogether, it cannot be said that Bennett, as a critic in verse, speaks either with authority or with point. He writes from the heart rather than from the head, and is for ever dropping into doggerel. His *Verdicts* have some personal interest, but little positive value.

A.

PARIS LETTER.

(From our French Correspondent.)

NOTHING amazes me more than to discover in a witty person an absolute unconsciousness of being ridiculous. The sober, the solid man of business, the slave of professional etiquette—do not excite so much astonishment when they make fools of themselves, and offer their dignity as a meal for our hilarity. But the witty man we expect to thrive upon the follies and grotesque humours of his fellows; and if he make a fool of himself, to do so in a strictly private fashion, is as it were a gracious concession to frail humanity.

Now, the French are notoriously a witty race. They are exquisitely alive to the ridiculous in more decorous and more solemn races. They shun, very properly, being bored, and they distrust excess. They laugh at Cook's caravans, and wonder that the English should enjoy stampeding across the continent in a body. They have been witty and sparkling at the expense of the British tourist. This is natural, for there is nothing on earth more comic than these hordes of wandering and supercilious barbarians let loose among foreign monuments. At least I thought so, until a little while ago. Thanks to M. Rostand's popular play, we are furnished, in the dreadful “Cadets de Gascogne,” with a sight far more irresistibly comic and ridiculous. Cook's tourists are modest. They come abroad to see and to be instructed. They offend nobody unless they happen to get drunk or dispute their bills, or mutilate ruins and carve their initials on classic stones. The cadets scorn so simple a virtue as modesty; and instead of going a-sight-seeing, they shout at the universe to leave its daily affairs and stand still and watch them in their wanderings. It is not glory enough to be a Cadet de Gascogne in the shade, but one must needs put a feather in one's cap, and stand out upon the high-roads, and blow a huge trumpet proclaiming the fact to an indifferent world.

Elsewhere, young men and old keep their souls in patience, while Glory takes her time in finding them out. These boisterous cadets

settle the matter by grasping glory in a body. True, they have done nothing on earth worth recording, but they were born in Gascony. This, in their esteem, constitutes a sufficient claim upon the admiration of their fellows. To be a cadet is to be a genius, and so they order a dozen caravans, and while everybody else is slumbering in the shade, incapable of a thought above cool drinks and cold baths, they tear through southern towns with a train of admiring journalists, who piously describe their speeches, their dinners, their excursions, their exuberant applause of their collective genius. Everywhere they go they discover the genius of defunct cadets, and raise statues and toast quantities of Gascon barbers and bakers and candlestick makers, who wrote forgotten rhymes and twanged silent guitars. And the nation, if we are to judge by the newspapers and the votes of thanks and admiration, take these pilgrims of art and literature as seriously as they take themselves. The *Figaro* gives them daily a couple of columns headed “Les Cadets de Gascogne.” We are not spared the report of a single frothy speech, the spectacle of a single extravagance, until at last the universal hope in Paris has been that before the end of the farcical parade every cadet would find his quietus at the bottom of the Garonne or the Adour.

M. Arsène Alexandre lately gave voice to the general sense of exasperated *ennui* in a witty article—“Les Cadets d'Ailleurs”—in the *Figaro*. He notes the curious features of the Cadets of Elsewhere—an exquisite modesty: when they travel they prefer to enter towns quietly on foot instead of prancing in on decorated steeds. When they want a vehicle they choose a simple cab instead of a sort of Lord Mayor's carriage, and they have not the slightest desire to be buffeted with flowers. It would disturb them to be acclaimed by a delirious crowd (so delirious that nobody in it has the ghost of an idea what the deuce it is that everybody is acclaiming); they prefer to pay a little dearer and travel incognito, instead of travelling in a caravan. If before a monument they are moved to admiration, the crisis is internal, and they abstain from making speeches even for the pleasure of saying nothing. There are many of these cadets scattered abroad among mountains and museums, but they are not accompanied by official reporters to announce their movements and words. M. Rostand has not popularised any other cadets than those of Gascogne. “What is remarkable,” exclaims M. Alexandre, “is that when these other cadets are in their native land, they are there, while the cadets appear from time to time in their beloved native towns, but passionately abstain from residing in them.” They go there only to unveil statues to unread and unknown geniuses who, it seems, are as common as nettles in Gascony. They remain permanently in the capital to be ready for every event, such as the death or sudden success of a compatriot, for the celebration and the revelation of which several cadets are furiously necessary. M. Alexandre, in his ingenious protest, depicts the Gascon cadet thus addressing every other provincial he meets in Paris: “What the

devil are you doing in Paris since you don't come from down there?"

Of a surety the sense of the ludicrous is foreign to the burning soil of Gascony. If this caravan on the high road of glory were youths sowing in such curious fashion a portion of their wild oats, storing up memories of sins of youth to be forgiven in tolerant age, grievously as one might still desire to clap them into a house of restraint, one could manage to overlook their follies with a shrug and a grimace. But no. Many of them are middle-aged fogies and hoary sages—true, such fogies and sages as are apparently born and bred on the banks of the Garonne, and, singular to say, a few of them really have done something. There is Falguierès, the sculptor—what is he doing in such a galley? One wonders how justice is administered down there, since prefects and mayors and justices of peace, who ought to know better, form part of the vociferating, toasting, self-glorifying mob, decorated in its own honour.

H. L.

THE BOOK MARKET.

BOOKS WORTH MORE THAN £100.

THE *New York Times' Saturday Review of Books and Art* publishes a list of books of importance and value (compiled by Mr. R. F. Roden) which have brought £100 and more at English book sales from 1790 to 1898, though in it figure a few rarities fetching smaller sums. No book of great bibliographical interest has been omitted, and from the beautiful Pliny of 1472, sold at the Chauncey sale, down to the Kilmarnock Burns, the list is interesting. Prices given are in pounds sterling. It should be remarked that prices for the Ashburnham books are not included in this list, having been given already in a previous number of our contemporary. Below we give a typical selection of books—our space will not accommodate more—which appear in Mr. Roden's list:

1807	Caxton's "Knight of the Tower"	£166	5	0
1812	Caxton's "Blanchardin"	215	5	0
	Caxton's "Tully of Old Age"	115	0	0
1813	Monstrelet's "Chroniques"	136	10	0
	De Bry. Seven vols.	546	0	0
	Caxton's "Chess Book"	173	5	0
	Caxton's "Confessio Amantis"	315	0	0
1815	Caxton's "Troylus and Creside"	252	2	0
1816	Caxton's "Chronicles"	105	0	0
1817	Caxton's "Jason"	165	0	0
1818	First Folio Shakespeare	121	0	0
1819	Caxton's "Pilgrimage of the Soul"	155	10	0
—	Luther's Bible (1541, vellum)	220	10	0
—	First Latin Bible with a date. Fust and Schoeffer (1462)	215	5	0

1824	Hariot's "Virginia"	100	0	0
—	Gutenberg Bible	199	10	0
	Livy of 1469, Rome, Sweynheim and Pannartz	472	10	0
—	Virgil of 1470. Vindelin de Spira	105	0	0
—	Psalter. Fust and Schoeffer (1459, vellum, red morocco)	136	10	0
1827	Rapin's "England"	288	15	0
	Xenophon, Oxford. Six vols. (1691-1765)	173	5	0
—	Cicero. Valdarfer, Venice (1471, vellum)	420	0	0
1829	Luther's own copy of his translation of the Bible	267	15	0
1842	"True Tragedie of the Duke of York" (1600) Shakespeare's Sonnets, Apsley imprint	131	0	0
1844	Shakespeare's "Venus and Adonis"	105	0	0
	Adonis	116	0	0
1847	Gutenberg Bible	500	0	0
1854	Tyndale's "Pentateuch"	159	0	0
—	The Great Bible	121	0	0
—	Coverdale's Bible	365	0	0
—	Chaucer's "Tales" De Worde	245	0	0
1858	Gutenberg Bible	596	0	0
1860	Hulsius's "Voyages and Travels"	335	0	0
1862	"Biblia Pauperum"	220	0	0
—	"Chronicles of England"	365	0	0
—	Caxton's "Servitum"	200	0	0
1864	Chester's "Love's Martyr"	138	0	0
—	Gray's "Odes"	110	0	0
—	"Book of St. Albans." De Worde	108	0	0
	Ben Jonson's "Sejanus." Large paper, original vellum, presentation copy to Francis Crane	106	0	0
—	Munday's "Banquet of Dainty Conceits"	225	0	0
—	First Folio Shakespeare. Beautiful copy, purchased for Miss Burdett Coutts	716	2	0
—	Second Folio	148	0	0
—	"Richard the Third." (1597)	352	15	0
—	"Love's Labour Lost." (1598)	346	10	0
—	"Merry Wives of Windsor." (1602)	346	10	0
—	"Venus and Adonis." (1596) One of the three known copies	336	0	0
1865	Cranmer's "New Testament"	215	0	0
—	"Castell of Laboure." Pynson.	195	0	0
—	"Much Ado About Nothing" (1600)	155	0	0
1867	First Folio Shakespeare	410	0	0
1868	Dibdin's "Tour in France and Germany." Extended to six volumes, 130 drawings, 242 plates	240	0	0
—	Caxton's "Knight of the Tower"	560	0	0
1870	First Folio Shakespeare	360	0	0

1873	Gutenberg Bible, vellum.	3,400	0	0
	ditto, paper	2,690	0	0
	Nichols's "Leicestershire"	260	0	0
1874	Block book, "Apocalypsis Sancti Johannis"	285	0	0
1878	First Folio Shakespeare	480	0	0
1880	Beza's "Confession of Faith." Mary Queen of Scots' copy	149	0	0
1881	De Bry's "Great Voyages"	125	0	0
—	Hakluyt's "Voyages." (1599-1600) With the voyage to Cadiz, and the rare map	131	0	0
—	"Anacreon." (1554, vellum)	221	0	0
—	First Latin Bible with a date	1,600	0	0
—	Valdarfer Boccaccio	585	0	0
—	Petrarch. (Venice, 1470) With the engravings	1,950	0	0
—	Rabelais (1542)	360	0	0
1882	Gutenberg Bible. Old Testament only	760	0	0
—	"Imitation de Jesus Christ." (1690)	356	0	0
—	Blake's "Milton"	230	0	0
—	Gohory's "Prince Jason's Contrast." (1553)	405	0	0
—	Gutenberg Bible, paper	3,900	0	0
—	Psalter of 1459	4,950	0	0
1885	Caxton's "King Arthur"	1,950	0	0
—	Coverdale's Bible (1536)	680	0	0
1887	Burns. Kilmarnock edition	110	0	0
1888	Eliot's Bible (1663)	580	0	0
1889	Gutenberg Bible	2,600	0	0
1890	Burns. Kilmarnock edition	120	0	0
—	Walton's "Angler" (1653)	210	0	0
1894	Third Folio Shakespeare	435	0	0
1895	Voltaire's Works, 70 vols.	255	0	0
1896	Ames's "Typographical Antiquities"	248	0	0
—	Browning's Pauline, with note by author	145	0	0
—	Milton's Lycidas, 1st edit.	101	0	0
1898	Burns. Kilmarnock edition	572	5	0

D R A M A.

WHILE comedy has entirely changed its ground within the present generation, melodrama still treads the beaten path of convention. The falsely accused hero whose happiness and whose very life is schemed against by ruthless villains continues to be righted in the last act, and to win the prize of the heroine's love. The history of the falsely accused hero would be the history of English melodrama for the past fifteen or twenty years. Both Boucicault and Watts Phillips, the masters of the preceding generation, worked upon a broader basis; but the late Henry Pettitt and Mr. George R. Sims have narrowed down the issues to the judicial error which has also been so largely exploited by their French contemporaries. That the false accusation leads up naturally to certain sure

and well proved "effects" is very true, but the sameness of motive must become a little tiresome, one would think, even to the enthusiastic patrons of the Adelphi. This Mr. Sims seems to have suspected when he sat down to write "The Gipsy Earl"; for the false accusation brought against the hero is, after all, only a slight one, added to which it is transferred, with some show of novelty, to the shoulders of the heroine. There it is, nevertheless, the mainspring of the action. Mr. Sims, with the best intentions in the world, has not been able to get away from it. He has retarded and minimised its development, but evidently it is no more to be kept out of the modern melodramatist's field of vision than was Charles the First's head out of Mr. Dick's. What is more, in "The Gipsy Earl" it is still the comic man, or one of his subordinates, who is instrumental in effecting the hero's escape from his enemies—another sure effect. Unfortunately, sureness of effect can only be obtained at the sacrifice of novelty and literary interest; but Mr. Sims is prepared, no doubt, to argue that he is not engaged in reforming the drama or the taste of his Adelphi patrons, but solely in constructing a huge dramatic mechanism warranted to act with the certainty of clockwork.

SUCH invention as the modern melodramatist brings to bear upon his work he devotes to the elaboration of a thrilling mechanical effect for the end of his penultimate act. Here novelty is *de rigueur*, and Mr. Sims—conventional as he is in story and general characterisation—has succeeded in very happily fulfilling the condition. In the way of mechanical sensation the hero (or heroine) has taken a "header" into the bosom of a lake, been tied upon the metals of the Underground Railway with a train approaching, or placed in the bottom of a lift the descent of which was certain death; an American play of last season showed us a woman clinging to the clapper of a swinging bell; we have seen a fight to the death between divers at the bottom of the sea, together with many other strange and far-fetched devices. What further link could be added to this long chain of stage surprises? Mr. Sims has proved equal to the occasion. Kidnapped by villains, the Gipsy Earl is shut up in the interior of a windmill, which stands out gaunt and spectrally at the back of the stage, the full depth of which it occupies. The windmill is a picturesque object which has played some part in fiction. On the stage it has never, within my experience, been turned to account. Mr. Sims, however, employs it very ingeniously, and, from the Adelphi point of view, with excellent effect. Noticing the hero's plight, one of the comic characters—I am not sure which, for the scene passes in dumb-show and in moonlight—climbers up one of the long arms of the windmill, and, getting in at the upper part of this structure, descends to the basement, where, presumably, he cuts the prisoner's bonds. Presently, amid the breathless attention of the house, the two men emerge at the top of the windmill—which at that moment begins to revolve—climb out upon the sails, and by

that means are safely swung down to the ground—a feat which is rewarded with a roar of applause. This is the most novel feature of "The Gipsy Earl," and the one by which it will be marked in the annals.

WHO, it may be asked, is the Gipsy Earl? That is no great matter. He is only our old friend, the rightful heir, in a new guise. The heir to the earldom has been carried off by gipsies in his boyhood, and likes the nomadic life so well that he does not care to take up his patrimony, but allows his younger (and wicked) brother to inherit the titles and estates. The latter proving unworthy of the trust, the Gipsy Earl resolves to assert his rights; whence a train of temporary misfortunes, contrived *secundum artem*, beginning with an unjust suspicion with regard to the murder of the usurping brother, and ending with the windmill adventure. Much of the picturesque element of the piece is derived from Sims's idealisation of the Romany folk, who since George Borrow have found no such sympathetic champion as he. Realistically, the English gipsy is a sorry personage. Like the Italian peasant, he is seen to the best advantage a mile away. Sims sublimates and poetises him. The gipsy heroine, like the hero, proves to be of aristocratic birth, so that in the end, when the two join hearts and hands, there is no *mésalliance*. A more picturesque pair of lovers than Mr. Fred Terry and Miss Julia Neilson could not be desired. Mr. Harry Nicholls, already an old Adelphi favourite, scores as a comic policeman, and among those who distinguish themselves in incidental character sketches—thumbnail portraits, so to speak—are Mr. Creagh Henry as an up-to-date money-lender, Miss Keith Wakeman as an adventuress, Mr. Athol Forde as a testy middle-aged artisan engaged in the very practical courtship of a widow of mature years, and Miss Sidney Fairbrother as a boy whose imagination is fired by the reading of penny dreadfuls, and whose ambition it is to be a highwayman. From the literary point of view these incidental sketches are the best feature of the play.

"THE TERMAGANT," given at Her Majesty's Theatre by Messrs. L. N. Parker and Murray Carson, aims high—too high, perhaps, to hit the mark of a popular success. It is a poetic and tragical play the scene of which is laid in mediæval Spain, Miss Olga Nethersole, the temporary lessee of the theatre, impersonating the central figure, that of a wayward, capricious princess, suggestive in her various moods of Katherine, Beatrice, and Juliet. The Lady Beatrix is no termagant, but a somewhat headstrong beauty, who is quite prepared to bend her proud spirit to the will of "a man" as soon as she meets with one. Pending this contingency she and her "ladies and gentlemen" lead a very pleasant life at the palace of Moya. Lady Beatrix holds a Court of Love and condemns her frolicsome *entourage* to the life-long service of Cupid. Nothing more prettily idealistic than the opening scenes of "The Termagant" could be cited in modern drama. Presently this Katherine-Beatrice finds her Petruchio-

Benedick in the person of Don Roderigo, one of the gallant band who had accompanied Columbus in his quest of a new world, and the remainder of the play, which on the opening night attained a wearisome length, is devoted to the loves of this well-matched pair of intellectual athletes, until the dagger of a cowardly rival of the successful suitor brings about an ending which may be described as the culminating scene of "Romeo and Juliet" reversed.

How difficult it is for a poetic play, a pseudo-classic, to find favour with the English playgoer no one knows better than Mr. L. N. Parker, whose fertile genius has already done much to enlarge the bounds of the theatre, and this experiment with "The Termagant" is something to be placed to his credit. I hardly think, however, that he and his collaborator have done their theme justice. Supposing they had chosen to give it a modern setting—and the race of Katherines and Petruchios and Beatrices and Benedicks is not extinct—would they have thought it sufficient to present it in the form of a prolonged duologue? Would they not have deemed it essential to fill the framework of their play with illustrative life and movement? The besetting fault of the modern poetic drama is its lack of movement and variety, which tempts the actors in their turn to engage in an amount of attitudinising and a slowness of delivery that they would feel to be out of place in a modern story. Admirable in purpose, "The Termagant" suffers from meagreness of incident and monotony. Something it loses, too, from the unromantic methods of its chief exponent. Miss Olga Nethersole is better adapted by voice and physique to the portrayal of adventuresses. Power she unquestionably possesses, but it does not easily admit of being directed into sympathetic channels. Nor is Mr. Murray Carson, intelligent actor as he is, the ideal *caballero* of the occasion. Still, "The Termagant" as it stands is a laudable achievement for all concerned.

J. F. N.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CORYDON'S BOOKCASE.

SIR,—Your interesting discussion on holiday reading tempts me to join the palaver without an invitation.

Lists of books for the holidays are not of much practical use, are they? But book talk is always pleasant to book readers, and often to book writers. Just as a lover delights to talk of his mistress, does a reader like to talk of his pet authors.

But holiday reading for whom, and under what conditions? For one man's boon is another man's bore; and, besides, no man's humour in such things is fixed. I, for instance, will give you a list of holiday books, but next year my selection might be very different—or next week!

Personally, I should avoid novels, and strong or stern or caustic works, and take cheerful writers and gentle or bright

gossips: also poets. *Toujours* poets—and plenty of them.

So I should reach down Omar, the tent-maker, in Fitz-Gerald's dress; and *The Earthly Paradise*, and Browning's lyrics, and Percy's *Reliques*, and Swinburne's *Poems and Ballads*, and Spenser and Milton: one must have the "Sponsal Verses" and "Comus," and as for Æschylus, no tourist should be without him. Then I would like the "Banquet" of Plato, and a little of Emerson. One could not leave Sir Thomas Browne at home, nor *Tristram Shandy*, nor *Sartor Resartus* (I have done more than one holiday with one of these), and I want my Rabelais—the clean one—and the cheerful and quaint Montaigne, and the *Latter Day Pamphlets*, because in bad weather or under stress of an evil liver's vagaries, I can always laugh over the "crowded portal of literature" and the "raising on the bucklers"; and there are the essays of De Quincey, and the *Morte d'Arthur*, and Swift's *Journal to Stella*, and Thackeray's *Roundabout Papers*. Thoreau is too didactic, Whitman too strenuous, and Junius may stew in his own juice until wintry days.

Many Inventions has to come, for I like to read about the mad lighthouse-keeper, and the man who has been a Greek and a Viking slave; and I am not travelling without *Pickwick*, and should rather like *Great Expectations*. Then there is Shakespeare. My pets are "Hamlet," "Macbeth," "As You Like It," "Much Ado," the "Henries," and, of course, the Songs and Poems.

Add to these Selden's *Table Talk*, Andersen's *Fairy Tales*, Artemus Ward's *His Book*, Lamb, Landor (*Imaginary Conversations*), Anthony Hope's *Dolly Dialogues*, and Burton's *Anatomy* and I think we shall not be dull.

The "Bible" one can find anywhere, and I want to dip into the "Song of Songs," "Isaiah," "Ecclesiastes," and the "Psalms," and to read "Job": the most poetical, powerful, human and comic book of all—oh! those comforters of poor old Job's, how they have comforted me. I know men just like them. So do you.

And I believe I've forgotten something now—well: throw in *The Sentimental Journey* and Smiles's *Self-Help*, and I think the outfit will suffice for Yours, &c.,

THE AUTHOR OF "MERRIE ENGLAND."

SIR,—Though I am one of the persons whom Mr. Andrew Lang considers to be not worth mentioning, for my chief country pleasure is in reading out of doors, whether on Highland hillsides or in English hay-fields, I venture to send my selection of twenty books out of a considerable experience. One would not read twenty books—perhaps not more than one or two, for outdoor reading is dreamy work, and one does not read indoors in the country—but one would take them: only old friends for dipping and dreaming.

1. Mrs. Meynell's *Flower of the Mind*. (One cannot carry complete poets about, and one wants them all!)

2. Mrs. Meynell's *Colour of Life*.
3. Mr. Lang's *Ballades in Blue China*.
4. Mr. Lang's *Grass of Parnassus*.
5. Mr. Lang's *Letters to Dead Authors*.
6. Scott's Poems.
7. *Waverley*.
8. *Guy Mannering*.
9. *The Antiquary*.
10. *Rob Roy*.
11. *Old Mortality*.
12. *Heart of Midlothian*.
13. *Legend of Montrose*.
14. *Bride of Lammermoor*.
15. *The Monastery*.
16. *The Abbot*.
17. *Redgauntlet*.
18. *Esmond*.
19. A volume of Agnes Repplier.
20. *Adam Bede* (for the sake of the Sunday walk to church between the wild-rose hedges).

—I am, &c.,

A. S.

ADVERBS OF DEGREE.

SIR,—It has often struck me that the words "very," "exceedingly," "extremely," and all adverbs of degree are unsatisfactory on account of their indefiniteness. When anyone says that a place is "very" far off, we do not know exactly how far off it is; or, if we are told that anything is "extremely" beautiful, we are still in doubt as to the degree of beauty indicated.

It will, of course, be said that these words are themselves a series expressive of degree, that "extremely" is greater than "very," and "exceedingly" than "extremely"; but where all the terms in a series are indefinite, the series itself must be indefinite.

The Chinese language seems to me to be in this respect more satisfactory than ours. Although words equivalent to "very," &c., are in common use, there is another method of expressing degree with the required definiteness. The number ten is taken as the highest, and the degree to be expressed is stated in the form of a vulgar fraction—ten degrees or ten-tenths representing perfection.

Thus, if a Chinese wishes to convey some idea of a man's proficiency in speaking a foreign language he will say that he speaks "six degrees [*i.e.*, six-tenths] well," which conveys a more definite idea than our "pretty well." Or when referring to lack of ability, as, for example, in playing a game, he will say that so-and-so *pu kuo san fên*, "does not exceed three parts" (*i.e.*, about three-tenths). If nothing is left to be desired, he would say *t'a shih shih fên hao jên*, "he is a ten-degree [*i.e.*, ten-tenths, or perfectly] good man."

Could not some such system be admitted with advantage into the English language, not to supersede, but to supplement, our present indefinite expressions? Its great advantage seems to be that by its use the speaker can convey to the hearer, with some approach to accuracy, the idea contained in his (the speaker's) own mind.—I am, &c.,

E. T. C. WERNER.

Aldeburgh: Sept. 1.

SCOTTISH DIALECT.

SIR,—As I do not see the ACADEMY till three weeks after publication, probably others of Scotch descent have already pounced on the orthographical errors in "the vowel dialogue" reported in your issue of August 13. However, on the chance of their having failed to do so, I hasten to repair their shortcomings, and record my version of "the dialogue" as given me by my mother very many years ago:

Careful Scotch Wife (examining material for winter wear) asks: "A' oo?" ("All wool?")

Shopman (reassuringly): "Ou, aye! a' oo." ("Oh, yes! all wool.")

She: "A' as oo?" ("All one wool?")

He: "Ou, aye, a' as oo." ("Oh, yes! all one wool.")—I am, &c.,

G. R.

Sevenoaks: Sept. 5.

BOOK REVIEWS REVIEWED.

"VIA LUCIS."

THIS novel is said to be published under curious circumstances which are noted by most of its critics. *Via Lucis*, says the critic of the *Daily Telegraph*,

"comes before the public with a peculiar interest attaching to it. It is said to be the work of a young Italian girl, who, after many doubts and perplexities, has just taken the vows of a nun and hidden herself for ever in one of the strictest orders of the Roman Catholic Church, where no word from the outside world can ever reach her. She has left this story of a girl's inner life to us, we conclude, as an example and a legacy. And be 'Vivaria' who and what she may, no one who reads these pages, in which the life of the spirit is so completely described, can doubt for an instant that the author is laying bare her soul's autobiography. Perhaps never before has there been related with such detail, such convincing honesty, and such pitiless clear-sightedness, the tale of misery and torturing perplexity through which a young and ardent seeker after truth can struggle. It is all so strongly drawn. At first the small Pagan philosophy, the incompleteness, and the want of life. Then the illuminating joy as each ideal which is to be wholly satisfying is discovered, the despair as those ideals are each in turn found wanting. And then there comes the calm bitterness of the final revelation, the full self-comprehension. The book is simply and quietly written, and gains in force from its clear, direct style. The convent and the nuns, the faithful pictures of Italian people and society at Rome and at Frasso, give the book an original environment quite different from the 'local colouring' so largely dealt in by writers on Italy. Here there are no long descriptions of Italian scenery, of peasants, and festas; but every page, every descriptive line bears the stamp of truth."

The *Bookman* points out that

"it is not in any ignorance of convents and their ways that Signorina Vivaria has taken the veil. *Via Lucis* is a study—evidently from personal knowledge—of the conflicting claims of the cloister and the human affections on the life of a passionate, highly gifted, and independent-minded woman. Arduina flings herself with enthusiasm into each life in turn, only to find disappointment and disillusionment.

The words from 'Omar Khayyám,' 'There is a door to which I found no key,' stand justly on the title-page, for they give the key-note of the book. In the cloister she finds petty spite and jealousy, self-conceit, narrowness, and ignorance. Out of it she finds a continual striving and unrest, love which does not last, and wealth which is weariness. The secret of happiness is beyond her finding, and the book ends with the 'savour of ashes' and 'a reek as of extinguished lights.' The key is not found. And we see how it has come about that the writer is now a nun."

Turning to the workmanship of *Via Lucis* the same critic says:

"In spite of amateurish touches, and a tendency to excessive analysis of emotion, in spite of—perhaps because of—a very distinct note of femininity, the book has an undeniable fascination. It ends, as we have said, in gloom, perhaps inevitably in the circumstances. There is no highly coloured tragedy in these last chapters. It is simply that all the beauty and all the sunshine are gradually made to fade out of life, and at the end the reader feels as if he stood beside a tomb. *Via Lucis* is a misnomer. It is a *Via Tenebrarum*. The light is only by the way. We leave Arduina at last among the shadows."

The *Scotsman* says:

"*Via Lucis* is evidently a first book, and one into which a great deal has been written, but the author has yet to learn the subtle art of what to leave out. Nevertheless she has proved herself a writer of some power, and the image of Arduina and the useless tragedy of her life remain in the reader's memory."

"WILD EELIN."

MR. BLACK has the goodwill—earned by many a good novel—of his critics and readers. Says *Literature*:

"Mr. William Black is a novelist who seldom surprises and seldom disappoints us. The stories he has to tell are neither elaborate nor wildly exciting; the people whose stories he tells are often singularly like each other, and though, by the subtle art of the novelist, they live for us whilst we are in their company, they are not quite like anyone whose acquaintance we make without Mr. Black's introduction. They are types, it is true; but they undergo just that touch of genial idealisation which made John Leech's gallery of portraits so uniformly delightful. In *Wild Eelin* it is the potboy peer, Lord Mountmahon—intended as a foil to the other admirable characters in the book—who is really the most human of them all."

The same critic has a good passage on Mr. Black's treatment of landscape:

"Above all, there is [in *Wild Eelin*] that wonderful atmosphere of outdoor life which only an accurate observer and keen lover of nature can supply with such truth and fulness. Mr. Black returns once more to the Highlands, where he is undoubtedly most at home. The different phases of nature and changes of the sky must, in the case of most writers, respond more or less to human feelings, or be in harmony with human events, else the descriptions of them strike us as otiose. With Mr. Black the storm cloud gathers over the mountains, the rain clears away, or the twilight deepens quite irrespectively of what is happening on the stage of events. Yet these glowing descriptions of nature are never wearisome, and they give

an indefinable quality to the whole; a glamour of fresh air and murmuring waters and wide landscapes, of the value of which we are not conscious until we have closed the book. What close and true observation there is, for instance, of the changing colours on a salmon river: 'the pools in the Garva river—deep and dark and tea-brown, under the wooded banks, but of a bold, clear turquoise blue out in the open—were still as glass'; 'the golden evening, with the tall elms shivering down silver grey shadows on the smooth current of the river'; 'the glow from the west reflected on the broad bosom of the stream was of a soberer tone: and on the oily surface of the smoothly-swinging current there were myriads of rapid, tremulous threads and streaks and touches of shadow, where the swift-changing ripples caught the opalescent blue of the zenith.'"

The *Standard's* critic occupies himself more with the characters in the story. He says of "wild Eelin":

"Mr. Black has fallen in love with the heroine of the new story, which is published to-day, and he has endowed her so generously as to render her almost impossible of acceptance. Perhaps the mistake lies in her extreme youth. At four-and-twenty she might have done and said the things attributed to her here with greater probability and a better grace than at nineteen—a nineteen which, save for a little travel, has apparently been spent in a far corner of the North of Scotland. Still, it may be said at once that she is a fine creation, full to the finger-tips of vitality and genius, womanly, high-natured, and capable of dying of an unspoken love. Every man, woman, or child in the book is at her feet, so that the reader feels almost ashamed of holding aloof, and that he does so till the coming tragedy of her life is made clear is chiefly due to her perfections, her cockiness (there is no other word), her belief in her own genius (for her constant reference to it is only half in jest), and to Mr. Black's insistence on her 'wave blue' eyes. This description of them occurs so often that there are moments when we sincerely wish they were green."

The best and most consistent character, according to this critic, is Archie Gilchrist, the sub-editor of the *Inverness Observer*: "There is a truthfulness in the description of his struggles and successes that is very striking." And

"Mr. Black seems to be drawing him from knowledge and observation, no less than he appears to be describing Eelin from sheer love and remembrance that has become glorified. The Canadian Macdonalds are good; Somerled is never very definite, but he is the most attractive man of the story. The Bean-an-Tighearnie is a charming picture, and there are many minor studies. They and their surroundings stand out with a vividness that is almost startling, and Mr. Black's style is well fitted to their history. It is not one of his best novels, but it is a good bit of work."

The *Scotsman* says of *Wild Eelin*:

"Laid as the scene is in a provincial town, there is less scope than usual for the exercise of his own peculiar talents. His Highland girls do not well withstand the taint of civilisation which literary proclivities imply, and the incongruous elements which go to make up the story are never satisfactorily blended, while the picture that it gives of provincial newspaper life is too ideal and yet not ideal enough. There is a certain amount of pleasant reading in the story, but it is by no means equal to others that have come from the same pen."

BOOKS RECEIVED.

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

THE EXPOSITORY TIMES. Edited by James Hastings, M.A., D.D. Vol. IX. T. & T. Clark. 7s. 6d.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF HISTORY. By Ch. V. Langlois and Ch. Seignobos. Translated by G. G. Berry. With a Preface by F. York Powell. Duckworth & Co. 7s. 6d.

SHORT HISTORIES OF THE LITERATURE OF THE WORLD: SPANISH LITERATURE. By James Fitzmaurice-Kelley. W. Heinemann.

A STUDY OF MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT AND THE RIGHTS OF WOMAN. By Emma Rauschenbusch-Clough, Ph.D.

A HISTORY OF RUGBY SCHOOL. By W. H. D. Rouse, M.A. Duckworth & Co. 5s.

THE WORKS OF LORD MACAULAY (New Issue): THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND. Vols. V. and VI. Longmans, Green & Co. 3s. 6d. each.

MARIE ANTOINETTE. By Clara Tschudi. Translated by E. M. Cope. Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 7s. 6d.

TENNYSON: THE STORY OF HIS LIFE. By Evan J. Cuthbertson.

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD, COLLEGE HISTORIES: CORPUS CHRISTI. By Thomas Fowler, D.D. F. E. Robinson.

POETRY, CRITICISM, BELLES LETTRES. POEMS. By Oliver Orchard. Wilson & Macmillan.

THE RHYMES AND RHAPSODIES OF OLIVER GREY. George Routledge & Sons.

SCIENCE.

OUTLINES OF THE EARTH'S HISTORY: A POPULAR STUDY IN PHYSIOGRAPHY. Wm. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

THE ISLES AND SHRINES OF GREECE. By Samuel J. Barrows. Sampson Low, Marston & Co.

FOREIGN.

HOMÈRE: ÉTUDE HISTORIQUE ET CRITIQUE. Par Victor Terrel. Albert Fontemoing (Paris).

EDUCATIONAL.

LOWER GERMAN: WITH NOTES, &c., AND TEN POPULAR SONGS IN SOL-FA NOTATION. By Louis Lubovius. Wm. Blackwood & Sons.

THE UNIVERSITY TUTORIAL SERIES: THE REIGN OF ELIZABETH. Reprinted from the Intermediate Text-Book of English History. Vol. II. By C. S. Fearnside, M.A. W. B. Clive. 1s.

GREAT EDUCATORS: ROUSSEAU AND EDUCATION ACCORDING TO NATURE. By Thomas Davidson. William Heinemann. 5s.

GIRLS' PHYSICAL TRAINING. By Alice R. James. Macmillan & Co. 7s. 6d.

THE ELEMENTS OF PHYSICAL EDUCATION. By Harry Everitt Loseby. Wm. Blackwood & Sons.

GERMAN PROSE COMPOSITION FOR MIDDLE AND UPPER FORMS. By R. J. Morich. Rivingtons. 4s. 6d.

"SIR WALTER SCOTT" CONTINUOUS READERS: QUENTIN DURWARD. By H. W. Ord, B.A. A. & C. Black.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE HUSH-A-BY PAPERS: A BOOK FOR THE BEDSIDE. By J. R. Clegg. T. Fisher Unwin. 1s.

THE DURHAM COLLEGE OF SCIENCE: CALENDAR. Andrew Reid & Co. (Newcastle-on-Tyne).

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

LONGMANS, GREEN & Co.

MESSRS. LONGMANS, GREEN & Co.'s Autumn announcements include the following works:

The Early Married Life of Maria Josepha, Lady Stanley, from 1796. Edited by J. H. Adeane. This volume will be supplementary to *The Girlhood of Maria Josepha Holroyd*, edited by J. H. Adeane, which was published by Messrs. Longmans in 1896.

Pitt: Some Chapters of his Life and Times. By the Right Hon. Edward Gibson, Lord Ashbourne.

Memoirs of the Life and Correspondence of Henry Reeve, C.B., D.C.L., late Editor of the "Edinburgh Review," and Registrar of the Privy Council. By John Knox Laughton, M.A., Honorary Fellow of Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge.

The Life and Letters of Sir George Savile, Baronet, first Marquis of Halifax. With a new edition of his works, now for the first time collected and revised. By H. C. Foxcroft.

The Traditional Poetry of the Finns. By Senatore Comporetti. Translated by Mrs. Isabella M. Anderton.

Religion in Greek Literature. By the Rev. Lewis Campbell, M.A., LL.D., Emeritus Professor of Greek, University of St. Andrews.

The Soul, Here and Hereafter. By R. E. Hutton, Chaplain of St. Margaret's, East Grinstead.

Some Aspects of Primitive Church Life. By William Bright, D.D., Canon of Christ Church and Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the University of Oxford.

The True Limits of Ritual in the Church: a Series of Essays by Various Writers. Edited by Robert Linklater, D.D., Vicar of Holy Trinity, Stroud Green.

Men and Movements in the English Church. By the Rev. Arthur Rogers, Central Falls, Rhode Island, U.S.A.

Letters of the Rev. Edward Bouverie Pusey, D.D. Edited and prepared for publication by the Rev. J. O. Johnston, M.A., Principal of the Theological College, Cuddesdon, and the Rev. W. C. E. Newbolt, M.A., Chancellor and Canon of St. Paul's.

Psychology in the Schoolroom. By T. F. G. Dexter, B.A., B.Sc., Head Master of the Finsbury Pupil Teachers' School; and A. H. Garlick, B.A., Head Master of the Woolwich Pupil Teachers' School, Author of *A New Manual of Method*, &c.

Clear Speaking and Good Reading. By Arthur Burrell, M.A., Assistant Master at Bradford Grammar School. With a Preface by P. A. Barnett, H.M.I.

The Structure and Classification of Birds. By Frank E. Beddard, M.A., F.R.S., Prosecutor and Vice-Secretary of the Zoological Society of London.

An Epitome of Human Histology for the Use of Students in connection with Lectures and Laboratory Work. By Arthur W. Weyss, A.M., Ph.D., Instructor in Biology, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Boston, U.S.A.

My Inner Life: being a Chapter in Personal Evolution. By John Beattie Crozier, author of *Civilisation and Progress*, &c.

The Iliad of Homer. Freely rendered into English prose for the use of those that cannot read the original. By Samuel Butler, author of *Erewhon*, *Life and Habit*, &c.

The Lays of the Knights. By the Rev. C. W. Barraud, S.J., author of *St. Thomas of Canterbury*, and other Poems.

A Handbook to French Art. By Miss Rose G. Kingale.

The Golden Year. From the verse and prose of James Whitcomb Riley. Compiled by Clara E. Laughlin.

Notes on Beowulf. By Thomas Arnold, M.A., of Univ. Coll., Oxford; Fellow of the Royal University of Ireland.

Lectures on the National Gallery. By Prof. J. Paul Richter.

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SESSION 1898-9.

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REVIEWS.

THE LITERATURE OF SPAIN.

A History of Spanish Literature. By J. Fitzmaurice Kelly. (Heinemann.)

THIS volume belongs to the *Short Histories of the Literatures of the World*, which Mr. Edmund Gosse is editing for Mr. Heinemann. No great European literature is less known to Englishmen than that of Spain. Hitherto we have had to depend on Ticknor; but it was time that some later and more modern work should be placed in the hands of the public, an up-to-date and concise handbook was needed to dispel a national ignorance not creditable to us. The editor has been singularly fortunate in securing for this purpose such a man as Mr. Fitzmaurice Kelly, who by his recent revised edition of the Spanish text of *Don Quixote* has filled a gap which Spain herself had left vacant—a singular distinction for a foreigner. If we may infer Mr. Fitzmaurice Kelly's nationality from his name, it is appropriate that an Irishman should approve himself an expert in Spanish letters. For Ireland has given to Spain generals like O'Donnell; to Spain the "Wild Geese" winged their flight; from Spain came Owen Roe to the deathly victory of Benburb; from Spain—according to the "old Milesian story"—came Erin herself. This is an excellent and model handbook. It is treated with perspective and proportion; it is comprehensive, clear, concise, yet not dry-as-dust; the judgments are judicial, impartial, and well on the hither side of exaggeration; the style is good, lucid, and interesting. The book is kept from being a mere museum of labelled and classified literary objects (the common fate of brief handbooks embracing vast themes) by the allusive manner of a writer possessing wide collateral knowledge and trained literary sense. It is work well done by one who has a thorough grip of his subject, and has thought out its essentials before he set pen to paper.

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dimly paralleled by the history of Roman letters. Italy and England began by following foreign models, but the foreign influence came at the outset. At the outset France and Italy gave models to Chaucer, Provence to the predecessors of Dante. Rome, indeed, began with an indigenous literature. But that literature was strangled in its birth. Nævius was at once its first great name, and its last. Spain presents the singular sight of a literature developing on internal lines for centuries, graced by many great names, and in a day taking its mortal wound, giving place to a new literature growing on external and Italian lines. Like Rome and England, however, it retained something of its own, which it developed to purely national results. With Rome it was satire. With Spain, as with England, it was the drama.

The earliest work we possess from Spain which can be called literature is, in fact, a mystery-play—"The Misterio de los Reyes Magos." In kind it is founded on similar Latin plays which were common in France, but it has (says Mr. Fitzmaurice Kelly) a sweetness and a comparative dramatic freedom which lift it much above its models, and make it the germ from which ultimately came the Spanish *auto*. Next comes the famous *Poema del Cid*. This *Poem of the Cid* is much older than the romances of the Cid, earlier than the *Cronica Rimada*, which is the other great source of the Cid legends. How fine the *Poem* often is the reader may see in the spirited version of Hookham Frere. This early effort was undoubtedly influenced by the French *jongleurs* and *troubadours*. The Alexandrine metre alone shows this. But it is developed to thoroughly Spanish results. France suggested also one of the national metres of Spain, the *cuaderna via*, consisting of fourteen-syllable lines in quatrains turning on a single rhyme. It is the metre used by Berceo, a sacred poet, who is the first known verse-writer of Spain. This is in the thirteenth century, the age of Alphonso the Learned. That Castilian king was the founder of Spanish literature. He not only encouraged literature; he was himself the first great Spanish writer—that is, the first great Castilian writer. Galician first developed as a poetic language, and furnished models to Castille. Alfonso's own poems to the Virgin (which are of striking merit) were written in Galician; so little likely did it seem then that Galician, like Provençal, would become a dialect, and Castilian the national tongue of Spain. But Alfonso's prose works were written in Castilian—Castilian so pure and stately that it laid the foundations of all subsequent Castilian prose. His heir, Sancho, followed him with letters to his son, little inferior to Alfonso's—for both these kings were royal Chesterfields. The fourteenth century opens with "the greatest name in early Castilian literature," as Mr. Fitzmaurice Kelly calls him, Juan Ruiz. This Spanish Rabelais was a dissolute cleric, Archpriest of Hita. He died, most probably, in gaol, and to a certainty he deserved it. But he was a brilliant genius, "the first great lyric poet of Castille," and a master of tales in verse, dealing Chaucer-wise with the living types of his own day.

He innovated, gave freedom and masterly variety to the stiff verse of his predecessors, and overflowed with wit, humour, gaiety, grasp of character, and reckless depiction of all the picturesque licentious Spain of his day—its Jewesses, Moors, nuns, court-ladies, and peasant wenches. Beside him stands the Infante Juan Manuel, whose *Conde Lucanor* is a collection of prose tales, admirable in style, irony, and satire; anticipating in their framework the methods of the *Decameron*. Last comes the Chancellor Ayala, statesman, warrior, and writer. A masterly and judicial historian, he also wrote the *Rimado de Palacio*—a long, bitter, and powerful satire, the last great work written in the old *cuaderna via*.

For with the fifteenth century began the signs of coming change. The classics were studied and imitated, Dante was translated, the Italians were becoming known. Francisco Imperial, an Italian, imitated Dante's methods in Spanish. The Marquis de Santillana followed him, copying not only Dante, but Petrarch and Boccaccio, and for the first time introducing the sonnet into Spain. He was not successful, his graceful pastoral pieces being his best title to fame. Perez de Guzman continues the prose tradition with a brilliant gallery of contemporary historical portraits. In the latter part of the century Gomez de Manrique made further essays on the Italian model, and distinguished himself by his elegiac verses. More famous are the immortal elegiacs of Jorge Manrique on the death of his father, which Longfellow has rendered without, to our mind, catching the beauty of the original. He also in a few pieces carried forward the still primitive drama, both religious and secular. But the great step in that direction was taken by Encina, whose eclogues, lay or liturgical, are really simple dramas, handled with a skill which paved the way for the *autos* of Calderon, though he did not himself depart from the ancient lines. The *Celestina* of Fernando de Rojas, a long piece in dramatic form, approximating more to the romantic novel than the play, really furnished the point of departure for the future Spanish novel. Early in the next century Torres Naharro, a dramatist in advance of his age, set the example of scientific plot, character-drawing, and clever dialogue. But his precedent was not to avail for dramatic salvation till a century later.

The fifteenth century had seen the sowing of the Italian seed, seemingly to no purpose; the sixteenth saw the harvest. Extended intercourse with Italy had prepared men's minds, and the Great Captain's triumphs in Italy were retorted to by an amazing Italian conquest in Spain. It was a sufficiently mediocre Catalan poet, one Boscán, who won where greater poets had failed. In truth they had not failed, any more than the ploughman fails because the seedsman sows in his furrow. The Venetian Ambassador, Navagiero, urged Boscán to write in Italian measures. After patient practice he brought out a volume of poems, imitated with more labour than success from Petrarch and the Italians. But the innovation took; and it took specially with Boscán's friend, Garcilaso de la Vega.

That was the turning-point. Garcilaso was a man of brilliant genius, and he speedily outstripped Boscán in the new style. His brief life sufficed to set the Italian movement beyond the risk of failure, and to raise himself to the head of Spanish poetry. Then he fell—Spain's Sidney—in the breach of MUY and the arms of the future St. Francis Borgia. The Italian revolution spread like an epidemic. In half a century the old Castilian Muse was dead and interred.

This extraordinary change of dynasty in Song was justified by its fruits. The latter half of the sixteenth century, coinciding with the reign of Philip II., was the Augustan age of Spanish poetry. To the elegant and dreamy Garcilaso succeeded the strong and exuberant Herrera, Torre, Figueroa, the pastoral and tenderly beautiful, Ponce de Leon, first of the great mystic poets—the list is endless. The great tide of Spanish mysticism set in, with St. Teresa and St. John of the Cross in its forefront. Meanwhile, players and playwrights were abroad in the land, the work of Torres Naharro was being continued, and the ways were made straight for the seventeenth century. The seventeenth century was the Augustan age of the Spanish drama and the Spanish novel. An unsuccessful playwright, who had spent half his life in failure on the boards, and the penning of dubiously successful poems, wrote a curious kind of novel as a desperate experiment, and woke up famous as the author of *Don Quixote*. After years of reckless living, a rival stung him into surpassing himself by the production of the Second Part; and the former hopeless failure died, the greatest name in Spain, Miguel de Cervantes. Lope de Vega achieved all that Cervantes had dreamed in drama, became the greatest playwright of his country, and the most inventive dramatist that ever lived. A brilliant train followed him, among whom we can only stop to mention Tirso de Molina, the creator of *Don Juan*. Spain had at length a national theatre, one of the two finest the modern world has seen. To wind up a brilliant age came Calderon. His special contribution was the *auto*. The sacred drama of Encina had been carried a little further by a Portuguese, Gil Vicente, and others. Calderon took it, and made of it a unique and beautiful species. Inferior to Lope and Lope's followers as a playwright, he was their superior as a poet. In lyric drama lay his strength, and the *auto* consequently was his tower and citadel. He remains the greatest religious dramatist of the world, and his lyric beauty is hardly surpassed, nor has often been equalled.

After Calderon—the night. Spain's literature, like Spain's empire, had suddenly culminated; like her empire, it suddenly decayed. With the eighteenth century it fell, and great was the fall thereof. Of its present partial revival Mr. Kelly treats in his final chapter; but it is not our purpose to follow him. Two remarks we may make in conclusion. Throughout Spanish literature there is a strong strain of rhetoric, a worthy and noble rhetoric, akin to that of Rome. The rhetorical strains of Cervantes' *Numancia*, for example, strikingly recall the

Latin writers. Spain gave to Rome Seneca and Lucan; and that virile rhetoric has persisted in the grave Castilian blood; though mingled with a softer note, derived perhaps from the Arab element, which is seen in the lovely choruses of the *Magico Prodigioso*, and the impassioned lyrics of St. John of the Cross. Another characteristic thing is the extraordinary proportion of Spanish writers who have been men of action. Not only Cervantes, but two of his brother dramatists, fought at Lepanto. Lope de Vega bore arms in his youth, Garcilaso de la Vega fell in battle—soldiers are as common as blackberries among the Spanish poets, while many have been statesmen as well. It is an answer to the belief that great writers are unfit for action; and is characteristic of a chivalrous nation and a virile literature. If Mr. Fitzmaurice Kelly should induce more Englishmen to make acquaintance with this brilliant, fertile, manly, and beautiful literature, he will earn the reward he would probably value most. Shakespeare's countrymen delighted in it, drew inspiration from it. Why not also their descendants?

SOME FAMOUS PASSAGES IN JOHN KNOX.

The History of the Reformation of Religion within the Realm of Scotland. Written by John Knox. Edited for Popular Use by C. J. Guthrie, Q.C. (A. & C. Black.)

EARLY in the present year it was stated in a leading Edinburgh magazine that in the libraries of the Scottish universities the pages of Laing's great edition of the works of Knox never had been cut! Yet until now there alone could the History be found. Surely the present editor had an imperative call to undertake the task, which he has executed admirably. Before entering upon what is meant rather as an informal chat than a grave essay or review, it is only fair to give a word of praise to what he has done. He has modernised the spelling, explained obscure and difficult words, and divided the book into chapters. Also, about fifty illustrations are given, and these of the most useful kind—portraits of Knox and his contemporaries, and pictures of books, articles of furniture, houses, and other antiquities calculated to illuminate the text. Lastly, it is printed by the Constables in their best style, so that Scotland has no excuse left for neglecting her hero.

But, in truth, only his works have been neglected. There are few books more popular in the libraries than Mrs. McCunn's *Life of John Knox*, and the many Scottish essayists, including Carlyle and Stevenson, have found a fruitful theme in the stern Calvinist. Between them they have managed to familiarise the public with the more famous passages in this wonderful book. Yet it deserves much closer attention. Carlyle has said of the history of Scotland that "it contains nothing of world interest at all but the Reformation of Knox," and great times bring forth interesting characters. For imaginative writers the time has always had

a charm. Many who would not open a serious history know something of it from the abundant romances and plays it has inspired. They know the French connexions of Mary, the house of Guise and Catherine de Medici, from the teeming pages of Dumas. Shakespeare has familiarised them with Elizabethan England, and the *Abbot* and the *Monastery* have painted the Scotland of Queen Mary. Froude, Hill Burton, Skelton, Swinburne—what a diversity of minds have been drawn to the study! And the *dramatis personæ* are well worthy of their attention. They represented life in every form and shape. There were martyrs like Wishart, "courteous, lowly, lovely, glad to teach and desirous to learn"; arrogant, rich priests like Cardinal Beaton; rough, bold soldiers like Kirkcaldy of Grange; deep and subtle politicians like Maitland of Lethington; "godlie and auncient matrons" like the Lady of Grange and—Queen Mary. Nor was the action unworthy of the actors. The chronicle of Knox deals with alternations of tragedy and comedy. And the bitter, narrow-minded, but alert and wideawake preacher, with an eye equally keen for the touching and the grotesque, has made a selection of incidents so splendid that not even in the pages of Scott are the wild times so graphically represented.

Browning's phrase, "Sour John Knox," embodies a very general impression, but a wrong one. Knox had a keen sense of humour, and loved a bottle of Bordeaux, and must have talked in very entertaining fashion when off duty, so to say, in his Edinburgh lodging. And he who wrote the following account of the taking of Master George Wishart had, in addition to consummate literary skill, a wealth of tenderness in his disposition:

"John Knox pressing to go with him, Master George said: 'Nay, return to your bairns and God bless you. One is sufficient for one sacrifice.' He then caused a two-handed sword, which commonly was carried with him, to be taken from John Knox, who, albeit unwillingly, obeyed and returned with Hugh Douglas. Master George, having to accompany him, the Laird of Ormiston, John Sandilands of Calder, younger, the Laird of Brunestane, and others passed on foot, for it was a vehement frost, to Ormiston. After supper he held a comfortable purpose of the death of God's chosen children, and merrily said, 'Methinks that I desire earnestly to sleep'; and 'Will we sing a Psalm?' So he appointed the fifty-first Psalm. Which being ended he passed to his chamber, and, sooner than his common diet was, passed to bed with these words, 'God grant quiet rest.'"

Wishart had been Knox's spiritual father, and he invariably falls into his gentlest mood when speaking of him. But that knowledge of, and sympathy with, human nature that was the secret of his success as a preacher gave him an instinctive faculty for seizing on the salient memorable word of a situation. His picture of James V. after the disastrous battle of Solway Moss has a piercing quality:

"The certain knowledge of the discomfiture coming to the king's ears, who waited upon news at Lochmaben, he was stricken with a sudden fear and astonishment, so that scarcely could he speak or hold purpose with any man.

The night constrained him to remain where he was; so he yead to bed but rose without rest or quiet sleep. His continual complaint was 'Oh, fled Oliver? Is Oliver tane? Oh, fled Oliver?' And these words in his melancholy, and as it were, carried away in a trance, repeated he from time to time, to the very hour of his death.

In the meantime was the Queen upon the point of her delivery in Linlithgow, who was delivered the eighth Day of December, 1542, of Marie that then was born, and now doth reign for a plague to the Realm, as the progress of her whole life up to this day declareth. The certainty that a daughter was born to him coming to his ears, the King turned from such as spake with him and said: 'The Devil go with it. It will end as it began. *It came from a woman, and it will end in a woman.*' After that he spake not many words that were sensible, but ever harped upon this old song, 'Fye fled Oliver? Is Oliver tane? All is lost!'

For the purpose of comparison we copy out the well-known description of the murder of Cardinal Beaton. Mr. W. E. Henley, in his essay on Burns, declares that "it is, as it were, Shakespearean," and that high praise only echoes what many an eminent predecessor felt about as fine a passage of prose as is in English:

"The Cardinal, wakened with the shouts, asked from his window, 'What means that noise?' It was answered that Norman Leslie had taken his castle. Which understood, he ran to the postern; but perceiving the passage to be kept without, he returned quickly to his chamber, took his two-headed sword, and made his chamber-child cast kists and other impediments to the door. In the meantime came John Leslie unto it and bid open.

The Cardinal: 'Who calls?'

Leslie: 'My name is Leslie.'

The Cardinal: 'Is that Norman?'

Leslie: 'Nay, my name is John.'

The Cardinal: 'I will have Norman. He is my friend.'

Leslie: 'Content yourself with such as are here. Other shall ye get none.'

There were with the said John, James Melvin, a man familiarly acquainted with Master George Wishart, and Peter Carmichael, a stout Gentleman. In the meantime, while they force the door, the Cardinal hides a box of gold under coals that were laid in a secret corner. At length, he asked, 'Will ye save my life?'

Leslie: 'It may be that we will.'

The Cardinal: 'Nay. Swear unto me by God's wounds, and I shall open unto you.'

Leslie: 'It that was said is unsaid. Fire! Fire!'

The door was very stark, and so was brought a chymley full of burning coals. Which perceived, the Cardinal, or his chamber-child (it is uncertain), opened the door, and the Cardinal sat down in a chair and cried, 'I am a priest! I am a priest! ye will not slay me!' John Leslie, according to his former vows struck him first, once or twice, and so did the said Peter. But James Melvin, a man of nature most gentle and most modest, perceiving them both in choler, withdrew them and said: 'This judgment of God, although it be in secret, ought to be done with greater gravity.' Presenting unto him the point of his sword he said:

'Repent thee of thy former wicked life, especially of the shedding of the blood of that noble instrument of God, Master George Wishart, which albeit the flame of fire consumed it before men yet cries it a vengeance upon thee: and we from God are sent to revenge it. Here before my God I protest that neither the hatred of thy person, nor the love of thy

riches, nor the fear of any trouble thou couldst have done to me in particular, moved or moveth me to strike thee, but only because thou hast been and remainest an obstinate enemy to Christ Jesus and His Holy Evangel.'

So Melvin struck the Cardinal twice or thrice through with a stog sword, and he fell, never word heard out of his mouth but 'I am a priest! I am a priest! Fie, fie! All is gone!'

Let us try to follow Knox through one great day in his life—that in which he had his fourth interview with the Queen. In the language of the modern athlete he was in his best form, and scored right and left. You get a glimpse of every side of him. He was summoned to the Court because "placeboes and flatterers" had reported his bitter comments on the Queen's proposed marriage with Don Carlos, son of Philip I. of Spain. The Queen in a "vehement fury" tried all the arts of a passionate beautiful woman. She was eloquent in reproaches, and cried so that "scarcely could Marna, her secret chamber-boy, get napkins to hold her eyes dry, and the howling besides womanly weeping stayed her speech." Little effect was produced on the grim Calvinist, and "the said John did patiently abide all the first fume." When he did speak every word is instinct with force and dignity. He that "neither fearit nor flatterit any flesh" seems really to have taken a certain pleasure in rebuking the Queen. "What have you to do with my marriage? or what are *you* within this Commonwealth?" asks Mary indignantly. "A subject born within the same, Madam," answers Knox, and the reply is well worth the capital letters in which the editor has printed it:

"John Knox stood still, without any alteration of countenance, for a long season, while the Queen gave place to her inordinate passion. In the end he said, 'Madam, in God's presence I speak, I never delighted in the weeping of any of God's creatures. Yea, I can scarcely well abide the tears of my own boys whom my hand correcteth; much less can I rejoice in your Majesty's weeping. But, seeing I have offered to you no just occasion to be offended, but have spoken the truth as my vocation craves of me, I must sustain, albeit unwillingly, Your Majesty's tears rather than I dare hurt my conscience, or betray my Commonwealth through my silence.'

The scene lives before one, and it is easy to understand Carlyle's unlimited admiration of this reply. But most curious of all was the sequel. The Queen was angry, and commanded John to pass forth of the Cabinet and abide her pleasure in the Chamber. He stood there as "one whom men have never seen," and

"therefore began he to forge talking with the ladies who were there sitting in all their gorgeous apparel; which espied, he merrily said, 'O fair ladies! How pleasing were this life of yours, if it should ever abide, and then in the end that we might pass to heaven with all this gay gear! But fie upon that knave. Death that will come whether we will or not! And when he hath laid on his arrest the frail worms will be busy with this flesh, be it never so fair and so tender; and the silly soul, I fear, shall be so feeble that it can neither carry with it gold, garnishing, targetting, pearl, nor precious stones.' By such means procured he the company of women."

LANDOR'S SCHOOL.

A History of Rugby School. By W. H. D. Rouse. "English Public Schools." (Duckworth & Co.)

A LITTLE while ago we received from Mr. Edward Arnold, and reviewed with much appreciation, a history of Harrow School. It seemed to us a model of what a history of a school should be. It was a book which, while sufficiently interesting to attract ordinary readers, was so informed with the Harrow spirit as to make it a perfect possession for old Harrow boys. The editors were two of the present masters at the school, and they had obtained contributions from the best accessible authorities on the various aspects of Harrow set apart for treatment. With them worked enthusiastically artist and publisher, and the result was an excellent work. Now it seems to us that that is the way a famous school with a history and traditions of its own should be treated: as far as possible exhaustively and finally. And hence we are disappointed with the volume before us. As fine a history of Rugby could be made as of Harrow, yet here we are offered merely a swift monograph. It is true that the work forms one of Messrs. Duckworth's "English Public Schools" series, but that only explains, it does not excuse it. One thorough, comprehensive volume, like the *Harrow School*, is the thing; the multiplication of monographs is idle, not to the point. Our quarrel, we would explain, is with the publisher rather than with the author. Mr. Rouse has made a good book, so far as it goes, but it must, we fear, be done again. Rugby boys, at any rate, deserve a fuller work. Instead of *A History of Rugby School*, this ought to be *The History*.

The flower of Mr. Rouse's volume is the eighth chapter, which tells the story of the headmastership of Thomas James, D.D., 1778-1794, the maker of modern Rugby, and of some of the freaks of one of Rugby's most illustrious sons, Walter Savage Landor. Landor was a boy of whom any head-master might well be both proud and timid; and James and he had many a bout. Mr. Rouse has gone to Forster's *Life* of the poet for certain good stories, which come well in the account of James and his efforts. This of Landor's adventures with his fag, John Reade, the father of Charles Reade, the novelist, has a rich flavour. The narrator is Charles Reade himself, and hence the history loses nothing of dramatic force:

"My father, John Reade, of Ipsden, Oxon, was sent to Rugby at eight years of age. Next day, in the afternoon, a much bigger boy espied him, and said, 'Hy, you new boy, I want you.' It was to carry a casting-net. Young Reade found it rather heavy. Master Landor cast the net several times in a certain water, and caught nothing. Thereupon he blamed his attendant. 'You are the cause of this,' said he. 'I begin to fear you are a boy of ill omen' (sic). He cast again, and drew a blank. 'Decidedly,' said Master Landor, 'you are a boy of ill omen. However,' says he, 'we won't lay it on the Fates till we have tried all mortal means. *Sapiens dominabitur astris*. We must poach a little.' Accordingly he proceeded to a forbidden preserve, . . . cast in the brook,

but caught nothing. 'Reade,' said he, 'this is not to be borne. You are a boy of too ill omen. Now, here is a favourite hole; if I catch nothing in it I shall yield to your evil destiny; but I warn you I shall make you carry the net home, and I shall flick you all the way home with my handkerchief.' Little Reade looked very rueful at that. The net, even when dry, had seemed mortal heavy to him, and he began to calculate how much more it would weigh when wet and dirty. The net was cast—a good circle—drawn steadily to land, and lo! struggling in its meshes, a pike of really unusual size. Master Landor raised a shout of triumph, then instantly remembering his partner, he turned to Master Reade, 'Welcome to Rugby, sir, welcome! You are a boy of excellent omen. I'll carry the net home, and you shall sup off this fish; it is the joint production of my skill and your favourable star.'"

Landor was rebellion incarnate. He excelled in all forms of athletics, he was the most brilliant scholar in the school, he fought whomsoever stood in his way, and he cared for no authority. Dr. James once paid a visit to him in his study. Landor knew perfectly well who was there, but replied to the knock, "Get thee hence, Satan!" They had conflicts of wit too. Charles Reade tells the following story:

"One day in full school, Master Landor had an apple of singular size and beauty. He had his *Livy* in one hand and this apple in the other, and read and read, and munched and munched, till the sound struck the Doctor. He espied the delinquent and ordered him to bring that apple to him. He put it on his desk, *coram populo*; and then, half relenting, said: 'There, sir. Now, if you want that again, you had better go and sit down, and make me a short line on the occasion.' 'Oh, I can do that and stand here,' says Master Landor. 'Do it then.' The boy thought a moment, and soon obliged him with a pentameter—

'Esuriens doctor dulcia poma rapit.'

'Hum!' says Dr. James. 'And pray, sir, what do you mean by E-su-riens doctor?' 'The gormandising doctor.' 'Take it, sir, you are too hard for me, you are too hard for me,' said the Doctor, delighted with his pupil."

And another instance of Landor's readiness is quoted by Mr. Rouse in the story of a petition for a half-holiday. Landor was asked to make the request. He did so in a copy of verses in which he took advantage of the fact that seven boys of the name of Hill were in the school, to compare Rugby with Rome. "Ah!" said James, "I don't ask you who wrote this, for there's only one of you with brains to do it. Half-holiday? Yes." Landor at length overstepped the bounds, and James was compelled to order his dismissal from the school. The boy had always a good conceit of himself, and was piqued that his verses were not appreciated as he held they deserved to be. "Mine were always the best," he said afterwards. Hence, when he was told to copy some of what he considered quite inferior of his verses into the headmaster's album, he added two stanzas, beginning—

"Haec sunt malorum pessima carminum
Quae Landor unquam scripsit."

James simply reprimanded him; and Landor, encouraged by the gentleness of the rebuke, became, on the next occasion, positively

scurrilous. He, therefore, had to go. James must have been both pained and relieved to lose him. Landor's closest rival as a scholar of brilliance was Samuel Butler, from whose pen proceeded the inscription in memory of James in Rugby Chapel.

James retired in 1794, after a most successful period, in which he had Etonised and improved the school, partly at his own expense, and made the way far easier for those who were to follow. Henry Ingles succeeded him, then John Wooll, and then Dr. Arnold, in whose time Rugby attained its true position. In James's *Letter of Resignation*—a document of great interest to those who study education—we have hints as to his methods. "I have never governed the Boys," he wrote, "by that secret information which some masters are thought to have derived from their own subjects. It would be a high crime, and even treason, against the Virtue and Honour of the School to induce Boys to be traitors to their Fellows. . . . Secret information from any others I have always thought fair, together with general reports in the case of mischief." And again: "I governed more by principles of justice and what I called among the boys (my only law) the Eternal Rule of Right and Wrong—which is the same from Adam to the present hour, let French politicians say what they will. . . . than by the terrors of the Rod; though I have established that on all becoming occasions." Altogether we must look on James as a wise and capable organiser, and the true father of the school.

For the rest, Mr. Rouse's book is brightly written (with a few unnecessary digressions, as when he goes out of his way to criticise the methods of the *Sporting Times*) and is very readable. Our only regret is that more latitude was not given to the historian to render his work exhaustive and a treasured possession for all Rugby boys, old and new. But that, as we have said before, is less Mr. Rouse's fault than that of the originator of the "Public Schools" series.

A BAD ANTHOLOGY.

Sacred Poems of the Nineteenth Century.
Edited by Kate A. Wright. "Dainty Poems" Series. (Birmingham: Combridge.)

THAT the practices of the anthologist were in danger of being carried to an undesirable extreme we have long believed. The book before us is bitter proof of it. For here, under the pretentious title, *Sacred Poems of the Nineteenth Century*, has been collected (with a few exceptions) as sorry a mass of third-rate verse as it has ever been our lot to examine. The volume forms part of the "Dainty Poems" series, and is, the preface informs us, yet another of those books which owe their being to the zealous promptings of the author's friends. Yet even with these two initial disadvantages it might have had some value; for the editor has had ninety-eight years of poetical activity to choose among. But no.

On coming to a list of contributors to such a volume one would—realising what is usually meant by the term "sacred"—expect with some certainty to find a number of honoured names. Among them would, of course, be Christina Rossetti and Robert Browning, Newman and Tennyson. But to expect them in the present case is to have reckoned without Miss Wright's critical peculiarity. Her definition of sacred excellence apparently does not cover the work of such poets as we have mentioned; and she is a dealer in surprises. For a "Dainty Series" the great names are presumably too great, and hence we are offered little ones. The unexpected always happens, and we find that the Sacred Poets of the Nineteenth Century are Nonconformist divines, avowed sceptics, and literary men whose work has hitherto had for us only secular associations. Mr. Le Gallienne, for example, is here, and Mr. Gilbert Parker, Mr. Alfred Austin (with "Is Life Worth Living?"), Oliver Wendell Holmes (with some "Album Verses"), Mr. Elliot Stock, Miss Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler (who fills twenty pages), Mr. Norman Gale, and (Miss or Mrs.) Delia M. Rorer.

Passing on from contributors to contributions, surprise is again our lot. Indeed, Miss Wright bewilders us at every turn. After accepting her definition of sacredness in the evangelical sense in which she conceives of it, we come suddenly upon Matthew Arnold's "Dover Beach," which is sheer agnosticism. Such stanzas as the following, from the works of S. T. Badger and Anne S. Bushby, bring the book back into line again, it is true:

" 'I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life'.—
Words that will strengthen for earthly strife—
As ages roll on, Empires may fail,
Eternal Truth will ever prevail."

And

"When first the infant's silver voice
Has learnt to utter words by choice;
And, like a cherub from on high,
He looks up to his native sky—
Tell him—'tis good to pray."

But at once all our doubts rush back again in the presence of the hesitating Clough. Thus the collection proceeds: here a hymn, there a fragment of Scripture narrative, here an ordinary copy of verses with a *souçon* of piety, there a touch of absolute pantheism. To come to the surprises. Many persons this summer have laughed over the flippancies of *Concerning Isabel Carnaby*. This is the author's severer manner:

"So when, with earthward gaze we set our
minds
On flowers beside life's pathway blooming
fair,
Whoever stoops to seize their beauties finds
A shadow there;
But if, with eyes uplifted we are wont
To scan the heavenward stair the angels
trod,
Behind us is the shadow, and in front
The light of God."

Mr. Le Gallienne, it is well known, has put on record the creed of the religious literary man. He wins his place in the present

volume with a poem entitled "The Second Crucifixion," from which this is an extract:

"No more unto the stubborn heart
With gentle knocking shall He plead,
No more the mystic pity start,
For Christ twice dead is dead indeed."

So in the street I hear men say,
Yet Christ is with me all the day."

Subsequently we come to these verses by Mr. Gilbert Parker, of which sacredness is not, to our way of thinking, the most notable quality:

"LITTLE GARAINÉ.

Where do the stars grow, little Garainé?
The garden of moons, is it far away?
The orchard of suns, my little Garainé,
Will you take us there some day?

'If you shut your eyes,' quoth little Garainé,
'I will show you the way to go
To the orchard of suns and the garden of
moons
And the field where the stars do grow.

But you must speak soft,' quoth little
Garainé,
'And still must your footsteps be,
For a great bear prowls in the field of the
stars,
And the moons they have men to see.

'And the suns have the Children of Signs to
guard,
And they have no pity at all—
You must not stumble, you must not speak,
When you come to the orchard wall.

'The gates are locked,' quoth little Garainé,
'But the way I am going to tell:
The key of your heart it will open them all
And there's where the darlings dwell!'"

The inclusion of the foregoing piece, and of Mr. Austin Dobson's "Before Sedan," must be accounted for by Miss Wright's desire to have her poems not only sacred, but also dainty.

Mr. Norman Gale is represented by a "Prayer," which runs thus:

"Tend me, my birds, and bring again
The brotherhood of woodland life,
So shall I wear the seasons round,
A friend to need, a foe to strife.

Keep me my heritage of lawn,
And grant me, Father, till I die
The fine sincerity of light
And luxury of open sky.

So, learning always, may I find
My heaven around me everywhere,
And go in hope from this to Thee,
The pupil of Thy country air."

Mr. Elliot Stock's principal poem is another surprise, for it is the history of how the poet did not go to church one Sunday, but sat outside. His thoughts, however, were on the side of the angels; hence his inclusion. On the other hand, that jewel among Mark Twain's infrequent lyrics, "He done his level best," which describes the earnest efforts of an honest soul, has been omitted, although this stanza alone should have commended it to Miss Wright:

"He'd yank a sinner outen hell
And land him with the blest;
Then sling a prayer waltz in again,
And do his level best."

Wordsworth's "Ode on the Intimations of Immortality" has also been omitted.

SOME BOOKS ON EDUCATION.

The Meaning of Education. By N. M. Butler.
(New York: The Macmillan Co.)

THE wrath of the scholastic reviewer has long been maintained at white-heat by the unceasing output of superfluous class-books, and it now seems that the former dearth of treatises on the science and art of education is to be succeeded by a glut in this department of literature also. Someone has said that there are three branches of knowledge on which everyone considers himself an infallible oracle—politics, education, and how to poke a fire. This last state of things, therefore, bids fair to be worse than the first, for if schoolmasters who advertise themselves on title-pages are legion, at any rate Nature sets some limit to their number; but "authorities" on education are numerically co-extensive with the population of the globe. A fresh batch of publications—five on mental and moral, two on physical, education—has reached us. The first to be paper-knifed was *The Meaning of Education*, by Mr. N. M. Butler. There is far too much sketchy and nebulous talk in this book. Does Mr. Butler seriously think that commonplace such as the following (pp. 47, 48) is worth printing?

"It is thought that pulsates [why not 'beats'?] in the world's grandest poetry and in the most exquisite art. It is the very soul of the verse of Homer and of Dante, of Shakespeare and of Goethe. It makes the marble of Phidias glow with life, and it guides the hand of Raphael and Michael Angelo [sic: they apparently shared the same hand] as they trace their wondrous figures with the brush."

And so on for half a page. It is wicked waste to squander time, ink, and paper on this sort of thing, and we will not ourselves be guilty of the same reckless prodigality by inflicting on our readers any further specimens of the flat, stale, and unprofitable matter that abounds in Mr. Butler's pages. Yet scattered about among them are many sensible remarks, not perhaps always new, but sometimes newly put, which are equally applicable on both sides of the Atlantic. Theory is naturally ever in advance of practice; the latter is a sluggish beast, and needs every whip, spur, and goad we can bring into play to urge it on. So here we read (pp. 74, 75):

"Physical and physiological considerations demand a hearing when we have under discussion questions of school hours and recesses, of programmes and tasks, of school furniture, of text-books and black-boards, of light, heat, and fresh air. On all of these topics we have recently learnt much that has not yet found its way into our practice. College faculties and school teachers, framers of examination tests, donors of laboratories and dormitories, and, most of all, architects, are as a rule, oblivious to the vital interest that the pupil has in matters of this kind. Considerations of tradition, convenience, cost, and external appearance are allowed full swing, and the growing youth must fit the Procrustean bed as best they can."

Again (p. 77):

"Here and there a secondary schoolmaster, and here and there a college president or professor, takes a genuine and intelligent interest in education for its own sake; but the vast

majority know nothing of it, and are but little affected by it. They are content to accumulate what they are pleased to term 'experience'; but their relation to education is just that of the motor-man on a trolley-car to the science of electricity. They use it; but of its nature, principles, and processes they are profoundly ignorant."

One of the points mentioned in our opening sentences is touched upon on p. 93:

"The recklessness with which the man of letters, sometimes the college president, and now and then even the more canny college professor, will rush into the public discussion of matters of education concerning which he has no knowledge whatever, and to which he has never given a half-hour's connected thought, is appalling. . . . The popular journals and the printed proceedings of educational associations teem with perfectly preposterous contributions bearing the signatures of worthy and distinguished men who would not dream of writing dogmatically upon a physical, a biological, or a linguistic problem. For some recondite reason they face the equally difficult and unfamiliar problems of education without a tremor."

The jobbery and corruption of American politics are ascribed to a lack of education on the part of those engaged in public business, which disgusts the cultivated classes and so causes them to hold aloof from participation in the direction of affairs. With what increasing closeness this applies to our own country as well we all know. From the later chapters we hoped to get some insight into the weird and inscrutable mysteries of American "universities" and "colleges"; but in the end we are still in doubt as to whether there exist in the United States 134 "universities," or none at all. The "college" is, as the author admits, *tantum sui similis*. There are 481 of these indescribable institutions, "no two alike," and not one of which appears to be a college at all in the literal and original sense of the word. The Yankee schools, however, are ahead of us in one respect: "A summer vacation of fifteen or even sixteen weeks is by no means a curiosity. It is the teacher who needs this vacation more than the pupil" (p. 158). The Emigration Society may add this lure to its list of Transatlantic attractions.

Great Educators: Rousseau. By Thomas Davidson, M.A., LL.D. (Heinemann.)

THIS is an important book. At first sight it may seem doubtful to some whether Jean Jacques Rousseau, that emotional visionary and strange compound of genius and degradation, has any claim to be regarded as a great educator. But Mr. Davidson has justified his inclusion in the series to which this volume belongs. Rousseau, he writes,

"may fairly be called the father of modern pedagogy, even despite the fact that most of his positive teachings have had to be rejected. Comenius, Locke, and others had, indeed, done good work before him; but it was he that first, with his fiery rhetoric, made the subject of education a burning question, and rendered clear its connexion with all human welfare."

Rousseau, who may have taken his cue from Montaigne, was, as all the world knows, the apostle of negative education; and his *Émile*, in which the learner is put

to school to Nature, appeared about the time when the Jesuits, whose subtly woven and sternly repressive system of instruction had held the field for two hundred years, were expelled from France. "Everything is well as it comes from the hands of the Author of things: everything degenerates in the hands of man." Our object must, therefore, be to restore the primæval innocence and simplicity of the gentle anthropoid. "Nature exerts resistance, but never authority. Hence all authority must be excluded from methods of education." The fallacy is obvious: resistance, when insuperable, as much of Nature's resistance is, becomes tantamount to authority. Again, habit is "abhorrent to Nature." "The only habit which the child should be allowed to contract is the habit of contracting none." This is equally fallacious, since in habitual or automatic action there is clearly an economy of energy. Pushed to its logical conclusion, too, the dictum becomes ridiculous. Consistency would demand that we should insist on our pupils occasionally seeing with their feet and eating with their ears, lest they might become wedded to the stereotyped modes of procedure generally in vogue. The aim of Rousseauian "education" is to substitute for the organised will and intellectual calculation of civilised man the impulse and caprice of the savage. There is just the doubt that Rousseau wrote his *Émile*, as Mr. Davidson puts it:

"merely to maintain a thesis which he did not believe, but wished to see discussed, and threw it down as a gauntlet to challenge a world which had lost all real interest in education, and compel it to defend, if it could, its own practice. Whether so intended or not, this has certainly been the effect of the book. It has made men attempt to defend existing systems of education, and, finding that they could not, resolve and endeavour to discover better ones. And better ones have been discovered."

Mr. Davidson's book, however, is so uniformly good that it defies sampling by way of quotation. We can only advise our readers to add it to their libraries; and there are few that need hesitate to do so on the score of limit of interest. It is very far from appealing merely to the circle of educationists. The influence of Rousseau, if in some ways indirect rather than direct, has been considerably wider and deeper in many departments of human effort and aspiration than is commonly recognised. It has affected opinion and practice in politics and economics, in literature and art, in philosophy and religion, no less than in education; and here, in succinct form, will be found a masterly exposition and criticism of some of the most striking and typical views of one who, however repellant his temperament and personality may be to the English mind, was nevertheless a great thinker, many of whose thoughts have borne better fruit than they seemed to promise.

Port Royal Education. By Félix Cadet. Translated by A. D. Jones. (Swan Sonnenschein.)

PORT ROYAL, the famous Cistercian Abbey near Versailles, was long a resort, under Papal sanction, of lay persons who wished

for a retreat from the world unattended with the obligation of taking vows. In 1626 a daughter-house was founded in Paris, known as Port Royal de Paris. A few years later the community fell under the influence of Duvergier de Hauranne, Abbé of St. Cyran. Duvergier was a Jansenist and leader of the movement in France against the Society of Jesus, and the mother-house—then for distinction spoken of as Port Royal des Champs—was converted at his instance into an educational seminary. The Petites Écoles which grew from this beginning became celebrated, and from 1646 onwards for some fifteen years were much frequented. "If," says M. Cadet in his introduction, "they lasted but a short time, they shed a brilliant light, and exercised, as much by the character and talents of the masters as by the reform in methods of teaching and the books which they produced, a considerable influence, which on certain points is still active." As centres of Jansenist teaching, however, they came into collision with the Jesuits, and this on twofold grounds—immediately as attacking orthodoxy, and indirectly as threatening the educational supremacy then held by that order. Furthermore, they were suspected at court of mixing in political intrigues. The struggle was short, with Pope, King, and Jesuit fathers all arrayed in hostile alliance against them. It was in vain that Pascal issued his *Provincial Letters* in their defence; in vain even that a miraculous cure was effected by a Port Royal relic—a fragment of the Crown of Thorns. The latter prodigy indeed secured a short respite, but in 1661 the Petites Écoles were dissolved. Among the most distinguished teachers of Port Royal were Pierre Nicole, Th. Guyot, and Claude Lancelot, whose *Jardin des racines grecques* was used in French schools as recently as 1863; among its most famous pupils were Tillemont and Racine; while the great Antoine Arnauld composed some of its text-books. Mr. Jones has done well to give us an English version of M. Cadet's book; and if it is on the whole rather tough reading, that is perhaps not the fault of the translator. Still, while the volume contains much that is instructive, dispersed about its pages is not a little that is entertaining. It will be found useful to compare it with Mr. Woodward's *Vittorino da Feltré*, which we had the pleasure of noticing some twelve months back.

English National Education, by H. Holman, M.A. (Blackie), is an excellent historical summary of the growth of the elementary school system, and, except for the spasmodic suffering caused by occasional vulgarisms and inaccuracies of style, is surprisingly good reading. The author is, perhaps, rather violently afflicted with the psychology craze, but in most other respects he appears to be entirely sane. Not the least striking feature in his book is the conclusive manner in which he shows that all along the chief obstacle to the development of a national scheme of primary education has been religious bigotry and sectarian jealousies:

"Never [he writes] have those directly and personally concerned had any religious difficulty

with regard to the schools, except in the sense that they objected to having other people's religious views forced upon their own children. Not the religious rights of the people, but the supposed rights of the clergy over the people's religious training, have constituted the bone of contention. Parents, as a whole, have been prepared to look after their children's religious affairs in their own way, but parsons have always wanted to look after them vicariously. The clergy have, doubtless with the best intentions, been the great barrier to thorough and general progress. Under the plea of saving the souls of the children, they have sacrificed their minds and bodies. . . . One by one the great fundamental principles of a national system of schools have been ['are being,' so far as the secondary schools are concerned, for they are still more or less under the clerical domination] slowly and painfully rescued from the bottomless pit of sectarian envy and jealousy."

The ruling is a severe one, but no open-minded man will challenge its justice.

Complete Perspective Course, by J. Humphrey Spanton (Macmillan), forms a very useful sequel to Mr. Spanton's well-known *Geometrical Course*. It is designed to meet the requirements of examination students, but will also be of assistance to architects, engineers, and artists. Beginning in the most elementary manner with the definitions of terms, the student is led by thoughtfully arranged steps to the study of sciography, or the projection of shadows. The chapters on the application of perspective to nature, and the hints to artists, photographers, and others, should be of especial value.

Boyhood, by Ennis Richmond (Longmans), is a quaint, old-time production, lavishly decorated with the mystical allusions and devout formulas of bygone ages, which at first we took in a jocular vein, laughing heartily on trust, in the hope of arriving by-and-by at the solution of the riddle. But in course of time we were compelled to adopt the ungrateful conclusion that it was no joke, but terrible earnest. This "glorified nonsense," to use the writer's own phrase, would nowadays even be hooted out of the pulpit of a village Zion. When we say that the author tells us that association with boys has forced her to the conviction of the existence of a personal devil, we need say no more.

The list closes with two books on Physical Training: *Physical Education*, by D. Lennox, M.D., and A. Sturrock (Blackwood); and *Girls' Physical Training*, by Alice R. James (Macmillan). To the former is appended a number of musical compositions by H. E. Loseby, which are probably well adapted to the purpose. Both volumes are plentifully furnished with illustrations, without which indeed the texts would be more or less unintelligible. The generous proportions of middle age have not permitted of our personally testing the advantages of every one of the thousand postures described; but doubtless all are useful, if some are scarcely ornamental. The education of the class-room is always with us, and in the best interests of the race we welcome any steps in the direction of the better organisation of bodily training.

THE ACADEMY SUPPLEMENT.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1898.

THE NEWEST FICTION.

A GUIDE FOR NOVEL READERS.

RODEN'S CORNER.

By HENRY SETON MERRIMAN.

This is the spirited story which has been running as serial in *Harper's Magazine*. A description of the hero: "This man was tall, square-shouldered, loose of limb. He had smooth dark hair, and carried his head thrown rather back from the neck. His eyes were dark, and the fact that a considerable line of white was visible beneath the pupil imparted to his whole being an air of physical delicacy suggestive of a constant feeling of fatigue." The scene of the story is Holland, and "Corner" is used in its Stock Exchange sense. Briefly, it is a drama of capital. (Smith & Elder. 343 pp. 6s.)

JOHN SPLENDID.

By NEIL MUNRO.

A first novel by the author of *The Lost Pibroch*. That volume of short stories of the Gael, studied and realised from the life, was so packed with promise that *John Splendid* has been looked for with something like impatience. John Splendid, which is the Gaelic order of saying "Splendid John," is a natural cousin of the famous Marquis of Argyll, the antagonist of the great Marquis of Montrose, and the narrative covers that winter descent of Montrose on the Campbell country which culminated in the battle of Inverlochy, in the February of 1645. (Wm. Blackwood & Sons. 363 pp. 6s.)

FROM THE EAST UNTO THE WEST.

By JANE BARLOW.

Another volume of short Irish stories by the author of *Irish Idylls*. Here are titles: "The Mockers of the Shallow Waters," "A Caprice of Queen Pippa," "The Field of the Frightful Beasts," "Moggy Goggin," "Cocky," "Some Jokes of Timothy," "Pilgrims from Lisconnel." (Methuen & Co. 342 pp. 6s.)

AN ENEMY TO THE KING.

By R. N. STEPHENS.

"From the recently discovered memoirs of the Sieur de la Tournoire." Some are getting a little tired of books that begin: "It was early in January, in the year 1578, that I first set out for Paris"; but for those that are not this looks promising. Chapter headings include: "Two Encounters by Night," "How la Tournoire Escaped from Paris," "A Sweet Lady in Distress," "The Ride towards Guienne," "The Four Rascals." (Methuen & Co. 459 pp. 6s.)

A TRAGEDY IN MARBLE.

By ADAM LILBURN.

A novel, by the author of *The Borderer*, of art life, dedicated "To some artists I know." The kind of book in which men talk in studios, removing their pipes, or lighting their pipes, or laying their pipes aside, as they do so. "Artists are horribly one-idea'd," says one character. "Those beastly indifferent fellows are unnatural," says another. The hero is Thornhill, a sculptor, and the tragedy is based upon a woman, or rather women. (Chatto & Windus. 251 pp. 3s. 6d.)

UNDER THE ROWAN TREE.

By ALAN ST. AUBYN.

A collection of stories by the author of *A Fellow of Trinity*. Here we lose undergraduates for a while. Among the titles are these: "The Gaol Chaplain," "The Hammer of Sorrow," "Sally in our Alley," "The Lucy-Ann," "A Crying Shame." (Digby & Long. 256 pp. 3s. 6d.)

HERO AND HEROINE.

By ASCOTT R. HOPE.

Readers of the *Boy's Own Paper* know Mr. Hope for an entertaining writer of school life. He returns to the subject again here. "The story of a first year at school" is the sub-title. We dip at random: "'It's bad form making puns on a man's name, and it isn't funny,' said Mr. Batt stiffly." "'He'll be more of a brute than ever, now that he's a prefect,' remarked another. 'They say he

has laid in a hundredweight of canes already.' 'Just like my luck to be fag to such a cad!' grumbled Weatherley. 'Never mind; I shall have chances to get at his canes and split them.'" (A. & C. Black. 352 pp. 5s.)

THAT HEADSTRONG BOY.

By EDWARD KENT

It begins like this: "'Please let go my hand, Mr. Radley.' 'First tell me, now, if you don't think it would look all the better for a nice diamond ring?' 'I decline to answer that or any other question until you have released me.' 'Well, there; now tell me, Marian.' 'It is my intention not to wear a ring of any kind, and I prefer to be called Miss Lacey.'" She never became Mrs. Radley, but she took the ring eventually as Mrs. Moriarty. A romance of trivial life. (The Leadenhall Press. 266 pp. 6s.)

A SOCIAL HIGHWAYMAN.

By E. P. TRAIN.

There are two stories here: "A Social Highwayman" and "A Professional Beauty." Both are American, and deal with fast people. The former is told by a valet, whom we meet first as he is being removed from the dock with a year's sentence. His whole tale is of theft and fraud by a fascinating type of scamp. The second story is told by the beauty herself, and is a satire on match-making. The book is illustrated. (Ward, Lock & Co. 352 pp. 3s. 6d.)

THE ADVENTUROUS VOYAGE OF "THE POLLY."

By THE LATE S. WHITCHURCH SADLER, R.N.

Four yarns badly reprinted from the *Boy's Own Paper*. This is the kind of thing: "Then I found I was not the only stowaway. Troops of big rats came out and began to practise gymnastic exercises, the favourite feat, as far as I could make out in the darkness, being for several in succession to see if they could spring over my head without alighting on my face." (S.P.C.K. 320 pp.)

A PRINCE OF EDOM.

By JAMES BALLINGAL, B.D.

"The period which this tale is designed to illustrate," says the author, "though by sidelights rather than directly, is that of the Israelite kings David and Solomon." It does not profess to be quite accurate, he adds, but gives a broadly truthful expression. He will be rewarded if thereby the interest of young people is quickened in Old Testament history. An odd ambition for a writer of fiction! (Alex. Gardner. 250 pp.)

REVIEWS.

The King's Jackal. By Richard Harding Davis.
(Heinemann.)

MR. HARDING DAVIS's new story is very slight, but it has charm. It is more than anything else a character-sketch of the King of Messina, an attractive, if somewhat ready-made rascal. This monarch, being expelled from his country by a revolution, is very happy to be leading the larger life among professional beauties and gaming tables; but occasionally needing money, he affects patriotism enough to persuade some of his followers that the recovery of the throne is the wish of his heart. Mr. Davis has chosen the moment when one of these attempts is in progress. A young American heiress has been found eager to capitalise any scheme for the ultimate rebuilding of the churches of Messina, and the restoration of the people's religion. The King, working upon her Roman Catholic sympathies, has planned an expedition, but has planned also that it shall fail, this failure casting no discredit upon himself, and involving a bribe from the ruling Republic which shall practically double the sum promised by the fair American. All that is needed is a good catpaw, and in the King's Jackal, Prince Kalonay, this catpaw is, the King believes, found. Kalonay is a handsome young Italian, picturesque and lovable, with no vice, but want of will power; but in the end he shows grit in

plenty, and turns the tables on the King with spirit. This is the speech which marks the division in his life between the *flâneur* and the man:

"'For many years, your Majesty,' the Prince said, but so solemnly that it was as though he were a judge upon the bench, or a priest speaking across an open grave, 'the Princes of my house have served the Kings of yours. In times of war they fought for the King in battle, they begged themselves for him in times of peace; our women sold their jewels for the King, our men gave him their lives, and in all of these centuries the story of their loyalty, of their devotion, has had but one sequel, and has met with one reward—ingratitude and selfishness and treachery. You know how I have served you, Louis. You know that I gave up my fortune and my home to go into exile with you, and I did that gladly. But I did more than that. I did more than any king or any man has the right to expect of any other man. I served your idle purposes so well that you yourself called me your Jackal, the only title your Majesty ever bestowed that was deserved. There is no low thing, nor no base thing that I have not done for you. To serve your pleasures, to gain your money, I have sunken so low that all the royal blood in Europe could not make me clean. But there is a limit to what a man may do for his King, and to the loyalty a King may have the right to demand. And to-day and here, with me, the story of our devotion to your house ends, and you go your way and I go mine, and the last of my race breaks his sword and throws it at your feet, and is done with you and yours for ever.'"

The story, as we have said, is very slight, with little of that vigour for which Mr. Davis's *Soldiers of Fortune* was noteworthy. And yet it is extremely well conceived and arranged, and suggests on every page that Mr. Davis will not have tested his powers to the full until he takes to writing for the stage. Only a man richly endowed with the dramatic instinct could have written *The King's Jackal*.

In conclusion, a word as to the cover. We should judge it to be the design of Mr. Nicholson, who has done so much to make Mr. Heinemann's books attractive to the roving eye. But why should this gentleman's art ignore the possessive case? Both on the side and on the back Mr. Davis's title figures as "*The King's Jackal*." Is the apostrophe entirely out of keeping with the Nicholsonian scheme of lettering? "*The King's Jackal*" means nothing.

* * * *

The Making of a Saint. By William Somerset Maugham.
(T. Fisher Unwin.)

Liza of Lambeth, Mr. Maugham's book of last year, was welcomed in certain quarters as a work of promise. A measure of fulfilment we had expected to meet with in this book, but we do not find it. The scene is no longer south-the-river, the time no longer the present century; but in Italy at the end of the fifteenth century, amid the intrigues of the town of Forlì, wherein the man who afterwards became Fra Giuliano played his truculent part. We seem to discern in the persons of the play an incredible kinship to the Bills and Dicks who swear the cockney oaths and brag the easy amours of the cockney slum. It may be granted that the ladies of the age and country of which Mr. Maugham writes were no models of conjugal fidelity, but we really cannot approve of Mr. Maugham's treatment of the voluptuous Claudia. Giulia is more complex and more human.

"But what good can it do you to have all these people in love with you?"

"I don't know," she said; "it is a pleasant sensation."

"What a child you are!" I answered, laughing.

She bent forward seriously.

"But are you not in love with me?"

I shook my head. She came close up to me, so that her hair brushed lightly against my cheek; it sent a shiver through me. I looked at her pink ear; it was beautifully shaped, transparent as a pink shell. Unconsciously, quite without intention, I kissed it. She pretended to take no notice, and I was full of confusion. I felt myself blushing furiously.

"Are you quite sure?" she asked gravely."

We do not rate Fra Giuliano's humour high. Let us hope that Mr. Maugham does not either. Neither to have told a lad whose clothes had been pressed into the service of a lady that our first parents wore fig-leaves, and that in case of his being "run in" his gaoler's daughter must find him irresistible, nor even the crowning jest of offering him Giulia's doffed raiment, seems to us to justify a

man in "leaning against a wall and laughing till his sides ache." As to the civic tragedy with which these facetiae are interwoven, we look back on it with heroic composure. No, it really is not a good book.

* * * *

The Story of an Untold Love. By Paul Leicester Ford.
(Constable.)

THE merit of this book lies in the account of the relations of the scholar and writer, Donald Maitland, with the ignorant and moneyed newspaper proprietor, Whitely. To pay a debt of honour Maitland sells himself to the man, writes his leaders, and lets Whitely take the credit of these as well as of a sociological work of great research. All this is very well done, if not very new. But for the sentimental part of the story we cannot say much. Maitland's lengthy analysis of his apparently hopeless love for Maizie Walton is tedious and also morbid, in a fashion that is now out of date. The happy ending is quite out of keeping with the general tone of what has gone before, and the misunderstanding which forms the hub of the plot is really too irritating. It is purely a novelist's convention, and in real life no two people of even ordinary intelligence could possibly have behaved as Donald and Maizie are made to do. Mr. Ford has an amazing effrontery in working in what his compatriots—did we say the book was American?—are apt to call chestnuts. There is the dear old definition of a sufficient income as "a little more than one has," and there is the hapless young lady of whom it is said that her eyes are "not exactly loud, but perhaps a little too dressy for the morning." The following story is not new either, but it is so good that we cannot resist the pleasure of transcribing it. Mr. Whitely is boasting of his literary fame in the presence of his "ghost" and a man who has seen through the transaction:

"But my reputation as a writer is greater than Dr. —,' began Mr. Whitely; but a laugh from Mr. Blodgett made him halt.

'Oh, come, now, Whitely!'

'What's the matter?' asked my employer.

'Once St. Peter and St. Paul stopped at a tavern to quench their thirst,' said Mr. Blodgett, 'and when the time came to pay they tossed dice for it. Paul threw double sixes, and smiled. Peter smiled back, and threw double sevens. What do you suppose Paul said, Whitely?'

'What?'

'Oh Peter, Peter! No miracles between friends.'"

* * * *

The Monks of the Holy Tear. By Lucas Cleeve.
(F. V. White & Co.)

To the monastery of St. Lazarus went Renaud Marquis of Villermont in fulfilment of his mother's vow that her younger son should be devoted to the Church. Before he went he left his heart with his Huguenot neighbour, the Countess Hildegard Eberstein. She followed him in the guise of a novice, and was herself followed by her cousin, the Count Maurice, who loved her also. The monastery contained, besides the tear which Our Lord shed over Lazarus's grave, the papers relating to his restoration to life, duly attested by the Twelve Apostles. These papers were coveted by the Huguenots, who believed that they were "the true original Gospels, unaltered and unrevised by Rome." So the Pope gave orders that they should be destroyed, and the lot fell upon de Villermont. Hildegard determines to save at least the "Gospel of Nicodemus," and meets her monkish lover in the chapel.

"And in the darkness she threw herself upon his breast, and his lips met hers, and heaven and hell and monks' vows and holy writ seemed all as naught, so that he could be with her for ever; and then they struck a light and locked the chapel door, and sat down hand in hand to tell why each was there."

How Hildegard saves the "Gospel of Nicodemus," and de Villermont is imprisoned at Rome, and escapes by the aid of Count Maurice, only to fall a victim to the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, and how Hildegard is eventually consoled for all her miseries and misfortunes—all this may be read by anyone who is not deterred by the somewhat laboured manner in which "Lucas Cleeve" has chosen to tell this sixteenth-century story, the matter of which is interesting enough. The archaic style is at the best a little wearisome, and it is very difficult to maintain, as when we are told that somebody married somebody else "for financial motives."

Stephen Brent. By Philip Lafargue.
(Constable.)

THERE is some good stuff in *Stephen Brent*: bits of humour and of wit, of philosophy and pretty writing. One feels that Mr. Lafargue has ideas, and, moreover, certain capacities for expressing them. Nevertheless, as a novel the thing cannot be called a success. It bears the stamp of the incorrigible amateur. It is much too long. Nobody has really the right to impose upon his readers two stout volumes each containing some two hundred and fifty closely packed pages. Nobody can really have so much as all this to say at once. Certainly Mr. Lafargue has not. An attenuated rivulet of story runs through fertile meadows of comment and description and of all kinds of irrelevancies. Analysed, the theme will hardly bear the vast superstructure reared upon it. Stephen Brent, a clever young physician, has an ambition to cure mankind. He develops a science of "eugenics," and preaches the marriage of the physically fit. He is even foolish enough to carry his theories into practice. He leaves the woman whom he loves and who loves him because of some supposed taint in her family, and marries a healthy animal only to find that the bond of physical suitability is hardly adequate to make marriage a success. In fact, he fritters his life away and hardly succeeds in holding one's interest or sympathies. If Mr. Lafargue would prune away some of his superfluous disquisitions and would study the elementary laws of construction in fiction, he would probably avoid his present waste of not inconsiderable talents.

Peggy of the Bartons. By B. M. Croker.
(Methuen.)

THE time has] come when to say that Mrs. Croker has written another book is to say all that anybody needs to know about the matter. That is to say, she is already a writer with a recognisable method and manner; she is no longer likely to improve away her faults, which are concerned with details of style and the like, concerning which that portion of the public which takes its literary recreation in a spirit of uncritical geniality does not permit itself to be perplexed; and her qualities have reached a plane upon which they may be expected to pace at ease till the spring's end of next century.

Peggy, beloved of two, marries the wrong one, who humiliates her and, after so many months of mingled bliss, dismisses her with the curt explanation that his name is claimed by another lady. In order that she may not find herself behind the times, she takes a post in a shop. An old lady out of the machine comes to the rescue, and a happy marriage with the other lover, whose merits she had overlooked, crowns the heroine's career. The slight tale is told straightforwardly, and the sketches of Dublin society abound in the kind of genial humour that Mrs. Croker's readers love.

The God Horus. By John Frederick Rowbotham, M.A. Oxon.
(Oxford: A. Robinson.)

THE full title is *The God Horus: a Novel: the Most Powerful and Terrible Tale of the Century*; and it is the worst published book we have ever seen. The printing—done in Budapest—is iniquitous, the paper vile, and the binding execrable. The story tells how an Egyptian undertaker masqueraded as a god.

The author's style is neither powerful nor (except now and then) terrible, but mediocre.

THE GHOST OF R. L. S.

LAST week we referred to the daily signed articles which Mr. David Christie Murray is writing for the *London Morning*. In the issue for last Saturday, under a heading "The Unseen World," Mr. Murray makes the following strange statement:

"Four years ago, within a week or two I was travelling eastward on the Canadian Pacific Railway, and I broke my

journey at night at Revelstoke. For a good many days I had had the theme of a poem in my mind, and I occupied the hours of darkness as we wound in and out among the fastnesses of the great silent hills in fitting a rhymed expression to my thought. From time to time I left the outer platform of the car, and by the electric light within pencilled a verse or two, and by the time the stopping-place was reached the poem was fairly completed. I called it 'The Chalice,' and it appeared months later in the *Speaker*, and later still found a place in the pages of a volume of *Tales in Prose and Verse*, which was published, I fancy, early in the present year. One verse of the poem eluded me altogether. I could not secure for it the expression I desired, and when I retired to my gaunt room in the weather-board hotel, I was still haunted by the inefficiency of its expression. Now, for the proper understanding of the singular event which happened, you must know that I had been very much effected by the early and mournful death of Robert Louis Stevenson. I had never met him, but he had been good enough to write to me expressing a warm affection for my work, and this, from a man whom I reckoned so much my master, moved me a good deal. When the Stevenson Memorial meeting was held at Carnegie Hall, in New York, I was elected to be principal speaker, and in short, my mind had been full of the man and of the memory of his work. When I went to bed and put out my candle he was miles away from my thoughts, and I was wrapped in the contemplation of the one stubborn verse in my poem. On a sudden, as I lay with my face to the wall, I was aware, in some strange way, of a figure behind me. I saw nothing and heard nothing, but the impression was entirely clear. The figure advanced with a certain willowy grace—it was as distinct to me as if I had seen it—reached the chair at the bedside, seemed to remove the shallow candlestick from chair to table, and to sit down. Then the face became visible—to my imagination alone—and I recognised it as that of Robert Louis Stevenson. When you know a face from photography only, it is not easy for the imagination to set its features in motion, but here they sparkled with a bright and affectionate animation. 'Now, I'll tell you what I should do with that verse if I were writing it.' There was no sound, and yet the words were in my mind as clearly as if a voice had spoken them, and not only that—they had a certain characteristic tone, an individuality, not to be defined, but real. And then, without the faintest conscious effort of my own, came this verse:

'With looks like any devil's grin,
He poured the brewage till it ran
With fetid horror at the brim,
"Now drink," he gibed, "and play the man."
He reached the chalice forth: it stank
That my soul failed me, and I drank.'

Now, whether that bears anything of Stevenson's hall-mark or no, I cannot tell. [It does not.] But the thing happened, and whether it were a fact or a fancy in its inward essential, it is a fact from the historical point of view. The mind can play strange tricks upon itself, as my own experience most abundantly proves, but if this were one of them it is the strangest I have known. If I am asked for a profession of faith I have none to offer. I have not dared to reject belief entirely, and I have never dared to give it undisputed house room. I am content to offer the story as a contribution to a theme in which many thoughtful minds are interested."

A LETTER OF CARLYLE.

THE following letter from Thomas Carlyle to his sister Janet, written after hearing of her engagement to Robert Hanning, is taken from the *Atlantic Monthly* for September, wherein may be found the first instalment of a long series of such letters, edited by Mr. Charles Townsend Copeland:

"5, Cheyne-row, Chelsea, London,
16th May, 1836.

"MY DEAR JENNY,—Your letter has been here several weeks, a very welcome messenger to us, and I did not think at the time I should have been so long in answering it. But I have been drawn hither and thither by many things of late; besides, I judged that Robert and you were happy enough of yourselves for the present, and did not much need any foreign aid or interruption. I need not assure you, my dear little Jenny, of the interest I took in the great enterprise you had embarked on; of my

wishes and prayers that it might prove for the good of both. On the whole, I can say that, to my judgment, it looks all very fair and well. You know I have all along regarded Hanning as an uncommonly brisk, glegg little fellow since the first time I saw him (hardly longer than my leg, then), and prophesied handsome things of him in the world. It is very rare and very fortunate when two parties that have affected each other from childhood upwards get together in indissoluble partnership at last. May it prove well for you, as I think it will. You must take the good and the ill in faithful mutual help, and, whoever or whatever fail you, never fail one another. I have no doubt Robert will shift his way with all dexterity and prudence thro' that Cotton Babylon, looking sharp about him; knowing always, too, that 'honesty is the best policy' for all manner of men. Do thou faithfully second him, my bairn: that will be the best of lots for thee.

I think it possible that now and then, especially when you are left alone, the look of so many foreign things may seem dispiriting to you, and the huge smoke and stour of that tumultuous Manchester (which is not unlike the uglier parts of London) produce quite other than a pleasant impression. But take courage, my woman, 'you will use, you will use,' and get hefted to the place, as all creatures do. There are many good people in that vast weaving-shop, many good things among the innumerable bad. Keep snug within your own doors, keep your own hearth snug; by and by you will see what is worth venturing out for. Have nothing to do with the foolish, with the vain and ill-conducted. Attach yourself to the well-living and sensible, to everyone from whom you find there is real benefit derivable. Thus, by degrees a desirable little circle will form itself around you; you will feel that Manchester is a home, as all places under the heavenly sun here may become for one.

In a newspaper you would notice that the Doctor was come. Till this day, almost, there was little else to be said about him than that he was here and well. He has been speculating and enquiring as to what he should do, and now has determined that London practice will not do for the present; that he should go back with his Lady and try again to get practice there. He is gone out this moment to make a bargain to that effect. They are to set out for Rome again on the first of September; from that till the first of March the Doctor is Lady Clare's doctor, but lives in his own lodging at Rome; after that he is free to do whatsoever he will: to stay there, if they seem inviting; to return home, if otherwise. I believe, myself, that he has decided wisely. Till September, then, we have him amongst us. He talks of being 'off in a week or two' for Scotland; he charged me to say that he would see Manchester, and you, either as he went or as he returned. It is not much out of the way, if one go by Carlisle (or rather, I suppose, it is directly in the way), or even if one go by Liverpool, but I rather think he will make for Newcastle this time; to which place we have a steamboat direct. This is a good season for steamboats, and a bad one for coaches; for with latter, indeed, what good season is there? Nothing in the world is frightful to me of the travelling route, than a coach on a long journey. It is easier by half to walk it with peas (at least boiled peas) in your shoes, were not the time so much shorter. The Doctor looks very well and sonny; he seems in good health and well to live; the only change is that his head is getting a shade of grey (quite ahead of mine, though I am six years older), which does not mis-seem him, but looks very well.

We had a long speculation about going to Scotland, too, but I doubt we must renounce it. This summer I have finished my second volume, but there is still the third to do, and I must have such a tussle with it! All summer I will struggle and wrestle, but then about the time of the gathering in of sheaves I too shall be gathering in. Jane has gone out to "buy a cotton gown," for the weather is, at last, beautiful and warm. Before going she bade me send you both her best wishes and regards, prayers for a happy pilgrimage together. She has been but poorly for a good while (indeed, all the world is sick with these east winds and perpetual changes), but will probably be better now.

Jack and I, too, have both had our colds. Then Anne Cook fell sick, almost dangerously sick for the time; but Jack was there and gave abundant medical help; so the poor creature is on her feet again, and a great trouble of confusion is rolled out of doors thereby.

I am writing to our Mother this day. I have heard nothing from that quarter since the letter that informed me the poor little child was dead. Jean wrote part of it herself, and seemed in a very composed state, keeping her natural sorrow courageously down. Our Mother, I believe, continues there till Jean be ill again, and we hope happily well. Whether there be a frank procurable to-day I know not, but I will try. At worst I will not wait, lest you grow impatient again and get short. If you knew what a fizz I am kept in with one thing and another! Write to me when you have time to fill a sheet,—news, descriptions of how you get on, what you suffer and enjoy, what you do: these are the best. I will answer. Send an old newspaper from time to time, with two strokes on it, if you are well. Promise, however, to write instantly if you are ill. Then shall we know to keep ourselves in peace.

Farewell, dear little Sister. Give our love to our new Brother. Tell him to walk wisely and be a credit to your choice. God be with you both.

T. CARLYLE."

AMERICA'S "NATIONAL POET."

MR. BLISS CARMAN, the Canadian poet, contributes to the *Atlantic Monthly* an enthusiastic appreciation of his brother Transatlantic author, Mr. James Whitcomb Riley, the writer of homely and pathetic verses for grown-up readers and for children in the Hoosier dialect. We quote a passage here and there:

"It is because of this quality of abundant good nature, familiar, serene, homely, that it seems to me no exaggeration to call Mr. Riley the typical American poet of the day. True, he does not represent the cultivated and academic classes; he reflects nothing of modern thought; but in his unruffled temper and dry humour, occasionally flippant on the surface, but never facetious at heart, he might stand very well for the normal American character in his view of life and his palpable enjoyment of it. Most foreign critics are on the lookout for the appearance of something novel and unconventional from America, forgetting that the laws of art do not change with longitude. They seize now on this writer, now on that, as the eminent product of democracy. But there is nothing unconventional about Mr. Riley. 'He is like folks,' as an old New England farmer said of Whittier. And if the typical poet of democracy in America is to be the man who most nearly represents average humanity throughout the length and breadth of this country, who most completely expresses its humour, its sympathy, its intelligence, its culture, and its common sense, and yet is not without a touch of original genius sufficient to stamp his utterances, then Mr. James Whitcomb Riley has a just claim to that title. . . .

He is professedly a home-keeping, home-loving poet, with the purpose of the imaginative realist, depending upon common sights and sounds for his inspirations, and engrossed with the significance of facts. Like Mr. Kipling, whose idea of perpetual bliss is a heaven where every artist shall 'draw the thing as he sees it, for the God of things as they are,' Mr. Riley exclaims:

'Tell of the things jest like they wuz—
They don't need no excuse!
Don't tetch 'em up as the poets does,
Till they're all too fine fer use!'

And again, in his lines on 'A Southern Singer':

'Sing us back home, from there to here:
Grant your high grace and wit, but we
Most honour your simplicity.'

In the proem to the volume, *Poems Here at Home*, there occurs a similar invocation, and a test of excellence is proposed which may well be taken as the gist of his own artistic purpose:

'The Poems here at Home! Who'll write 'em down,
Jes' as they air—in Country and in Town?—
Sowed thick as clods is 'crost the fields and lanes,
Er these 'ere little hop-toads when it rains!
Who'll "voice" 'em? as I heerd a feller say
'At speechified on Freedom, t'other day,
And soared the Eagle tel, it 'peared to me,
She wasn't bigger'n a bumble-bee!

What We want, as I sense it, in the line
O' poetry is somepin' Yours and Mine—
Somepin' with live-stock in it, and outdoors,
And old crick-bottoms, snags, and sycamores!
Putt weeds in—pizenvines, and underbresh,
As well as johnny-jump-ups, all so fresh
And sassy-like!—and groun'-squir'ls—yes, and "We,"
As sayin' is,—“We, Us, and Company.”'

Other writers are as familiar as he, and many as truly inspired; but none combines to such a degree the homespun phrase with the lyric feeling. His only compeer in this regard is Lowell, in the brilliant *Biglow Papers* and several other less known but not less admirable Chaucerian sketches of New England country life. Indeed, in humour, in native eloquence, in vivacity, Mr. Riley closely resembles Lowell, though differing from that bookman in his training and inclination, and naturally, as a consequence, in his range and treatment of subjects. But the tide of humanity, so strong in Lowell, is at flood, too, in the Hoosier poet. It is this humane character, preserving all the rugged sweetness in the elemental type of man, which can save us at last as a people from the ravaging taint of charlatanism, frivolity, and greed."

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NOTES AND NEWS.

DR. BUSCH'S reminiscences of Bismarck (in three volumes, with an aggregate of 1,455 pages), which Messrs. Macmillan have just issued, have followed the death of the Prince with haste indeed. It is true that Bismarck said: "Once I am dead, you can tell everything you like, absolutely everything you know"; but that did not necessarily mean, "Immediately I am dead." Dr. Busch, however, adds that, on another occasion, he said something of the speed with which he meant to attack the memoirs, and received no discouragement from the great man. Hence the volumes before us, which will be reviewed in due course. The publishers' note states: "The English edition of Dr. Busch's work . . . has been translated from the original German text. . . . A few passages have, however, been omitted as defamatory, or otherwise unsuitable for publication. Dr. Busch contemplated incorporating bodily in the first volume a reproduction of his earlier work, *Prince Bismarck and his People during the Franco-German War*; but while the many valuable additions which he made to it have been preserved, such portions as would no longer have presented any special interest for English readers have been considerably abridged."

WITH regard to Mr. Gosse's use of the metaphor concerning partridges—Mr. Prevost thinks that "those poor partridges of his should be hunted no longer on the mountains"—which the *Chronicle* laughed at, a correspondent writes to explain that Mr. Gosse was adapting Scripture to lend point to his argument. In 1 Samuel xxvi. 20, the editor of the *Chronicle* may read: "For the King of Israel is come out to seek a flea, as when one doth hunt a partridge in the mountains."

MR. G. W. STEEVENS will find, when he returns from Egypt, a new book to his name, and probably a very popular one, for Messrs. Blackwood have been printing his letters from Khartoum as fast as they arrived by telegram. This is history up-to-date with a vengeance, and brings publisher very near editor. Alliteration has been too much for Mr. Steevens, and the volume will bear the title *With Kitchener to Khartoum*. We are proposing to have the work reviewed by telephone.

MR. E. J. SULLIVAN, the clever black-and-white artist, has, for several years now, cherished an admirable ambition. Only this year have the Fates proved propitious enough to enable him to realise it. The ambition to which we refer is the interesting one of achieving a series of illustrations to Thomas Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus*. It is rather remarkable that a work which, to an imaginative artist, ought to teem with subject-matter for his pencil, should never before have found not merely a worthy illustrator, but not even an unworthy one. However, the attempt has been made and a publisher found; for Mr. Sullivan has almost finished eighty drawings for Messrs. George Bell & Sons. We dare engage that these pictures will interest and amuse many, and, from what we have seen of them, there will certainly be found few who will fail to recognise our worthy Herr Teufelsdröckh. Mr. Sullivan does not wish to make a mere picture-book of the wonderful essay; on the contrary, he admires Carlyle's work too much for that. His pictures, therefore, must be accepted as a sort of pictorial comment on the work itself; and they promise to do that in a most suggestive as well as amusing fashion.

IN the September *Atlantic Monthly* begin a series of hitherto unpublished letters of Thomas Carlyle to his sister Janet ("Jenny") Hanning, extending from 1832 to his death. Why they should have passed to America we cannot explain; but Mr. Copeland, who edits them, has done his work extremely well, and we are glad to read them anywhere. In our Supplement this week will be found one of the early letters in full.

IN a letter, dated January 19, 1837, *The French Revolution* is thus spoken of: "The Book is done, about a week ago: this is my best news. . . . I care little what becomes of it then; it has been a sore Book to me." In the same letter we find this excellent account of the Influenza, with the best word that has yet been associated with it: "All people here have got a thing they call Influenza, a dirty, feverish kind of cold; very miserable, and so general as was hardly ever seen. Printing-offices, Manufactories, Tailor-shops, and such like are struck silent, every second man lying sniftering in his respective place of abode." "Sniftering" is perfect.

THE letters have advice in plenty, as had everything Carlyle wrote. Thus: "Exercise, especially exercise out of doors when it is convenient, is the best of all appliances."

Do not sit motionless within doors if there is a sun shining without, and you are able to stir. Particularly endeavour to keep a good heart, and avoid all moping and musing, whatever takes away your cheerfulness. Sunshine in the inside of one is even more important than sunshine without." And again: "There is nothing that can prosper without perseverance. Perseverance will make many a thing turn out well that looked ill enough once." And again (of Mr. and Mrs. Hanning): "Help one another. Be good to one another."

YET Carlyle could take advice too, on occasion. "Give my compliments to Robert," he says in one place. "Say I mean to ask his assistance in buying a quantity of breeches, as I pass through that huge weaving shop of the world." That is Manchester. Elsewhere he calls it "Cotton-fuz."

ANOTHER new work by Carlyle is promised this autumn in the shape of *Historical Sketches of Noted Persons and Events in the Reigns of James I. and Charles I.* These were found among his papers.

THE latest contribution to the literature which is gathering about Omar Khayyám is a fearsome volume, if we may judge by the *Chronicle*. Under the heading "Received To-Day" we observed, a few mornings ago, the following appalling title:

"Multi-Variorum Edition of the Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám: English, French, German, Italian, the Interior Ice-cap of Northern Greenland in the years 1886 and 1891-1897. With a Description of the Little Tribe of Smith-Sound Eskimos, the most Northerly Human Beings in the World, and an Account of the Discovery and Bringing Home of the 'Savikue' or Great Cape-York Meteorites." By Robert Peary, Civil Engineer U.S. Navy. (Methuen & Co.)

Multi-Variorum indeed!

UPON our table reposes the ponderous work the title of which the *Chronicle* was thus pathetically feeling after. It runs: *Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám. English, French, German, Italian, and Danish translations, comparatively arranged in accordance with the text of Edward FitzGerald's version, with further selections, notes, biographies, and other material.* The author is Mr. Nathan Haskell Dole, hitherto known by his translations of Tolstoi. We shall return to this book in due time. Meanwhile we might mention, in proof of the ubiquity and omnipresence of this Persian, that no sooner had we shut these volumes than we opened the letter printed in our correspondence columns, in which a British working-man states that the first book he takes on a holiday is Omar; and then came upon Mr. Seton Merriman's new novel, *Roden's Corner*, which has a quatrain by way of motto. Is there no respite?

Too few persons have read *The Island*, that diverting exercise in satire by Mr. Richard Whiteing, which appeared some dozen years ago, and to which we directed our readers'

attention last year in a series of articles on "Neglected Books." But probably Mr. Whiteing's new work, which he has just finished, will send persons to it, for *No. 5, John Street*—that is the title—and *The Island* are nearly related. In the earlier story a person of quality visited the little colony of Pitcairn Britons. In the new story a friend of the person of quality acts as the Pitcairn Britons' representative at the Diamond Jubilee, and, for the purpose of furnishing the islanders with a report, spends some time in learning how the poor live. Here, it will be seen, are the materials for some piquant satire. Mr. Whiteing's book will be published shortly.

MR. ROBERT BUCHANAN'S new novel, which Mr. John Long is about to publish, is entitled *Father Anthony*. It is prefixed by an interesting dedication to the Rev. John Melvin, formerly parish priest of Rosport, County Mayo. "Dear Father John," says Mr. Buchanan, "I am inscribing this book with your name, in memory of our many meetings among the sea-surrounded wilds of Erris. Certain scenes and characters in it will be familiar to you, and in 'Father Anthony' himself you will recognise a dim likeness to one whom we both knew and loved. For his sake, and also for yours, I shall always feel a strong affection towards the Irish Mother-Church, and towards those brave and liberal-hearted men who share so cheerfully the sorrows and the privations, the simple joys and duties, of the Irish peasantry. As I close the unpretentious tale, for which I claim only one merit, that of truth to the life, I look back with regretful tenderness to the happy years I spent in Western Ireland, and to the friends whom I found there, to 'brighten the sunshine.' Some have already passed away; dear 'Father Michael,' who sleeps in his lonely grave at Ballina; and the good 'Colonel,' blithest and best of hosts, and truest of sportsmen, at whose table you denounced the 'Saxon,' to the Saxon's unending delight, joining afterwards till the rafters rang in the chorus of 'John Peel.' Ever leal, faithful, brave, and honest, tolerant to all creeds, yet staunch and steadfast to your own, you survive, beloved still, I am sure, by all that know you, and still carrying with you the brightness of a kindly Gospel and a broadly human disposition."

THE artist, M. J. J. Tissot, whose water-colour paintings of scenes in the life of Christ have attracted so many thousands of persons to Bond-street, has now finished the *Life of Our Lord*, on which he has been engaged for several years. At the end he thus addresses his readers: "Ye who have read these volumes written for your benefit, and have, perhaps, been moved by what they contain, as ye close them say this prayer for their author: 'O God, have mercy on the soul of him who wrote this book; cause Thy light to shine upon him, and grant to him eternal rest. Amen.'"

A NEW American literary periodical reaches us in the shape of *Book Notes*, a younger

member of the family of the *Bookman* and the *Book Buyer*. It is bright, but rather more intent upon geese than swans. We learn from it that "The Brotherhood of the Book" is a new association of book lovers recently organised in New York. They have reprinted Kipling's *Vampire*, Le Gallienne's *Confessio Amantis*, the *Conclusion of Pater's Renaissance*, in limited editions, and intend issuing other literary gems in tasteful pamphlet form." Also that Mr. Doxey, of San Francisco, is adding to the "Lark Classics" Mr. Kipling's *Barrack Room Ballads*, *The Recessional*, and *Other Poems*; his *Departmental Ditties*, *The Vampire*, and *Other Poems*; and Sappho, translated fragments.

MR. KIPLING'S *Captains Courageous*, by the way, has already had an American sale of thirty thousand copies.

AN amusing correspondence is raging in the American *Dial* on the subject of battle poems. "W. R. K." began it by deploring the paucity of good verse inspired by the recent war. In answer he received a copy of a poem by a Mr. E. S. Willcox, but he cannot, he says, consider the reply as crushing. He also has been severely criticised by Mr. Joseph P. Perkins. Mr. Perkins considers the original letter an affront to American poets. "'W. R. K.'" he says, "appears to be one of those bookish and supercilious persons who wilfully ignore or belittle (for reasons best known to themselves) the surprising amount of really good poetical work done in our daily papers."

MR. PERKINS goes on to quote two stanzas from one of the "splendid and stirring poems" which the papers have contained. Here is the second stanza (there are nine altogether):

"Arise! Arise! ye sons of sires
Who distaff left to him who runs:
None but the dastard stops to choose,
So, heroes, stiffen up your thews,
And limber up your guns—
Aux Armes!"

To this the editor of the *Dial* remarks that it is not the kind of thing he would choose to march to death to.

MEANWHILE, "W. R. K." has written a second letter of lament for the want of enthusiasm of the poets. Certainly, he says, "had Mr. Whittier been with us such deeds as Hobson's would not have gone unsung." And Whittier was a Quaker. He continues:

"It is argued that the war with Spain was not, like our Civil War, one sanctified by principle, but that it was a mere fight (dare I say 'scrap'?) forced on the Government by a morbid popular craving for excitement; and that, therefore, our poets were not likely to find much inspiration in it. But the plea is hardly a valid one. Whatever one may think of the war with Spain in its origin, or as a whole, it undeniably had its episodes of heroism as fine as ever fired the soul of bard. Then turn to the Crimean War—one which few humane and intelligent Englishmen favoured at the time, and which no Englishman not a Jingo and a rabid Russophobe pretends to justify now. It was certainly not a war 'sanctified by principle'; but it evoked the 'charge of the Light Brigade.'"

The answer, of course, is, that it needed a Tennyson to write that poem. It is not wars but men that make poetry.

MR. HENLEY'S return to busy literary life is very gratifying. He now has a great deal of work on hand, including a general introduction to the edition of Smollett's novels, which Messrs. Constable have projected.

A *George Meredith Birthday Book* is shortly to be obtainable, by seventy-five enterprising persons, in an *édition de luxe*, bound in white, tied with yellow "moire" ribbon. The editor's name is given as D. Meredith, which stands for the novelist's daughter-in-law. There will also be an ordinary edition. The publishers are, of course, Messrs. Constable.

THE third of Mr. Alfred Austin's pretty garden books of prose and poetry—of which the first was *The Garden that I Love*, and the second *In Veronica's Garden*—will be called *Lamia's Winter Quarters*, and Messrs. Macmillan will publish it in October.

DEAN STUBBS'S book on *Charles Kingsley and the Christian Social Movement*, announced in the "Victoria Era" Series for the 15th inst., has been unavoidably delayed, and will not be published till November 15. The volume will have special interest on account of two poems by Kingsley which have not hitherto appeared in the collected edition. They were originally published anonymously in the series of tracts called "Politics for the People," and their authorship is known only by the initials "C. K." appended to them by Mr. Parker, the original publisher, whose marked copy is now in the possession of Mr. Bowes of Cambridge.

It is too early to speak judiciously of the storm of interest which has been aroused by the narrative of M. Louis de Rougemont; but we might remark that while we were engaged in reading the columns of the *Chronicle*, which are now day by day given up to this vital matter, a magazine, entitled *The Favourite*, which we had not hitherto seen, was laid on the table. Turning to it for a moment we encountered an article entitled "The Misadventures of Hooley de Hugemount." The author proceeds to say that his "narrative would be utterly incredible if it were not absolutely untrue," and the misadventures straightway begin. "I was born in 1512, and am still alive"—that is the opening sentence; and subsequently we come to this: "I knew that so long as I could hold on with my teeth I was still alive. Of course, I could hold on after I was dead. But then I would have to wait for *rigor mortis* to set in." Here we draw the veil.

For those who do not care to accumulate bound volumes of magazines, but who frequently meet with articles which they wish to keep, it is a good way to resort to the binder and get from him an easy-fitting case, in which such articles may abide. Such a volume we saw the other day, entitled "Good Things," containing

Stevenson's "Fables" from *Longman's*, Fitzgerald's "Letters to Fanny Kemble" from *Temple Bar*, and other matters. From time to time we propose to mention magazine articles suitable for separating in this way, and we may begin now with Mr. Hewlett's "Messer Cino of Pistoja," in the August *Macmillan*, and "Youth," Mr. Conrad's story in the current *Blackwood*. This remarkable piece of good work, by the way, is autobiographical. Mr. Conrad himself is the hero. It conveys the very feeling of the East.

THE current number of the *Gentlewoman* is distinguished by a facsimile of an original water-colour drawing recently sketched in Denmark by the Princess of Wales, which is presented as a supplement by the gracious permission of Her Royal Highness. So far as the editor is aware, this is, he tells us, the only occasion on which a drawing by the Princess of Wales has been reproduced in facsimile. The reproduction, we are glad to note, has been "Made in England." The picture is a very charming one.

THE announcement is made that on and after the 28th instant the price of the *Guardian* will be reduced to threepence. The reason given is "the diminution of clerical incomes."

MARK TWAIN states that he has now definitely abandoned lecturing. We should have been better pleased with this decision if Mark Twain had already delivered a course of his lectures in this country. Every English-speaking country has had the opportunity of laughing over them—with the exception of England.

A SELECTION from the series of papers which have been published in *Literature*, under the title "Among my Books," will be issued shortly by Mr. Elliot Stock in a volume.

AN EPITAPH.

Here do I lie—in faith!

Not that God's purposes were clear to me;
Not that I read old books, and said, "I see!
Curst be the fool whose eyes are hidden yet!"
But that I justified within my soul
The Will that moved the worlds. It guides
the whole?
Let it this part remember or forget!

Here do I lie—in hope!

Not that I say, "I kept my foot from sin";
Not that I think, or wish, to enter in
Where aureoled saints with new-born children
rest;
But that no fellow-man can say of me,
"I fell, and it was pleasing unto thee;
Thine eyes beheld despair, and acquiesced."

Here do I lie—and sleep!

Sleep was the gift filched at my birth from
me,
But I inherit it eternally:
I close my hand on it, and now shall keep.
Embraces of the flesh awakened "me";
Stripped of the flesh once more—and wil-
lingly—
In the embraces of the gods I sleep!

THE FIRST ENGLISH POET.

A CROSS AT WHITBY.

NEXT week, at Whitby, the Poet Laureate is to unveil the cross which has been erected in honour of Caedmon, "the divine oxherd," who some twelve centuries ago founded the long line of British poets. Apart from his official position, Mr. Alfred Austin, as the bard of King Alfred, has earned a right to speak of Caedmon. Alfred, to be sure, belonged to a period later than the poet, as he reigned from 871 to 901, while Caedmon probably died about 680; but one of his literary achievements was to translate Baeda's Latin account of the poet into Anglo-Saxon. In good truth, more people know Caedmon to-day by this famous story than by his actual poems. The historian had an uncommonly shrewd eye for a telling incident—witness his report of the ealdorman's metaphor of the sparrow. He is our only authority for Caedmon's life.

Canon Atkinson, in his *Memorials of Old Whitby*, has subjected the account to a masterly examination, with the object of discovering what position in life Caedmon held. Before touching on that point, however, let us try, as behoves those who are interested in English poetry, to obtain some clear idea of the scene and the time and the *dramatis personæ*. It was in the palmy days of Northumbria, that is to say, after the battle of Heavenfeldt. The kingdom extended from the Humber to the Forth, from Whitby and Holy Island to Morecambe Bay and the Solway. It was but a half-Christianised country. At Lindisfarne and Coldingham and Gateshead and Melrose and Streonashalh—the picturesque old name of Whitby—religious houses had been founded, and missionaries, many of whom could not speak the language, went about among the heathen with or without interpreters. The magnificent crosses at Bewcastle, Ruthwell, and Hexham testify to the zeal of the converts. Among the religious a conspicuous figure was that of the Abbess Hild with her double monastery at Streonashalh, and "the Royal Bishop Wilfrith" with his Eastern culture and imperial manner. Oswy was king, and Biscop one of his attendants, he who went to Rome with Oswy's son Aelfrid.

Caedmon worked on the farm belonging to Hilda's establishment till he had reached a mature age, as Bede says. That he was a simple unlettered peasant is obvious. After the day's work was over, the farmhands, as we should now call them, occasionally met at what King Alfred calls a *gebeorscipe*, or "beership," that being his interesting Anglo-Saxon rendering of the less definite Latin in *convivio*. The amusements of our ancestors differed in degree rather than in kind from our own. They ate, and then while they drank their beer had "sang and sang about" as Burns has it—each passing the harp to his neighbour when he had done his own turn. Poor Caedmon seems to have thought himself timber-tuned, and when he saw the harp coming towards him he used to creep away for shame, for *aeooma* is Alfred's pregnant interpolation.

In one of the oldest books on English

agriculture extant it is laid down that the oxherd shall sleep with the oxen, the cowherd with his cows, and the shepherd with his sheep, a necessary arrangement when wolves and thieves were numerous. Canon Atkinson is in some doubt whether this was Caedmon's nightly task as a farm-serf, or whether he watched occasionally as part of the services due for his tenure of a yardland. The language employed favours the latter interpretation; but the point is important to the antiquarian and historical student, although less so from a literary point of view. It is sufficient to note that Caedmon lay down to sleep in the ox-stall or *neate scyppene*. He there dreamed that someone appeared and saluted him and greeted him and called him by his name. "Caedmon," said the apparition, "sing to me something." "I cannot sing," he answered. "I left the pleasant company and came hither because I was not able to sing." Again, he who spoke with him said, "Nevertheless, you must sing to me." "What ought I to sing?" asked Caedmon. "Sing the beginning of created things," was the answer.

At these words the lips of the poet were unsealed, and he sang in his sleep. In the morning he remembered the words that had come to him, and went forth and told his strange dream to the town-reeve, who was his ealdorman, and the reeve led him forthwith to Abbess Hild, and on hearing 'she called together all her people, both the learned and those who were learning, and made Caedmon repeat his poem to them. Bede gives the sense of what he sang in Latin—would that he had preserved the vernacular. The first song of the first English poet was as follows:

"Now must we praise
Heaven's Kingdom's wonder
Creator's might
And his mind's thought
Glorious Father of men
As of every wonder
Ever Lord
Formed the beginning.
He first framed
For the children of Earth
The Heaven as a roof
Holy Creator
Then mid earth
Mankind's wonder
Ever Lord
After produced
The Earth for men
Lord Almighty."

The translation is quoted from Canon Browne.

They then translated to him some portions of sacred story, and bid him if he could turn them into verse. These he carried home, and in the morning he came back with them turned into exquisite poems. Whereupon arose great rejoicing in the monastery of Streonashalh, where poetry had not yet become a drug in the market. The Abbess besought him to quit the secular habit and become a monk, which he did, and ever afterwards was the glory of Whitby. They taught him the holy history, and what he heard he turned over in his mind and, as Baeda quaintly puts it, "like a clean animal ruminating," converted into the sweetest song.

This is a very beautiful story of the awakening of the consciousness of a poet, and the supernatural may be omitted without injury to it. Caedmon's dream was a poet's dream, and if he took it for a Divine vision, there are herdsmen of to-day who would follow his example in that. And as far as one can judge of his work, it seems not unworthy of this fine preface. But, of course, there are great obstacles to a full appreciation. Our point of view has changed immensely even since Milton's day—his *Paradise Lost* is growing old, but how young it is compared with the *Paradise Lost* of Caedmon! He wrote, too, in ignorant times. Abbess Hild caused him to be taught after discovering his poetic gift—he had probably no better models than the war-songs of the "Scopas." What he knew of literature could only have been learned by listening to the bards and glee-maidens who sang at the "beerships," as well as in the halls of knight and noble. He also addressed a rude audience in the gluttonous, beer-swilling Anglo-Saxons, and he used a language that the very priests did not know. It was an undeveloped tongue, and capable only as yet of producing harsh metre. Yet there was some virtue in these conditions, since they enforced upon the poet vividness, directness, and vigour—qualities possessed by Caedmon in abundance. You feel that to his bold imagination heaven, hell, and their inhabitants are very actual. Here, for instance, is a picture realised. The translation, unadorned but accurate and almost literal, is by Benjamin Thorpe:

"Then there worse befell
when they in hell
a home established.
One after other
in that drear den
where they scorching heat
must bide
sore sorrow
not the light of the sky
have in heaven
built on high
but must dive
into the deep fire
downward beneath
into the abyss profound
greedy and ravenous."

The vision is ever before him of "a swart hell without light and full of flame." When we meet such word-pictures we can well believe that others after him strove to compose religious poems, but none could vie with him. Indeed, they recommended their inferior wares by attributing them to his authorship.

The most perfect of his poems, if indeed it be his—for the matter is one of mere conjecture, and there are those who not only dispute his connexion with particular works, but doubt if such a person as Caedmon ever existed—is "The Lay of the Holy Rood." It is one of the pieces found in the Vercelli Codex, and parts of it are inscribed in runes on the Ruthwell Cross. The poet begins by describing a vision he had in the middle of the night—we quote from Kembel's translation:

"It seemed to me that I saw
a wondrous tree

led through the sky
enveloped in light
brightest of beams;
all that beacon was
surrounded with gold;
gems stood fair
at the extremities of the earth
five also there were
aloft on the axle-span."

Lying there he heard the tree give forth a sound, wounds showed themselves upon it, and then it began to relate its story, how, long ago, "I was cut down at the end of a wood, stirred from my sleep." It was made into a cross, and "Almighty God," the "young hero," mounted on it:

"I was all wet with blood pouring from the man's side."

Covered with clouds darkness had
the corpse of the Ruler
the bright splendour
shadow invaded.
Wan under the welkin
wept all creation
they bewailed the fall of their king."

After relating the story of Christ's agony, the Rood laid this command on the poet:

"Now I command thee
Man beloved
that thou this vision
tell to men
reveal with words
that it is the Tree of Glory
on which Almighty God
suffered."

The thought and style are those of Caedmon, and it would, indeed, be a very remarkable circumstance if there lived at the same time two men capable of writing it.

Baeda closes his account of Caedmon with a very tender description of his death at "Hilda's holy shrine":

"Now the poor old man grew sick, with an infirmity so moderate that he was able to speak and walk during all the fourteen days of its endurance. He knew he was going to die, but he remained of cheerful mood (the expression is stronger, *gaudente animo*), to the last talking and jesting with the brethren. He received the Sacrament, declared himself at peace with all men, asked how long it was till the hour of nocturne, and, on being answered that it was not long, 'It is well, let us await that hour,' he answered, and fell asleep."

Such in brief outline was the man that scholars and poets are about to honour at the ancient monastery of Streonashalh, where he lived and sang twelve hundred years ago. They will, no doubt, in the manner of latter-day Englishmen, hold a *gebeorscipe* of their own, and instead of passing the harp, call on one another to make speeches and give toasts. But there is material for more than after-dinner oratory in this celebration of what proved to be the foundation-stone of English literature. Indeed, so illustrious has been the line of Caedmon's successors that the Laureate can scarcely do less than celebrate the occasion in verse. He could not well hit on a finer theme than that of the first English singer "warbling his wood-notes wild" to those stark ancestors of ours who little dreamed what glories were to be achieved by their race in the future.

A MINOR PROPHET.

THERE is nothing contemptuous in the qualifying adjective. Major and minor prophets were prophets, both of them; and what was relative was not so much the quality of the prophecy as the quantity of it. To the minor poet of to-day the phrase has descended; and the world, applying the term lightly, needs to be now and then reminded of the derivation. To be a prophet or to be a poet is the main thing; whether a major or a minor one does not so much matter. The major prophets of old were major poets too; the minor prophets were minor poets. The Divine gift was always then a literal gift of divination. Vision and pre-vision went together; insight lit up sight. Whither have the prophets fled in an age when, more than ever, mankind is conscious of a destiny undone and unfulfilled; and when, not less than of old, lamentations and threats should, one would suppose, come lightly to the lips of men and women awake, and even alertly apprehensive, to the doctrine of inevitable consequence? Well, among modern poets there is one man who has lifted up his voice in prophetic and denunciatory numbers, which I, for one, have had ringing in my ears ever since I heard the news of the massacre of Omdurman. That man is Mr. Wilfrid Blunt; and, after reading last week's *ACADEMY*, I was left conscious of some limitations in, as I think, the otherwise masterly estimate of his poetry, mainly appreciative as it was. I will not demur to judgments there meted out, but I will express regret that the political differences which divide Englishmen—which divide, in fact, Mr. Wilfrid Blunt from his two brilliant editors, Mr. W. E. Henley and Mr. George Wyndham, M.P.—have led them to exclude from this volume of his selected poetry all poems, or extracts of poems, bearing on public events that breed controversy.

That is why *The Wind and the Whirlwind*, a thin and rather awkwardly shaped volume, published in 1883, has been left out of view, just as it is itself often overlooked in a library with its blind back of black cloth. Of all books it is the most difficult to lay hands upon; and such things count as deterrents in this irrelevant world; yet of these fifteen years not one has passed in which I did not seek it out for a renewal of intimacy—a fact which may be offered for what it is worth to those modern publishers who think form a first consideration, and seem to forget that a book, like a queen's daughter (who is generally plain without), must be beautiful within. And thus allegorically does one stumble on the perennial controversy as to form and subject in the poet's own methods.

"I have a thing to say. But how to say it?"

is the opening line of Mr. Blunt's poem of prophecy—a formula which really settles the whole disputation. It matters to literature both what is said and how it is said; all attempts at division are futile; they have their birth in aversions, and their end in conversions, which spell catastrophe and not continuity.

The thing which Mr. Blunt had to say, yet hesitated how to say, in 1883, was the

crime, as he held it to be, committed by his countrymen in suppressing the national rising in Egypt under Arabi Pasha, and the scourge that, in his belief, must follow that crime. Mr. Blunt was, of course, a prophet without honour in his own country. Nobody listened even to his statement of facts. It was nothing that he knew his Egypt; nor is it now recalled that the result verified every statement he made about the really national and universal character of the "rebellion" against the Khedive and the bondholder, as well as about the enlightened character of Arabi, whom Mr. Blunt's intervention subsequently saved from death:

"I have a thing to say. But how to say it?
Out of the East a twilight had been born.
It was not day. Yet the long night was
waning,
And the spent natives watched it less
forlorn."

Out of the twilight the voice of Arabi the Reformer was heard:

"There in the land of Death, where toil is
cradled,
That tearful Nile, unknown to Liberty,
It spoke in passionate tones of human free-
dom,
And of those rights of men which cannot
die—

Till from the cavern of long fear, whose
portals
Had backward rolled, and hardly yet
aloud,
Men prisoned stole like ghosts and joined the
chorus,
And chaunted trembling, each man in his
shroud.

We have had enough of strangers and of
princes . . .

The shadow of their palaces, fair dwellings
Built with our bones and kneaded with our
tears,
Darkens the land with darkness of Gehennem,
The lust, the crime, the infamy of years.

The silent river by those gardens lapping
To-night receives its burden of new dead:
A man of age sent home with his lord's wages—
Stones to his feet, a grave-cloth to his head.

Walls infamous in beauty, gardens fragrant
With rose and citron and the scent of blood.
God shall blot out the memory of all laughter,
Rather than leave you standing where you
stood.

You shall become a nation with the nations.
Lift up your voices, for the night is past,
Stretch forth your hands. The hands of the
free Peoples
Have beckoned you, the youngest and the
last."

It was Mr. Gladstone himself, after describing the Egyptians as "a nation rightly struggling to be free," who at last gave the order by which Lord Alcester bombarded Alexandria, and Lord Wolseley of Cairo triumphed at Tel-el-Kebir. Mr. Gladstone has not inspired many allusions in contemporary poetry, but one of them occurs when the poet-prophet foretells a day—

"A day of wrath when all Fame shall remember
Of this year's work shall be the fall of one
Who, standing foremost in the paths of virtue,
Bent a fool's knee at War's red altar-stone,

And left all virtue beggared in his falling,
A sign to England of new griefs to come.

I have a thing to say. But how to say it?
How shall I tell the mystery of guile—
The fraud that fought, the treason that dis-
banded—
The gold that slew the children of the Nile?

How shall I speak of them, the priests of Baal,
The men who served the wind for their ill
ends?

The reapers of the whirlwind in that harvest
Were all my countrymen, were some my
friends.

'Silence! Who spoke?' 'The voice of one
disclosing

A truth untimely.' 'With what right to
speak?

Holds he the Queen's Commission?' 'No,
God's only.'

A hundred hands shall smite him on the
cheek."

It was once the lot of the prophets to be stoned. Other times bring other manners—now they are not slaughtered, but ignored. That is why this poem was pushed angrily aside when it was published, an importunity and an inopportunity; so that it will now be read for the first time by the majority of readers. For that reason, before I pass to the final prophesying, I shall pause on some verses in description of the unequal contest between the immaterial East and the material West:

"I have a thing to say. Oh, how to say it!
One summer morning at the hour of prayer,
And in the face of man and man's high
Maker,
The thunder of their cannon rent the air.

The flames of death were on you, and de-
struction—
A hail of iron on your heads they poured.
You fought, you fell, you died, until the
sunset,
And then you fled forsaken of the Lord.

I care not if you fled. What men call courage
Is the least noble thing of which they
boast.

Their victors always are great men of
valour!
Find me the valour of the beaten host.

Oh, I would rather fly with the first craven,
Who flung his arms away in a good cause,
Than head the hottest charge by England
vaunted

In all the record of her unjust wars.

Poor sheep, they scattered you. Poor slaves,
they buried you.

You prayed for your dear lives with your
mute hands.

They answered you with laughter and with
shouting,

And slew you in your thousands on the
sands.

They scoffed at you and pointed in derision,
Crowned with their thorns and nailed upon
their tree.

And at your head their Pilate wrote the
inscription,

'This is the land restored to Liberty.'"

Then follow the verses of malediction. In them this minor prophet seems to take a leaf from the larger script of Ezekiel, the shower of the way to that Higher Patriotism which accepts, nay courts, a punishment for one nation that all nations

may benefit, and which repudiates the modern merging of the man in the country-man:

"O insolence of strength, O boast of wisdom,
O poverty in all things truly wise!

Thinkest thou, England, God can be out-
witted

For ever thus by him who sells and buys?

Thou sellest the sad nations to their ruin.

What hast thou bought? The child within

the womb,

The son of him thou slayest to thy hurting,
Shall answer thee, 'An empire for thy
tomb.'

Thou hast joined house to house for thy
perdition.

Thou hast done evil in the name of right.

Thou hast made bitter sweet, and the sweet
bitter,

And called light darkness, and the darkness
light.

Thou hast deserved men's hatred: they shall
hate thee.

Thou hast deserved men's fear: their fear
shall kill.

Thou hast thy foot upon the weak: the
weakest

With his bruised head shall strike thee on
the heel.

Thou wentest to this Egypt for thy pleasure:
Thou shalt remain with her for thy sore
pain.

Thou hast possessed her beauty. Thou
wouldst leave her—

Nay, thou shalt lie with her, as thou hast
lain."

Extraordinary is the fulfilment of the prophecy in this verse. It was made, remember, at a time when English politicians, differing in all else, agreed only in declaring to France and to all the world that England occupied Egypt for the moment only—a pledge she has wished to keep, and has only now tacitly let out to be at last abandoned. The precision of fulfilment of the prophetic verses already quoted lends an added solemnity to the stanzas of terror which follow—stanzas only partly fulfilled, despite the marvellously literal application they have to the subsequent action of the Mahdi and of Gordon, our "best thought," with his death and the national dishonour to which it was at least popularly attributed:

"She shalt bring shame upon thy face with all
men;

She shall disease thee with her grief and
fear;

Thou shalt grow sick and feeble in her ruin;
Thou shalt repay her to the last sad tear.

Her kindred shall surround thee with strange
clamours.

Dogging thy steps till thou shalt loath
their din;

The friends thou hast deceived shall watch
in anger;

Thy children shall upbraid thee with thy
sin.

All shall be counted thee a crime—thy
patience

With thy impatience. Thy best thought
shall wound;

Thou shalt grow weary of thy work thus
fashioned,

And walk in fear with eyes upon the
ground.

The empire thou didst build shall be divided :
Thou shalt be weighed in thine own
balances
Of usury to peoples and to princes,
And be found wanting by the world and
these.

Truth yet shall triumph in a world of justice.
This is of faith. I swear it. East and West
The law of God's progression shall accom-
plish—
Even this last great marvel with the rest.

Therefore I do not grieve. Oh, hear me,
Egypt!
Even in death thou art not wholly dead.
And hear me, England! Nay, thou must
needs hear me.
I had a thing to say. And it is said."

The prophecy of the penultimate line has
some fulfilment, as *The Wind and the Whirl-
wind*, here quoted from, was omitted
altogether from the selection of Mr. Henley
and Mr. Wyndham.

W. M.

THE BOOK MARKET.

THE BOOKSELLER ON TRIAL.

EVERY reader of the ACADEMY must be
pretty familiar with the questions
which for some months past have been
agitating authors, publishers, and especially
booksellers; but in order to make clear at
once the significance of what follows, let me
sum up the present position in a few words.
The bookseller protests—most of us admit,
with good reason—that it is impossible for
him, under present conditions, to earn a
living by the sale of books. The publishers
and authors sympathise with his appeal for
the abolition of ruinous competitive dis-
counts, and are honestly trying to evolve
some scheme that may better his condition.
But there are those who say that the book-
seller has no one but himself to blame for
the present disastrous state of affairs; that
the secret of his failure is his lack of enter-
prise. There are those who contend that
should the worst come and the old-fashioned
bookseller cease to exist, the sale of books
would in no wise suffer. Such opponents
of the proposed reform point to the phe-
nomenal success that has attended the
attempt to sell the *Encyclopædia Britannica*
without any help from the bookseller. I
pointed out in these columns, a month or two
since, that the action of the *Times* was of the
greatest importance to the whole book-
selling trade. The subscription lists for the *Times*
reprint of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* will
shortly be re-opened, and the sales have
been so encouraging that a very large sum—
running, I am told, into nearly five figures—
has been set aside for advertising the issue
during the next few months.

Now, at this important juncture in the
history of book-selling, Messrs. Macmillan &
Co., to whom the trade already owes so
much, have entered the lists as the champions
of the booksellers. By their action the
booksellers throughout the country are put
on their trial. The verdict lies with the
authors and publishers.

I make the following extracts from the
prospectus of the new special edition of
*Green's Illustrated History of the English
People*.

"Messrs. Macmillan & Co., Limited, propose
to take advantage of the recently introduced
instalment system of selling books to circulate
a new and beautiful issue of the Illustrated
Edition of *Green's Short History of the English
People*, but instead of taking orders and dis-
tributing the book through the medium of a
newspaper, as has been done in a recent well-
known case, Messrs. Macmillan intend to sell
the work through retail booksellers throughout
the country, whom they will appoint their
agents for the purpose.

Green's Short History of the English People has
long been recognised as the most brilliant and
most readable of English Histories, and the Illus-
trated Edition which was published a few years
ago under the supervision of Mrs. Green and Miss
Kate Norgate, is, without exception, one of the
most attractive and instructive pictorial histories
in existence, and is a book that should be in the
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complete copy of the Special Edition of *Green's
History* will be delivered to you as soon as it is
ready.

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make the bookseller a further payment of five
shillings, and will continue to make subsequent
payments at the rate of five shillings per month
until you have paid up the whole price of the
book—viz., two pounds.

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newspaper advertisement in which the
volumes would be offered direct to the
purchaser?" The terms are exceedingly
liberal, the bookseller runs no risk and is
paid handsomely for his trouble. But
it stands to reason that in offering such
terms the publishers rely on the trade to
advertise the book, to push it, and to sell it.
The bookseller must work for his living.

The bookseller is on his trial, and the
court is crowded. The verdict?

Meanwhile, as another example of the
enterprise now being displayed by the house
of Macmillan, I might mention the celerity
with which they have issued Dr. Busch's
Bismarck, and the spirited way in which
they are advertising the book.

DRAMA.

THE BOOM IN DUMAS.

MORE adaptations have been made of *The Three Musketeers* than could be reckoned on one's fingers, and still the number is being added to. Mr. Sydney Grundy is preparing a version for Mr. Tree, to be presented at Her Majesty's about the New Year; and he has just been forestalled by Mr. Henry Hamilton with an excellent one written for Mr. Lewis Waller, and produced at the Métropole, Camberwell, with a view to its introduction to a West-end theatre. Another tolerably effective adaptation has, within the past week or two, been seen at the Parkhurst Theatre, Holloway, the work of Mr. H. A. Saintsbury. In this, although the piece is luridly dramatic in other respects, the evil tradition is maintained of making D'Artagnan a light comedy character. This was a common feature of the old versions, the most notable of which, perhaps, was that associated with the late Charles Dillon. The author met with but scant respect from the adapter of thirty or forty years ago. Whether the literary conscience of the present day would allow of serious liberties being taken with Dumas may be doubted. In point of fact, Mr. Henry Hamilton has found his account in a tolerably faithful adherence to the novel while necessarily discarding a huge mass of material, and Mr. Sydney Grundy may be trusted to follow the same lines. The author's legal rights in *The Three Musketeers* have long since lapsed (if they could ever be said to have existed in this country), but his literary rights remain, and are indeed stronger than ever. For dramatic purposes as it stands, the fault of the famous romance is its lack of female interest, which occupies small compass in comparison with the stirring adventures of Athos, Porthos, Aramis, and their dashing Gascon comrade D'Artagnan. But this disappears to a great extent in the process of weeding out, to which the amazingly exuberant products of Dumas' imagination are necessarily subjected; since all the adapters have been compelled to adopt Miladi's intrigues as the mainspring of their action.

In the efforts of the Cardinal, with Miladi's assistance, to expose the Queen's relations with Buckingham, and D'Artagnan's heroic endeavour to shield Her Majesty's honour, Athos, Porthos, and Aramis aiding, we have a pretty game of "pull devil, pull baker." Dumas is no niggling romancier; he does nothing by halves. It is a fight between friends and demi-gods. If the plotting of the wily ecclesiastic and his female accomplice is Satanically subtle and unscrupulous, the measures adopted to defeat it are Titanic. The Queen's diamonds, entrusted to Buckingham, must be worn in a certain minuet. Through the Cardinal's devices two of them have been stolen; the set is incomplete, and the king's jealousy, artfully stirred and played upon by Richelieu, who schemes for the fall of Anne d'Autriche,

will know no bounds as soon as the Queen's duplicity becomes manifest. At all hazards the diamonds must be recovered; D'Artagnan and his fellow-musketeers are ready for the task. It is a journey to and from England against time and against countless obstacles placed in their path by the Cardinal, but the gallant band are equal to the emergency; at fabulous expense the stolen stones are replaced, and with five minutes to the good D'Artagnan is able to lay the fateful jewels at his royal lady's feet. In this and many other episodes of the play it is Mr. Hamilton's merit, and that of his leading interpreters, to be able to let us feel something of the prodigious verve and swing of the original narrative, the freer air that the characters breathe and move in. They are all many sizes larger than life, these characters, but like the Greek masks they speak a language correspondingly colossal. With Dumas to draw upon, it may safely be said that romance on the stage will never die. Mr. Lewis Waller's spirited recital of his ride for the recovery of the diamonds is a magnificent example of the successful substitution of narrative for incident; it brings down the house. Like his master, however, Mr. Hamilton wisely keeps his story moving. The spectator must bring his own psychology with him; there is little or none of it on the stage. On the contrary, a plentiful knitting and unknitting of intrigue, the constant clash of arms, the bustle of action, and a free employment of that favourite device of Dumas—the intercepted letter.

Two scenes stand out conspicuously in the drama: the unmasking of Miladi, as the felon that she is, by D'Artagnan's exposure of the branded *fleur-de-lys* on her naked shoulder, and the converging upon her of the victims of her love and treachery, who severally pronounce upon her the doom of death, just as she has almost succeeded, by way of revenge upon D'Artagnan, in inducing that hero's *fiancée*, Gabrielle de Chalus, Maid of Honour to the Queen, to drink of the poisoned cup. In the former, Mr. Hamilton has not shrunk from adopting his author's method, risky as it is on the stage. The scene is Miladi's bedchamber, where she has given an assignation to one of her lovers upon whose sword she counts in her campaign. It is D'Artagnan who, by a stratagem, takes the gallant's place. In the struggle that ensues Miladi's clothes are torn off her alabaster back, revealing the fatal brand. The culminating scene shows Miladi trapped by the successful musketeers in a convent parlour, where her shrieks for mercy are unavailing. By this time the cup of her iniquities is full to overflowing. Death is her sentence, but at the last moment (Dumas is full of such surprises) she baulks their vengeance, at the same time saving them from the dishonour of killing a woman, by drinking the poison she had intended for Gabrielle. After which, Buckingham having meanwhile been slain at Miladi's instance by her dupe, Felton, comes the final defeat of the Cardinal, and

the restoration of the Queen to Louis's favour. The poor Cardinal necessarily suffers considerably in his reputation during the progress of the story. It is his fate to be *roulé* at every turn; so that in the end one wonders upon what foundation his reputed astuteness rests. But then, has he not D'Artagnan and the gallant Gascon's trusty comrades-in-arms for his opponents?

JUDGING by the enthusiastic acclamation of this play, the present boom in Dumas would seem to be justified. The public appetite for the romantic is all that the previous reception of "*Mademoiselle de Belle-Isle*" and "*A Marriage of Convenience*" had led us to expect. Whether, with Mr. Sydney Grundy's version of *The Three Musketeers* still to come, it is not possible to have too much Dumas, time will tell. No small part of the success of Mr. Hamilton's adaptation is due to the vigorous acting of Mr. Lewis Waller as D'Artagnan, and the equally effective embodiment of Miladi, on sinuous, subtle lines, by Miss Florence West. This D'Artagnan is as gallant, ardent, and impetuous as one could desire; while all the treachery, lechery, and serpent-like fascination of Miladi stands clearly revealed. The Athos, Porthos, and Aramis revive one's recollections of the famous trio, than which the actors in these episodic parts could do no more. The Cardinal, unfortunately, is only the shadow of himself, but that was inevitable in the circumstances; Miss Kate Rorke makes a handsome Queen, and has a sympathetic Maid of Honour in Miss Constance Walton, whose tender love passages with Mr. Lewis Waller offer a pleasing contrast to the more stirring portions of the play; and the general atmosphere of the Court of Louis XIII. is happily conveyed.

AMONG the lighter musical pieces of the season, whether by reason of the ebullient whimsicality of the dialogue, the alertness and gaiety of the music, the brightness of the costumes, and the prettiness of the dancing, none stands higher than "*Her Royal Highness*," where Captain Basil Hood and Mr. Walter Slaughter have carved out for themselves a success similar to that of "*The French Maid*." Mr. Gilbert apart, I am not sure that in Captain Hood, late of the Guards, we have not the best comic genius who has been seen since the days of Planché. His humorous faculty recalls in a striking degree that of his great namesake—notably in his punning—there is a punning duet that might have been written by the author of "*Ben Battle*"—while the spontaneity and freshness of his invention, and the literary touch that shows through the irresponsible frivolity of the book, produce an extremely pleasing impression. The piece gives one nothing to think about the day after, and therefore presumably falls under Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's ban; but whether one is "rightly amused" by it or otherwise, it yields an excellent evening's entertainment.

J. F. N.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"THE MODERN MONK."

SIR,—I am loth to quarrel with the impressions of a reviewer, but I trust you will find me space to correct a serious misrepresentation. One has to make allowance, of course, for the bruised feelings of a Catholic poet who sees the halo rudely dispelled from his cherished institutions. Yet one has a right to a fair presentation of one's ideas in a four-column review. My reviewer says: "This competent, hostile, and tolerably honest witness finds no occasion even to hint at the particular frailty from which men of this world find the greatest difficulty in believing professed ascetics to be free." I did more than hint at it. On p. 277 my opinion is to be found. It is not that of the average ex-monk, nor that of the Catholic layman—it is precisely that of "the man of the world." He says, also, that "apostate priests" can never be quiet about their apostasy: they are ever "excusing and accusing." Out of a score of priests who have seceded from Rome during the last twenty years in England I am the only one to whom this can apply—and in this book there is no attempt whatever at a superfluous apology.

I take no notice of the remarks about "lakes of fire," "agonised conscience," "the Great Assize," "diabolical hatred," &c.: they are obvious tokens of a childish petulance or a sectarian rancour which strangely disfigure the placid pages of the ACADEMY.—I am, &c.,

Leicester: Sept. 12. J. McCABE.

[Thus Mr. McCabe. But his reference to "the bruised feelings of a Catholic poet" is mystifying. The writer of the article complained of is a man guiltless alike of poetry and of verse. He is just a reviewer wrestling from day to day with his simple duty. "Who sweeps a room," &c.]

CORYDON'S BOOK-CASE.

A WORKING-MAN'S LIST.

SIR,—Before you close your interesting correspondence on Corydon's Bookshelf, perhaps you will allow a working man to add his list of favourites.

Most of those who have already favoured you with lists have been literary men—men whose profession it is to study books, and who are expected to display a cultured taste in the choice of their reading matter. It may be interesting, therefore, to add the choice of one who has to "do" his ten hours a day at the wharf side, and whose holidays are few.

First to go into my bag would be the verses of Omar Khayyám (a borrowed copy, for, alas! ten-and-sixpence for a single book is quite beyond my means), if only for these lovely lines:

"A book of verses underneath the bough,
A jug of wine, a loaf of bread—and thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness.
Oh! Wilderness were Paradise enow!"

Next, I should reach down from its nook my copy of Locker-Lampson's *Lyra Elegantiarum*. (Fancy being able to get a copy of that delightful work for one-and-sixpence!) Two plays of Shakespeare would next be packed away—"The Tempest" and "As You Like It." Palgrave's *Golden Treasury* must go in, and room should also be found for selections of Wordsworth (mainly for the sake of Tintern) and Matthew Arnold. A pocket edition of *In Memoriam* and Stevenson's *Child's Garden of Verse* completes my list of poetry.

Here, then, are my twenty volumes for holiday reading:

1. *Rubāiyāt of Omar Khayyām.*
2. *Lyra Elegantiarum.*
3. "The Tempest."
4. "As You Like It."
5. *Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics.*
6. *Wordsworth.* (G. T. Selection.)
7. *Matthew Arnold.*
8. *In Memoriam.*
9. *Child's Garden of Verse.* (Stevenson.)
10. *Marcus Aurelius.* (Scott Library.)
11. *Emerson's Essays.*
12. Lowell's *My Study Window.*
13. *Imaginary Conversations.* (Landor.)
14. *Hazlitt's Essays.* (Scott Library.)
15. *The Antiquary.*
16. *Silas Marner.*
17. *Esmond.*
18. *Pickwick.*
19. *Jane Eyre.*
20. *The Story of an African Farm.*

—I am, &c.,

W. F. A.

11, Carmichael-street, Govan, N.B.:
Sept. 11.

SCOTCH DIALECT.

SIR,—The version of the Scotch dialect by "G. R." on wool is hardly complete.

The first question should be "Oo?" ("Wool?"), the answer being "Aye oo," and the next "A' oo?" ("All wool?") and so on as given by "G. R." This makes the dialogue complete.—I am, &c.,

ROBERT ANDERSON.

Edinburgh: Sept. 10.

BOOKS OVER £100.

SIR,—The very interesting list of "Books worth more than £100" in this week's ACADEMY contains one item that is altogether misleading. Under the date 1896 Ames's "Typographical Antiquities" is chronicled as having realised £248. It is quite true Mr. Quaritch gave that sum for a copy, but a reference to Temple Scott's "Book Sales of 1896" (item 937) reveals the fact that it was an enlarged copy in four volumes, the fourth volume "containing specimen leaves of early English typography."

A copy of the first edition was sold for three guineas at the same sale.—I am, &c.,

JOHN H. SWANN.

Manchester: Sept. 9.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

WEEK ENDING THURSDAY, SEPT. 15.

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

STUDIES IN TEXTS. By Joseph Parker. Vol. II. H. Marshall & Son. 3s. 6d.

CHRISTIANITY AND ANTI-CHRISTIANITY. By S. J. Andrews. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 9s.

THE ARCHPRIEST CONTROVERSY. Edited for the Historical Society by T. G. Law. Longmans & Co.

BLESSED ARE YE: TALKS ON THE BEATITUDES. By F. B. Meyer. Sunday School Union. 2s.

THE LATER MÆDÆVAL DOCTRINE OF THE EUCHARISTIC SACRIFICE. S.P.C.K.

OUTLINE OF SCRIPTURE HISTORY. S.P.C.K.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY AT HOME. Translated by Virginia Tylour. Hutchinson & Co. 6s.

WELLINGTON AND WATERLOO. By Major Arthur Griffiths. George Newnes. 10s. 6d.

THE GRECO-TURKISH WAR OF 1897. By a German Staff Officer. Translated by Frederica Bolton. Swan Sonnenschein.

"FAMOUS SCOTS" SERIES: R. L. STEVENSON. By Margaret Moyes Black. Oliphant, Anderson & Co. 1s. 6d.

POETRY AND BELLES LETTRES.

LYRA NICOTIANA. Edited by W. H. Hutchison. Walter Scott. 2s.

PICTURES OF TRAVEL, AND OTHER POEMS. By Mackenzie Bell. Hurst & Blackett. 3s. 6d.

TRAMPS AND TROUBADOURS. By John C. Dunkan. Digby, Long & Co. 5s.

ST. AGNES. S.P.C.K.

EDUCATIONAL.

THE ILIAD OF HOMER. Edited by Walter Leaf and M. A. Bayfield. Vol. II. Macmillan & Co. 6s.

OVID. Edited by J. P. Postgate. G. Bell & Sons. 3 vols. 2s. each.

CAMBRIDGE SERIES FOR SCHOOLS: THE AENEID OF VERGIL, BOOK I.; CICERO; BUNYAN; GRAY. Cambridge University Press. 1s. 6d. each.

A SHORTER GREEK PRIMER. By A. M. M. Stedman. Methuen & Co.

LOCAL EXAMINATION HISTORY. By R. L. Pringle. John Heywood (Manchester).

THE TYPIST'S MANUAL. By E. Collyns. John Heywood (Manchester).

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

CATHEDRAL SERIES: WELLS. By Percy Dearmer. G. Bell & Sons.

ESSEX PAST AND PRESENT. By G. F. Bosworth. G. Philip & Son. 2s.

POLITICS.

BISMARCK: SOME SECRET PAGES OF HIS HISTORY. Being a Diary Kept by Dr. Moritz Busch. 3 vols. Macmillan & Co. 30s.

REFLECTIONS OF A RUSSIAN STATESMAN. By K. P. Pobyedonosteff. Translated by R. C. Long. The Russian Library. 6s.

PSYCHOLOGY.

THE UNCONSCIOUS MIND. By Alfred T. Schofield. Hodder & Co. 7s. 6d.

ECONOMICS.

THE STANDARD OF LIFE. By Mrs. Bosanquet. Macmillan & Co. 3s. 6d.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"LETCHEIMEY": A TALE OF OLD CEYLON. By "Sinnatamsky." Luzac & Co. 5s.

THE PRINCESS ILSE. By Marie Petersen. Translated by A. M. Deane. The Leadenhall Press. 2s. 6d.

THE VAGARIES OF TO-DAY. By Mark Munday. The Leadenhall Press. 3s. 6d.

DRAMAS OF THE DAY. By Dagonet. Chatto & Windus. 1s.

NEW EDITIONS.

A BOOKE OF SUNDRY DRAUGHTES (LEADED GLASS). The Leadenhall Press. 6s.

THE SCOTT LIBRARY: THE PRINCIPLES OF SUCCESS IN LITERATURE. By G. H. Lewes. Edited by T. S. Knowlson. THE CONFESSIONS OF ST. AUGUSTINE. Edited by Arthur Symonds. Walter Scott. 1s. 6d. each.

ANGLO-SAXON SUPERIORITY: TO WHAT IS IT DUE? English Edition. The Leadenhall Press. 3s. 6d.

THE SPECTATOR. Vol. VIII. Dent & Co.

A SHROPSHIRE LAD. By A. E. Housman. Grant Richards. 3s. 6d.

ANCIENT HISTORY FROM THE MONUMENTS: ASSYRIA. S.P.C.K.

REMINISCENCES OF SCOTTISH LIFE AND CHARACTER. By Dean Ramsay. 1s.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

WE print below a further selection of new books announced for publication during the autumn and winter season:

MR. T. FISHER UNWIN.

MR. FISHER UNWIN'S Autumn publications include the following:

IN BELLES LETTRES.

Lithography and Lithographers. By Joseph Pennell and Mrs. Pennell.

A Literary History of Ireland. By Dr. Douglas Hyde.

Unpublished Letters of Dean Swift. Edited by Dr. G. B. Hill.

The Correspondence of Princess Elizabeth of England, Landgravine of Hesse-Homburg. Edited by P. C. Yorke.

Shakespeare in France. By J. Jusserand.

BIOGRAPHY.

The Life and Letters of Lewis Carroll. By S. D. Collingwood.

The Autobiography of a Veteran. By General Enrico della Rocca. Translated by Mrs. Janet Ross.

Eighty Years and More (1815-1897), being the Reminiscences of Elizabeth Cady Stanton.

Heinrich Heine's Last Days. By Camille Selden. Newly translated.

Margaret of Denmark. By Mrs. N. Hill.

The Last Days of Percy Bysshe Shelley: New Details from Unpublished Documents. By Dr. Guido Biagi.

TRAVEL.

Through New Guinea and the Cannibal Countries. By Captain H. Cayley-Webster.

Travels and Politics in the Near East. By William Miller.

Over-Sea Sketches. By R. B. Cunningham Graham.

The City of the Caliphs: a Monograph on Cairo and its Environs and the Nile and its Monuments. By E. A. Reynolds Ball.

The Psychology of Peoples. By G. Le Bon. Translated by Mr. Derechef.

Life of Man on the High Alps: Studies Made on Monte Rosa. By Prof. Angelo Mosso. Translated by Mr. and Mrs. Kiesow.

POETRY AND DRAMA.

The Ambassador. By John Oliver Hobbes.

Poems: Chiefly Amorous. By the late Eric Mackay.

The Soul's Departure, and other Poems. By E. Willmore.

FICTION.

The Romance of a Midshipman. By W. Clark Russell.

Rodman the Boat-Steerer. Stories by L. Becke.

The Two Standards. By Dr. Barry.

The Mawkin of the Flow. By Lord Ernest Hamilton.

Fableland. By W. Morant.

Far in the Forest. By Dr. S. W. Mitchell.

HODDER & STOUGHTON.

MESSRS. HODDER & STOUGHTON'S announcements include:

The Life of Henry Drummond, F.R.S.E. By Prof. George Adam Smith, D.D.

Afterwards, and other Stories. By Ian Maclaren.

Reminiscences of Irish Life and Character. By M. MacDonagh.

The Life of Dr. R. W. Dale, of Birmingham. By his Son, A. W. W. Dale, M.A.

Principal A. M. Fairbairn's new work: *The Person of Christ and the Philosophy of Religion.* Uniform with his *Place of Christ in Modern Theology.*

A Short History of the United States. By J. Huntley McCarthy.

Neil Macleod: a Tale of Literary Life in London.

Capriccios. By the Duchess of Leeds.

Robert Louis Stevenson in Edinburgh. By E. Blantyre Simpson.

The Unconscious Mind. By Alfred T. Schofield.

Henry Robert Reynolds: His Life and Letters. Edited by His Sisters.

Black Rock: a Tale of the Selkirks. By Ralph Connor.

Heater Morley's Promise. By Hesba Stretton.

Frank Hardinge: or, From Torrid Zones to Regions of Perpetual Snow. By Gordon Stables, M.D.

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MESSRS. BLACKIE & SON'S announcements include the following:

The Great Campaigns of Nelson: St. Vincent, The Nile, Copenhagen, Trafalgar. By William O'Connor Morris.

Landmarks in English Industrial History. By George Townsend Warner, M.A.

"VICTORIAN ERA" SERIES.

Charles Kingsley. By the Very Rev. C. W. Stubbs, Dean of Ely.

Alfred, Lord Tennyson: a Critical Study. By Stephen Gwynn.

British Foreign Missions. By Rev. Wardlaw Thompson and Rev. A. N. Johnson, M.A.

Recent Advances in Astronomy. By A. H. Fison, D.Sc. (Lond.)

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Indian Life and Thought since the Mutiny. By R. P. Karkaria, B.A.

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BOOKS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

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MESSRS. W. & R. CHAMBERS will publish the following among other new books:

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The White Princess of the Hidden City. Being the Record of Leslie Rutherford's Strange Adventures in Central America. By D. Lawson Johnstone.

O'er Tartar Deserts; or, English and Russian in Central Asia. By David Ker.

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As it is, Dr. Busch has given us no properly composed or coherent picture at all. He has simply emptied out his note-books of most of the entries made during a quarter of a century. The result is that isolated items of information of considerable value are found amid the waste of memoranda, conversations, letters, and drafts of newspaper articles. But the man himself eludes us, and the setting is fragmentary and bald. Really the best part of the book is that which Dr. Busch has given us long ago in a less pretentious form: the account of *Bismarck und seine Leute* in the Franco-German War. Here, in the rough intimacy of the campaign and the march, Dr. Busch saw the great man at very close quarters indeed, and his diaries contain a few capital bits of character-sketching, in which not only Bismarck, but his biographer, are excellently touched in. There is much unconscious humour in the busy little secretary's account of how he contrived, on one occasion, to get a seat in the Chancellor's own carriage when he was driving out to join the headquarters staff. Soldiers and officers, of course, saluted copiously as the carriage passed, and the salutations were returned not more punctually and graciously by the Minister than by his amanuensis; until at length the former explained that it was his General's uniform, not his Ministerial office, that was being honoured in the salutes, and that perhaps some military pedant might object to their acknowledgment by a civilian. Subsequently, at Sedan, Dr. Busch, finding himself in close proximity to the general staff, was dogmatising on military matters to one of the officers of the Royal Guard, when Bismarck called him up and told him not to speak so loudly, or the king might want to know the name of so great a strategist. As far as regards his literary fame, Dr. Busch would have done better to allow it to rest on his two former and slighter Bismarck publications—that which we have just referred to, and the one translated into English under the title of *Our Chancellor* some years ago. All that is most lifelike, and most veracious in his treatment of the statesman is to be found there.

But it was only in the French campaign, and occasionally in his later years at Friedrichsruh and Varzen, that Dr. Busch got glimpses of Bismarck *intime*—Bismarck with his gloves off, unhelmeted and unplastered. Otherwise, and during the greater part of their association, it must be recollected that the secretary only visited the statesman for a particular purpose. Dr. Busch was formally introduced into the Chancellor's service to be his intermediary with the Reptile press, and his manipulator of the press that declined to be reptilian, but was still open to be cajoled, misled, and bamboozled in various ways. Busch had to make up sham letters from Paris in the character of a cynical Frenchman (Bismarck tells him not to be too serious or logical lest the German authorship of the communications might be suspected), he had to fill the journals with libels on Bismarck's enemies ("Remember

the Press laws and do not be too venomous," said "the Chief"), and he had to palm off upon respectable editors, like those of some of the English newspapers, carefully garbled or falsified *communiqués*, and do other dirty work of the kind. Dr. Busch is not at all ashamed of the functions he fulfilled. He is much too proud to have been of the Bismarckian *Maison du Roi* to be particular about the precise nature of the duties he performed. But it must always be remembered that it was the baser side of his mind and his policy which the Chancellor was constantly engaged in exhibiting to this accommodating retainer. The book is a painful record of brutality, duplicity, and unscrupulous cunning. The story of Bismarck's relations with his personal and political rivals, with the old Emperor himself, with the Empress Frederick and her husband, and the "English" faction generally, reads like a bad chapter torn out of the secret history of the courts and cabinets of the eighteenth century. There is much in it that can no more be condoned than the cynical craft of Frederick the Great or the wickedness of Catherine the Second. But bad as it all is, it looks worse than the reality in Dr. Busch's pages. The doctor, as Bismarck himself said, seems to take a malignant delight in exhibiting human nature in its more discreditable aspects. And of all that was discreditable in Bismarck he was an expert, a past master. The trickery, the malignity, the contempt of truth, were disclosed to him, calmly and in the way of business, several times a week. The nobler sides of the great man were not often displayed to this subordinate minister of deception. Neither the whole Bismarck, nor the better Bismarck, was known to one who saw him so often at his worst.

Yet Dr. Busch tells us that his portrait is painted and published by permission of the sitter. Bismarck, though he understood Dr. Busch's character, and could not be ignorant of the unfavourable light in which he had presented himself most often to his press secretary, gave permission to the latter—so we are told—to make public all the materials in his possession. "Little Busch," he thought, was the man to tell the world the truth about him. He suggested that he would not like the process performed till long after he was dead; but Dr. Busch hinted that he should publish his documents very soon after the grave had closed over his patron, and the patron, by his silence, even gave consent to that speedy disinterment of his remains.

We have Dr. Busch's authority for all this, and we must take it that so faithful an admirer has convinced himself that he is acting in accordance with his former master's wishes. But it must be confessed that Bismarck's attitude in the matter is hard to explain, unless we suppose that, in the fulness of his superb belief in himself and his own methods, he was contemptuously indifferent to the effect which the disclosure of his subterranean intrigues might produce on posterity. At any rate his fame will owe little to the writer who has given to the world this singularly incomplete, ill-digested, and inconsistent, account of him.

GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS.

Northward over the Great Ice: a Narrative of Life and Work along the Shores and upon the Interior Ice-cap of Northern Greenland in the Years 1886 and 1891-97. By Robert E. Peary. With Maps, Diagrams, and about 800 Illustrations. (Methuen & Co.)

UNTIL last year the name of Lieut. Peary was vaguely known to British geographers in connexion with some rather indefinite researches about the northern end of Greenland (on which his wife accompanied him), and the acquisition, at a high price as it seemed, of some very large meteorites from the neighbourhood of Cape York. When he delivered his lecture, therefore, before the Geographical Society, in the theatre of London University, it came upon his audience with some sensation of surprise to find that Lieut. Peary had been pursuing from the first a definite coherent scheme of exploration, and that he had contributions of real importance to make to the geography and ethnography of the Arctic regions. The effect may have been enhanced by the charm of a highly finished literary style, and the exhibition of a series of photographic lantern slides, which for number and brilliance of detail were far in advance of anything else that has been done in those extreme latitudes. These facts are enough to ensure an interested welcome for the handsome pair of volumes just published, the first and only record, so Mr. Peary assures us, of his Arctic work.

Greenland, which Lieut. Peary fancifully describes as the pendant in a necklace of snow and ice, stretching southward over the swelling bosom of the earth, is computed to have an area of 750,000 square miles, and consists of a mountainous country buried hundreds or thousands of feet deep beneath a vast cap of frozen snow and ice, filling all the valleys and burying the peaks. The "wind that blows between the spheres" nips not more keenly than that which, according to the explorer, is everlastingly driving over this vast Sahara of snow, charged with biting particles of drift. Of visible land there is nothing but a seaward strip twenty-five miles wide, stretching at points to sixty or even eighty. Yet in spite of its disadvantages the country has a history:

"Nine hundred years ago, Erik, an Iceland outlaw, discovered Greenland, and gave it its name, 'because,' he said, 'people would sooner be induced to go thither in case it had a good name.' Shrewd old land agent! From the colony founded by him, his son Lief and other restless spirits sallied forth to the discovery of the new world. Centuries after, from those iceberg-haunted seas went forth, it is said, a gleaming pile of walrus tusks, tribute for the Crusades. Then a hostile fleet descended upon the colonies, and ravished away many of the inhabitants to replace those carried off by the plague, or 'black death,' in Europe. Strange anomaly—Greenland repopulating Europe! Finally, the last of the shipmasters who knew the route to Greenland were assassinated by German merchants, and in the fifteenth century Greenland dropped out of the world and was absolutely forgotten."

Greenland was re-discovered a century later by Davis, and is to-day inhabited chiefly by Danes, with the exception of a

small, but remarkable, colony of "Innuits" dwelling by the shore of Melville Bay, on whom the explorer depended for much necessary assistance in his hunting and boating expeditions, and whom, in return, he has raised to some pitch of affluence and civilisation. It is in connexion with this tribe that Lieut. Peary has done the most important part of his ethnographical work, having not only made extensive photographic studies of types and physical development, but having even compiled a census by name of the whole tribe, with whom he is on terms of the most pleasant companionship. Lowest in the whole human scale, as judged by their possessions, and destitute of organisation, Sir Clements Markham has come to the conclusion that they have probably migrated across the Pole from Siberia under stress of some ancient Tartar invasion. These are the people whose ancestors made chip knives from the great iron meteorites, or "Saviksue," at Cape York, which Ross heard of on his famous voyage, but which it was left for Lieut. Peary actually to discover and to bring away. A large portion of the present narrative, including a detailed appendix, deals with the expedition in search of these meteorites, and the enormous effort required to secure the largest of them, weighing ninety tons, for which a special ship was chartered in 1896.

One of the distinguishing, and not the least honourable, features of Lieut. Peary's Arctic work is that it has been carried out almost entirely by his own resources, or with money raised by his own personal efforts. In the furtherance of his project, once he had started on it, and despite the cruellest failures, he took up lecturing, canvassed his friends, and even on one occasion turned his ship into a "show," an indignity which still seems to rankle. Mrs. Peary, who stands alone as the one woman Arctic explorer, and who has even faced the perils of motherhood in those trying latitudes, helped to raise the wind by publishing a small volume of their adventures. In this way a creditable programme of work has been carried out, including—(1) a summer voyage and reconnaissance of the Greenland ice in 1886; (2) a thirteen months' sojourn in Northern Greenland, during which Lieut. Peary made a 1,200 miles' journey with sledges across the ice-cap to the other side, and determined the insularity of the continent, 1891-92; (3) a twenty-five months' sojourn, including a second journey of 1,200 miles, and the discovery of the meteorites, 1893-95; (4) summer voyages to Cape York in 1896 and 1897, mainly for the purpose of recovering the meteorites.

The narrative of these various expeditions is given in considerable detail, sometimes to an unnecessary and wearisome extent. Little points which may well have engraved themselves on the traveller's memory are not always suitable for recording or calculated to interest a reader. Still, there is enough of real interest in the book to excuse this. As a record of dogged determination and perseverance, in face of simply crushing misfortunes, there is nothing in Arctic history to beat it. Nansen's trip, barring

the sledge journey, was a pleasure excursion compared with Peary's marches across the ice-cap, in the coldest climate to be found anywhere; in the face of equinoctial gales and storms that broke up his equipment; harassed by the disablement of his companions, by the loss of his dogs from disease, by flood-waves that destroyed his boats and washed away his stores, by almost every conceivable disaster and disappointment that one can picture. The tale reads like a long confession of failure, yet underlying it, or rather outcropping from it, are solid results here and there which may have justified all the struggle. On this question of the cost of the candle Lieut. Peary is frank. He admits a sporting love for the game, and at once wins his way to our sympathies. A reasoned apology would have won but a shake of the head; pluck and determination not to be beaten are things we can appreciate, and Lieut. Peary disarms us farther by pointing to the long history of British exploration of which we are so proud, and asking where are the tangible results. In the matter of methods, each Arctic explorer probably has his own ideas. Lieut. Peary claims to have originated some now generally accepted ideas, among which is the notion of using up the dogs themselves as dog food, killing off the weaker ones as the loads on the sledges become reduced. The acme of economy, he contends, is reached when the journey is finished with one dog, who has eaten all the others. It was on this principle that the long sledge journeys over the ice-cap were carried out, and on one occasion the limit of maximum economy was actually reached. But the explorers themselves came near to exceeding it in regard to their own provisions, and but for a timely find of musk-oxen must have perished in the very moment of success. Men who stay at home may not be tempted to grudge Lieut. Peary the wanderings and hardships he so graphically describes; but many might envy him the moment of accomplishment, when he stood, like Cortes, on the northern shore of Greenland, and surveyed a sea which never had been broached by man. Here is his description of the final climb:

"Eagerly we climbed the ragged slope, over ragged rocks and through drifts of heavy, wet snow. The summit was reached. A few steps more, and the rocky plateau on which we stood dropped in a giant iron wall, that would grace the Inferno, 3,800 feet to the level of the bay below us. We stood upon the north-east coast of Greenland; and, looking far off over the surface of a mighty glacier on our right and through the broad mouth of the bay, we saw stretching away to the horizon the great ice-fields of the Arctic Ocean. From the edge of the towering cliff on which we stood, and in the clear light of the brilliant summer day, the view that spread away before us was magnificent beyond description. Silently Astrup and myself took off our packs and seated ourselves upon them to fix in memory every detail of the never-to-be-forgotten scene before us. All our fatigues of six weeks' struggle over the ice-cap were forgotten in the grandeur of that view."

For reasons of copyright, Lieut. Peary's book has been printed in America. It is very heavy, and is loaded with illustrations,

many of which could well have been spared, especially as they are rather "fuzzy," and do anything but justice to the beautiful lantern slides which were shown at the Geographical Society's meeting. No defects, however, can prevent the book from becoming what it has every right to be, a standard work on the exploration and geography of the great ice wilderness of the north.

FOR SERIOUS STUDENTS.

Introduction to the Study of History. By Ch. V. Langlois and Ch. Seignobes, of the Sorbonne. Translated by G. G. Berry. With a Preface by F. York Powell. (Duckworth & Co.)

THIS is a book for serious students of history, or for those who would know how serious students work. It is an introduction not to history—that is to say, it is not a *résumé* of the principal turning-points in the progress of the world—but to the work of the professed historian. The authors themselves describe their book as "an essay on the method of the historical sciences." Attempts to teach the historian the rules of his craft have not been unknown. The general public would gain little information from the enumeration of foreign books; but Freeman's *Methods of Historical Study* was a comparatively late attempt. This did a useful work in giving the ordinary reader an insight into the thoroughness of modern historical methods; but it was too slight and its teaching too obvious to give much help to the aspiring tyro. The most complete treatise on what may be called "historical methodology" is Dr. Bernheim's *Lehrbuch der Historischen Methode*, of which a second edition was published in 1894. But it does not appear to have been translated into either French or English, and it is much concerned with metaphysical problems for which our authors show a wholesome, if somewhat hasty, contempt. It is these considerations which have induced two distinguished teachers and historical workers to elaborate the lectures to their own students into a book which may be useful to the general public. French historical methods are so far ahead of our own that we need not be ashamed to accept from the other side of the Channel a work which conceivably indeed might have been compiled in England, but which is more naturally the outcome of the spirit which animates the students of France and Germany. The translator deserves the warmest thanks of all those interested in genuine learning, both for forcing the book into the notice of the English reading public by giving it an English dress, and also for the excellent way in which his own share of the work has been done. Only once or twice was the meaning of a sentence not clear at the first reading; it is comparatively seldom that the French original forces itself on the reader's notice. Mr. Berry has been content merely to reproduce in his own tongue the meaning of his authors. It is a commendable modesty that has restrained him, however great his own qualifications, from adding remarks or references of his own.

Prof. York Powell has so recently been upholding before the Royal Historical Society the need for specialist training in England on the lines of the French *Ecole des Chartes*, that there is a peculiar fitness in his standing godfather to this little volume on its introduction to an English public.

Such a critical analysis of method as is here portrayed would have been impossible half a century ago. History was regarded as a branch of polite literature—picturesque effect rather than truth of actual fact was the aim of the historian. But the critical methods of the scholar and the analytical methods of the student of natural science have been adapted by the students of human history, and it would not be too much to say that the whole craft of the historian has been revolutionised. Witness, for example, the strict canons laid down by M. Langlois, who is responsible for the earlier chapters of the book, for the criticism and interpretation of historical documents of all sorts. The severity of these critical tests alone must separate the work of the historian from that of the scholar; and yet the whole burden of the book is the absolute need of trustworthy texts before the historian can get to work at all. Untrustworthy texts of ancient documents are worse than useless, for the historian has then to do the scholar's work as well as his own. This involves a knowledge of palæography, and perhaps of philology. Even these would be more efficient instruments in the hands of professional experts. But what are we to say about the need of any further special knowledge for the would-be historian? If he is not a mere man of letters, but a scientific student, he must undergo some special training. In what should this consist? Freeman rode the hobby of thoroughness a little too hard when he suggested that the historian should know everything. Our authors more discreetly point out that the knowledge required by an historian of what have been called "auxiliary sciences," but many of which are not sciences at all, must depend on his special line of study. Palæography is useless to the annalist of the French Revolution, Greek to the French mediævalist.

So far, we have been dealing with the actual text of historical documents. Equal difficulties are presented by their interpretation. And here our authors give the budding historian the disheartening injunction that he must "begin by doubting." There is the shrewdest wisdom in the remark that the use of the word "authentic" "has reference to the origin only, not to the contents; to say that a document is authentic is to say that its origin is certain, not that its contents are free from error." Equally shrewd is the caution, relegated to a note, that "what is called a 'first-hand document' is nearly always composed in part of second-hand statements about facts of which the author had no personal knowledge," and that therefore "the distinction of first or second-hand should be applied, not to documents, but to statements." Such observations are of the utmost utility as safeguards against confused thinking. They enable us to estimate evidence at its proper

value. For the critical tests which our authors would have us apply to the statements of historical documents, we must go to the book itself. The result of their application sounds sufficiently discouraging. When the historian has applied every preliminary test, and is ready to begin his constructive work, this is the utmost he can boast of—facts which he did not see, described in language which does not permit him to represent them in his mind with exactness. How can such knowledge form the groundwork of an exact science? The answer to this question is, perhaps, the least satisfactory part of the book. The authors do not deign to discuss the "childish" question whether history is a science or an art. Of course it is a science, and in the analytical part of the book nothing could be more strictly scientific than the method employed for obtaining the very negative results arrived at. But when the question is of co-ordinating these facts, we are warned that history cannot imitate the method of the biological sciences, for one cannot apply to an "intellectual analysis of subjective impressions the rules which govern the real analysis of real objects." That may be, although it seems to be begging the important question of "reality." But it is eminently unsatisfactory to be told that history "becomes an application of the descriptive sciences which deal with humanity, descriptive psychology, sociology, or social science," and that the, as yet imperfect, establishment of these sciences retards the establishment of history. Certainly, sociology has as yet to vindicate its title to be reckoned among the sciences. Even the more restricted study of anthropology, despite the great names behind it, has scarcely made its way into the charmed circle. If history is to be placed in the same category with sociology its character, as a science, still remains to be established. What the writers, perhaps, fail to appreciate is this—that, however much the labour of the historian may be indebted to that of the antiquarian specialist, his own work must needs be essentially literary—in other words, that history must always remain a branch of literature. The investigations of natural science may at any moment result in some discovery of practical import, for they deal with the world as it is. On the other hand, the historian's field is the world as it was; and, however important morally it may be to attain in any branch of study to "knowledge pure and simple," if that knowledge is not going to affect life or conduct, but to be chiefly "an instrument of intellectual culture," the form which it takes and the vogue which it will obtain will be primarily of the literary order. And if this is so, even legends have their historical value, and the manipulation of historical facts to prove the guidance of Providence, the progress of civilisation, or the mission of a given people, will never cease to have attraction and even use for human minds and morals. We are grateful to the authors for what they have done. With the analytical portion of their book we are in complete accord, but their vindication of the strictly scientific claims of historical study has not borne conviction to our mind.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

Anglo-Saxon Superiority: to What it is Due.
By Edmond Demolins. Translated from the Tenth French Edition. (The Leadenhall Press.)

A quoi tient la Supériorité des Anglo-Saxons.
Par Edmond Demolins. Dixième Mille. (Paris: Maison Didot.)

THE superiority of the Anglo-Saxon over his neighbours, of the British lion over the Gallic cock, is so gracefully, if sorrowfully, acknowledged by M. Demolins that we hasten to confess our inferiority in one respect at least. We generally turn out much uglier books. Here are two editions of the same work, one in French (3 fr. 50 c.) and one in English (3s. 6d.), and a comparison is not agreeable to our well-known self-complacency as a nation. The English translation appears in all the glory of a cloth binding: it is indisputably a cheaper article, but it is ugly. It is too fat to hold with comfort; it will not stay open unless you break its back. Its tasteless drab cover would make the countrymen of M. Demolins shudder. Over against it we have the French original, pleasant to hold and pleasant to see, with nice type and paper, and a charming little tinted map on the paper cover. Having got over this preliminary lament over Anglo-Saxon inferiority, we hasten to add that in other respects the English edition is quite adequate. M. Lavigne's translation is generally satisfactory and always intelligible, though "inferiorly" is a curious adverb. M. Demolins has written a special introduction for English readers, in which he expounds luminously and well the various elements which have gone to make up what we call "England," the Saxons and Celts, the Angles, the Normans, the Danes, and the rest. And as a perusal of the work will be as wholesome for English readers as it could be for French ones, we welcome it cordially even in its somewhat unattractive English dress.

That a Frenchman should have the courage to put forth a book declaring, by its very title, the superiority of the Anglo-Saxon over the Latin races is a very interesting fact. That his book should have been received not merely with respect but actually with favour by the Parisian world of letters, and that ten thousand copies of it should have been sold in six months, is certainly not less interesting. Anglomania—we use the word in no insulting sense—has always had its votaries in France and, indeed, on the Continent generally, but a year ago one might have supposed that Chauvinism and the Dual Alliance had left Paris no time to weigh Anglo-Saxon merits (such as they are) with either good sense or candour. M. Demolins seems to have judged his countrymen differently, and the success of his book proves him to have been right. The book is a curious one, and will both amuse and instruct its English readers. Its author (who is a zealous student of social questions and the editor of *La Science Sociale*, a monthly review devoted to their discussion) traces Anglo-Saxon superiority, in the first place, to our educational system. Wellington, we know, did not say that Waterloo was won

on the Playing Fields at Eton, but M. Demolins does. Only, paradoxical as it may seem, it is not the Playing Fields of Eton, but the playgrounds of two obscure schools in Derbyshire and Sussex, in which the battles of our race are really won. Indeed, our great public schools, in which we all trust, and our Board schools, which are the pet and pride of the Radical party, are not even noticed by M. Demolins, who reserves his enthusiasm for the two educational establishments above mentioned, and the "University Extension" (!)—which "gives horribly to think," as our author would say.

But though M. Demolins has apparently a somewhat mistaken view of the importance of Abbotsholme School and its kindred establishment, and even perhaps of the splendours of University Extension and the Edinburgh "Summer Meeting," he has none the less, as regards education, got successfully to the root of the matter. French schools, he says, are adapted solely for turning out Government officials and small functionaries. Their aim is to teach their pupils how to pass the examination which leads to a public appointment. The multiplying of officials in France causes all the best of the nation to look to an official career for maintenance and employment. English schools, on the contrary (according to M. Demolins), are adapted for turning out not officials but Men. This, in spite of the modern mania for competitive examinations in England, strikes us as an entirely sound criticism, and it is a proof of our author's sagacity that he should have realised it so clearly. What M. Demolins has not realised is that the tendency of modern England is to fall into precisely the same blunder which has told so heavily on the France of to-day. We, too, have been smitten with the mania (for it is nothing less) for competitive examinations. The Army, the Navy, the Indian and Home Civil Services, &c., &c., are all its victims. If our author had perceived this he would probably have seen reason to doubt whether the Anglo-Saxon was quite the clear-sighted creature in educational matters which he depicts him. Furthermore, had M. Demolins visited India he would have found his admired Anglo-Saxons, at vast expense, setting up an educational system which produces precisely the same defects which he notes in the France of to-day. He would have found in India the same multitude of young men being educated with only one career in view—namely, a small post in a Government office. He would have found the same contempt, fostered by a vicious system of education, for manual labour, agriculture, or commerce, the same dangerous number of *déclassés* recruited from those natives who have failed in the competition for official appointments. We greatly fear that the Anglo-Saxon of to-day is perilously near the time when he may cease to deserve the many kind things which M. Demolins has to say about him. *Cram* ("cram") is, alas! by no means confined to France, or why did Mr. Wren, during his lifetime, flourish so exceedingly?

We have not space here to treat of the many interesting points raised by M.

Demolins in the course of his book, and can only indicate briefly what these are in order that our readers may be tempted thereby to study the book for themselves. Besides the account of French and English education mentioned above, we have a very interesting (and extremely amusing) survey of German education as conceived by the German Emperor and King of Prussia. The bitter irony with which M. Demolins demolishes that scheme is one of the most effective things in the book. Then we have a chapter on French education as it should be, and one on the French population question full of wisdom and statistics, a rare combination. The characteristics of the Anglo-Saxon and his life are suggestively discussed and illustrated, and then follows an extremely valuable chapter contrasting *Le Personnel Politique* of England and France. After this a series of aspects of public life in the two countries are examined, and an appendix gives a most interesting collection of criticisms of the work gathered from the French press. The book should be read and pondered by everyone who has the true interests of "Panglosaxonism" (to coin a portmanteau word) at heart.

THE PIPE AND THE MUSE.

Lyra Nicotiana. Edited by W. G. Hutchinson. "Canterbury Poets" Series. (Walter Scott.)

ALTHOUGH the stimulus and friend of many a poet, tobacco has, we may say at starting, inspired little good verse in praise of itself. These lyrics of pipe and cigar, snuff and cigarette, are for the most part very trifling affairs. Good smokers do not talk about tobacco, much less rhyme. A pipe is poem enough. There are, of course, exceptions, such as Mr. Lowell and Mr. Henley and Mr. Leland, but in the main it is the enthusiastic but inexperienced young who hymn the weed. Tobacco makes for reticence, for contemplation. Tobacco is an Oriental, grave and sedentary, silent and content. This little book is a piece of Western restlessness and frivolity.

The best thing in it is undoubtedly Mr. Henley's rondeau, "If I were King":

"If I were king, my pipe should be premier.
The skies of time and chance are seldom clear,
We would inform them all with bland blue weather.
Delight alone would need to shed a tear,
For dream and deed should war no more together.
Art should aspire, yet ugliness be dear;
Beauty, the shaft, should speed with wit for feather;
And love, sweet love, should never fall to sere,

If I were king.

But politics should find no harbour near;
The Philistine should fear to slip his tether;
Tobacco should be duty free, and beer;
In fact, in room of this, the age of leather,
An age of gold all radiant should appear,
If I were king."

Less well known, but not much less excellent, is the same poet's "Inter Sodales":

"Over a pipe the Angel of Conversation
Loosens with glee the tassels of his purse,
And, in a fine spiritual exaltation,
Hastens, a very spendthrift, to disburse
The coins new minted of imagination.
An amiable, a delicate animation
Informs our thought, and earnest we rehearse
The sweet old farce of mutual admiration
Over a pipe.
Heard in this hour's delicious divagation,
How soft the song! the epigram how terse!
With what a genius for administration
We rearrange the rambling universe,
And map the course of man's regeneration,
Over a pipe!"

Both these poems, by the way, are more than twenty years old. Mr. Henley is represented in all by eight pieces, seven of which specifically belaud the pipe, a meerschaum for preference. It is, therefore, a little odd to find him figuring in the frontispiece with a cigarette between his fingers. Mr. Lowell also praised the meerschaum:

"The pipe came safe, and welcome too,
As anything must be from you;
A meerschaum pure, 'twould float as light
As she the girls call Amphitrite.
Mixture divine of foam and clay,
From both it stole the best away:
Its foam is such as crowns the glow
Of beakers brimmed by Veuve Clicquot;
Its clay is but congested lymph
Jove chose to make some choicer nymph;
And here combined—why, this must be
The birth of some enchanted sea,
Shaped to immortal form, the type
And very Venus of a pipe."

And the meerschaum has other adherents and eulogists among Mr. Hutchinson's poets. On the other hand, the late Mr. R. F. Murray's "Ballade of the Best Pipe" gives the palm to a "finely seasoned briar," while a writer unknown to us, Mr. Henry E. Brown, makes the terrifying statement:

"There's clay pipes an' briar pipes an' meerschaum pipes as well,
There's plain pipes an' fancy pipes—things jes made to sell;
But any pipe that kin be bought for marbles, chalk, or pelf,
Ain't ekal to th' flavor of th' pipe you make yourself."

The prospect of having to make one's own pipe is too alarming. Cigars, cheroots, and cigarettes come in for celebration, but, in the main, the book is the book of the pipe. As to brands of tobacco, the poets are not explicit. Mr. T. B. Aldrich, like the late James Payn, explains that he is addicted to latakia; but the question is left vague by his brother bards.

We cannot consider that Mr. Hutchinson has done his work particularly well. The number of pieces with no signature to them or any indication of origin is much too large; and, considering how easy it is to trace the authorship of verses that appear in reputable newspapers, it is a sign of carelessness on Mr. Hutchinson's part that he appends to certain selections only "*The Globe*," "*The St. James's Gazette*," and so on. The editors of these journals would have furnished the names of their con-

tributors with pleasure. Again, Mr. Hutchinson's notes are very scant. In the other anthologies included in the "Canterbury Poets," particularly in the case of the *Sonnets of the Century*, collected by Mr. William Sharp, the general editor of the series, the notes have been full and interesting. But Mr. Hutchinson has only thirteen to a volume of over two hundred and fifty pages! There are cases where notes are positively needed, or deserved. There is a piece of blank verse by Mr. Leland, for example, inscribed "To W. G. H." (i.e., Mr. W. G. Hutchinson), which we imagine was written especially for this volume; but Mr. Hutchinson does not say so. This is the practical end of it:

"Well, take tobacco—any kind you like—
And keep it in a jar of stone or glass;
(If in a bag, a bladder makes the best)
And sprinkle it with old Jamaica rum;
Note that the rum should be extremely good,
For much depends on it, then you will find
It gives peculiar fragrance to the leaf
Like that of the Havanas which we had
All in the olden time. *Probatum est!*"

We do not observe many omissions. Mr. Hutchinson does not print the version of "The Indian Weed," given by Bell in his *Songs from the Dramatists*, but he gives others. We do not find Mr. Dobson's "Autumn Idyll"—a poem it is always pleasant to meet with—nor Mr. Anstey's Anglo-German ballad (somewhat in the manner of Breitmänn, who is well represented here), in the *Burglar Bill* volume, of the Professor and his pipe; but possibly copyright difficulties prevented, as in the case of Calverley's famous ode. On p. 125 two lines seem to have been dropped out. We fancy also that the university magazines might have rewarded search through their lightsome pages.

For certain inclusions we are more disposed to blame the editor. The piece of which this is the last stanza was not, for example, worth printing:

"I've seen the land of all I love
Faded in the distant dim,
I've watched above the blighted heart
Where once proud hope hath been.
But I've never known a sorrow
That could with that compare,
When, off the blue Canaries,
I smoked my last cigar."

Does Mr. Joseph Warren Fabens, who wrote this lyric, really pronounce "cigar" "cigare"?

THE CROWN OF OMARISM.

Rubāiyāt of Omar Khayyām. Multi-Variorum Edition. Edited by Nathan Haskell Dole. 2 vols. (Macmillan & Co.)

It seems to us a regrettable lack of imaginative sympathy on the part of Messrs. Macmillan that their first practical reply to the piteous appeals for a cheap edition of Omar, which have lately rendered the *Chronicle* such pathetic reading, should be this twenty-four-shilling publication. Is it possible they do not recognise that they are the servants of the public, and that the teaching of the Persian hedonist has become neces-

sary to the British temperament? Can they really believe that they have any right to withhold the gospel of negation and sensuousness from the masses who desire it? Twenty-four shillings indeed! It is surely time that publishers were taught their place!

In this work Mr. Nathan Haskell Dole has swept the field. He has gathered together everything, short of the original Persian and minor newspaper articles and reviews, that bears upon the Rubáiyát. In order that impecunious Omarians may see what they are missing, let us outline the scheme. Firstly come some quatrains by Mr. Dole himself to the Persian poet, in which it is stated that

"Thy example makes us brave to face our fate;"

and in which Omar is asked to

"accept this volume as a meed of praise, Altho' thy Fame, so established, hath no need of praise,

And thou thyself art very far away from us—
So far, thou'd'st not take heed of blame or heed of praise."

In these complicated "rimes," says Mr. Dole, there is an attempt to follow the Persian style. Secondly, we have an account of Omar's early translators, and a reprint of Prof. Cowell's article in the *Calcutta Review*. Thirdly, a biography of FitzGerald, in which we find this sentence: "Mr. FitzGerald himself lived to see the grain of mustard seed just beginning that growth into a tree large enough for the birds of the air to build thereon." Mr. Dole certainly has shown no lack of assiduity in constructing a nest. Fourthly, an account of Omar's later translators—Nicolas, Bodenstedt, Graf von Schack, Whinfield, and so on. Fifthly, a review by Mrs. Cadell of FitzGerald's version, from *Frazer's Magazine*, May, 1879. Sixthly, a life of Omar. Seventhly, an analysis of the case against FitzGerald as Persian scholars see it. Eighthly, FitzGerald's second edition of the translation, with preface, reprinted from the copyright volume. Ninthly, comparative versions of each quatrain, from FitzGerald (all editions), Whinfield, Garner, Kerney, and McCarthy, in English; Nicolas, in French; and Bodenstedt and Von Schack, in German. Tenthly, forty-six appendices on individual rubáiyát. Eleventhly, an appendix on rubáiyát which may be considered autobiographical. Thus in Whinfield's translation one may find the quatrain:

"From mosque an outcast, and to church a foe.

Allah! of what clay didst thou form me so?

Like sceptic mark, or ugly courtesan,

No hopes have I above, no joys below."

America, Mr. Dole reminds us, claims the distinction of "having furnished the only adequate plastic representation of Omar." We presume the artist based his portrait on the foregoing confession. Twelfthly, a series of quatrains translated by Mr. H. G. Keene. Thirteenthly, a bibliography of Omar, running to 156 pages. Fourteenthly, the history of the association of gentlemen, who, actuated by a mutual love of Persian, dine together in London and elsewhere under

a club-name which, owing to a frequently and publicly expressed desire for privacy, we must abstain from printing. Mr. Dole, however, gives all particulars: the founders, the occasional verses, everything, indeed, except the *menus*. Fifteenthly, a brief account of Omar and his opponents (more accurately meaning Omarism's opponents), with a parody by "Q." Sixteenthly, a notice of the translations of Mr. Frank Siller of Milwaukee. Seventeenthly, a notice of the German versions of Dr. A. E. Wollheim. Eighteenthly, an index.

There also are various illustrations, comprising portraits of translators, and designs for certain of the quatrains, by Mr. Edmund H. Garrett and Mr. Gilbert James. We do not care much for the work of either artist, but Mr. James, whose drawings appeared in *The Sketch*, is the more original. The two pencils come into acute rivalry in the matter of the "Angel of the Darker Drink." Mr. James sees him as a bearded gentleman in a Japanese skirt, with a pair of tremendous black wings. Mr. Garrett's angel, on the other hand, has no beard, but takes a larger size in wings even than Mr. James's. The cup, too, is a little bowl in Mr. Garrett's picture, and a wine-glass in the other. In both cases a young woman is the drinker. Mr. James clothes her; Mr. Garrett leaves her naked among the bulrushes.

Such are Mr. Dole's two volumes, a miracle of ingenious book-making. Why he did not add to their merits by including also the original Persian text we cannot conceive. Had he done so the work would be valuable as well as curious. Yet, as it is, if it were not for the lately published circumstance that Omarians cannot afford more than half-a-crown for the master's message, the work would, we suppose, have a circulation not less than that of a romance by Mr. Hall Caine.

AN INDEFENSIBLE BOOK.

"FAMOUS SCOTS" SERIES.—*R. Louis Stevenson*. By Margaret Moyes Black. (Oliphant, Anderson, & Ferrier.)

A STRONG case might be made out for extending the Copyright Act in such a way as to give a man exclusive rights in his own biography, to be exercised by his nominees for at least a few years after his death. No better argument could be adduced in support of this contention than the existence of Miss Black's memoir of R. L. Stevenson, which has just been added to the "Famous Scots" Series. All materials of any value for the biography have been entrusted to Mr. Sidney Colvin, Stevenson's literary executor. But it so happened that while the actual biography was delayed in preparation, Mr. Colvin was asked, and could not well refuse, to write a notice in the Dictionary of National Biography, thus making a great many facts in Stevenson's career public property; and from this *ad interim* memoir, and the hints lavishly afforded in Stevenson's many autobiographic passages, a very passable memoir might have been constructed. But no

writer, knowing that an authorised biography was in progress, should have undertaken the work; or so it seems to us. Miss Black was intimate with a family of Stevenson's cousins, and knew the writer himself when he was a young man. She has amassed a certain number of the most trivial details respecting Stevenson's childhood and youth, and describes, to the best of her ability, the man as she knew him. In this way her memoir has a certain value as representing the impression which Stevenson's personality made upon this lady. The only details of the impression, however, which she is able to disengage clearly relate to his clothes. There remains the reassuring fact that a book so entirely worthless cannot in the least interfere with the success of the authorised biography. But Stevenson would writhe in his grave if he could see himself represented in this milk-and-water way. How far the picture is from the original may be gathered from two facts. First, there is no indication of the moral struggle over principles that pitted the son for a time in opposition to the father; and, secondly, Miss Black thinks that Stevenson "did not take women seriously."

There is no more to be said about this book except that it was a mistake to write it and a much worse mistake to publish it. In a year or two we shall have Mr. Colvin's Life, based largely upon Stevenson's letters, than which there are few in our language more vivid or more full of personal colour: it will be a life of a remarkable man, written by his most intimate companion, his critic for many years; and if it can borrow anything from Miss Black's volume—though that is highly improbable—there will be an excuse for the existence of her book. We are quite sure that Miss Black did not realise that she was doing an indefensible thing; but it is incumbent upon us to point out that she has done it, either of her own notion or at the suggestion of her publishers.

SCIENCE TEXT-BOOKS.

ZOOLOGY.

A Text-Book of Zoology. By T. Jeffery Parker and William A. Haswell. In 2 vols. (Macmillan & Co.)

A Student's Text-Book of Zoology. By Adam Sedgwick. (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.)

Natural History (Vertebrates) of the British Isles. By F. G. Afalo. (William Blackwood & Sons.)

Text-Book of Zoology. By H. G. Wells. Revised and enlarged by A. M. Davies. (W. B. Clive.)

THE rapid growth of zoological knowledge during recent years makes it impossible for any single zoologist, or indeed for any pair of workers in this branch of science, to possess a specialist's knowledge of every division of the animal kingdom. But though it may happen that particular

experts may object to a few minor matters of description and treatment in the handsome volumes of Profs. Parker and Haswell, we have no hesitation in saying that the authors have done an excellent piece of work in bringing together the results at which a multitude of investigators in the many departments of this comprehensive branch of natural knowledge have arrived. Moreover, the enterprise of the publishers calls for commendation; for though the expense of producing the unusually large number of carefully executed diagrams (there are 1,173) must have been very great, there can only be a limited sale for such an elaborate work in England. The volumes ought, certainly, to be in the library attached to every properly equipped zoological laboratory, for the student will find the illustrations invaluable as a guide in his dissections. Evidences of the great experience which the authors have had in teaching are to be found on every page; each point which is likely to present a difficulty to the student being dealt with in the manner of which only an experienced teacher is master. It is melancholy to think, while looking over and admiring these volumes, that Prof. Parker was denied the satisfaction of seeing them, he having died before the work of publication was complete. In one important respect the text-book is found wanting. We consider the almost complete absence of references to original papers and memoirs a serious fault. The only such references are of quite a general kind, and are relegated to the end of the second volume, where it is more than likely they will not be found by many readers.

In this respect, at all events, Mr. Sedgwick's book is likely to be more useful than that of Profs. Parker and Haswell, for he provides a large number of useful references; but in this book, also, more attention might with advantage have been given to the historical development of the subject. Nevertheless, if the same degree of excellence as has been reached in this first volume be maintained in subsequent parts, Mr. Sedgwick will have produced a very good and useful guide to students of zoology.

With only the first part of Mr. Sedgwick before him, we wonder what the general reader would make of "zoology." Coming to it with a vague idea that there must be some connexion between zoology and the Zoological Gardens, and with an ill-defined idea that zoology is a subject dealing with "animals," we imagine him turning over the pages, and, seeing pictures, starting a search for some animal he knew. We doubt whether he would find one, though he might recognise some of the worms. The modern zoologist, concerned with every kind of animal life though he undoubtedly is, approaches the subject in a severely scientific manner, which is in every respect dissimilar to that of the writers of natural history books. While the latter emphasises the general build, colour, and habits of beasts, the scientific text-book, like those we have mentioned, concerns itself with their minute structure, development, and relations to one another.

It requires training of a severe kind to understand and appreciate such text-books of zoology, and we hereby warn the general reader that they are not for him.

The *Natural History of the British Isles*, on the other hand, is likely to prove interesting to general readers. It is a popular treatise, admirably suited for amateur naturalists living in the country. Every important British animal possessing a backbone, whether it lives on the earth, in the air, or in the sea, is briefly described, and many well drawn illustrations add to the value of the text.

The new edition of Mr. Wells's little book on zoology is another reminder of the versatility of his genius. The changes in the particular examination for which his book was intended have necessitated its revision, which has been entrusted to Mr. Davies. While the author's original plan has been adhered to, many parts have been rewritten, and several additions have been made. The drawings, too, have been considerably altered and, we think, improved. The popularity of the book is thus still further ensured.

PHYSICS.

A Treatise on Magnetism and Electricity. By Andrew Gray. (Macmillan & Co.)

On Laboratory Arts. By Richard Threlfall. (Macmillan & Co.)

An Elementary Course of Physics. Edited by Rev. J. C. P. Aldous. (Macmillan & Co.)

ALL students of physics have studied Prof. Gray's *Absolute Measurements*, and are consequently familiar with his lucid style and clear exposition of difficult points. The present treatise is therefore sure of a hearty welcome. Prof. Gray here regards "electric and magnetic forces as existing in a space-pervading medium in which the electric and magnetic energies are stored, and by which they are handed on from one place to another with a finite velocity of propagation." The book is not merely a treatise on the mathematical theory of electricity; theory and practice being brought together in a very successful manner. It is in no sense a beginner's book, as an elementary acquaintance with electrical phenomena and a familiarity with the mathematical methods of the calculus are both assumed. How much is gained by the union of experimental methods and mathematical treatment is at once appreciated by a comparison of modern books, among which this will take a very high place, with the published researches of that prince of experimenters, Faraday. And it is in the judicious blending of these two instruments of research that the phenomenal advances in electrical science since Faraday's time are to be traced. Working along the lines laid down by Maxwell, in his now well-known theory, modern physicists are everyday getting nearer to a complete understanding of electrical phenomena and to a solution of the question, What is Electricity? Among many other interesting

modern developments which are duly noted and described by Prof. Gray, we are glad to find Dr. Bauer's instructive diagrams, Plates V. and VI., which graphically show the secular changes in magnetic variation and dip.

Prof. Threlfall's treatment of his subject is the exact antithesis of Prof. Gray's. Here we have a book which is concerned wholly with experimental minutiae. But it must be said at once that the work is done in a masterly fashion. Prof. Threlfall is an expert in glass-blowing and other laboratory processes, and his *Laboratory Arts* has already, we doubt not, found its way into the laboratories of many physicists. In carrying out any piece of research the experimental philosopher is continually called upon to design and construct his own apparatus, and facility in these directions is one of the many powers which the successful investigator must possess. To aid in thus equipping the young researcher is the object of the manual; and it should help very much in this direction, since it deals not only with glass-blowing, but also with glass-grinding, soldering, brazing, electro-plating, and many other processes continually used in scientific workshops.

The *Elementary Course of Physics* is again a work of quite a different kind. Hitherto the reader requiring a general account of the present state of physical science has gone to translations of the well-known books by Ganot and Deschanel, which have for many years had a wide popularity in this country. The volume now under our notice is an English attempt to meet such a student's requirements. The various parts are treated by different authors, the whole being edited by Mr. Aldous. Thus, while the sections on mechanics, hydrostatics, and heat are written by the editor, wave-motion, sound, and light are from the pen of Mr. W. D. Eggar, and magnetism and electricity from that of Prof. Barrell. A striking feature of the book is the profusion of clear, artistic illustrations, which will do much to lighten the beginner's task. The fact that the various chapters have been examined and criticised by Lord Kelvin, Lord Rayleigh, and others should be guarantee enough that we have here a trustworthy introduction to an extensive subject.

BOOKS FOR BEGINNERS.

Elementary General Science. By A. T. Simmons and L. M. Jones. (Macmillan & Co.)

Elementary Physics. By John G. Kerr. (Blackie & Son.)

Elementary Chemistry. By T. A. Cheetham. (Blackie & Son.)

The Chemistry of the Garden. By Herbert H. Cousins. (Macmillan & Co.)

THERE is, we are glad to find, a conviction growing up in the minds of the various authorities who regulate the teaching of science in our secondary and higher grade schools, that teaching to be of any value must be accompanied by ex-

perimental demonstration. Nor is this all, for it is becoming more and more insisted upon, that those scientific truths which young students discover for themselves through the agency of properly directed experimental work, are the only ones which assist in the mind's development and do any good in training the child's faculties. Beginning with next January the Examiners for the London Matriculation Examination will require this personal experimental knowledge of the rudiments of physics and chemistry from every candidate presented for examination. The book which Messrs. Simmons and Jones have produced is designed to meet this new demand. We have given the little work a very careful examination, and are convinced that no better introduction to physics and chemistry is at present available. In addition to its concise statement of the fundamental truths of the branches of science of which it treats, the book contains an admirable series of over three hundred experimental exercises for the student. Many of these are very ingenious, the simple pin methods of demonstrating the laws of reflection and refraction of light, as well as the device for heating a solid in a closed volume of gas, being especially noteworthy. Several small mistakes, which should have been corrected in proof, detract a little from the general excellence. For instance, "ammonium" beneath Figure 140 should be "ammonia"; and on all the right-hand pages of chap. xvii. "sulphur and its compound" is printed instead of "sulphur and its compounds."

The *Elementary Chemistry* of Mr. Cheetham and the *Elementary Physics* of Mr. Kerr are further evidences of the tendency of which we have spoken. They both belong to the same series published by Messrs. Blackie to meet the requirements of first year students in Organised Science Schools conducted in connexion with the Department of Science and Art. We are not sure about the wisdom of separating the laboratory and class-work in the way the authors have done, but gladly recognise the improvement in the teaching of science in classes held under the Science and Art Department, of which such books as these are evidence.

Mr. Cousins, though treating of a different subject, has this necessary belief in experimental teaching. In his preface he appeals "to the gardeners of England to place themselves in line with the only true and sound method known to science, and the only safe and sure means to progress and discovery—Experiment." He has produced a very instructive little primer.

BOTANY.

Lessons with Plants. By L. H. Bailey. (Macmillan & Co.)

A Manual of Agricultural Botany. By A. B. Frank. Translated by John W. Paterson. (Blackwood & Sons.)

PROF. BAILEY's latest book is one to linger over. It is a delightful introduction to botany. As its author insists in a sub-title, the book consists of suggestions for seeing and interpreting some of the common forms

of vegetation. If botany were taught in our schools in the manner here described, with simple, interesting language, it would be the most popular of school subjects. The young beginner is so introduced to the plant kingdom that he is bound to regard it as a veritable fairyland. The "eventful history of an apple-twist" is a piece of work which will go straight to a child's heart. There is no hearsay allowed. With plant in hand, the boy or girl verifies everything. The work, when done under Prof. Bailey's supervision, will become play. We can well imagine a set of youngsters starting out for one of these practical lessons, for we have actually tried the experiment, though not since it has become possible to get inspiration from *Lessons with Plants*. Even without this valuable guide and counsellor the healthy youngster never seemed to have enough to do with plants; now the teacher, who has become imbued with Prof. Bailey's method, will often find it difficult to prevent the children going ahead too quickly. There is only one source of regret. Prof. Bailey, teaching as he does in America, has in several cases described American plants which do not grow in this country. In the next edition we hope he will add the English equivalent in all such cases. But even as the book stands it should be studied by every teacher of botany.

The *Manual of Agricultural Botany* will probably prove a handy text-book for agricultural students. Dr. Frank has only treated of those parts of botany which have some bearing upon agricultural science. The particular value of the book seems to be that the agriculturist will find here just what will be useful, and no more. There is nothing particularly original in treatment or arrangement.

MATHEMATICS.

Introduction to Algebra. By G. Chrystal. (A. & C. Black.)

Lectures on the Geometry of Position. By Theodor Reye. Translated and Edited by Thomas F. Holgate. (Macmillan & Co.)

Higher Arithmetic and Mensuration. By Edward Murray. (Blackie & Son.)

The Miner's Arithmetic and Mensuration. By Henry Davies. (Chapman & Hall.)

Easy Problem Papers. By C. H. P. Mayo. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

PROF. CHRYSTAL endeavours in his *Introduction* to remedy the defects of English text-books in algebra, which he maintains have tended to "degenerate into a mere farrago of rules and artifices, directed to the solution of examination puzzles of a somewhat stereotyped character, having little visible relation to one another, and still less bearing upon practice." The attempt is avowedly a compromise, which is presently to be superseded by something better. A prominent feature of the book is the constant use of graphical illustration, which the author regards as "the most valuable antidote to the tendency of school algebra to degenerate into puzzle-solving andlegerdemain." Regarding algebra, like Newton

did, as but "generalised arithmetic," the student is taught to see how the one branch of mathematics grows naturally out of the other. That the book is by Prof. Chrystal is evidence enough that it contains a clear expression of the more modern ways of regarding the subject; and the student who works through its exercises will be in possession of a practical acquaintance with the fundamental processes of algebra. But, in our judgment, very much attractiveness is lost by the crowded state of some of the pages. It is difficult for mathematical experts to appreciate the trouble and travail experienced by the average beginner, and to understand that great assistance is derived from judicious and carefully arranged typing. One or two of the subjects dealt with are too advanced for ordinary schoolwork, and we are afraid that the present crowded state of the school time-table will make it impossible to find time to work through its 412 pages in the number of terms through which the subject is commonly studied.

The *Lectures on the Geometry of Position* is another translation from the German, and, like most of them, comes from America. The book will appeal to but a limited public. It deals with what is commonly spoken of as "modern pure geometry"—a subject which might with advantage be more commonly studied. Modern synthetic geometry has been for the most part developed during the present century, and differs from the geometry of Euclid's *Elements* not so much by the subjects dealt with as by the processes which are employed and the generality of the results attained. Prof. Reye's work is widely known on the Continent. It has been translated into French and Italian, and now those English students of mathematics who do not read German will be able to acquaint themselves with the modern treatment of an important subject.

It is a little difficult to understand why Mr. Murray should prefix the word "Higher" to his title for the little work before us. He begins with multiplication and division, and, in the way which is so familiar to the reviewer, works on through G. C. M., L. C. M., Proportion, Interest, Stocks and Shares, and all the other usual subjects. The addition of a single chapter on mensuration is not sufficient justification for describing the book in the way Mr. Murray does in his title. There is a good collection of examples, it is true, but we know of several better books on the matters treated.

Mr. Murray's book is, however, very much in advance of the *Minor's Arithmetic*, which is little more than a collection of examples set in the examinations mine managers and others have to pass. The first hundred and fifty pages contain nothing that is not better done in a score of books. The other hundred pages, completing the volume, contain a collection of questions, which, without the solutions offered, might have been useful. Books of this kind do not improve the work of intelligently educating our "practical men," but rather impede it.

The hundred and fifty problem papers, arranged by Mr. Mayo, of Harrow, should prove of assistance to Army candidates.

THE ACADEMY SUPPLEMENT.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1898.

THE NEWEST FICTION.

A GUIDE FOR NOVEL READERS.

THAT LITTLE CUTTY.

By MRS. OLIPHANT.

A posthumous volume consisting of three short stories, mellow, and melancholy, and Scotch. The titles: "That Little Cutty," "Dr. Barrère," "Isabel Dysart." (Macmillan. 241 pp. 6s.)

THE CALIFORNIANS.

By GERTRUDE ATHERTON.

A characteristic story by the author of *Patience Sparhawk*, built on the lines of that clever volume. The scene opens in San Francisco, and the story passes in California, and purports to be a study of Californian character. Magdaléna is the heroine, the typical heroine of the modern woman novelist, growing up as the story proceeds. Very early in the volume Magdaléna escapes from her father's house at night to watch a fire, accompanied by the beautiful Helena Belmont, dressed as a boy. Helena is also daughter of a reigning Californian family. Magdaléna regrets the episode, and confesses to her father, who beats her for it. Helena is not sorry, does not confess, and is taken to Europe. (Lane. 351 pp. 6s.)

WITHIN BOUNDS.

By ETHEL COXON.

This is a story of two men and a woman, and it begins with a cricket match. The hero makes 145 out of 251; which is pretty good. Subsequently he loves Olive, and suffers rivalry. Among the characters is Mrs. Pinwell, who has two right-thinking children, "the children of many prayers," and who thinks Omar Kháyyam a blasphemer. On the other hand, no one could enjoy more than she recitations about firemen rescuing children. A quiet book. (Constable. 315 pp. 6s.)

PHASES OF AN INFERIOR PLANET.

By ELLEN GLASGOW.

A neurotic novel of the world, the flesh, and the devil, by a writer who has made some stir in America. The characters are American. Says one, of the heroine: "Why, it's Mariana! Bless her pretty throat! An hour of Mariana is worth all the spoken or unspoken thoughts of—of Marcus Aurelius, to say nothing of Solomon." A gloomy book, by a confirmed pessimist, as the title indicates, but one likely to be much read. (Heinemann. 313 pp. 6s.)

CHILDREN OF THE MIST.

By EDEN PHILLPOTS.

This novel consists of four books, fifty-six chapters, and four hundred and sixty pages. The main ingredients of the story appear to be love, weather, and Dartmoor dialect, but there is also a good deal of writing which will be described as "strong." Thus:

"So you must sweer you'll never tell to man or woman or cheel what I've done and wheer I be gone."

"I'll sweer if you like . . ."

"Say it, then."

"By the living God, I, Clement Hicks, bee-master of Chagford, Devon, swear to keep the secret of my friend and neighbour, William Blanchard, whatever it is."

"And may He tear the life out of you if you so much as think to tell."

Hicks laughed and shook his hair from his forehead.

"You're suspicious of the best friend you've got in the world."

"Not a spark. But I want you to see what an awful solemn thing I reckon it."

"Then may God rot me, and plague me, and let me roast in hell fire with the rogues for ever and a day, if I so much as whisper your news to man or mouse! There, will that do?"

(A. D. Innes & Co. 460 pp. 6s.)

THE KEEPER OF THE WATERS.

By MORLEY ROBERTS.

One-and-twenty short stories by this vigorous and fertile writer. Among the titles are: "The Man in the Rocking Chair," "The Hatter of Howlong," "A Pawned Kingdom," "The Trunk," "All Spain and Captain Spink," "The Suggester of Crime," "The Laughters," "The Red Spot," and "The Lone Wolf in Flood." (Skeffington & Son. 330 pp. 6s.)

CORRAGEEN IN '98.

By MRS. ORPEN.

A story of the '98, by the author of *Perfection City*. The book is Oirish to the marrow. "Whisht now," says this speaker; "Ach, it's too soft-hearted yez are," says that; "Ochone," says another; and "Huroosh," a fourth. This is the end: "'Ach, wirra, wirra, it war a bad business that; ivery one av 'em war mad, I'm thinkin',' replied his bride. 'I've got no reason to complain,' said the sergeant; 'it got me the dearest, bravest, and best wife in all Ireland—Kitty of Corrageen!'" (Methuen & Co. 325 pp. 6s.)

BROTHERS OF THE PEOPLE.

By FRED WHISHAW.

Russia again. The narrator is a young Englishwoman, and her story is of perfidy and plotters, love and fighting. Here is a passage: "'So that my father was a bigamist,' he reflected, 'and my poor mother a deceived woman, and these two terrible young firebrands are my own brother and sister! This makes my position still more embarrassing, Elsie; for, see here, as it is, I am at loggerheads with André. I can and will conceal nothing from you, my beloved.'" (C. Arthur Pearson. 279 pp. 6s.)

IN THE IMAGE OF GOD.

By A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

"A Story of Lower London," by the author of *East End Idylls*. Mr. Adcock's nomenclature is not too convincing: Mr. Guffin, Mrs. Loroff, Mr. Dollis, Mr. Iddler, Mr. Kitts. Mr. Iddler had views: "I don't consider," he said, "I do a wicked deed when I drink beer, or a good one when I drink water. They ain't my idea of vice or virtue. . . . when you see me drunk, neighbour, or on the way there, talk to me about this agen; but till then leave me alone with St. Paul, an' don't be afraid." (Skeffington. 219 pp. 3s. 6d.)

DEADMAN'S.

By MARY GAUNT.

A colonial novel. Deadman's was a camp, where human nature was rough, elemental, and profane. Indeed, few recent novels have been so profane as this. Men bite savagely on their pipes, Chinamen are killed, and belated cicadas skirl among the trees. Some one says: "You was a gummick if you thought I was clackin' away here to you without tellin' Jim you was goin' to put the traps on him." (Methuen. 304 pp. 6s.)

THE MEASURE OF A MAN.

By E. LIVINGSTON PRESCOTT.

The heroine is introduced in the act of coming downstairs. "Though she was twenty-one, a silver veil of purest maidenhood seemed to cling about her and interpose between her and the coarser joys and sorrows of humanity." Naturally, therefore, she did not come downstairs like the rest of us, but "slid like a dream round the carved corner of the broad oaken banister," and passed into the orchard, where she began to sing "the wordless pulsing song of a brook or a bird," until someone remarked tartly: "It's all very well to sing and trail about in the dew, and leave other people to wash the green out of your dresses afterwards!" (James Nisbet & Co. 317 pp. 3s. 6d.)

THE DUENNA OF A GENIUS.

By M. E. FRANCIS.

Here are some chapter headings: I. Introduzione. II. Staccato. III. Molto Expressivo. IV. Capriccioso. V. Giocosco. VI. Accelerando. VII. Scherzando. VIII. Molto Furioso. And so on up to XIX. From which, and from the dedication of the story to Monsieur Jan Ignace Paderewski, it appears that this is a musical novel. Indeed, the author says specifically: "I might say that

music itself is my theme; and that my characters are moulded by it, and my incidents developed from it as so many variations." (Harper & Brothers. 368 pp. 6s.)

THE WORLD AND ONORA.

By LILIAN STREET.

Onora's marriage seems to have been a mistake. Her husband informs her, after the knot is tied, that he has divorced two wives and hates children. He also insists that she shall stay from church and give her opinion on his verses. This is on page 119; and it is a choice of love or "pitiless hatred" between husband and wife. But we foresee brighter days for Onora. (Duckworth & Co. 291 pp. 6s.)

JOAN THE CURATE.

By FLORENCE WARDEN.

Smuggling stories are always readable, and when the doughtiest of the smugglers is called Ben the Blast, and kegs and ambuscades sprinkle the early pages, the reader knows that all is well. Moreover, Joan, the parson's daughter, begins to nurse the lieutenant on page 11. So the story is a certainty. (Chatto & Windus. 315 pp. 8s. 6d.)

THE SEED OF THE POPPY.

By CLIVE HOLLAND.

A story of a young man and woman who collaborate in novel-writing, and are much paragraphed. Editors gyrate in the back-ground, and opium finally dissolves the literary partnership. (C. A. Pearson, Limited. 309 pp. 6s.)

THE MASTER OF CRAIGENS.

By A. D. RITCHIE.

A Highland story. "Wheesht, wheesht, Jean!" (Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. 280 pp. 3s. 6d.)

FACE TO FACE WITH NAPOLEON.

By O. V. CAINE.

A vivacious story of boys who fight for boys who read. The boys were English and the fighting was French and German. "They shall take my two ponies," said Madame Meyer generously. 'Peterkin is old, but has a noble spirit, though his legs are stiff. And Dumpling—Mr. Jem shall have Dumpling. With a good whip she still goes like the wind.' Some of the slang seems more modern than the beginning of the century, but boys will not grumble at that. (Nisbet. 367 pp. 6s.)

JACK SMITH, M.P.

By HUDE MYDDLETON.

Hude Myddleton is the author of *Phæbe Deacon*, and has no connexion with the New River. This is Jack Smith, M.P.: "There is at present in the House a brilliant star, but he belongs to no party, and so will never rise to power. No one quite knows what he will say and do next." He also kept two Chinamen and was mysterious. A work of mild sensation. (Constable & Co. 113 pp. 1s.)

A QUESTION OF COLOUR.

By F. C. PHILIPS.

A short story between covers, by the author of *As in a Looking-Glass*. "Jack," says one of the characters, "do you think it horrid of me when I say that I hate being poor? Theoretically, of course, everyone hates to be poor; but in my case I mean it literally—I hate being poor, and hate it with all my heart." "Not all your heart, dearest," says Jack, "a piece of it is occupied with me—you told me so." The colour in question was that of a Zulu named Umgazi, who married a white wife. (Constable & Co. 139 pp. 1s.)

THE LOVE THAT NEVER DIES.

By MRS. H. H. PENROSE.

By the author of *A Hard Little Cuss*. Love and sentiment, frustration and pathos. The beginning: "It was some time in the early seventies that Marion Dorset made an imprudent marriage. In becoming Mrs. Fred Hurst she committed the great folly of her life." The end: "The sun rose upon a world from which Gerald Hurst and his mother had gone away together." (Jarrold & Sons. 255 pp. 3s. 6d.)

A MAN OF NO ACCOUNT.

By DAYRELL TRELAWNEY.

This is No. 2 of the Records of Craysmere Village. Also the title has been borrowed from one of Mr. Bret Harte's best stories. The book is dedicated to "those who gave food and shelter to John Dredge on his lonely journey." By way of sprightly preface the author says: "The anguish of hope deferred, and echo of 'You

must wait,' fill the lives of the poor to an extent never dreamed of by those who open all doors with a golden key." There are pictures to intensify the pathos. (The Church Newspaper Co. 62 pp. 1s.)

UNDER THE LABURNUMS.

By EMMA MARSHALL.

A story for girls, by the author of *Only Susan, Lizette, &c., &c.* (James Nisbet & Co. 316 pp. 5s.)

A ROMANCE OF A GROUSE MOOR.

By MRS. STEVENSON.

The title says all. (C. Arthur Pearson, Ltd. 216 pp. 2s. 6d.)

OFF TO KLONDYKE.

By GORDON STABLES.

A boys' story of a cowboy's rush to the goldfields. (James Nisbet & Co. 327 pp. 5s.)

A BOHEMIAN GIRL.

By P. MCGINNIS.

A high-spirited story of stage-life and love. "'I will go,' said I"—it begins—"pausing at the feet of Nelson's south-east lion, 'I will go to the Tivoli to-night, and I will evolve a notice on the show which will throw the other London critics into a green sickness.'" (W. Scott. 252 pp. 2s. 6d.)

REVIEWS.

Roden's Corner. By Henry Seton Merriman. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

MR. MERRIMAN seems to us to be in danger. He has a gift of straightforward narrative which has carried his work into the hands of all English-speaking readers—a gift which enables him to tell, with some vigour, a moving story from start to finish. But here in the book before us he would be satirist too, with little acidulated digressions not in the least to the point. Now, from Mr. Merriman we do not want satire and digressions: we want strong, steady progress, sinew and muscle, elemental passions, excitement and sensation. Satire, to be attractive, needs finer handling than Mr. Merriman can give it. His touch is too heavy.

Mr. Merriman's scapegoat in this novel is business cunning masquerading as charity. Malmagite is a deadly preparation necessary to the manufacture of certain varieties of paper; and workers in malmagite are doomed to a short and crippled life. On the pretence that a new and harmless means of making malmagite has been discovered, Lord Ferriby, an alleged philanthropist, heads a scheme to remove all the workers to Holland, where they may continue under circumstances favourable to their health. In reality the method adopted there is more deadly than the old one, but cheaper, and the exodus to Holland is arranged in order that English factory laws and other disturbing difficulties may be avoided. The chief agents in the matter are Von Holzen, the owner of the deadly recipe, a German professor, and the villain of the piece; and Roden, who manages the accounts. With these, as fellow members of the board, are Lord Ferriby, who knows and dissembles, and two men—a society butterfly and a famous soldier—who believe all to be fair and square and charitable. The interest of the story begins with the awakening of their suspicions and subsides with the death of Von Holzen, who is the only really attractive figure in a rather dull and lifeless book. The passage wherein Von Holzen shows himself is one of the best that the pages hold:

"Von Holzen opened the paper slowly, and looked at it as if every line of it was familiar. It was a sheet of ordinary foolscap covered with minute figures and writing. 'It is the Vorschrift, the—how do you say?—prescription for the malmagite, and there are several in the Hague at this moment who want it, and some who would not be too scrupulous in their methods of procuring it. It is for this that they are gathering here in the Hague.'

Roden turned in his leisurely way, and looked over his shoulder towards the paper. Von Holzen glanced at Dorothy. He had no desire to keep her in suspense, but he wished to know how much she knew. She looked into the fire, treating his conversation as directed towards her brother only.

'I tried for ten years in vain to get this,' continued Von Holzen, 'and at last a dying man dictated it to me. For years it lived in the brain of one man only—and he a maker of it himself. He might have died at any moment with that secret in his head And I,' he folded the

paper slowly and shrugged his shoulders—'I watched him. And the last intelligible word he spoke on earth was the last word of this prescription. The man can have been no fool; for he was a man of little education. I never respected him so much as I do now when I have learnt it myself.' He rose and walked to the fire. 'You permit me, Fräulein,' he said, putting the logs together with his foot.

They burnt up brightly, and he threw the paper upon them. In a moment it was reduced to ashes. He turned slowly upon his heel, and looked at his companions with the grave smile of one who had never known much mirth.

'There,' he said, touching his forehead with one finger, 'it is in the brain of one man—once more.' He returned to the chair he had just vacated. 'And whosoever wishes to stop the manufacture of malmagite will need to stop that brain,' he said, with a soft laugh."

There are other characters, men and women, in addition to those which have been named, but they are unimportant. They belong rather to fiction than to life, and are more or less old acquaintances. The story is, indeed, a professional novelist's novel—the work of a man who has learned to write fiction with regularity and facility, rather than one whose each new book is the fruit of the observation and study of life which had preceded it. Mr. Merriman will do well, we think, to leave hollow society, sham charity, and nefarious finance alone, and get back to more romantic material.

* * * * *

A Statesman's Chance. By Joseph F. Charles.
(Constable.)

LORD MILTON was a philosopher of forty, and a statesman who had chiefly helped to form the youthful mind of Princess Margaret, heiress-apparent to the throne of Vangen. During a visit to England he formed a man-and-child friendship with Barbara Montague, the charming, headstrong, unkempt daughter of an old college chum, a reverend widower. When the Rev. Mr. Montague rose to a bishopric and married again, the following conversation occurred between himself and his spouse, *apropos* of the grave of his first wife:

" 'I should like to go there some day with you,' she said to her husband.

'It would be interesting,' he replied; 'but people would think it a little strange, wouldn't they?'

'Perhaps,' she said; and so the subject dropped. What people thought had become, under Providence, the guide of their lives."

It is not surprising that the domestic atmosphere of the episcopal household scarcely suited Barbara. At seventeen, still a schoolgirl, she ran away to Lord Milton, her only friend. Lord Milton suddenly asked her to marry him. She accepted. End of Part I.

Part II. happens in Vangen. Margaret comes to the throne of her rascally father; guided by Lord Milton she introduces government by party into her kingdom, and by limiting her own powers seeks to strengthen a somewhat flimsy throne.

" 'Vangen,' she said, 'from to-day, shall have a ministry responsible not to the sovereign but to the House of Rule. I have thought it over well. I know the objections you have always urged to the English plan, the party spirit it creates, the abandonment of principles under the pressure of expediency, but I can only adopt your conclusion that, until the masses of men are wiser, a representative government is the least dangerous. I admit that to send for the leader of the Opposition will be hard for me. It will be interpreted as a confession of weakness, and a Cabinet of House of Rule members will take unwarrantable liberties till I have taught them that, though a constitutional Queen, I still am a Queen. You saw them in morning dress. Pitiful, wasn't it?'

The experiment is successful; but unfortunately Barbara, becoming jealous of Lord Milton's relations with the Queen, entangles herself with a natural son of the late King, and practically runs away with him. At the last moment, however, the Queen appears in the rôle of Providence, and Lord and Lady Milton are reconciled in a highly conventional way.

The book has merit. The childhood of Barbara is well done, and the difficult political scenes at Vangen are managed with a simplicity which is effective. Also there is humour. Nevertheless, the book fails because it is badly constructed. The connexion between Part I. and Part II. is of the slightest, and the Barbara of Part II. is distinctly not the Barbara of Part I. Mr. Charles has frittered away his considerable skill upon a number of small and scattered effects. It would seem that he cannot be cumulative.

The Modern Gospel. By Mrs. H. H. Penrose.
(Constable.)

THIS is yet another story of a young married woman who writes novels with a rather commonplace husband. Under the influence of a realistic dramatist and his sister, the original New Woman, she departs from her husband in order to finance and edit a materialistic magazine. The young wife tells the story, and she argues thus with her husband on the eve of her departure:

" 'True art dictates,' I answered. 'Its exponent is a servant. I must utter the word that is in me whatever it be.'

'If everyone accepted that dictum literally,' said Dacre, 'I am afraid a good many otherwise respectable people would go about the world saying "damn," and nothing else.'

Nevertheless, Mrs. Tregenvan goes to London, and, of course, makes an awful mess of the magazine. The plot is complicated by her sister, who, being a rabid anti-vivisectionist, marries Martin Roper without knowing that he was a noted vivisectionist, though his gleaming teeth and cruel eyes gave him away to us at once. This is the sort of man Martin Roper was. He had been vivisectioning his own baby which had fallen into convulsions. He protests:

" 'It should not have injured her in any way, and I should have made the third inoculation to-morrow.'

'And that is all you care about!' I said, unable to control my rage of indignation. 'You don't give a thought to the dear little life sacrificed, even though it is your own child's. You care nothing for her mother's grief and desolation. An empty cradle means nothing to you—a broken heart means nothing.'

'Why should they mean anything?' he interrupted calmly. 'Sentiment bears no relation to science, and science is the only thing I care about, as you have said. It is my god, and deity demands sacrifice. I have worshipped better than the Christians. I have grudged nothing. Consider what I have done according to your own revelations. I have killed one man in order to make a discovery; I have killed another that I might have sufficient money to go on making more discoveries without let or hindrance. Finally, I have offered up my own child, like Abraham. Was it Abraham?'

So the argument proceeds, while the baby is in convulsions. And these arguments—on vivisection, on the duty of women to run magazines, and so forth, rather spoil our enjoyment of a book which contains plenty of incident and no little vigorous writing. We are sure that ladies do not argue thus when the baby is in convulsions.

=====

THE SECRET OF THE HOLY GRAIL.

THERE is a profound secret hidden in the midst of mediæval history, writes Miss A. L. Beatrice Hardcastle in *The Theosophical Review*. Its existence is acknowledged by the majority of writers, but its origin is never ascertained, and its real nature is never appreciated. This secret is the truth as to the doctrine and aims of the Knight-Templars, who were the last guardians of the sacred Chalice of the Grail, which drew to its mystic cult the devotion of the whole of Europe.

The versions of the Legend are so numerous and so interwoven that it would require the scholar and historian who is also a true mystic to disentangle the various traditions, and follow up each thread through the many hands which have touched it, sometimes reverently, but too often unintelligently. . . .

Even if it were possible, we would not attempt to follow the many and interesting records and stories of the actual Chalice itself, made of a single Oriental emerald, which is said to have existed in the days of Solomon, and to have had such wonderful virtues that those who had once seen it had no more sorrow, and obtained every desire of their hearts. Some said it had been preserved at Jerusalem, and was the same Cup which Henry III. received from the Master of the Templars and Hospitallers, and which Robert Grossetête preached about, in 1247, believing that he held in his hand the Holy Vessel that had been touched by the lips of the Lord. Others said it was the hexagonal plasma taken by the Crusaders at Cæsarea, and worshipped ever afterwards in the church of St. Laurens at Genoa, and written of by Bernardino of Siena. But

"We may not hope from outward forms to win
The passion and the life whose fountains are within,"

and we are concerned now with the traces, such as they are, of the doctrines that lie behind:

The foundation of the legend is the apocryphal *Gospel of Nicodemus*, and the tradition of the vision of Joseph of Arimathea, one of the secret disciples of Christ. From these sources arise the old French versions, which by their naïve seriousness impress the reader with the sense of a mystery that belongs to the sacred "heart of things," which mortal tongue may not, because it cannot, utter. Connected with this Gospel is a less well-known apocryphal work, called *The Passion of our Saviour Jesus Christ*, "written and rendered by the good master Gamaliel and Nicodemus his nephew, and the good knight Joseph Dabrimathie, translated from Latin into French." This is an extremely rare book of 1497, printed in Paris by J. Trepperel. . . .

In the account of "The Book of the Holy Grail" in Malory's *Morte D'Arthur*, we find the Grail established as the Cup of the Eucharist, and there is an extraordinary description of an occurrence in the Castle. (Chap. xx.) "And they sette them at the table in grete drede and made their prayers; then they saw a man come out of the Holy Vessel that had all the signes of the passion of Ihesu Criste, bledynge all openly, and sayd: 'My knyghtes and my servants and my true children, which be come out of deadly life, I will no longer hyde me from you, but ye shall see now a parte of my secretes and of my hydden thinges.' . . . 'Now holdeth and regoeth the high Mete which ye have soo moche desyred.'" (And afterwards Chap. xxi.) "A hand came right to the vessel and took it, and so bear it up to heaven. Since then was there never no man so hardy for to say that he had seen the Sancgreal." "Thus endeth this noble and joyous book, entitled *La Morte d'Arthur*, notwithstanding it treateth of King Arthur and the achieving of the Holy Sancgreal, and in the end the dolorous death and departing out of this world of them all." "The which is cronyed for the truest and holiest story that is in thys world."

And so the Grail is said to have left this earth of ours "so wise and cold," for "there was none found athirst among men," and with it went the simple faith in the importance and function of the virginal character which it insistently illustrates. Here is no shrinking, secluded, and thin-blooded ascetic, but the positive and determined figure of the knight,

"Whose strength is as the strength of ten,
Because his heart is pure,"

and who goes forth on many a practical and effectual campaign against the things that war with the soul, "till one shall crown him King, far in the spiritual City." For the ideal to him is real and love is no illusion, since he has found in a consecrated life that silent ultimate which unifies all loves.

There are some who believe that the Grail will come again,

"Where the strange and new have birth,
And Power comes full in play";

and then, instead of many churches, we shall have the Church which Joseph called the "Palace Spiritual," and instead of a Saint-Siège for one alone, there will be the Siège Périlleux which every strong soul may possess, and which gives to those who dare the crown of human life—the self-consciousness of the "spirit which knows itself as spirit." And the pastoral function will pass once more to the contemplatives and the saints from shore to shore, for they alone are always orthodox, and they alone are unanimous. Thus the age of the Grail is the "Third Age" which is yet to come, written of by Joachim de Flore, and its Evangel will always be an unwritten secret, except for those who have attained to the "mysticus intellectus."

SIR WALTER BESANT ON READING.

SIR WALTER BESANT, recently presiding at the introductory lecture of a course on "Literature," to be delivered under the auspices of the School Board for London's Evening Continuation Schools' Committee, remarked that it was difficult to say anything new on the subject of "Literature," but it was well to have commonplace things said over again sometimes. The daily newspaper had now taken the place of the pulpit and the teacher, and from it the people took their notions of daily life. Literature inspired thought, and enabled them to clothe their ideas with words; and it gave them their ideals of life. The other day they read that Gordon had been avenged. That was not what Gordon wanted. He wanted the work of civilisation to go on, and what the nation needed was

to be reminded of his high, pure, and lofty ideals. His life had been brought before them again during the last few days by the daily press. Literature, too, taught them to see things in Nature which they would not otherwise see. Literature might be taken in different ways. There were those who took it as a pastime; others made a study of it; and there were those who wished to read intelligently.

In referring to works of imagination, Sir Walter said that the greatest quality possessed by writers of such works was "grip." As an instance of the power of a writer over a reader, he gave his own experience when he first read *The Light that Failed*. He placed Rudyard Kipling at the top of living writers, not only because he had always something to say, but because he had this marvellous power of "grip." As an example of this quality, he referred them to the marvellous recessionary hymn which appeared in the *Times* last year, at a time when they were all intoxicated with the idea of their own country's position. That hymn was a solemn warning to the nation, as solemn as the bell of St. Paul's, and it sank into their hearts, bringing them back to their senses. Whatever else he might or might not do, that hymn placed Rudyard Kipling's works amongst those which would never die.

Going back to those who read for pastime, he wished to point out that such a pastime was better for young men than walking about the streets with their sweethearts, or in drinking beer at a bar. In conclusion, he urged his hearers to further by all means in their power the Free Library movement in Islington. He regarded the establishment of free libraries as one of the best means to be adopted in saving the rates.

A VAGABOND POET.

"A CURIOUS vagabond," says the Paris correspondent of the *Daily Mail*, "was arrested on Friday, and brought before the magistrates of La Châtre, not far from Lyons."

On the president of the Court asking him his name, he replied:

'Onésime Loye, sir lawyer, is my name.'
'Age?'
'For fifty years, or more, I've proudly borne the same.'
'Your home?'
'The earth's my only bed, my roof the azure sky.'
'Profession?'
'To love, to pray, to sing, and a good Christian die.'
'You were begging?'
'I hungered, sir, for bread; surely no law of man
Could force me not to beg—could lay me 'neath a ban!'
'Why don't you write your verse? You seem an educated man.'
'Alas! the publishers are men with hearts of steel,
Who for a hungry poet no touch of pity feel.
'Come later,' say they all, "and when you great have grown,
Then bring us of your verse, and we will make it known."'

This eloquent and poetic pleading had little effect upon the magistrate's stony heart, and Onésime Loye was sentenced to twenty-four hours in the lock-up. As he was being taken from the Court, he turned to the Bench and said, with a smile and a wave of the hand:

'I thank you, gentle sir; you give me rest and bed.
For four-and-twenty hours at least I shall be fed.'

For those of your readers who may be French scholars, I append the nomad poet's words as he actually spoke them. I beg to apologise for the somewhat free translation:

'Onésime Loye, c'est ainsi qu'on me nomme.
Voilà bien cinquante ans que je suis honnête homme.
La terre est mon seul lit—mon rideau, le ciel bleu
Aimer, chanter, prier, croire, espérer en Dieu. . . .
J'avais faim, magistrat, aucune loi du monde
Ne saurait m'arrêter quand mon estomac gronde.
Hélas! Les éditeurs sont de terribles gens,
Qui se montrent pour nous assez peu complaisants
"Quand vous serez célèbre," disent ils, "mon cher maître,
Nous nous occuperons de vous faire connaître."
Oh, magistrat merci! . . . Ton arrêt me sourit
Car pendant un grand jour je vais être nourri.'

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1898.

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NOTES AND NEWS.

THE following is the list of contents of Mr. Kipling's forthcoming volume of short stories, *The Day's Work*:

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MR. KIPLING, by the way, has been studying men-of-war's men at first hand on H.M.S. *Pelorus*. At a smoking concert given on the *Majestic*, in Bantry Bay, Mr. Kipling recited selections from *The Seven Seas*.

THE story of the production of Dr. Busch's *Secret Pages* of Bismarck's life, could it be fully told, would, we fancy, enrich the anecdotal history of the publishing trade. To begin, this book of European interest has the singular distinction of being published in London alone. There is no German edition, and probably none is possible; hence Messrs. Macmillan's work is being bought greedily by German readers. Again, the book has been produced with extraordinary speed. The author's preface is dated July 30; but his MS. came into Messrs. Macmillan's hands much later, and we do not think we betray a secret in stating that Messrs. Macmillan printed, bound, and produced this bulky two-volume work in nine days. And these facts leave out of account the steps by which Messrs. Macmillan secured the right to publish the book at all.

To the list of national memorials has now been added the cross in honour of Caedmon. Wednesday saw the ceremony of unveiling, in the old parish churchyard of Whitby, the cloth being removed from England's first Christian poet by the present Poet Laureate. We extract the following passage from Mr. Austin's address:

"Chaucer has been called the 'Morning Star of English Poetry,' but it seems to me that the designation would be more aptly applied to Caedmon, since, with the prologue to the *Canterbury Tales*, the glorious sunlight of English song already illuminated the horizon. But the somewhat rudimentary verse of Caedmon has all the tentative and hesitating character of yet imperfect dawn. He is the half-articulate father of English poets yet to be, and it is, as I understand it, not only to the lisping ancestor, but to his full-voiced descendants in this island throughout all time, that this memorial cross has been erected. For, if we look closely and carefully into the circumstances of his life and seek the cause and origin of his singing, we shall find that Caedmon serves, in all essentials, as the very type of the poet in all ages and all lands. To begin with, he was unlettered. I am aware there have been learned poets, though Milton is perhaps the only English poet of consequence who could so be described with any approach to accuracy. As a rule, poets have but small erudition, but large understanding; to understand rather than to know, to be wise rather than erudite, being the distinctive mark and mission of the poet. Very little learning equipped the greatest of English poets for universal apprehension, and Caedmon, his remote predecessor, was wholly unencumbered with the lumber of learning, and therefore all the more impressionable to the two main earthly sources of poetic inspiration—external nature and the human heart."

THERE are no surer signs of winter, not even the hips and haws of the country, or the straw in the 'busses in town, than books of nonsense for children. The first of what is certain to be a long series has reached our table: *The Everlasting Animals*, by Edith Jennings and Stuart Bevan. The publishers are a young firm, Messrs. Duckworth, and in thus anticipating all rivals they display the zeal that belongs to youth. We may have more to say about the book on another occasion. Here we wish merely to chronicle the fact that winter has begun.

MR. J. PENDEREL BRODHURST has this week retired from the editorship of the *St. James's Budget*, which he has held for over nine years. It was under Mr. Brodhurst's auspices that the paper was, five years and a half ago, converted into an illustrated journal. Mr. Brodhurst now becomes a member of the editorial staff of the *St. James's Gazette*, with which he has been more or less intimately associated since 1883.

As an instance of the enterprise which publishers are now, in this day of acute competition, required to exert, we may mention that emissaries from two publishing houses in London—and perhaps more—are on their way to Egypt to approach Herr Neufeld with a view of obtaining his account of imprisonment under the Mahdi and the Khalifa.

ANOTHER instance is the expedition organised by the proprietor of the *Wide World Magazine* to find Peter Jensen and extract his evidence on the De Rougemont case. In the restrained language of the advertisement:

"THE EXPEDITION TO THE WILDS OF NEW GUINEA TO BRING BACK PETER JENSEN

Starts immediately, and the whole world will wait breathlessly for a glimpse of M. DE ROUGEMONT'S pearly partner.

LOOK OUT FOR STARTLING AND ROMANTIC DEVELOPMENTS IN THIS ABSORBING STORY.

PETER JENSEN will be brought back from New Guinea by

The *Wide World Magazine*,

And the Story of his Amazing Escape and subsequent Adventures will also be narrated.

THE MOST GIGANTIC SENSATION OF THE CENTURY.

THINK OF THE MEETING BETWEEN M. DE ROUGEMONT AND PETER JENSEN!"

Exploration and the control of popular magazines seem to be now indissolubly united.

ANOTHER instance of enterprise is Mr. Grant Richards's announcement that he has acquired the English, American, and Continental rights—all rights, in fact, except those for France—of Major Esterhazy's account of the Dreyfus Case.

To a literary friend who saw him not long since, says the *Chronicle*, Mr. Ruskin made the remark: "I'm afraid the public take more interest in my books than I do now myself." At his home in Coniston, Mr. Ruskin has, in some degree, had to call in the use of a bath chair. From such a necessity his active instincts must have sadly rebelled. Apart from the trials of age, his general health, however, is wonderfully good.

THE new volume of the six-shilling edition of Mr. Meredith's novels has a frontispiece by Mr. Robert Sauber. The volume consists of "The Tale of Chloe," "The House on the Beach," "Farina," and "The Case of General Ople and Lady Camper." Mr. Sauber illustrates a stanza of the ballad of "The Duke and the Dairymaid" from the first-named story. The frontispiece to *One of Our Conquerors* in his edition will be by Mr. William Hyde.

MR. THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON's *Aylwin*, a romance of the art world, will appear in England and America about the middle of next month. Messrs. Hurst & Blackett are the English publishers, and Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co., of New York, the American.

MR. LLOYD OSBOURNE has made a readable "Reader" (and all "Readers" are not readable) from Stevenson's works. But then he could not have done otherwise. There was the material, and he had but to extract passages and add a glossary. He offers both prose and verse, in all some seventy pieces, whereby children's elocution may be stimulated and trained, and schoolmasters tantalised exceedingly. In the

interests of education many things are doubtless fair, but we do not care to see a great writer thus minced and maltreated. A little writer will teach reading as serviceably. And now and then, in this volume, we come upon something that strikes a little oddly, as when François Villon lays bare his philosophy of living to the Lord of Brisetout, or Markheim spits the dealer. Such things are not to be wrenched from their context, and squeezed between prattle from *A Child's Garden* for the edification of the young. It is fair neither to the young nor to R. L. S.

MUCH more to the point, in every way, is a "Reader" which Messrs. Black send: *Battle-Pieces in Prose and Verse from Sir Walter Scott*.

MRS. RITCHIE'S preface to the *Contributions to "Punch"* volume in the "Biographical" Thackeray contains a pleasant reminiscence of the old days when her father was regularly employed in writing and drawing for the Sage of Fleet-street:

"Turning over the pages of *Punch*, and looking at the familiar titles and histories and pictures, the circumstances under which all these were devised come vaguely back to my mind again. Suns long set begin to shine once more through the old Kensington study windows. My father's silvery-grey head is bending over his drawing-board as he sits at his work, serious, preoccupied, with the water-colour box open on the table beside him, and the tray full of well-remembered implements. To the writer her own childhood comes back and fills her world. The old friend who used to pose for him so often as a model in those days seems to be forty summers young again. There she is, sitting motionless and smiling, with black hair, in the stiff cane-bottom chair, while he draws on, and dabs in the shadows. The cane-bottom chair, 'that bandy-legged, high-shouldered, worm-eaten seat,' is gone, though one of its contemporaries still survives in our home; and as I look at the pictures of that time, and recognise one and another of the objects depicted there, I am always carried away from now to then. Why, the very coal-scuttle which Becky brought in with her own two hands still serves to warm the hearth where my family is assembled."

THACKERAY'S reasons for breaking the *Punch* connexion in 1854 are given in a note to his mother:

"It was a general scorn and sadness which made me give up *Punch*, I think, more than anything else. I did not go with folks about the *Times*' abuse of the President. The later articles have been measured and full of dignity, I think, but the early writing was awfully dangerous. What we have to do is not to chafe him, but silently to get ready to fight him. Fancy his going down to his chambers with that article in the *Times*, in which he was called "cutpurse" and his uncle "assassin," and that one of the *Examiner* on "Killing no Murder," and saying, "See, gentlemen, the language of that perfidious Albion! Shall we suffer these insults, or reply to them by war?" Don't give any occasion to it by calling names, but when war comes, then, oh ye gods! will be the time for doing. You'll see I am hankering still to write a ballad or two without my name in *Punch*, or do something to show my old friends that I'm not quite separated from them."

While to a friend he wrote:

"I am in a fury with *Punch* for writing the "Old Pam" article against the chief of foreign affairs. His conduct in the Kossuth affair just suited my Radical propensities. If he could have committed his Government to a more advanced policy, so much the better; and that ribald *Punch* must go and attack him for just the best thing he has ever done."

Mrs. Ritchie says that Thackeray wanted to wind up the series of "Prize Novelists" with parodies of Dickens and himself, but the proprietors of *Punch* would not allow it. Unwise people!

AMONG Mr. Lane's autumn books we notice an edition of White's *Selborne*, with a preface by Mr. Grant Allen and illustrations by Mr. E. H. New; a volume, edited by Mr. H. C. Marillier, dealing with the early work of Aubrey Beardsley; a new volume of essays by Mrs. Meynell, to be called *Bells and Shadows*; a new book of poems by Mr. Davidson, entitled *The Last Ballad* (not Mr. Davidson's last ballad, we trust); and a new book by Mr. Le Gallienne, entitled *A Vindication of Eve*.

MR. NEWBOLT'S new volume will be published by Mr. Elkin Mathews. The title is *The Island Race*. *Admirals All* has reached its thirteenth edition.

THE latest resort of the minor poet seems to be the Agony Column. We do not refer to the matutinal couplets in praise of artificial curls, but to the poem by Miss Jane H. Oakley, which figured in the Agony Columns of the *Times* and *Standard* one day this week. This was the beginning:

"THE MOST PICTURESQUE BATTLE OF THE CENTURY."

Through far fam'd Egypt's burning sand,
To reach the 'Kalif's' strongest stand,
A British force the tyrant fears
Comes—to wipe out a nation's tears.
As 'Father of Waters,' mighty Nile,
Rolls on, from many a distant mile,
Our British troops advance—like fate—
To show the world our deadly hate
Of cruel deeds by savage man,
Regaining, too, the lost 'Soudan.'
Twelve hundred miles! 'Athara Ford'
There first we smote the Dervish horde,
And drove them back to 'Omdurman';
But now our troops must halt a span,
Till gunboats come to shell the town,
Our famous 'Sirdar's' plans to crown."

And this was the end:

"The foe has fled, the battle's won!
'Khartoum' is gained!—"City of the Palm."
Our forces enter—every arm;
Our standard floats where 'Gordon' fell:
His death's avenged we now know well;
The glorious news all hearts reliev'd,
Britannia's honour stands retriev'd."

Not a great poem truly, but well meant; and how many poets are there willing to pay for their verses at agony advertisement rates? Our compliments to the author. We might add that the front page of the ACADEMY is at the service of all bards, patriotic or otherwise, who care to engage space there.

THE first number of the revised *Critic*, in monthly form, is very bright and well

presented. The pictures are to the point, and the paragraphs maintain the "Lounge's" reputation for interest. Among other things that the *Critic* offers is this passage from an interview with Mr. Cab'e concerning his visit to England:

"The only complaint that the English make against us Americans is that we do not take ourselves seriously enough; that we do not appreciate our own greatness. As an example, they point to the fact that the American newspapers use expressions of surprise at the success of our arms in the present war. They say that the papers seem to regard it as quite an unexpected thing that our soldiers and sailors should be cool under fire and should display such heroism and excellence of discipline. In England they regard such traits as a matter of course."

To last week's *Saturday Review* Mr. Gosse contributed a charming "Kit-cat," of the late Stéphane Mallarmé. This is the kind of work in which Mr. Gosse excels. We quote one illuminating sentence: "I have a vision of him now, the little, brown, gentle person, trotting about in Bloomsbury with an elephant folio under his arm, trying to find Mr. Swinburne by the unassisted light of instinct."

APPROPOS of Mr. Gosse and his defence of M. Prévost, a contemporary suggests that in the verse in 1 Samuel xxvi., which adjoins that containing the metaphor of the partridges, the editor of the *Chronicle* might find words to express his contrition: "Behold I have played the fool, and have erred exceedingly."

WE have received from the Leeds Booksellers' Association a strongly worded letter, protesting against the article, "The Bookseller on Trial" which appeared in our last issue. Exception is taken to the fact that our contributor makes public the terms offered to the trade by Messrs. Macmillan, "for the public know far too much already on these matters, with the result that competition is made the keener." We should regret the insertion in our columns of anything offensive to booksellers, but we think the Leeds Association has quite misunderstood our contributor's remarks. He did not suggest that "the booksellers' allowance of ten shillings might be better spent in advertising the work more extensively, and in the publishers supplying the work direct to the purchaser." That is a question which will be decided by the way in which the booksellers push this new issue of *Green's History*. The object of our contributor's remarks was to show the importance to the booksellers of Messrs. Macmillan's new offer. He could not do this without giving particulars of that offer. Moreover, it has been the aim of the ACADEMY to interest and to represent all those who are in any way connected with the production or the sale of books.

MR. MAX BEERBOHM has hit on an ingenious title for his forthcoming book. He calls it simply *More*. There are some writers who might resort to *No More*.

THE SCANSION CASE.

VERDICT AND SENTENCE.

A WEEK or two ago the great Scansion Case was before the British public, or a certain section of the public. It was not in the Divorce Court, nor in the Court of Common Pleas, nor yet before Her Majesty's Judges in Chancery; it turned not on racing, nor swindling, nor burglary, nor libel—though it had a certain affinity with the latter. It was a case for a Court of Minnesingers, did we possess such an institution. It turned on the laws of verse, and ran through the court of the evening *Star*. The court pronounced no decision. Naturally, therefore, the matter comes up for review before the High Court of the ACADEMY. Equally naturally, the affair has been held over, that we might have time to go into the *dossier* of the case—following the precedent established in the *affaire Dreyfus*. The contending parties are "J. D." and Mr. Stephen Phillips. Who is "J. D."? It cannot be Dreyfus—that supposition is forbidden by the first initial and the French authorities. A mere poet might possibly contend for John Davidson. Our own theory is one that will commend itself to all legal persons. We hold that "J. D." is none other than the celebrated and litigious individual who from time immemorial has carried on law proceedings against the no less celebrated and indomitable Richard Roe. Need we say that we mean John Doe? As to Mr. Stephen Phillips, the case is clearer, though the testimony is mixed. "J. D." himself (or provisionally John Doe), in the outset of the case, declared him to be a "new poet," author of "masterpieces" for which it was too late in the day to "coin adulatory epithets"; a "great blank-verse writer," a poet who "is so great that I would have him greater." But "long or a' the play was played," "J. D." surmised he had been "too adulatory," begged to "remind Mr. Phillips that he lives in an age of poeticules" (there is no more fearful wild fowl living than your poeticule), and that "there is only one great poet in our midst"; he told Mr. Phillips that it would take many minor bards such as he to make a Swinburne, and accused him of being a bardling who had soared to the peak of Parnassus on an inflated balloon of egoism. It is very rash and reprehensible for a man to have anything to do with such ticklish craft as inflated balloons of egoism, and we hope Mr. Phillips has not been so incautious. For the rest, you have "J. D.'s" views, and you can take your choice—there is plenty of it.

The case, briefly, is, that "J. D." accused Mr. Stephen Phillips of passing upon the public bad metrical coin; and incidentally called him (in a strictly metrical sense) a babe and suckling. Mr. Phillips denied the charge, and considered "babe and suckling" a false and defamatory expression. The difficulty of summing-up the proceedings clearly is, that besides the original plaintiff and defendant there are no fewer than three others intervening by letter in the case, and introducing into it fresh matter. Setting aside these as unnecessary to the original plead-

ings, we will adhere as far as possible to the two protagonists.

The plaintiff, then, set forth that in his volume of *Poems* Mr. Phillips did wilfully issue to the public no less than four illegal and unscannable lines, to the auricular distress and hurt of Her Majesty's lieges, the readers of the said book; among whom he (the said plaintiff, "J. D.") had especially suffered grievous pain of ear, and had further been put to the loss of a certain amount of time and ink in protesting against this illegal act. The lines were:

- (a) "Above my head the fields murmur and wave."
- (b) "Realises all the uncoloured dawn."
- (c) "O but I gloried and drank and wept and laughed."
- (d) "The Titan bowed, coming upon them, and seemed."

Line (a) was wrong, said plaintiff, because you have to accent "murmur" on the second syllable. Line (b) was wrong, because you have to read it thus:

"Realises all the uncoloured dawn,"

which gives only four accents to the line instead of five. Line (c) was wrong, because "gloried and" was an inadmissible elision. Line (d) was wrong, because "upon them and" was an impossible elision. From all which it was clear that Mr. Phillips had an uncertain ear, and was a metrical babe and suckling. At the same time, he bears that high testimony to the general excellence of Mr. Phillips's poetical character which we have already quoted.

Defendant answers categorically. In line (a) the accent is *not* on the second syllable of "murmur." "Murmur" is read as a trochee. In line (b) the accentuation is thus:

"Réalises all the uncoloured dawn."

So there are five accents after all. The unusual system of accents expresses a special emotion. As for line (c), the elision (or "slur," as Mr. Phillips better calls it) in "gloried and" is so common as to need no defence, and gives the line the right lilt. He overlooks line (d), and introduces another line which we shall neglect, because the dispute on it ends unsatisfactorily. Defendant gets angry, and not only says that he is weaving harmonies of his own on metrical law which he understands, but makes remarks less judicious, and sweeping. He knew years ago far more about metre than his critics have yet learned. Which, though we profoundly believe, yet we hold it not wisdom to have thus set down.

Plaintiff returns to the charge, and amends his pleading. If "murmur" is to be a trochee in line (a), then defendant has no business with a trochee in the fourth foot. Why? Because Milton never has a trochee in the fourth foot, unless to mark a pause after the third foot. As for line (b), defendant must not use three trochees running, as he does in the opening of the line. Again, because Milton never does it. Nor does he see that the accentuation expresses the emotion of the line. Trochees

express only mirth. So in line (c) he cannot perceive the advantage of the "lilt." Moreover, you cannot elide "ied." Milton never does it. And he again calls defendant's attention to the unnoticed line (d), where he has elided the letter "m"—an awful act. Plaintiff also loses his temper, and makes the remarks about that weird aeronautic voyage to Parnassus on inflated balloons of egoism. End of Second Day.

Mr. Phillips opens his closing speech with spirit. On the point of line (a), he gives a string of examples where Milton uses a trochee in the fourth foot, and not after a stop. One example will suffice:

"Which now the rising sun gilds with his beams."

In defence of line (b) he tries to quote lines from Milton starting with three trochees; but they are hardly parallel to his own, and his success is indifferent. He shows "J. D." to be wrong about the trochee always making for mirth—the point hardly needed an answer. For the elision of "gloried and drank" in line (c) he attempts to quote parallels from Milton. Lastly, as to line (d), he declares that Milton elides the "m," and quotes examples. He perorates with something very like a cock-crow.

"J. D." answers for the prosecution. As to line (a), all the examples of a trochee in the fourth foot which defendant quotes from Milton he asserts are failures. Either the fourth foot is not a trochee or it does not follow an iambic foot, or (and this is "J. D.'s" point) there is a pause before it, though the pause is not indicated by a stop. We shall return to this in our summing-up. The Miltonic precedents brought by Mr. Phillips for his string of trochees in line (b) he easily disposes of, showing that they are wrongly scanned, or otherwise ineffectual. As to the emotional effects to be got from trochees, he has no case, and abuses defendant's ear. He pooh-pooh's the precedents cited from Milton for the elision of "gloried and drank" in line (c), but does not deal with them. Instead, he pours exultant invective on defendant for a mere slip of expression in speaking of the elision. Finally, he takes triumphant revenge over line (d), where Mr. Phillips is certainly mistaken in attributing to Milton the elision of the letter "m," and has scanned the lines falsely. He perorates with a whoop of derisive triumph, and the case is ended—to our, and probably the editor's, gratification.

It is a very pretty little quarrel, the ACADEMY must pronounce in summing-up, but it has hardly enlightened the public on metre. Even in our carefully succinct summary, it is technical and not easy to follow. But the original quadrangular duel was a strange tangle of swordpoints indeed. Both sides strayed from the real question at issue. In regard to the first line about which he was attacked, Mr. Phillips fairly carried his point. That Milton used a trochee in the fourth foot, with or without pause, is clearly shown by the one line we quoted from Mr. Phillips's letter:

"Which now the rising sun gilds with his beams."

"Gilda with" is a trochee, it is in the fourth foot, and follows an iambic foot. And it is absurd to say there is a pause between "sun" and "gilda." What, indeed, can be more continuous in sense than a verb immediately following its subject? But we see no necessity to prove that Milton used it. Granted the general license to use a trochee occasionally in the course of an iambic line, the place in which it is used must depend on the effect required. It is pedantry to say that you must use it in no place where it has not been used by some great poet before you; that, in fact, you must use no effect unless you can cite a precedent for it. Mr. Phillips, seeking his own effects of harmony, uses the means conducive to them. What understander of metre will search the records to see whether the like has been done before, and not rather ask, "Is the effect appropriate or beautiful?"

But the whole point of this quarrel turns on elision. Mr. Phillips has missed his real defence and point of vantage, which sets on one side all the petty details raised by "J. D." The plaintiff, like the mass of critics, is mistaken as to the very meaning of elision. He actually thinks, for instance, that "murmur and wave" should be read "murm'rand wave." He says so. Now elision, in the practice of the great Elizabethans and their successors, meant not the missing out of a syllable, but the rapid gliding over it. The two syllables were pronounced in the time of one, that was all. It was the dull eighteenth century which began to write such passages with the vowel actually omitted, and so started a false tradition. The question is simply, therefore, whether two syllables are light enough to be pronounced in the time of one, not whether one of them can be eliminated before the other. Again, in modern blank verse actual anapaests are not infrequently used for special effects. For instance, Tennyson ends the line describing the flight of Excalibur with the words, "And whirled in an arch." You cannot even glide over the syllables, "in an arch." It is a pure anapaest. On this ground alone Mr. Phillips's "gloried and drank" could be defended. As a matter of fact, the liquid "r" followed by the vowel-sound "ie" makes the final syllable of "gloried" so rapid in pronunciation that we think the case midway between elision proper and the use of the anapaest. Let this true meaning of elision be better understood, and there will be less mechanical criticism of metre. At the same time, we admit the line, "Realises all the uncoloured dawn," to be a quite unusual bit of daring handling, not covered by our remarks about elision, and only to be justified by its expressiveness—on which tastes may differ. Lastly, might we suggest that both parties to this case might be "cast" in apologies? The defendant to recant the somewhat self-conscious assertion of his metrical profundity—with all the more grace because he must be adjudged mainly the successful party! The defendant—well, the defendant might withdraw that imputed journey to Parnassus on "inflated balloons of egoism."

WAS HAMLET MACBETH?

AND WAS SHAKESPEARE BOTH?

MR. FRANK HARRIS, a few weeks ago, contended in the *Saturday Review* that, with slight variations, Romeo is identical with Hamlet, Hamlet with Macbeth, and Macbeth with Shakespeare. "The portrait," he writes, "we find in Romeo and Jaques first, and then in Hamlet, and afterwards in Macbeth, is Shakespeare's self." The larger issues which are involved in this contention may wait until the scattered instalments of the "Essay in Realistic Criticism" are collected together in one cover; but the present production of "Macbeth" at the Lyceum Theatre makes it timely to test the strength of a single link in Mr. Harris's chain of argument. We have chapter and verse to start from. "If it were necessary," runs a sentence in his article,

"one could begin with the very first words Macbeth utters in the play, and go on to the very last, and declare that each and all of them are from Hamlet's mind and heart."

If it were necessary, we may echo, the thing might be reduced to an absurdity. By a very slight extension of the license of realistic criticism, the trinity of tragic characters, which Mr. Harris adduces as identical, might conceivably be expanded to include the anonymous murderers of Banquo and Fleance. We can imagine a future Mr. Harris, in a later *Saturday Review*, arguing somewhat in this wise: Even these human weapons needed the whetstone of persuasion before they could nerve themselves to their deed of blood. Their first interview with Macbeth is not recorded in the play; but he certainly "made it known" to them—they do not admit his "made it good"—that Banquo was their enemy and oppressor. *Ergo*, they were men of gentle nature, upon whom an inevitable fate had laid a harsh necessity. *Ergo*, Romeo is identical with Hamlet, Hamlet with Macbeth, Macbeth with the First and Second Murderers, and that these are identical with Shakespeare; and the Mr. Harris of our fancy will quote, as a revelation of "Hamlet's mind and heart," the First Murderer's philosophy:

"And I another
So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune,
That I would set my life on any chance
To mend it or be rid on't."

"An older Hamlet," we can almost hear him protesting, "but unmistakably the same as he who reflected:

"By a sleep to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural
shocks
That flesh is heir to, 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished."

But it is not necessary to go so far afield. The identity of the portrait, which Mr. Harris proposes, does not seem to us to be established, and "the slight shades of difference between Hamlet and Macbeth," which he claims as strengthening his conviction, may be traced to an original difference in the conception of their characters. Both are irresolute by nature; but we believe that a distinction must be

drawn between the causes of their irresoluteness, in the sense that Hamlet's lay in the *motive*, Macbeth's in the *consequence*, of his deeds. Hamlet lacked the sanction of power, the supreme gift of the Happy Warrior; Macbeth, the assurance of success. For transpose their parts for a moment. How would each have acted in the other's place? Could Hamlet, as Shakespeare has drawn him, ever have consented to "file his mind" by gentle Duncan's murder? The thing is inconceivable. He had trouble enough to set the world right; he would never have been tempted to set it wrong. He did not possess that vaulting ambition which Macbeth ascribes to himself—the vain ambition of Lady Macbeth's analysis, which would wrongly win, and yet would not play false. We cannot fancy Hamlet exposed to Lady Macbeth's influence, except to abhor her and unmask her. And now put Macbeth, with Lady Macbeth, his complementary part, in Hamlet's shoes. Would she ever have rested until she had placed him—until they had placed themselves, for the two became one—on the usurped Danish throne, by secret guile, if not by open scandal? They would have turned the ghost's information to their own advantage, and we can imagine Macbeth's "milk of human kindness" running over in meagre pity for the perturbed Spirit. The play-acting scene, which seemed to Hamlet's scrupulous sense so fine a means of vengeance, would not have commended itself to either. To Lady Macbeth it would have seemed a cumbersome and childish mode of seating herself on Gertrude's throne, and Macbeth himself would have rejected it on the ground that it was not rapid, and neither certain nor complete.

The thing must be felt as well as stated; but a few examples may be cited. At every turn of Hamlet's "pale cast of thought," he is perplexed by his anxiety to suit the action to its motive—

"And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard their currents turn awry
And lose the name of action."

His enterprise continually lost the name of action. When Polonius summoned him to his mother's apartment, he prayed:

"O heart, lose not thy nature; let not ever
The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom:
Let me be cruel, not unnatural:
I will speak daggers to her, but use none";

and he hesitates to strike the king at his devotions, because "this is hire and salary, not revenge." Macbeth, we may be sure, would have "done it pat." He would have gained his object by one blow, struck, by choice, in the dark. Before his first crime, he reflected:

"If the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,
With his surcease, success; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,"

and his subsequent crimes were a series of febrile endeavours to trammel up the consequence of the first. He hated the deeds so much that he would have concealed them from himself, as he sought to conceal them from his wife, and the very effort of conceal-

ment conjured them in bodily presence to his eyes :

"The time has been
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end; but now they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools; this is more strange
Than such a murder is."

This man, whose one notion is to perfect his position, to sit securely on the stool which he has usurped, is hurried from bloodshed to bloodshed, in the vain endeavour to kill the enemies in his path; and still they seem to bear charmed lives, and still they haunt him after death, until he hits out wildly in an unequal fight against men and ghosts at once. In all this there is nothing of Hamlet, nothing of the Prince who complained :

"How all occasions do inform against me,
And spur my dull revenge. . . .
Now, whether it be
Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple
Of thinking too precisely on the event—
A thought which, quarter'd, hath but one part wisdom,
And ever three parts coward—I do not know
Why yet I live to say 'this thing's to do,'
Sith I have cause, and will, and strength,
and means
To do 't. Examples gross as earth exhort me."

Macbeth had to make his occasions; and his trouble was that, when he had seized them, the reward was withheld by supernatural hands. We feel that, if he had had a tithe of Hamlet's opportunities, he would have turned his revenge to immediate gain, and have made a very fair King of Denmark :

"To be thus is nothing;
But to be safely thus: our fears in Banquo
Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature
Reigns that which would be fear'd.

. . . Who wear our health but sickly in his life,
Which in his death were perfect.

Better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy.

For mine own good
All causes shall give way: I am in blood
Stepp'd in so far that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er."

In none of these passages, which, as the reader knows, can be largely multiplied, are we able to discover the same species of cowardice as that to which Hamlet confessed. Macbeth's battle against fate for his own safety, health, peace, and good, is not conceived in the likeness of the Prince,

"That, lapsed in time and passion, lets go by
The important acting of your dread command,"

nor yet in Romeo's nor another's. And the "Hamlet melancholy" in Macbeth's soliloquies, of which Mr. Harris writes; the "strange murderer who longs for 'troops of friends'"; "the essential identity of the two characters" which "the crying difference in situation only brings out"—what becomes of all this if we agree that each must have

acted differently had their situations been reversed? Surely the reflections in the soliloquies are perfectly natural to the man who was the victim of "equivocating fiends" and of opportunities which fell short of his baser ambitions. The "noble" Macbeth of Banquo's first introduction, who dies with the harness of his own manufacture on his back, had adventured enough in life to conclude that

"It is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing."

He had had visions of success bright enough to regret :

"That which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,"

and the blind fears which had hurried him from the skirts of one hope to another had hardened his senses, not his heart :

"The time has been, my senses would have cool'd
To hear a night-shriek, and my fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir
As life were in't: I have supp'd full with horrors;
Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,
Cannot once start me."

A dramatist may draw two types of irresolution and yet not make them alike; and it is a dangerous hobby to mount, to conclude from this predilection for the type that the dramatist himself was such-and-such. But it is too soon as yet to discuss Mr. Harris's essay as a whole. The inference from the style to the man, which his realistic criticism attempts, is a very fruitful theme; and he may well succeed in proving from the speeches in "Hamlet" and "Macbeth" that Shakespeare's mind had a certain colour and a definite preference of thought. We may instance the argument to music in especial, and may note, in passing, as a negative proof against the identity theorem, that Macbeth is nowhere credited with that supreme sanction of gentleness. But the larger conclusion, which Mr. Harris's essay may or may not eventually reach, will be independent of the intermediate links by which he is building it up. It is not necessary to suppose that Romeo-Jaques is identical with Hamlet and Hamlet with Macbeth, in order to infer Shakespeare from them. At least, in the case of Shakespeare's two greatest characters, we reserve, for the present, our right to distinguish them.

LITERARY HOLBORN.

WHILE these words are being written the last stones of the archway which a few months ago supported, and gave admittance to, Furnival's Inn, Holborn, are being taken down [a week has elapsed and they are gone!]. The keystone bears [bore] the date 1818. Under it Charles Dickens passed, in the flush of youth, to sign his contract to write the *Pickwick Papers*. Here, in his chambers on the third storey, the earlier chapters of that work were written. Next door to Furnival's, in pitiful plight, stands, or rather staggers, an inn which Dickens

must have loved, the old "Bell and Crown" inn, or Ridler's Hotel. Here, too, the crowbar has been busy. The roof of this comfortable tavern has been torn off; the windows are gaping squares; the old-fashioned wall-papers of its upper rooms are exposed to the weather, and the derision of modern taste; and the dust, rising in clouds, and glittering in the sun, signals the fall of an inn which was a place of rest and quiet breathing. The old "Bell and Crown" was the typical inn of literature: such inns are never replaced. It was to the "Bell and Crown" that Tom Hood's ruralising Cockney sent back his longing thoughts from Porkington-place :

"Well, the country's a pleasant place, sure enough, for people that's country born,
And useful, no doubt, in a natural way, for growing our grass and corn.

Howsoever my mind's made up, and although I'm sure cousin Giles will be vexed,
I mean to book me an inside place up to town upon Saturday next,
And if nothing happens, soon after ten, I shall be at the old *Bell and Crown*,
And perhaps I may come to the country again, when London is all burnt down."

It may be remarked that Hood had some warrant for his portrait of a Londoner, wistful of Holborn when surrounded by dairy delights. Under Furnival's Inn—not the building just destroyed, but its predecessor—there was a cider vault kept by one John Grey. This man, after years of attendance on his customers, had made a decent fortune, and was able to buy an estate in Yorkshire, to which he retired. But the rôle of country squire became tedious to him. The merry clatter of hoofs on Holborn was ever in his ears; and finally he returned to London and offered to buy back his old cider cellar. Failing in this, he proposed to become a waiter where he had formerly been master; and he did so, drawing a salary to the day of his death. The story may have haunted Hood's brain.

Opposite to the "Bell and Crown," on the south side of Holborn, the fate of the old "Black Swan" is trembling in the balance. A portion of the building has been acquired, and will be preserved; but the rest may come down. In any case the building will lose much of its familiar appearance. It was built by Government to replace the old Distillery, which figures in *Barnaby Rudge* as the focus of the horrors of the Gordon riots. The mob reached its most frenzied mood in Holborn, and the sight of the Distillery unloosed its last reserves of fury. The house was attacked in front, and scores of spirit casks were broached. Dickens's description of the scene is in his most downright vein :

"The gutters of the street, and every crack and fissure in the stones, ran scorching spirit, which, being turned up by busy hands, overflowed the road and pavement, and formed a great pool, in which the people dropped down dead in dozens. They lay in heaps all around this fearful pond, husbands and wives, fathers and sons, mothers and daughters, women with children in their arms and babies at their breast, and drank until they died. While some stooped with their lips to the brink and never

raised their heads again, others sprang up from their fiery draught, and danced, half in a mad triumph, and half in the agony of suffocation, until they fell and steeped their corpses in the liquor that had killed them. Nor was even this the worst or most appalling kind of death that happened on this fatal night. From the burning cellars, where they drank out of hats, pails, buckets, tubs, or shoes, some men were drawn alive, but all alight from head to foot; who, in their unendurable anguish and suffering, making for anything that had the look of water, rolled, hissing, in this hideous lake, and splashed up liquid fire which lapped in all it met with as it ran along the surface, and neither spared the living nor the dead."

From these tragic memories it is easy to pass to others of a mild and radiant kind; for in Holborn the pickaxe is heard on every hand, and at every blow some memory starts to life. A little farther westward, on the north side of the street, there is a gap from which clouds of engine-smoke roll across the traffic. Here, in Fuller's, or Fulwood's, Rents, a shaft of the new electric railway is sunk on the very sight of Squire's and other coffee houses of ripe memory. Several of Addison's *Spectators* were dated from Squire's; and where the chain now grates on its windlass, and the whistle shrieks discordant, the good knight and the "Spectator" met for quiet talk. Sir Rogers's venerable figure drew the eyes of the whole room upon him, and

"he had no sooner seated himself at the upper End of the high Table, but he called for a clean Pipe, a Paper of Tobacco, a Dish of Coffee, a Wax-Candle, and the *Supplement* with such an Air of Cheerfulness and Good-humour, that all the Boys in the Coffee-room (who seemed to take pleasure in serving him) were at once employed on his several Errands, inasmuch that no Body else could come at a Dish of Tea, till the Knight had got all his Conveniences about him."

Another *Spectator* memory of Fuller's Rents may be recalled: it has a flavour which will cling to the spot even when the railway begins its carrying work. "This is to give notice," runs an advertisement in the *Spectator*, "that the three Criticks who last Sunday settled the characters of my Lord Rochester and Boileau, in the Yard of a Coffee House in Fuller's Rents, will meet this next Sunday at the same Time and Place, to finish the merits of several Dramatick Writers, and will also make an end of the Nature of the True Sublime." It is not recorded whether these gentlemen made an end of the Sublime. But Time, the greatest critic of all, is making an end of old Holborn.

PARIS LETTER.

(From our French Correspondent.)

STEPHANE MALLARMÉ.

IN one of his dark pages—the darker since it will never be known if they were meant as a deliberate mystification or if the poet understood expression sincerely as a kind of Chinese puzzle—Mallarmé speaks of "the exquisite vacation from oneself." When M. Mallarmé, a simple and excellent professor of English in a French college,

was not expounding the beauties of the English tongue to a circle of admiring students, who, I suspect, relished the poet for the singularly sympathetic and charming qualities of the man, it is charitable to assume that he was in frequent vacation from himself. Then it was he divagated, and wrote a language quite the most extraordinary and incomprehensible of the earth. Yet open a volume of his, and you will be surprised by the look of exquisite limpidity of the prose, by the appearance of incomparable polish of the verse.

The fact is, Mallarmé was a writer guided by sight, and not by ear or sense. What he writes is not meant to be read aloud or to be understood; it is written to be looked at. The juxtaposition of words is arranged for him, not by what these convey to the intelligence, but by their distinguished elegance, by their graceful look. They may mean nothing at all, or simply the grotesque. The thing for the printed page is to furnish evidence of choice.

"Is it willingly," Daudet once asked him, "that you have retired into *tenebrae* that the world may not follow you, to be alone with the elect, with yourself, with your dream—or is it involuntarily?" The delicious malice of Daudet's question rests for ever in interrogation. That "involuntarily" is delightful. To be sure, Mallarmé has his answer: "But, my dear fellow, the mere operation of writing consists in putting black upon white." Mallarmé never did anything else. Here is a page chosen at random, and heaven knows if they lack in the slender collection of his works—those impenetrable pages written in an unknown tongue, in the scorn of syntax, whose meaning he himself would describe as "absconse." The word is a favourite of his, as is the condition in intelligence. He describes an afternoon in which his lucidity is veiled in mental somnolence. He fancies a woman's skirts invades his solitude, and thus addresses the unseen lady (I could neither translate Mallarmé into French nor English, not often having the ghost of an idea what he means! Perhaps another reader will be more fortunate, and furnish me with the clue of this passage, which, I own, looks very pretty and simple in print):

"A quel type s'ajustent vos traits, je sens leur précision, Madame, interrompre chose installée ici par le bruissement d'une venue oui! Ce charme instinctif d'en dessous que ne défend pas contre l'explorateur la plus authentiquement nouée, avec une boucle en diamant, des ceintures. Si vague concept se suffit; et ne transgresse point le délice empreint de généralité qui permet et ordonne d'exclure tous visages, au point que la révélation d'un (n'allez point le pencher, avéré, sur le furtif seuil où je règne) chasserait mon trouble, avec lequel il n'a que faire."

There, if there exists an honest French or English man who can *prove* to me (not state merely) that he understands that page, and can convince me that it really means something, I am willing to bestow on him my last five-pound note. And when he has accomplished that astounding feat, let him kindly construe into French, or English, or even modest Chinese, which ought to be considerably easier than Mallarmé's private

and very personal language, this mysterious sonnet:

"A la une accablante, nu
basse de basalte et de laves
à même des échos esclaves
par une trompe sans vertu
quel sépulcral naufrage (tu
le sais, écume, mais y laves)
suprême une entre les épaves
abolli le mât dévêtu,
ou cela que furiboni faute
de quelques perdition haute
tout l'abîme vani éployé
dans le si blanc cheveu qui traîne
avanement aura noyé
le flanc enfant d'une sirène."

For a prince of poets, confess that this is indeed a royal mystification. But there are a large gathering of mortals who reverse the talents of the sailor's parrot, and loudly admire the more the less they understand. Yet, strange to say, the man who could make this brutal assault upon our patience could now and then write verses suave and delicate and simple. I remember an essay by his cousin, M. Paul Margueritte, the novelist, who, in chatting about Mallarmé's little theatre at Valvins, where he died, quotes a couple of really charming sonnets actually written in French. Here is the summer adieu, recited by the poet's daughter to the friendly audience:

"Avec le soleil nous partons
Pour revenir au temps des roses,
Sans or, O Gilles et Martons!
Avec le soleil nous partons.
Mais il nous reste en nos cartons
De quoi chasser les jours moroses.
Avec le soleil nous partons
Pour revenir au temps des roses."

Who could ask for anything prettier clearer, more delicately musical? It is as sweet as an old French song. The haunting quality of these two lines:

"Avec le soleil nous partons
Pour revenir au temps des roses"

—has an echo of Ronsard. From time to time, in his rare lucid moments, he is rich in evocative charm. Take this lovely sculptured and luminous picture of the Faun on a hot afternoon, squeezing the grape and then laughingly watching the light through the mellow skin:

"Ainsi quand des raisins j'ai sucé la clarté
Pour bannir un regret par ma feinte écarté
Rieur, j'élève au ciel d'été la grappe vide
Et soufflant dans ses peaux lumineuses, avide
D'ivresse, jusqu'au soir je regarde au travers."

Whoever gave in five lines a more delicate and voluptuous charm to drunkenness? It is as sunny as the grape itself, as witching as the still perfumed woods of southern shores. Fine lines light up the obscurity like jewels.

"Mordant au citron d'or de l'idéal amer"
is unforgettable. Of a rare and radiant beauty also are those lines in *Apparition*:

"... Tu m'es en riant apparue
Et j'ai cru voir la fée au chapeau de clarté
Qui jadis, sur mes beaux sommeils d'enfant
gâté
Passait laissant toujours de ses mains mal
fermées,
Neigir de blancs bouquets d'étoiles par-
fumées."

But lines like these—star-points in the heavy dusk of night—hardly explain to us the “culte” of Mallarmé and his title of “prince of poets,” which greeted him on Verlaine’s death. Now we hear that Heredia, in his stead, is the prince. Well done! That’s a sovereignty we understand and accept. After night daylight. Perhaps Mallarmé’s unexplained charm lies in the singularly rich effect of vision conveyed in seizing and quaint adjectives. At his best and clearest his originality is certainly distinguished for its sober elegance. “*L’Azur attendri d’Octobre pâle et pur*,” which is all he says of softened sky and landscape, is a fair example of this haughty restraint so characteristic of him when at odd moments he condescends to be intelligible.

But will he live as other than a mad, strange sample of decadent French genius fallen into a kind of feline, unsoundable reverie? For his best verse has something of the deep green mystery of a dreaming cat’s regard.

H. L.

DRAMA.

“MACBETH” AT THE LYCEUM.

PERSONALITY IN ACTING.

THE other day a diligent copymaker on one of the Paris newspapers entertained his readers with a collection of opinions, derived from dramatic authors, on the question whether actors, properly speaking, “created parts,” or merely reflected the ideas entrusted to them. Naturally, the opinions were various, the actor being regarded either as a good or a bad collaborator according to circumstances—good when his personality happened to fit in with the author’s conception of a character; bad when it differed from, or conflicted with, it. My own experience in the matter is small, but I well remember that in a couple of pieces of mine which were played in London some years ago the actors, in certain instances, vivified and defined my ideas—in fact, improved upon them; while in others, as M. Marcel Prévost puts it, they presented “images” more or less “deformed” in outline. Certain it is that the actor, whatever his abstract conception of a character may be, is, to a great extent, the slave of his personality. Theoretically, he adapts himself to his part; practically, his success is most assured when the part is adapted to his personality. This is so well understood by dramatists of experience, that they write, as far as possible, with a particular company of actors in view. The actor-manager has often been blamed for his habit of standing in the middle of the stage, and being fitted with a part as a tailor fits his customer with a coat; but there is no doubt that by this means success for author and actor alike is most easily and surely achieved. A dramatist who writes without regard to his interpreters is somewhat in the position of an artist who paints a picture in the dark; the result when the work comes to be exposed to the glare of the footlights may be either better or worse

than he anticipated—it can never be exactly the same. This is why writing a play is so much like drawing a number in a lottery. The novelist or the essayist stands or falls by his own handiwork; the dramatist is at the mercy of half-a-dozen collaborators, who only approximately realise his conceptions, and he is fortunate if his picture, retouched by so many hands, comes out as an harmonious whole.

THE bearing of these remarks upon Mr. Forbes-Robertson’s revival of “Macbeth” at the Lyceum is obvious. What a wholly different play it is, to be sure, from that which was presented on these same boards by Sir Henry Irving nine or ten years ago! Shakespeare would probably have found it difficult in either case to recognise his own handiwork. Sir Henry Irving’s rendering was the widest departure from tradition that the stage has seen. As the rude, stalwart soldier, physically brave, but morally weak, lay beyond his compass, he gave us an intellectually subtle, poltroonish, uxorious Macbeth, swayed partly by “skye influences,” but more by the passionate entreaties of a wife to whom he was devotedly attached; while Miss Ellen Terry for her part depicted Lady Macbeth as the fond and tender spouse, ambitious solely for her lord’s advancement. So much for personality. The picture so presented was consistent enough after its fashion, but as unlike the traditional view of “Macbeth” as night from day. In the present case we have a rendering of the tragedy similarly governed and limited by the personality of the chief performers.

MR. FORBES ROBERTSON is an actor possessed of a rare intellectuality and refinement, whose Hamlet placed him in the forefront of Shakespearian actors. But the very qualities that contributed to his success as the scholarly, philosophic Prince militate against his assumption of the rude and impetuous Scottish thane. That he is too true an artist to do violence to the text one sees at a glance. He knows the tradition of the part and would adhere to it. In physical make-up he is all but perfect, a living portrait of the uncouth, unkempt Scottish chieftain of the eleventh century. But the effort to accommodate himself to a part so wholly at variance with his personality checks his spontaneity. Laying aside the gifts with which he is accustomed to conquer his public, he fights the battle like a man with one hand tied behind his back, the result being a certain tameness or flatness in the performance which is painfully felt in comparison with the vigour and vitality of the Macduff of the cast, a part spiritedly embodied by Mr. Robert Taber. This latest Macbeth, in a word, is a gratification to the eye but a disappointment to the understanding. Although not definitely acknowledged as a factor in dramatic art, the limitations of personality are practically recognised in what are known as “lines of business.” Every actor has his line—a sort of part in which he admittedly excels; and, presumably, it is not his intelligence which confines him to this groove, but his physical means of giving expression to his ideas. Nevertheless, the

Shakespearian actor is supposed to range over the entire field of human nature: to pass at will “from gay to grave, from lively to severe.” On no other hypothesis could we suppose a first-rate Hamlet undertaking the part of Macbeth. Mr. Forbes Robertson’s comparative failure in Macbeth is in no wise derogatory to his powers as an actor; it only shows that the actor’s personality will assert itself, whether recognised or not.

HAPPY the actor who knows his limitations; and the actress too! for thereby much chagrin and heartburning is avoided. The objection I have taken to Mr. Forbes Robertson’s Macbeth applies with still greater force to the Lady Macbeth of Mrs. Patrick Campbell. Clever actress as she is in the line of the modern adventuress—all her powers were revealed like a flash in the part of the second Mrs. Tanqueray—she is one of the most hopelessly uninspiring Lady Macbeths that I remember to have seen. Her murderous counsels are delivered without conviction, while her remorse is without a shred of plausibility or pathos. Nothing in her rendering of the part conveys the smallest thrill or shudder to the house. Her very sleep-walking lacks impressiveness; she gives one the idea that she is a woman awake, hoping to conquer sleep by a little nocturnal exercise. With a personality typically modern, not to say decadent, like hers, the attempt upon which Mrs. Patrick Campbell is engaged, to conquer a Shakespearian reputation, appears to me a wholly mistaken one. Manner, look, accent, enunciation, temperament—everything is against her. A more striking example of the limitations of personality it would be hard to find.

APPARENTLY, melodrama is degenerating into a rivalry between authors in the production of mechanical sensation, to which everything is sacrificed. The genesis of “The Great Ruby,” given at Drury Lane, for example, is very obvious. Last year Messrs. Cecil Raleigh and Henry Hamilton contrived a deadly hand-to-hand fight between divers at the bottom of the sea. In the present instance they have reasoned with themselves, Why not go to the opposite extreme—from the waters underneath the earth to the air above—and thrill the public with a life and death struggle between two men in a balloon? The great diamond robbery committed in Piccadilly last autumn while this sensation was in process of being concocted must have suggested the motive of such a struggle, the obtaining possession of a stolen jewel of great price. With these ideas the authors must have sat down to write, working back from the balloon to the robbery of the “great ruby” from a jeweller’s shop in Bond-street by the “diamond gang.” Nevertheless, they are not ideas of a very tractable kind, for, although the robbery constitutes an effective first act, the authors have not succeeded in working in their balloon sensation without a considerable sacrifice of plausibility. Like the famous “pattes de mouche” of Sardou, the stolen ruby passes through a variety of adventures until it finds itself innocently

enough in the bag of an army officer, who supposes it to be a box of chocolate. The gang who have lost it get wind of its whereabouts, and take their measures for recovering it by violent means. But the balloon! Well, the fateful jewel, observe, is in the bag of an army officer, and he is engaged, if you please, in official ballooning experiments on Hampstead Heath. Hither come the gang and also the police, who are closing in upon them. The balloon stands there, inflated, all ready for an ascent. In a trice the desperadoes gag the officer and possess themselves of the ruby; but the police are upon them: three of them are captured, two jump into the car of the balloon, cut the ropes, and carry on their life and death struggle in mid air, *secundum artem*. The "sensation" brings down the house, and presumably ranks as a great Drury Lane success. As to the play—alas! there is no play, but only a newspaper account of a robbery and of the tracking of the thieves, cut into appropriate lengths, and eked out with padding.

J. F. N.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CORYDON'S BOOKCASE.

SIR,—Though I dare not flatter myself that my opinions are of any value, yet, as one whose ideal of enjoyment is to spend six hours a day in reading, I venture to suggest the following list of books for Corydon's holiday library:

1. *The Rubáiyát* (FitzGerald's version).
2. Theocritus.
3. Virgil's *Georgics*.
4. Marcus Aurelius.
5. *The Confessions* of S. Augustine.
6. Shelley's *Prometheus, Adonais, Cloud, and Skylark*.
7. Swinburne's *Poems and Ballads*.
8. Tennyson (complete pocket edition).
9. Herrick's *Hesperides*.
10. *The Tempest*.
11. *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.
12. *As You Like It*.
13. *Romeo and Juliet*.
14. Montaigne's *Essays*.
15. Browne's *Religio Medici* and *Hydriothaphia*.
16. De Quincey's *Suspira de Profundis*.
17. *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*.
18. *Mill on the Floss*.
19. *Story of an African Farm*.
20. *A Summer in Arcady*. By James Lane Allen.

I should like to add half-a-dozen more of Shakespeare's plays, and a pocket volume of his Songs and Sonnets; Epictetus, Thomas à Kempis, three more novels by Hardy; Austin's *Garden that I Love*, and a couple more volumes of Swinburne's poems. The Bible I omit, as it may be found everywhere. The books in the above list of twenty I should take as far as possible in pocket editions, such as those of Messrs. Dent.—I am, &c.,

CECIL J. MEAD ALLEN.

"The Cedars," Exeter: Sept. 17.

SIR,—In the multitude of counsellors there is safety"; and now you have published the lists of twenty books to fill Corydon's holiday shelf compiled by diverse men of letters, there might be some small value in the ideas of the most insignificant of laymen, though I think we should bear in mind the fact that "most books belong to the house and street only, and in the fields their leaves feel very thin." I would suggest the following as the most satisfactory for him to have by him, even though he neglects them most of his time for the great book of Nature:

1. *Walden*. By H. D. Thoreau.
2. *A Week on the Concord*. By H. D. Thoreau.
3. *Essays*. By H. D. Thoreau.
4. *As You Like It*. By Shakespeare.
5. *The Tempest*. By Shakespeare.
6. *The Life of the Fields*. By R. Jefferies.
7. *The Light of Asia*. By Sir E. Arnold.
8. *The Compleat Angler*. By Izaak Walton.
9. *Virginibus Puerisque*. By R. L. Stevenson.
10. *Pictures in Prose*. By Trevor Battye.
11. *The Egoist*. By G. Meredith.
12. *Amelia*. By Fielding.
13. *The Rubáiyát of Omar Kháyyam*. By FitzGerald.
14. *The Anatomy of Melancholy*. By Burton (for the sake of the Introduction, why is it not published separately?).
15. *Tartarin de Tarascon*. By A. Daudet.
16. *The Natural History of Selborne*. By G. White.
17. *Sesame and Lilies*. By Ruskin.
18. *The Trumpet-Major*. By T. Hardy.
19. *Tristram Shandy*. By Sterne.
20. *The Vicar of Wakefield*. By O. Goldsmith.

I think, sir, that with the above twenty books Corydon could be hardly at a loss for reading to suit every mood and all weathers, though for myself the first four would content me for many months; and in Thoreau's writings I can find new truths whenever I take them up, and much humour withal.—I am, &c.,

"A MERE LAYMAN."

Northampton: Sept. 18.

P.S.—As one always wants to idealise the country of one's holidays, I cannot see how the "Local Paper" can serve.

SIR,—In your comment upon my letter relating to holiday reading, you strain my argument to the tension of breaking-point. I do not mean to suggest that the place in which an author writes his work, or lays his scenes, or makes his characters move and have their being, is the *only* place to read that work; but what I do affirm is, that it is the *best*. You may most certainly read Shakespeare and Tennyson, Wordsworth and Southey, Scott and Dickens, or any other of our gods of literature anywhere—

wherever you like—and enjoy them. But if you read them among the scenes where they wrote, or their creations of character lived, or that their pen pictures in the artistry and colouring of words, you will enjoy them all the more, and know them as they may be known. Let every man choose where he will read his authors. But let me read Southey's "How the Water Comes Down at Lodore" at Lodore; Wordsworth's "We Are Seven" in Grasmere Churchyard; "Lucy Gray" upon the wide moor, and "The Excursion" among the hills; Tennyson's "Brook" not far from Philip's Farm, and his "Enoch Arden" where the wind brings the smell of the salt North Sea; Byron's "Prisoner of Chillon" under the walls of Geneva, or by the Chateau of Chillon, and his "Childe Harold" on pilgrimage; Longfellow's "Village Blacksmith" by the old chestnut tree, and his "Evangeline" in New England; Bryant and Thoreau in the wilds of nature; Olive Schreiner's *Story of an African Farm* not far from the Cape; Thomas Hardy's *Tess* in Wessex; R. D. Blackmore's *Lorna Doone* in Devonshire; Mrs. Gaskell's *Mary Barton* and Mrs. Hodgson Burnett's *That Lass o' Lowrie's* in Lancashire; Victor Hugo's *Toilers of the Sea* in the Channel Islands; Sir Walter Scott's *Fair Maid of Perth* in Perth, and so on *ad infinitum*.

When I say that the true artist draws colour into his blood, I mean that the scenes among which an author spends his life, and especially his childhood, are, so to say, absorbed by his being, and, as it were, photographed upon his brain. It was more than a figure of speech to say that Calais should be found written on the dead heart of a Queen. An author will do his best work among the scenes that he loves. And not only does the scenery have an effect upon the writer, but even the times and the season are not valueless. To illustrate this take Tennyson's *In Memoriam*. Any person reading it with understanding can tell that it was in process of writing during a series of years. The seasons are vocal in the words. Christmas comes round more than once, and you hear the wild bells ring out. Spring comes and rosy plumelets tuft the larch, where rarely sings the mounted thrush.

To say that there is no visible connexion between Stratford-on-Avon and most of Shakespeare's writings does not preclude a visible connexion between that place and at least some of his writings, and, indeed, there may be an invisible connexion between it and *all* his writings; for whatever may be said to the contrary, the place in which Shakespeare passed the early part of life, while the child was fathering the man; the place that he loved so much as to retire to it after the labours of life, when the man had, perhaps, begun to father the child, to die, must have exercised some magic over his pen, and been reflected, even if the reflection is unrecognised, in the mirror which he held up to Nature.

This, then, is the conclusion of my argument on holiday reading. If the place chosen for holiday is bound up in any way with any great book, be it by the associations of scene, character, or of the author himself, then read that particular book in

that particular place. A man's biography is best read where he has lived his life.—I am, &c.,

SWITHIN SAINT SWITHAINE.

[This correspondence must now cease. Corydon has returned to town browned by the sun. We gather that owing to the persistent fine weather he found the Book of Nature more attractive than his much-discussed bookcase. Faithless Corydon!]

THE PRINTER AS HUMORIST.

SIR,—Since the "new humour" shows a tendency to revert to what Mr. Andrew Lang calls the "old drivel," it is satisfactory to note that the printer, whom an American writer has justly described as the greatest humorist of the age, continues to maintain his reputation.

In the Drama article of the ACADEMY last week I described the action of "The Three Musketeers" as a fight between "fiends and demi-gods." The printer, with his customary felicity, changed "fiends" into "friends." Of course, it may be objected that this particular joke is not new. There is an old story as to a death announcement in the *Times* being followed by the line, "Fiends will please accept of this intimation." And not long ago a well-known baronet was stated in a fashionable column to have "gone shooting yesterday with a party of fiends."

Still, I am willing to believe that your printer, Sir, knew nothing of these antecedent witticisms, and that his stroke of humour was done, so to speak, off his own bat. *Les beaux esprits se rencontrent* sometimes—I am, &c.,

J. F. N.

FROM THE AUTHOR OF *BOYHOOD*!

SIR,—In justice I think you will allow me one word in reference to your reviewer's *fin de siècle* notice of my little book, *Boyhood*. His views of life and mine are so diametrically opposed that it is not the spirit of the notice at which I ask to cavil, but to point out what might almost be called a misstatement. He says: "When we say that the author tells us that association with boys has forced her to the conviction of the existence of a personal devil, we need say no more." The passages in my book to which he refers are these:

"I wish I could persuade my readers of the existence of a definite evil spirit, outside their own individualities, to the same extent that long association with boys has forced me to that conviction." . . . "If you could begin your dealings with your children on the assumption that there is a distinct evil influence (I always call it the devil) outside your boy's own character, which you and he have to combat together, you would, I know, find the whole matter much simpler."

—I am, &c.,

ENNIS RICHMOND.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

WEEK ENDING THURSDAY, SEPT. 23.

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

SIMPLE THOUGHTS FOR THE CHURCH'S SEASONS. By A. B. Tucker. With a Preface by the Rev. Montague Fowler, B.A. The Church Newspaper Co., Ltd. 2s.

CAMBRIDGE, AND OTHER SERMONS. By Fenton John Anthony Hort, D.D. Macmillan & Co. 6s.

JEWISH RELIGIOUS LIFE AFTER THE EXILE. By the Rev. T. K. Cheyne, D.D. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 6s.

BIBLE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS. By Rev. G. M. Mackie, M.A. A. & C. Black. 1s. 6d.

DOCTRINE AND DEVELOPMENT: UNIVERSITY SERMONS. By Hastings Rashdall. Methuen & Co. 6s.

THE JEWISH YEAR: A COLLECTION OF DEVOTIONAL POEMS. Translated and composed by Alice Lucas. Macmillan & Co. 2s. 6d.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

DEMOCRACY AND SOCIAL GROWTH IN AMERICA: FOUR LECTURES. By Bernard Moses, Ph.D. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

HISTORY OF THE WORLD, FROM THE EARLIEST HISTORICAL TIME TO THE YEAR 1898. By Edgar Sanderson, M.A. Hutchinson & Co.

FASHION IN PARIS: THE VARIOUS PHASES OF FEMININE TASTE AND ÆSTHETICS FROM 1797 to 1897. By Octave Uzanne. From the French, by Lady Mary Lloyd. William Heinemann. 36s.

THE PALMY DAYS OF NANCE OLDFIELD. By Edward Robins. Heinemann.

POETRY, CRITICISM, BELLES LETTRES.

BOSWELL'S JOURNAL OF A TOUR TO THE HEBRIDES WITH SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D. 2 vols. Archibald Constable & Co.

CAPRICCIOS. By Louis J. Block. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 5s.

THE REFORMER OF GENEVA: AN HISTORICAL DRAMA. By Charles Woodruff Shields. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE WORKS OF WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY, BIOGRAPHICAL EDITION. Vol. VI.: CONTRIBUTIONS TO PUNCH. Smith, Elder & Co. 6s.

THE WORKS OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. Edited from the Original Texts by H. Arthur Doubleday, with the Assistance of T. Gregory Foster and Robert Elson. Vol. IX. Archibald Constable & Co.

THE WHITEHALL SHAKESPEARE, VOL. IX.: TITUS ANDRONICUS, ROMEO AND JULIET, TROILUS AND CRESSIDA. Archibald Constable & Co. 5s.

ELIZABETH AND HER GERMAN GARDEN. Anon. Macmillan & Co. 6s.

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF PICTURESQUE INDIA. By Sir Richard Temple. Chatto & Windus.

YESTERDAYS IN THE PHILIPPINES. By Joseph Earle Stevens. Sampson Low.

THE CITY OF THE CALIPHS: A POPULAR STUDY OF CAIRO AND ITS ENVIRONS AND THE NILE AND ITS ANTIQUITIES. By Eustace A. Reynolds-Ball. T. Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d.

GLIMPSSES OF ENGLAND: SOCIAL, POLITICAL, LITERARY. By Moses Coit Tyler. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 5s.

KOREAN SKETCHES. By Rev. James S. Gale, B.A. Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier.

NINE YEARS ON THE GOLD COAST. By the Rev. Dennis Kemp. Macmillan & Co.

NEW EDITIONS OF FICTION.

THE TALE OF CHLOE, AND OTHER STORIES. By George Meredith. Revised edition. Archibald Constable & Co. 6s.

A ROSE OF YESTERDAY. By F. Marion Crawford. Macmillan & Co. 3s. 6d.

THE "TEMPLE" WAVERLEY NOVELS: THE PIRATE. J. M. Dent & Co. 2 vols. 1s. 6d. each.

JUVENILE BOOKS.

BEYOND THE BORDER. By Walter Douglas Campbell. Archibald Constable & Co. 6s.

PAGES AND PICTURES FROM FORGOTTEN CHILDREN'S BOOKS. Edited by Andrew W. Tuer, F.S.A. The Leadenhall Press. 6s.

EDUCATIONAL.

SELECT TALES FROM SHAKESPEARE. By Charles and Mary Lamb. With Introduction and Notes by David Frew, B.A. Blackie & Son. 1s. 6d.

THE OXFORD MANUALS OF ENGLISH HISTORY. No. III.: ENGLAND AND THE HUNDRED YEARS' WAR (1327-1485 A.D.). By C. W. C. Oman, M.A. Blackie & Son.

BATTLE-PIECES IN PROSE AND VERSE FROM SIR WALTER SCOTT. By J. Higham, M.A. A. & C. Black.

HEATH'S MODERN LANGUAGE SERIES: LE ROI DES MONTAGNES. Par Edmond About. With Introduction and Notes by Thomas Logie, Ph.D. Isbister & Co.

THE STEVENSON READER: SELECTED PASSAGES FROM THE WORKS OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. Edited by Lloyd Osbourne. Chatto & Windus.

ELEMENTARY PERSPECTIVE. By Lewes R. Crosskey. Blackie & Son.

THE "RALEIGH" HISTORY READERS: THE GROWTH OF GREATER BRITAIN: A SKETCH OF THE HISTORY OF THE BRITISH COLONIES AND DEPENDENCIES. By F. B. Kirkman, B.A. Blackie & Son. 1s. 9d.

THE PIANIST'S MENTOR. By Henry Fisher, Mus. Doc. J. Curwen & Sons, Ltd.

MISCELLANEOUS.

METHODS OF INDUSTRIAL REMUNERATION. By David F. Schloss. Third edition, revised and enlarged. Williams & Norgate

THE PHILOSOPHY OF GOVERNMENT. By George W. Walthew. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE STATE: ELEMENTS OF HISTORICAL AND PRACTICAL POLITICS. By Woodrow Wilson, Ph.D. Revised edition. D. C. Heath & Co.

INFINITESIMAL ANALYSIS. By William Benjamin Smith. Macmillan & Co. 14s.

THE AUTUMN SEASON.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

WE continue this week our selections from the Autumn Lists of various publishing firms. In most cases these lists are so long that we have been compelled to reduce them.

THE CLARENDON PRESS.

The announcements of the Clarendon Press are very numerous. We select the following:

THEOLOGICAL.

Codex Bezae Cantabrigiensis, a facsimile edition of the Greek and Latin MS. of the Four Gospels and Acts of the Apostles, preserved in the Cambridge University Library and generally known as Codex Bezae or Codex D.—*An Introduction to the Greek Old Testament*, for the use of students, by H. B. Swete, D.D.—*Origen's Hexapla*, part of Psalm xxii. (LXX. 21), from a Cairo Palimpsest, edited by C. Taylor, D.D.—*Midrash Haggadol*, edited from several Yemen MSS., with introduction, commentary, and notes, by S. Schechter, M.A.—*The Story of Ahikar and his Nephew Nadab*, a lost Apocryphon of the Old Testament (see Tobit xiv. 10), the Syriac and Carshuni texts edited with a translation into English by Agnes S. Lewis and J. Rendel Harris.—*The Wisdom of Ben Sira*, newly discovered portions of the original Hebrew of Ecclesiasticus, edited by S. Schechter, M.A., and C. Taylor, D.D.—*The Homeric Centones and the Acts of Pilate*, by J. Rendel Harris, M.A.—*Notes on New Testament Translation*, being *Otium Norvicense*, Part III., with additions by the late Dr. Field, edited by the Rev. A. M. Knight, M.A.—*The Use of Sarum*: I. The Sarum customs as set forth in the Consuetudinary and Customary, edited by the Rev. W. H. Frere, M.A.

CLASSICAL.

Aristophanes: *Equites*, with introduction and notes by R. A. Neil, M.A.—Bacchylides: *The new Poems and Fragments*, a revised text, with introduction, critical notes, and commentary, by R. C. Jebb, Litt.D.—Herondas: *The Mimes*, the text edited with a commentary by Walter Headlam, M.A.—*Two Greek Grammars of the Thirteenth Century*, now first edited, with introduction and notes, by the Rev. Edmond Nolan.—Sophocles: *The Plays and Fragments*, with critical notes, commentary, and translation in English prose, by R. C. Jebb, Litt.D., Part VIII., The Fragments.—*An Introduction to Greek Epigraphy*, Vol. II., the Inscriptions of Attica and Peloponnesus, edited for the Syndics of the University Press by E. S. Roberts, M.A., and E. A. Gardner, M.A.—*The Early Age of Greece*, by William Ridgeway, M.A.—*Demonstrations in Greek Verse Composition*, by W. H. D. Rouse, M.A.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Biographical History of Gonville and Caius College, 1349—1897, containing a list of all known members of the College from the

foundation to the present time, with biographical notes, Vol. II., compiled by John Venn, Sc.D., F.R.S.—Russian Reader: *Lermontof's Modern Hero*, with English translation and biographical introduction, by Ivan Nestor Schnurmann.—*The Triumphs of Turlogh*, edited with translation, glossary, and appendices, by Standish Hayes O'Grady, Hon. Litt.D.—*Thesaurus Palaeohibernicus*: a collection of the oldest monuments of the Gaelic language, edited, with translation, notes, and a glossary, by Whitley Stokes, D.C.L., and John Strachan, M.A.—*An Elementary Old English Reader*, by A. J. Wyatt, M.A.—*An Old English Anthology*, by A. J. Wyatt, M.A.—*Catalogue of the Greek Manuscripts on Mount Athos*, edited for the Syndics of the University Press by Spyr P. Lambros.—*A Descriptive Catalogue of the Manuscripts in the Library of St. Peter's College, Cambridge*, by M. R. James, Litt.D.—*The Catalogue of the Library at Sion Monastery*, edited from the MS. at Corpus Christi College, by Mary Bateson.—*A Catalogue of Mohammedan MSS. in the University Library*, edited by E. G. Browne, M.A., M.B.—*Life and Remains of the Rev. R. H. Quick*, edited by F. Storr, M.A.—*The Extinction of the Christian Churches in North Africa*, Hulsean Prize Essay, 1895, by L. R. Holme, B.A.—*The Teaching of Modern Languages*, by K. H. Breul, Litt.D.

The foregoing lists contain only a fraction of the announcements of the Clarendon Press for this autumn. Mathematical and Scientific works, and books dealing with Law, History, and Economics, are strongly represented; while the various series of educational books are to receive many additional volumes.

HUTCHINSON & CO.

Among Messrs. Hutchinson & Co.'s announcements for the Autumn may be mentioned a new work on Japan, by Mrs. Hugh Fraser, entitled *A Diplomatist's Wife in Japan*, in 2 vols., with about 250 illustrations.—*Disciples of Aesculapius*: Biographies of the Leaders of Medicine, by the late Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson, in 2 vols.—*Fields, Factories, and Workshops*, by Prince Kropotkin.—*The Human Race*: a History of the Races of Mankind, by the Rev. Henry N. Hutchinson, B.A., with 600 illustrations.—*The Virgin Saints and Martyrs*, by the Rev. S. Baring-Gould.—*Kings of the Hunting Field*: Memoirs and Anecdotes of Distinguished Masters of Hounds, and other Celebrities of the Chase, with Histories of Famous Packs, and Hunting Traditions of Great Houses, by "Thormanby," with 32 portraits.—*Six Royal Ladies of the House of Hanover*, by Miss Sarah Tytler, with portraits.—*Nelson's Friendships*, by the late Mrs. Hilda Gamlin, in 2 vols., with about 60 illustrations.—*The Gambling World*: Anecdotic Memories and Stories of Personal Experience in the Temples of Hazard and Speculation, by "Rouge et Noir."—*The Emperor of Germany at Home*, by M. Maurice Leudet, translated by Miss Virginia Taylor.—*The Adventures of a French Sergeant* during his campaigns in Italy, Spain, Germany, Russia, &c., from 1805 to 1823, written by himself.—A new volume of the "Concise Knowledge Library": *A History of the World*

from the Earliest Historical Time to the Present Year, 1898, by the Rev. Edgar Sanderson, M.A.—*The American Navy: Its Ships and their Achievements*, by Mr. Charles Morris.—A new volume by "A Son of the Marshes": *Drift from Longshore*, edited by J. A. Owen, with a frontispiece by Mr. A. Thorburn.—*Famous Ladies of the English Court*, by Mrs. Aubrey Richardson.—*The American War with Spain*, by Mr. Charles Morris.—*The Housewife's Referee*, by Mrs. H. de Salis.—*What Dress Makes of Us*, by Dorothy Quigley, with over 100 illustrations by Annie Blakelee.—*An Introduction to Stellar Astronomy*, by Mr. W. H. S. Monck, M.A., F.R.A.S.

FICTION.

The Fatal Gift, by Mr. Frank Frankfort Moore, with full-page illustrations by Mr. Robert Sauber.—*Mollie's Prince*, by Miss Rosa N. Carey.—*A Son of Empire*, by Mr. Morley Roberts.—*Petticoat Loose*, by "Rita."—*An Honourable Estate*, by Miss Ella MacMahon.—*The Silver Cross*: a Historical Romance, by Dr. S. R. Keightly.—*Samuel Boyd, of Catchpole-square*: a Mystery, by Mr. B. L. Farjeon.—*A Queen of Atlantis*, by Mr. Frank Aubrey.—*In the Shadow of the Three*, by Miss Blanche Loftus Tottenham.—*The Guardians of Panzy*, by Mr. Dolf Wyllarde.—*Only Flesh and Blood*, by the Author of *Hernani the Jew*.—*Not Yet*, by Miss Annie S. Swan.—*In the Tsar's Dominions*, by "Le Voleur," illustrated; and *The Trials of Mercy*, by Mrs. S. Darling Barker.

GIFT BOOKS.

Three new volumes of the "Fifty-two Library," edited by Mr. Alfred H. Miles: *Fifty-two Holiday Stories for Boys*, by Messrs. G. A. Henty, George Manville Fenn, Coulson Kernahan, &c.; *Fifty-two Holiday Stories for Girls*, by Mrs. L. T. Meade, Miss Sarah Doudney, &c.; *Fifty-two Sunday Stories*, by Miss Marie Corelli, Miss Sarah Doudney, Miss Mary E. Wilkins, &c.; all these with illustrations.—*May Malmesbury's Doubts*, by Miss Grace Stebbing, illustrated. Two new volumes of a new series of stories, edited by Mr. Alfred H. Miles: *With Fife and Drum*: True Stories of Military Life and Adventure in Camp and Field; and *Log Leaves and Sailing Orders*: True Stories of Naval Life Ashore and Afloat, both illustrated.

CHEAP EDITIONS.

The Life of Joseph Arch, edited by the Countess of Warwick. *Poets and Poetry of the Century*, revised; and a new magazine for young gentlewomen, entitled *The Girl's Realm*.

PUTNAM'S SONS.

Messrs. Putnam's Sons' Autumn List contains the following among other announcements:

Jewish Religious Life after the Exile, by the Rev. T. K. Cheyne, M.A., D.D., Oriel Professor of the Interpretation of Holy Scripture in the University of Oxford, and formerly Fellow of Balliol College; Canon of Rochester.—*The Adventures of Captain Bonneville, U.S.A.*, in the Rocky Mountains and the Far West, digested from his

Journal and Illustrated from various other sources, by Washington Irving, "Pawnee" edition, with 28 photogravure illustrations.—*Benjamin Franklin*: Printer, Statesman, Philosopher, and Practical Citizen, 1706-1790, by Edward Robins.—*The Cross in Tradition, History, and Art*, by the Rev. William Wood Seymour, with 266 illustrations.—*Christianity and Anti-Christianity in their Final Conflict*, by Samuel J. Andrews. "Heroes of the Nations" Series: *Saladin, and the Fight for the Holy Land*, by Stanley Lane-Poole; *The Cid Campeador: and the Waning of the Crescent in the West*, by H. Butler Clarke, M.A.; *Bismarck: The New German Empire, How it Arose and What it Displaced*, by J. W. Headlam.—*Where Ghosts Walk: The Haunts of Familiar Characters in History and Literature*, by Marion Harland.—*Martin Luther: The Hero of the Reformation, 1483-1546*, by Henry E. Jacobs, D.D.—*Bird Studies: An Account of the Land Birds of Eastern North America*, by William E. D. Scott.—*The Romance of the House of Savoy, 1003-1519*, by Alethea Wiel.—*The Writings of James Monroe*, edited by S. M. Hamilton.—*Little Journeys to the Homes of American Statesmen*, being the series for 1898, uniform with *Little Journeys to the Homes of Famous Women*, &c., by Elbert Hubbard.—*Great Words of Great Americans*, edited by Paul Leicester Ford.—*Glimpses of England: Social, Political, Literary*, by Moses Coit Tyler.—*Coffee and India-Rubber Culture in Mexico: Including the Geographical and Statistical Notes*, by Matias Romero.—*Historic New York: being the second series of the Half-Moon Papers*, edited by Maud Wilder, Alice Carrington Royce, Ruth Putnam, and Eva Palmer Brownell.—*Rome of To-Day and Yesterday: the Pagan City*, by John Dennie, with 5 maps and plans, and 58 full-page illustrations from Roman photographs.—*Beleaguered: a Story of the Uplands of Baden*, by Hermann T. Koerner.—*The American College in American Life*, by Charles F. Thwing.—*Renascent Christianity: a Forecast of the Twentieth Century*, by Martin Kellogg Schermerhorn.—*Sacred Scriptures of the World: Being Selections of the most devotional and ethical portions of the Ancient Hebrew and Christian Scriptures, to which have been added kindred selections from other Ancient Scriptures of the world*, by Martin Kellogg Schermerhorn.—*A Century of American Statesmen: a Biographical Survey of American Politics from the Inauguration of Jefferson to the close of the 19th Century*, by Moses Coit Tyler.—*Methods and Principles of Literary Criticism*, by Lorenzo Sears.

JOHN LANE.

Mr. John Lane arranges his forthcoming books according to their price. His list includes the following: *The Early Work of Aubrey Beardsley*, edited by H. C. Marillier, 21s.—*Sketches and Cartoons*, by Charles Dann Gibson, 20s.—*The Natural History of Selborne*, edited by Grant Allan, with more than 200 illustrations by Edmund H. New,

15s. At 6s.: *The Californians: A Novel*, by Gertrude Atherton.—*Grey Weather*, by John Buchan.—*Idols: A Novel*, by William J. Locke.—*Lilliput Lyrics*, by W. B. Rands, with nearly 140 illustrations by Charles Robinson.—*A Hundred Fables of Æsop*, with 100 full-page illustrations by P. J. Billingham, and an Introductory Note by Kenneth Grahame.—*The Sporting Adventures of Mr. Popple*, by J. H. Jalland.—*Pierrette, Her Book*, by H. De Vere Stacpoole. At 5s. net: *Godfrida: A Play*, by John Davidson.—*Poems* (complete) of Robert Stephen Hawker, of Morwenstow.—*Poems of Emile Verhaeren*, selected and rendered into English by Alma Strettell.—*Florilegium Latinum*, Celebrated Passages, mostly from English Poets, rendered into Latin (Bodley Anthologies), edited by Rev. F. St. John Thackeray and Rev. E. D. Stone. At 4s. 6d. net: *A Vindication of Eve, and other Poems*, by Richard Le Gallienne.—*More*, by Max Beerbohm.—*The Last Ballad and other Poems*, by John Davidson. At 4s. 6d.: *Red Riding Hood's Picture Book*, containing: I. Red Riding Hood; II. The Forty Thieves; III. Jack and the Beanstalk, by Walter Crane. At 3s. 6d. net: *The Tompkins Verses*, edited by Barry Pain.—*The Alhambra and Other Poems*, by F. B. Money-Coutts.—*Dream Days*, by Kenneth Grahame.—*Bells and Shadows, and other Essays*, by Alice Meynell.—*Shakespeare's Sonnets*, illustrated by H. Ospovat. At 3s. 6d.: *A Study in Shadows*, by W. J. Locke, author of *Derelicts*.—*A Deliverance: a Novel*, by Allan Monkhouse.—*Pan and the Young Shepherd: a Pastoral*, by Maurice Hewlett.—*The New Noah's Ark*, by J. J. Bell.—*Mr. Passingham: a Novel*, by Thomas Cobb.—*Two in Captivity*, by Vincent Brown.—*We Women and our Authors*, translated from the German of Laura M. Hansson by Hermione Ramsden.—*The Repentance of a Private Secretary: a Novel*, by Stephen Gwynn. At 2s. 6d.: *Sun, Moon, and Stars: Pictures and Verses for Children*, written and illustrated by E. Richardson. At 1s. net: *Stories Told Me*, by Baron Corvo.—*The Headswoman*, by Kenneth Grahame.

ELKIN MATHEWS.

Mr. Elkin Mathews's announcements comprise the following:

POETRY.

The Island Race, by Henry Newbolt.—*The Garland of New Poetry* (The New Annual Anthology), with cover design by Laurence Binyon.—*The Wind Among the Reeds*, by W. B. Yeats.

ILLUSTRATED GIFT BOOKS.

Ballads and Etchings, Ballads by Alice Sargent, Etchings by W. Strang.—*Papers from "Punch" in Prose and Verse*, by H. Devey Browne, with illustrations by G. Du Maurier, Linley Sambourne, J. Bernard Partridge, &c.—*The Singers*, by H. W. Longfellow, with 9 etchings by A. Robertson.—*Fantasies from Dreamland*, by Ernest Gilliatt-Smith, with illustrations by Flori Van Acker.—*More Baby Lays*, Verses by Ada Stow, Pictures by Edith Calvert.

EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE.

This firm has in preparation the following books: *The Teacher's Prayer Book*, by the Rt. Rev. Alfred Barry, D.D., sixteenth edition, revised and enlarged.—*Our Bible and the Ancient MSS.*, by Frederic G. Kenyon, M.A., of the MS. Department of the British Museum, third edition, revised and enlarged. The Bible Students' Library: Vol. VII., *The Book of Daniel from the Christian Standpoint*, by the Rev. John Kennedy, M.A., D.D., and Vol. VIII., *The Age of Maccabees*, by the Rev. A. W. Streane, D.D.

S.P.C.K.

The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge announce among other books the following:

St. Agnes: a Sacred Drama in Three Acts, by E. G. H.—*Outline of Scripture History up to the Birth of our Lord*, by the late Lady Martin.—*Ancient History from the Monuments*, new and revised edition, by the Rev. Prof. Sayce.—*The Later Medieval Doctrine of the Eucharistic Sacrifice*, by the Rev. B. J. Kidd, B.D.—*Eyes Front!* by H. L., C. F.—*Advent*, by the Hon. and Rev. James Adderley.—*The Christian Year*, by the Hon. and Rev. James Adderley.—*A Revolt in the Library; or, The Best Book*, by Catherine Adams.—*A Synopsis of Oriental Christianity*, by Athelstan Riley.

CHEAP REPRINTS.

The Adventurous Voyage of the "Polly," by the late S. W. Sadler, R.N.—*Bernard Hamilton: Curate of Stowe*, by Mary E. Shipley.—*Lennard's Leader*, by the Rev. E. N. Hoare.—*The Ice Prison*, by F. Frankfort Moore.—*The Pirates' Creek*, by the late S. W. Sadler, R.N.—*Silent Jim*, a Cornish Story, by J. F. Cobb.

OTHER ANNOUNCEMENTS.

A TALE entitled *Marie de Mancini*, from the French of Madame Sophie Gay, will shortly be issued by Messrs. Lawrence & Bullen, Limited. *Marie de Mancini* is a story of the early loves of that most amorous monarch, Louis XIV. Mazarin, Anne of Austria, De Retz, Christina of Sweden, and Ninon de l'Enclos are among the figures that flit across its pages.

MESSRS. JARROLD & SONS announce that they will publish on the 27th inst. the authorised edition of Maurus Jókai's novel, entitled *An Hungarian Nabob*.

UNDER the title of *The More Excellent Way; or, Words of the Wise on the Life of Love*, a new book by the Hon. Mrs. Lyttelton Gell is announced by Mr. Frowde. The varied aspects of love—the central fact of life which, as the title recalls, St. Paul placed in the forefront of the Christian virtues, are presented as they have appeared to the poets and writers of all ages.

MESSRS. INNES announce: *Children of the Mist*, by Eden Phillpotts.—*The World of Golf*, by Garden G. Smith.—*The Successors of Homer*, by Prof. W. C. Lawton.

ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE & CO.

THE STORY OF AN
UNTOLD LOVE.CALEB WEST, MASTER
DIVER.A STATESMAN'S
CHANCE.
AN ELUSIVE LOVER.

DINKINBAR.

THE MODERN GOSPEL.

By PAUL LEICESTER FORD. 6s. (Over 20,000 copies already sold.)
"There are many elements of popularity in 'The Story of an Untold Love.' It is a genuine love-story; it is simply and plainly written, and there is no little literary skill in its achievement. . . . The book may be commended to readers of all classes and tastes. . . . We should have liked to examine more closely into the merits of a book, which is in many ways a remarkable one."—*Athenæum*.

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